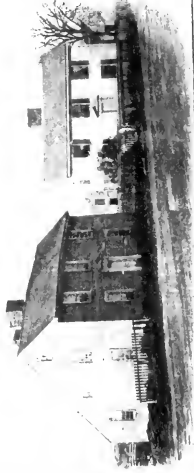


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1788

W O R K S

John O F

S H A K E S P E A R.

VOLUME the SECOND.

Charles D. Bell

CONTAINING,

MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

The MERCHANT of VENICE.

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The TAMING of the SHREW.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID & J. BELL, J. BROWN,
W. GORDON, C. WRIGHT, and R. FLEMING.

MDCCLXI.

George. W. Adams.

Quincy

1810.

ADAMS 235, 6

v. 2

Much ado about Nothing.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Don PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.</i>	<i>Borachio, confident to Don John.</i>
<i>Leonato, Governor of Messina.</i>	<i>Conrade, friend to Borachio.</i>
<i>Don John, bastard-brother to Don Pedro.</i>	<i>Dogberry, } two foolish officers.</i> <i>Verges, }</i>
<i>Claudio, a young Lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.</i>	<i>Hero, daughter to Leonato.</i>
<i>Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, favoured likewise by Don Pedro.</i>	<i>Beatrice, niece to Leonato.</i>
<i>Balthazar, servant to Don Pedro.</i>	<i>Margaret, } two gentlewomen attending on Hero.</i> <i>Ursula, }</i>
<i>Antonio, brother to Leonato.</i>	<i>A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.</i>

SCENE, Messina in Sicily.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A court before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a messenger.

Leon. I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro 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?

* The story from Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.* l. 5. Mr. Pope.

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the atchiever brings home full numbers; I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour 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 better'd 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 shew 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?

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 return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challeng'd 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 kill'd and eaten in these wars? but how many hath he

* *She gives him this name, to ridicule in him the character of a blustering soldier, the word montanto in Spanish signifying a two-handed sword.*

kill'd?

Sc. I. Much ado about Nothing. 5

kill'd? for indeed I promis'd 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 victuals, and he hath help to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, 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, stuff'd with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuff'd man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

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 govern'd with one: so that, if he have wit enough to keep himself from harm, 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 it 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. He 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 pounds ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, Lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

S C E N E II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and Don John.

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.

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 ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.—

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 honourable 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.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courte-
fy

fy itself must convert to Disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is Courtesy a turn coat; but it is certain I am lov'd 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.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your Ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as your's were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of your's.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer; but keep your way o'God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick,——my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all; I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my Lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

S C E N E III.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato;

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd 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?

Claud. No, I pr'thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for an 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 think'st I am in sport; I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

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 I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter; there's her cousin, if she were not possess'd with such 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 be 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 threescore again? Go to, i'faith, if thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke,
wear

wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is return'd to seek you.

S C E N E IV. *Re-enter Don Pedro.*

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to Leonato's house?

Bene. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

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 whom? 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.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

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.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic 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 recheate 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.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

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.

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 clapt on the shoulder, and call'd Adam*.

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 marry'd man*.

Clau. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice†, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene.

* Alluding to one Adam Bell, a famous archer of old.

† Besides that Venice is as remarkable for freedoms in amorous intrigues, as Cyprus was of old, there may be a farther conjecture why this expression is here used. The Italians give to each of their principal cities, a particular distinguishing title, as, Roma la santa, Napoli la gentile, Genoua la superba, &c. and among the rest it is, Venetia la ricca, Venice the wealthy. A sarcasm therefore seems to be here implied, that money governs love.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporise with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage, and so I commit you——

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,——

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 beasted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Claud. My Liege, your Highness now may do me good.

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?

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;
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is;
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

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,
And I will break with her: and with her father,

And

And thou shalt have her : was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the
The fairest grant is the necessity ; [flood?
Look, what will serve, is fit ; 'tis once, thou lov'st ;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to-night ;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale :
Then, after, to her father will I break ;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio.

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 news that you yet dream'd 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 my
orchard, were thus overheard by a man of mine :
The Prince discover'd to Claudio, that he lov'd 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 instant-
ly 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.

Leon. No, no ; we will hold it as a dream, till it ap-
pear itself : but I will acquaint my daughter withal,
that she may be the better prepared for answer, if per-
adven-

adventure this be true; go you and tell her of it. Cousins, you know what you have to do. [*Several cross the stage here.*] 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.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to an apartment in Leonato's house.

Enter Don John, and Conrade.

Conr. What the good-ger, my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou (being, as thou say'st thou art, born under Saturn) goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. 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 root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd 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 deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am trusted with a muzzel, 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 mean time let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I will make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betrothes himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March chick! How come you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the Prince and Claudio hand in hand in sad conference. I whipt behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should woo Hero for himself; and having obtain'd her, give her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way; you are both sure, and will assist me.

Conr. To the death, my Lord.

John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater that I am subdu'd; would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your Lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T I I . S C E N E I .

*A hall in Leonato's house.**Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula.**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-burn'd an hour after.*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.*Beat.* He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick : the one is too like an image, and says nothing ; and the other too like my Lady's eldest son, evermore tatling.*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 he 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.*Ant.* In faith, she's too curs'd.*Beat.* Too curs'd is more than curs'd. I shall lessen God's sending that way : for it is said, God sends a curs'd cow short horns ; but to a cow too curs'd, he sends none.*Leon.* So, by being too curs'd, 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 woollen.*Leon.* You may light upon 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 bear-herd, 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 his horns on his head, and say, Get you to heav'n, Beatrice, get you to heav'n, here's no place for you maids. So deliver I up my apes, and away to St. Peter, for the heav'ns; he shews me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father. [To Hero.]

Beat. Yes, faith, it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy, and say, *Father, as it pleases you*; but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy, and say, *Father, as it pleases me*.

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clo of wayward marle? 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.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time. If the Prince be too importunate, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer: for hear me, Hero, wooing, wedding and repenting, is 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 anchentry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls

falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother; make good room.

S C E N E II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and others in masquerade.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am your's for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. *Speak low, if you speak love* *.

Balth. Well; I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry *Amen*.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is answer'd.

Urf. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

* *This seems to be a line quoted from a song or some verses commonly known at that time.*

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Ant. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urf. 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.

Urf. 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.

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?

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 impassable slanders. None but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do; he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge-wing sav'd, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders.

[*Music within.*]

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them

at the next turning.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Manent John, Borachio, and Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it; the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bor. And that is Claudio; I know him by his bearing.

John. Are you not Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd 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 ye he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bor. So did I too, and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt.* John and Bor.]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear this ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so, the Prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love use your own tongues!
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewel then, Hero!

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, Count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? you must

must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; 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 fowle! 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 (tho' bitter) disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

S C E N E IV. *Enter Don Pedro.*

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my Lord, I have play'd the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him, (and I think told him true), that your Grace had got the will of this young lady; and I offer'd 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 whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been an ill the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who (as I take it) have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer to your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice had a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danc'd with her told her, she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the indurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd 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, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impassable 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 sabs. 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 turn'd 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 follow her.

S C E N E V.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato, and Hero.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

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 farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any ambassage to the pigmies, rather than hold
three

three words conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot endure this Lady Tongue.

Pedro. Come, Lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

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.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my Lord.

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.

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 your's; I give away myself for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

Pedro,

Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

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 sun-burn'd: I may sit in a corner, and cry *Heigh ho!* for a husband.

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.

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.

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 cry'd; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was 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 Beatrice.]

S C E N E VI.

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 has often dream'd of unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

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.

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's labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not 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.

Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my Lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far I can praise him, he is of a noble strain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that in despite of his quick wit, and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to another apartment in Leonato's house.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. It is so, the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can cross it.

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.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your Lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

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 wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

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?

John. Only to despise them I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone; tell them that you know Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio, as in a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, (who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid), that you have discover'd thus. They will hardly believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me *Borachio*; and bring

them to see this the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truths of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

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.

Bona. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII. *Changes to Leonato's orchard.*

Enter Benedick, and a boy.

Bene. 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.

[Exit boy.]

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again.—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd 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 ffe; and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot to see a good armour: and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now he is turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman

is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not; for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God *. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the harbour. *[Withdraws.]*

S C E N E IX.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good Lord; how still the evening
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony! [is,

Pedro. See you where Benedict hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well, my Lord; the music ended,
We'll fit the hid fox with a pennyworth.

Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

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.

Bal. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes;
Yet will he swear he loves.

Pedro. Nay, 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.

Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks,
[Note, notes, forsooth, and noting.

* *Hinting satirically at the art used by ladies in dying their hair of a colour different from what it is by nature.*

[*Bene.* Now, divine air; now is his soul ravish'd!
Is it not strange, that sheeps guts should hale souls
out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money,
when all's done.

The S O N G.

*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 blith and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nony, nony.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer was first leasy.
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my Lord.

Pedro. Ha, no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough
for a shift.

Bene. If he had been a dog, that should have howl'd
thus, they would have hang'd 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.

Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthazar? I
pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-mor-
row night we would have it at the Lady Hero's cham-
ber window.

Balth. The best I can, my Lord. [Exit Balthazar.

Pedro. Do so: farewell. 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.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? sits the wind in that corner?

[*Aside.*

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 definite of thought.—

Petro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Fa th, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

Petro. Why what effects of passion shews she?

Claud. Bait the hook well, this fish will bite.

[*Aside.*

Leon. What effects, my Lord? she will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Petro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my Lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] 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 th' infection, hold it up.

[*Aside.*

Petro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No, and swears she never will; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed, so your daughter says: shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd 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 snock, till she have writ a sheet of paper. My daughter tells us all.

Clau. Now you talk of a sheet of a 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.

Clau. That——

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest, to write to one that she knew would flout her: I measure him, says she, by my own spirit, for I should flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.

Clau. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!

Leon. She doth, indeed, my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborn her, that my daughter is sometime afraid, she will do desperate outrage to herself; it is very true.

Petro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Clau. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Petro. If he should, it were an aim to hang him; she's an excellent sweet lady, and (out of all suspicion), she is virtuous.

Clau. And she's exceeding wise.

Petro. 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.

Petro. I would she had bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have dast all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it; and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Clau. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accusom'd crossness.

Petro.

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.

Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wise.

Pedro. He doth indeed shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

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 Christian-like fear.

[*Leon.* If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

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.

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 to have so good a lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not doat on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*

Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry; the sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one 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 to dinner. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. Benedick advances from the arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick, the conference was sadly borne; they have the truth of this from Hero; they seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd: 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 to have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage. But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no; the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were marry'd. 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.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal; you have no stomach, Signior; fare you well. *[Exit.]*

Bene. Ha! again? *m*, 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 take 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.

A C T I I I . S C E N E I .

Continues in the orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. **G**ood Margaret, run thee into the parlour, There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice, Proposing with the Prince and Claudio; Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter; like to favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride Against that power that bred it: there will she hide 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, presently. [Exit.

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick. When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit. My talk to thee must be, how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice; of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hear-say. Now begin.

Enter Beatrice, running towards the arbour. For look, where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasantest angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,

And

And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
 So angle we for Beatrice, who e'en now
 Is couched in the woodbine-coverture :
 Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then we go near her, that her ear lose nothing
 Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.——

No, truly, Ursula, she's too disdainful;
 I know her spirits are as coy and wild
 As haggards of the rock.

Urf. But are you sure,
 That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the Prince, and my new-trothed Lord.

Urf. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
 But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
 To wish him wrestle with affection,
 And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urf. Why did you so? doth not the gentleman
 Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
 As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

H. ro. O God of love! I know he doth deserve
 As much as may be yielded to a man :
 But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
 Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice-
 Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Misprizing 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.

Urf. 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 featur'd,
 But she would spell him backward. If fair-fac'd,
 She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister ;
 If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
 Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
 If low, an aglet 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.

Urf. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; for to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

Urf. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will go to Benedick,
And counse' 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 impoison liking.

Urf. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have), as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urf. I pray you be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Urf. His excellence did earn it ere he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?

Hero. Why, every day; to-morrow; come, go in,
I'll shew thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urf. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught
her, Madam.

Hero.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
Some Cupids kill with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt.*]

Beatrice, advancing.

Beat. What fire is in my ears? can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

If thou dost love, thy 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.*]

S C E N E II. *Leonato's house.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

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.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a foil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew 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.

Bege. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro.

Pedro. What ! sigh for the tooth-ach !

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet, say I, he is in love,

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 ; a German from the waste downward, all flops ; 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 to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs : he brushes his hat o'mornings ; what should that bode ?

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 stuff'd tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet ; can you smell him out by that ?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face ?

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 govern'd by stops——

Pedro. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

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.

Pedro. She shall be bury'd with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aside with me; I have study'd eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

S C E N E III. *Enter Don John.*

John. My Lord and brother, God save you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your Lordship to be marry'd to-morrow? [*To Claudio.*]

Pedro. You know he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

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 labour ill bestow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a-talking of), the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness. I could say she were worse; think you of a worse

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 enter'd, even the night before her wedding day. If you love her, then to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it.—

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know; if you will follow me, I will shew 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.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but till night, and let the issue shew itself.

Pedro. O day untowardly turn'd!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!

So you will say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *Changes to the street.*

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true;

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. 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, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, Sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacole: God hath
D 2 blest'd.

bless'd you with a good name; and to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, Master Constable——

Dogb. You have: I knew, it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is more 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 lanthorn; this is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand!

Dogb. 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.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. 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 them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him by virtue of your office to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch.

2 *Watch*. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. 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.

2 *Watch*. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. 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.

Dogb. 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.

Verg. Nay, birlady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. 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. Birlady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, masters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellow's counsels and your own, and good night. Come neighbour.

2 *Watch*. Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbour. I pray you watch about Signior Leonato's door, for the wed-

ding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu ; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

S C E N E V. *Enter Borachio and Conrade.*

Bora. What? Conrade——

Watch. Peace, stir not

[*Aside.*]

Bora. Conrade, I say.

Conr. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a scab follow.

Conr. 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. Some treason, masters ; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Conr. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villain should be so rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shews, thou art unconfirm'd ; thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Conr. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush, I may as well say, the fool's the fool ; but see'st thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed ; he has been a vile thief these seven years ; he goes up and down like a gentleman : I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty, sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reachy painting; sometimes like the God Bel's priests in the old church window; sometimes like the shaven Hercules * in the smirch worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club.

Conr. All this I see, and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou 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's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale vildly—I should first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw a far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they Magaret 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 possess'd 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.

1 Watch. We charge you in the Prince's name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right Master Constable; we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Masters, Masters,—

2 Watch.

* *Meaning Sampson.*

2 *Watch*. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Cour. Masters,——

1 *Watch*. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

Cour. A commodity in question, I warrant you: come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Hero's apartment in Leonato's house.*

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urf. I will, Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urf. Weil. [*Exit.*]

Marg. Troth, I think your other rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

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, it's but a night-gown in respect of your's; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd 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, your's 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 thou not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, Lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your
Lord

Lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say (saving your reverence) a husband. If bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody; is there any harm in the heavier for a husband? None, I think, if it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy. Ask my Lady Beatrice e'se, here she comes.

S C E N E VII. *Enter Beatrice.*

Hero. Good-morrow, coz.

Beat. Good-morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o'love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, *Light o'love* with your heels; then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready: by my troth, I'm exceeding ill; hey, ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, if you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more failing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God send every one their heart's desire?

Hero. These gloves the Count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat.

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 distill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

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, birlady, 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 with 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.

Enter Ursula.

Urf. 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. [*Eaeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Another apartment in Leonato's house.*

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb.

Dogb. Goodman Verges, Sir, speaks a little of the matter; an old man, Sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, as 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 honeste than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous; *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your Worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your Worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

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, hath ta'en a couple of as ar-rant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, Sir; he will be talking, as they say; when the age is in, the wit is out; God help us, it is a world to see: well said, i faith, neighbour Verges, well, he's a good man; an two men ride an 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 worshipp'd; all men are not alike, alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir; our watch have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons; and we would have them this morning examin'd before your Worship.

Leon.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. 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.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready.

[Exit Leon.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go get you to Francis Seacole, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine those men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant; here's that shall dive some of them to a non come. Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail.

[Exeunt.]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

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 marry'd to her, Friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar.

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!

Bene. How now! interjections? why, then some
be of laughing, as Ha, 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?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankful-
There, Leonato, take her back again; [ness;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend.

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour;

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here!

O, what authority and shew of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal?

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shews? 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 marry'd,

Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof

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'll say she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the forehead sin.

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will rate against it;
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet Prince, why speak not you?

Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are
true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

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 [ter,
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 catching call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero herself can blot our 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.

Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear; upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved Count

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, like an illiberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,
Not to be spoken of;

There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty Lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids 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.*]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you
down?

John. Come, let us go; these things come thus to
Smother her spirits up.

[*light,*

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John and Claud.*

S C E N E II.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle.

Hero! why, Hero! uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;
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?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly
Cry shame upon her, could she here deny [thing
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 rereward of reproaches
 Strike at thy life. Griev'd I I had but one?
 Chid I for that at frugal nature's 'fraine?
 I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
 Why had I not, with charitable hand,
 Took up a beggar's illue at my gates?
 Who sneered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
 I might have said, no part of it is mine;
 This shame derives itself from unknown loins.
 But mine, as mine I lov'd, as mine I prais'd,
 As mine that I was proud on, mine so much,
 That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her; why, she,—O, she is fall'n
 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 soul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
 For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd.

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although until last night?
 I have this twelve month been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger
 Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron. [made,
 Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,
 Who lov'd her so, that speaking of her foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Hear me a litt'e,
 For I have only been silent so long,
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
 A thousand blushing apparitions
 To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
 In angel-whiteness bear away those blushes;

And

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 do warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

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'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour,
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,
But they shall find awak'd, in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,

Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quite me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her a while be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, 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 travel look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer; for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us
Whilst it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio.
When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit;
More-moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so 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
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.
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio;
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

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 but prolong'd: have patience, and endure.
[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E III. *Manent* 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 wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me,
that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew 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 your's.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you;
is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were
as possible for me to say, I lov'd 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 lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene.

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?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it; I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I lov'd 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.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, tho' 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.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman! O that I were a man! What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then, with public accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour——O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice.

Beat. Sweet Hero! she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. Beat.——

Beat. Princes and Counts! surely, a princely testimony,

mony, a goodly count-comfect, a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd 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.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough; I am engag'd; I will challenge him, I will kiss your hand, and so leave you; by this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account; as you hear of me, so think of me; go comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so farewell. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E IV. *Changes to a prison.*

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town-Clerk and Sexton in gowns.

To. Cl. Is our whole differ-bly appear'd?

Dogb. O, a stool and a cushion for the Sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Dogb. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before Master Constable.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

To. Cl. Pray, write down, *Borachio*. Your's, firrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is *Conrade*.

To. Cl. Write down, *Master Gentleman Conrade*. Masters, do you serve God?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope.

To. Cl.

To. Cl. 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?

Cour. Marry, Sirs, we say we are none.

To. Cl. 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 both false knaves.

Bora, Sir, I say to you, We are none.

To. Cl. Well, stand aside; 'fore God, they are both in a tale; have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Master Town-Clerk, you go not the way to examine, you must call the watch that are their accusers.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, that's the deffest way; let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuse these men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 Watch. This man said, Sir, that Don John the Prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince John a villain; why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master Town-Clerk——

To. Cl. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had receiv'd 'a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

To. Cl. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Degb. Yea, by th' mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, Masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stol'n away: Hero was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly dy'd. Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato; I will go before, and shew him their examination

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sexton. Let them be in hand.

[*Exit.*

Cour. Off, Coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb*. Come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Cour. Away! you are an afs, you are an afs.—

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O, that he were here to write me down an afs! but, Masters, remember, that I am an afs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an afs. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as sha'll be prov'd upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, an householder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knows the law; go to, and a rich fellow enough; go to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away; O that I had been writ down an afs!—

Exeunt.

A C T V. S C E N E 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

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 lov'd his child,
 Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
 And bid him speak of patience;
 Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
 And let it answer every strain for strain:
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
 In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.
 If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
 And sorrow wave; cry, Hem! when he should grone;
 Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
 With candle wasters; bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience.
 But there is no such man; for, brother, men
 Can counsel, and give 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 stronge madness in a silken thread;
 Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
 No, no; 'tis all mens office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself: therefore give me no counsel;
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
 For there was never yet philosopher,
 That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
 However they have writ the style of gods,
 And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself:
 Make those that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason; nay, I will do so.
 My soul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd;
 And that shall Claudio know, so shall the Prince;

And

And all of them that thus dishonour her.

S C E N E II. *Enter Don Pedro, and Claudio.*

Ant. Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my Lords?

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.

Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
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, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never flear and jest at me.
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd 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 bely'd mine innocent child,
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart;
And she lies buried with her ancestors,
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of her's, fram'd by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;
 Despight his nice fence and his active practice,
 His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Clau. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Can'st thou so doffe 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 ;
 But that's no matter, let him kill one first ;
 Win me and wear me, let him answer me ;
 Come, follow me, boy ; come, boy, follow me ;
 Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;
 Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,——

Ant. Content yourself; God knows, I lov'd my
 niece ;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
 That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
 As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
 Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkfops !

Leon. Brother Anthony——

Ant. Hold you content; what, man? I know them,
 yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :
 Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,
 That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
 Go anticly, and show an 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 Anthony,——

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter ;

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wrack your
 patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;
 But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
 But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord——

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No ! come, brother, away, I will be heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

S C E N E III. *Enter Benedick.*

Pedro. See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, Signior, what news ?

Bene. Good day, my Lord.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior ; you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother ; what think'st thou ? had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour : I came to seek you both.

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 ?

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.

Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale : art thou sick or angry ?

Claud. What ! courage, man : what though care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it against me.—I pray you chuse another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff ; this last was broke cross.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more. think he be angry indeed.

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. You are a villain ; I jest not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feast ?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him ; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon ; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught. Shall I not find a wood-cock too ?

Bene. Your wit ambles well ; it goes easily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit ; right, says she, a fine little one ; no, said I, a great wit ; just, said she, a great gross one ; nay, said I, a good wit ; just, said she, it hurts no body ; 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 transshape 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 car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that she did ; but yet for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly ; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all, and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Pedro. But when shall we set the salvage 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 humour ; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My Lord, for your many courtesies

testies I thank you; I must discontinue your company; your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina; you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him! [*Exit Benedick.*]

Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

S C E N E IV.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Pedro. But, soft you, let me see, pluck up my heart and be sad; did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, Sir; if Justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance; nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound? Borachio one?

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my Lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verif'd unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

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 reason'd, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well-suited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, Masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned con-

stable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me. I have deceiv'd 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 incens'd me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgrac'd 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.

Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery; And fled he is, upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reform'd 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.

S C E N E V. *Enter Leonato and Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain, let me see his eyes, That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him; which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the slave, that with thy
Hast kill'd mine innocent child?

[breath
Bora.

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in 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 patience,
Yet I must speak: Chuse your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin. Yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight,
That he'll injoin me to.

Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again;
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she dy'd; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O Noble Sir!
Your over-kindness doth bring 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,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not ;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me ;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. 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 us'd 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.

Dogb. Your Worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth ; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation !

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner ; and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your Worship, which I beseech your Worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your Worship ; I wish your Worship well. God restore you to health : I humbly give you leave to depart ; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour. *[Exeunt.]*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewel, my Lords ; we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on ; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E VI. *Changes to Leonato's house.*

Enter Benedick and Margaret.

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 above stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And your's 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 bucklers 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. *[Exit Margaret.]*

Bene. And therefore will come. *[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 pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse; why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self, in love; marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have try'd; 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 rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII. *Enter Beatrice.*

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I call 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 for; which is, with knowing what hath pass'd between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of its 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?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd 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 your's; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. 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 liv'd in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum; therefore it is most expedient for the

the wife, 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 praise-worthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

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 accus'd; the Prince and Claudio mightily abus'd; 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 cyes, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy heart; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VIII. *Changes to a church.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and attendants, with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Attend. It is, my Lord.

E P I T A P H.

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies :

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies.

So the life that dy'd with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.

Claud. Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

S O N G.

Pardon, goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight ;

For the which, with songs of woe,

Round

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan;

Help us to sigh and groan

Heavily, heavily:

Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered,

Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite:

Pedro. Good morrow, Masters, put your torches out;

The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phebus, 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.

Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
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.*

S C E N E IX. *Changes to Leonato's house.*

*Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula, Antonio,
Friar and Hero.*

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio, who accus'd
Upon the error that you heard debated. [her,

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 enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:

The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

To visit me; you know your office, brother,

You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And

And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must intreat 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 favour.

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
I' th' state of honourable marriage;

In which, good Friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

S C E N E X.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow Claudio,
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
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.

Pedro. Good morrow Benedick; why, what's the
That you have such a February face, [*matter,*]
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 so all Europe 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.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Antonio, with Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula, mask'd.

Claud. For this I owe you. Here come other rec-
Which is the lady I must seize upon? [konings.

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 liv'd, I was your other wife;

[Unmasking.
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One Hero dy'd defil'd, but I do live;

And, surely, as I live, I am a maid.

Pedro. The former Hero! Hero, that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my Lord, but whiles her slander

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify [liv'd.
When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell thee largely of fair Hero's death:

Mean time let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, Friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beat. 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 deceiv'd; 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,
Have been deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter; then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon.

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.

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, as I was told, you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.—

[*Kissing her*]

Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satyr, 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 therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word ; therefore, play, music. Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife ; there is no staff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow : I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The

The MERCHANT of VENICE.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE of Venice.	Launcelot, a clown, servant to the Jew.
Morochius, a Moorish prince,	Gobbo, an old man, father to Launcelot.
Prince of Arragon,	Leonardo, servant to Bassanio.
Antonio, the merchant of Venice.	Balthazar, } servants to Portia.
Bassanio, his friend, in love with Portia.	Stephano, }
Salanio, } friends to Antonio and Gratiano,	Portia, an heiress of great quality and fortune.
Solarino, }	Nerissa, confidant to Portia.
Gratiano, }	Jessica, daughter to Shylock.
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.	Senators of Venice, Officers, Jailor, Servants, and other Attendants.
Shylock, a Jew.	
Tubal, a Jew, his friend.	

SCENE, partly at Venice; and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia upon the continent.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

A street in Venice.

Enter Antonio, Solarino, and Salanio.

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

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

Solu. Believe me, Sir, had I such venture forth,
 The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind ;
 Peering in maps for ports, and peers, and roads ;
 And every object that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But I should think of shallows and of flats ;
 And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
 Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone ;
 And not bethink me straight of dang'rous rocks ;
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all the spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad ?
 But tell not me ;—I know, Anthonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year :
 Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Solu. Why then you are in love.

Anth.

Anth. Fie, fie?

Sol. Not in love neither! then let's say, you're
sad,

Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say, you're merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And others of such vinegar-aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo: fare ye well;
We leave ye now with better company.

Sol. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard:
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good Lords.

Bass. Good Signiors both, when shall we laugh?
say, when?

You grow exceeding strange; must it be so?

Sal. We'll make our leisure to attend on yours.

Sol. My Lord Bassanio, since you've found An-
thonio,

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

Bass. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt Solar. and Sala.*]

Gr. You look not well, Signior Anthonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage, where every man must play his part,
And mine's a sad one.

Gr. Let me play the fool;—
With mirth, and laughter, let old wrinkles come;
And

And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish? I tell thee what, Anthonio,
 (I love thee, and it is my love that speaks),
 There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mant'le like a standing pond;
 And do a wilful silliness entertain,
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
 As who should say, I am *Sir Oracle*,
 And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
 O my Anthonio, I do know of those,
 That therefore only are reputed wise,
 For saying nothing; who, I'm very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.*
 I'll tell thee more of this another time:
 But fish not with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
 Come, good Lorenzo; fare ye well a while;
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

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

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

Anth. Farewell; I'll grow a taker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commend-
 able

In a neats tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gra. and Lorenzo.*]

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,

* Alluding to what is said in the gospel, that whosoever shall say to his brother, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire.

more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By shewing something a more swelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: to you, Anthonio,
I owe the most in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
T' unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it:
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; by vent'ring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a witless youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Anth. You know me well; and herein spend but
time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;
 And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
 In making question of my uttermost,
 Than if you had made waste of all I have.
 Then do but say to me, what I should do,
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,
 And I am press'd unto it : therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
 And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
 Of wond'rous virtues. Sometime from her eyes
 I did receive fair speechless messages.
 Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' *Portia*.
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
 For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
 Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand;
 And many Jasons come in quest of her.
 O my Anthonio, had I but the means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages me such thrift*,
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

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

S C E N E II *Changes to Belmont.*

*Three caskets are set out, one of gold, another of silver,
 and another of lead.*

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

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

* *Thrift*, for *thriving*. Mr. Pope.

Ner.

Ner. You would be, sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: therefore it is no mean happiness to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple! But this reasoning is not in fashion to chuse me a husband: O me, the word, *chuse*! I may neither chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter, curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof, who chuses his meaning, chuses you,) will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan Prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him-
him-

himself. I am much afraid my Lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the Count Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, if you will not have me, chuse. He hears merry tales, and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Monsieur Le Boun?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man; in truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls strait a capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young Baron of England.

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you may come into the court, and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? how odd'y he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

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

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able.

I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

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

Par. Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast; and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

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

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chuse it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, Lady, the having any of these Lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Per. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very absence, and wish them a fair departure.

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

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think he was to call'd.

Ner. True, Madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now? what news?

Enter a servant.

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

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart, as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me, than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before; while we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III. *A public place in Venice.*

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats? well.

Bass. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months? well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio shall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio shall become bound? well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Anthonio bound?

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no; my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Ryalto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves, I mean pi-
rates;

rates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient; three thousand ducats? I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assur'd you may.

Shy. I will be assur'd I may; and that I may be assur'd, I will bethink me. May I speak with Anthonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

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

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is Signior Anthonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him, for he is a Christian: But more for that in low simplicity He lends out money *gratis* and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Ev'n there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well won thrift, Which he calls interest. Curfed be my tribe, If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?—

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

[*To Anth.*

Your Worship was the last man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow, By taking, nor by giving of excess;

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

Sly. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Sly. I had forgot, three months you told me so;
Well then, your bond; and let me see,—but hear you,
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never use it.

Sly. When Jacob gras'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

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

Sly. No, not take int'rest; not, as you would say,
Directly int'rest; mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the yearlings, which were streak'd and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In th' end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands;
And in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time,
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest'd;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heav'n.
Was this inserted to make int'rest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

Sly. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast;
But note me, Signior.

Anth. Mark you this, Bassanio?
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.—
An evil soul, producing holy witness,

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;

A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Shy. Three thousand ducats ! 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Anth. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you ?

Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft

In the Ryalto you have rated me,

About my monies and my uñances.

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;

(For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)

You call me milbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine ;

And all for use of that which is my own.

Well then, it now appears, you need my help :

Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,

Shylock, we would have monies ; you say so ;

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold : money is your suit ;

What should I say to you ? should I not say,

Hath a dog money ? Is it possible

A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? Or,

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,

With bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,

Say this,—Fair Sir, you spit on me last Wednesday

You spurn'd me such a day ; another time

You call'd me dog ; and for these curtesies,

I'll lend you thus much monies !

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,

To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friend, (for when did friendship take

A breed* of barren metal of his friend ?)

But lend it rather to thine enemy ;

* Breed of metal, meaning money at usury, money that breeds more.—The old editions (two of them) have it, A bribe of barren metal—

Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, how you storm?

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

Anth. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show;
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it shall please me.

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

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

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

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are!
Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you tell me this,
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable or profitable,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,

And I will go and purse the ducats strait ;
 See to my house, left in the fearless guard
 Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
 I will be with you.

[Exit.

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

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

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

[Exeunt.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Belmont.

*Enter Morochius, a Tawny Moor, all in white ; and
 three or four followers accordingly ; with Portia, Nerissa,
 and her train. Flourish cornets.*

Mor. **M**islike me not for my complexion,
 The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
 To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
 Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
 And let us make incision for your love,
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
 Hath fear'd the valiant ; by my love, I swear,
 The best regarded virgins of our clime
 Have lov'd it too : I would not change this hue,
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.

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

Mor. Ev'n for that I thank you ;

Therefore,

Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
 That slew the Sophy and a Persian Prince,
 That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,
 I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
 Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
 To win thee, Lady. But, alas the while!
 If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
 So is Alcides beaten by his page;
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
 Miss that, which one unworthier may attain;
 And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
 And either not attempt to chuse at all,
 Or swear, before you chuse, if you chuse wrong,
 Never to speak to a lady afterward
 In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; therefore bring me to my
 chance.

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

Mor. Good fortune then, [*Cornets.*]
 To make me bless'd, or curs'd'st among men!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *Changes to Venice.*

Enter Launcelot alone.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run
 from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow,
 and tempts me, saying to me, Gobbo, Launcelot Gob-
 bo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launce-
 lot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.
 My conscience says, No; take heed, honest Launcelot;
 take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest
 Launcelot Gobbo, do not run; scorn running with thy
 heels. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack;
Via! says the fiend; Away! says the fiend; for the
 heav'n's rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and

run.

run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son——(for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to; he had a kind of taste;)——well, my conscience says, Budge not; Budge, says the fiend; Budge not, says my conscience; Conscience, say I, you counsel ill; Fiend, say I, you counsel ill. To be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, with a basket.

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

Laun. O heav'ns, this is my true-begotten father, who being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not; I will try confusions with him.

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

Laun. Turn up, on your right-hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down, indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's fonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit: can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwell's with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? (mark me now, now will I raise the waters); talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No, Master, Sir, but a poor man's son. His father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun.

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

Gob. Your worship's friend and Launcelot, Sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, o d man; *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your Mastership.

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

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

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

Gob. A'ack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. A'ack, Sir, I am fard-blind, I know you not.

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

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

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

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

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art my own flesh and blood: Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got!

got? thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horſe has on his tail.

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am ſure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

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

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

Enter Baſſanio with Leonardo, and a follower or two more.

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

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bleſs your Worſhip!

Baſſ. Gramercy, wouldſt thou aught with me?

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

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

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would ſay, to ſerve.

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

Gob. His maſter and he, ſaving your Worſhip's reverence, are ſcarce catercouſins.

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

Gob.

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

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

Bass. One speak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

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

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

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

Bass. Thou speak'st it well; go, father, with thy son: Take leave of thy old master, and enquire My lodging out; give him a livery, More guarded than his fellows: see it done.

Laun. Father, in; I cannot get a service, no? I have ne'er a tongue in my head? well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table*, which doth*****† offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune; go to, here's a simple line of life; here's a small trifle of wives. Alas, fifteen wives is nothing, eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man! and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, here are simple 'scapes! well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good winch for this geer. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Laun. and Gob.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.

* *Looking on his own hand.*

† *The Chafin may be thus supplied, doth [promise good luck, I am mistaken. I durst almost] offer, &c.*
These

These things being bought and orderly bestowed,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leno. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

S C E N E III. *Enter Gratiano.*

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks [*Ex. Leonardo.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

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

Bass. Why, then you must: but hear thee, Gratiano,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults:
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
T'allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

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

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

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

Bass. No, that were pity.

I would intreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but fare you well,
I have some business.

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

S C E N E IV. *Changes to Shylock's house.*

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

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

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue; most beautiful Pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceiv'd. But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*]

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

S C E N E V. *The Street.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time, disguise us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered, And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock, we have two hours To furnish us. Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a fair hand; And whiter than the paper it writ on,

Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

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

Lor. Hold, here, take this; tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her; speak it privately.

Go.—Gentlemen, will you prepare for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Exit.* *Laun.*

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it strait.

Sol. And so will I.

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

Sal. 'Tis good, we do so. [*Exit.*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all; she hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heav'n,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake?
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she doth it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; pursue this, as thou goest;
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI. *Shylock's house.*

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me—what, Jessica!—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.

Why, Jessica! I say.

Laun. Why, Jessica!

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

Laun. Your Worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jef. Call you? what is your will?

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

Laun. I beseech you, Sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Sby. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black Monday last, at six o'clock i' th' morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Sby. What? are there masques? hear you me, Jessica.

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces.
But stop my house's ears; I mean, my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night.
But I will go; go you before me, sirrah.
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir.

Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

[*Exit. Laun.*]

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

Jef. His words were, Farewel, Mistress; nothing else.

Sby.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder :
 Snail-flow in profit, but he sleeps by day
 More than the wild cat ; drones hive not with me,
 Therefore I part with him ; and part with him
 To one, that I would have him help to waste
 His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in ;
 Perhaps I will return immediately ;
 Do, as I bid you——

Shut the doors after you : *Fast bind, fast find ;*
 A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. *[Exit.]*

Jes. Farewel : and if my fortune be not crost,
 I have a father, you a daughter, lost. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E VII. *The street.*

Enter Gratiano and Salanio in masquerade.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
 desired us to make a stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

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

Sal. O, ten times faster Venus' widgeons fly
 To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
 To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast,
 With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
 Where is the horse that doth untread again
 His tedious measures with th' unbated fire,
 That he did pace them first ? All things that are,
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
 The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !
 How like the prodigal doth she return,
 With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo : more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long a-
 bode ;
 Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait ;

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then: come, approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Hoa, who's within?

Jessica above, in boy's cloaths.

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

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

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

Lor. Heav'n, and thy thoughts, are witness that
thou art.

Jes. Here catch this casket, it is worth the pains.
I'm glad, 'tis night, you do not look on me;
For I am much ashamed of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush,
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, goodsooth, are too, too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you sweet,
E'en in in the lovely garnish of a boy.

But come at once——

For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

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

[Exit from above.]

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

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter

Enter Jessica, to them.

What, art thou come? on, Gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there!

Gra. Signior Anthonio,——

Anth. Fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you;

No masque to-night, the wind is come about,

Bassanio presently will go aboard;

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

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

S C E N E VIII. *Changes to Belmont.*

Enter Portia with Morochius, and both their trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this Noble Prince.

Now make your choice. [*Three caskets are discover'd.*]

Mor. The first of gold, which this inscription bears,
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

The second silver, which this promise carries,

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

How shall I know, if I do chuse the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince:
If you chuse that, then I am your's withal.

Mor. Some God direct my judgment! let me see,

I will survey th' inscriptions back again;

What says this leaden casket?

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;

I'll then not give, nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves? pause there, Morochius;

And weigh thy value with an even hand.

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
 Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough,
 May not extend so far as to the lady;
 And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
 Were but a weak disabling of myself.
 As much as I deserve?—why, that's the lady:
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
 But more than these, in love I do deserve.
 What if I stay'd no farther, but chose here?
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.
Who choiceth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
 From the four corners of the earth they come
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
 Th' Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
 Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,
 For princes to come view fair Portia.
 The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heav'nly picture.
 Is't like, that lead contains her? 'twere damnation,
 To think so base a thought: it were too gross
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
 Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
 O sinful thought, never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold! they have, in England,
 A coin, that bears the figure of an angel,
 Stamped in gold, but that's insculpt upon:
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lies all within. Deliver me the key;
 Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There take it, Prince; and if my form lie
 there,

Then I am your's.

[Unlocking the gold casket.]

Mor. O hell! what have we here? a carrion death,
 With—

Within whose empty eye there is a scrowl :
I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told ;
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outfile to behold.
Gilded wood may worms infold :
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrol'd,
Fare you well, your suit is cold.*

Mor. Cold, indeed, and labour lost ;
Then farewell heat, and welcome frost :
Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave : Thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance : draw the curtains ; go——
Let all of his complexion chuse me so. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX. *Changes to Venice.*

Enter Solarino and Salanio.

Sal. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail ;
With him is Gratiano gone along ;
And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

Sola. The villain Jew, with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail ;
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his am'rous Jessica :
Besides, Anthonio certify'd the Duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Sola. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets ;
My daughter ! O my ducats ! O my daughter,
Fled with a Christian ? O my Christian ducats !
Justice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter !
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter !
And jewels too, stones, rich and precious stones,

Stol'n

Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

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

Sola. Let good Anthonio look he keep his day;
Or he shall pay for this.

Sol. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

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

Sol. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part.
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return. He answered, Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio;
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair offents of love,
As shall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him.
And, with affection wond'rous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Sola. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Sol. Do we so.

[*Exeunt:*

S C E N E X. *Changes to Belmont.*

Enter Nerissa with a servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
The prince of Arragon has ta'en his oath, [strait;
And comes to his election presently.

Enter

Enter Arragon, his train, Portia. Flor. Cornets. The caskets are discover'd.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, Noble Prince :
If you chuse that wherein I am contain'd,
Strait shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd ;
But if you fail, without more speech, my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am injoin'd by oath t'observe three things :
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage ;
Last, if I fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

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

Ar. And so have I address'd me ; fortune now
To my heart's hope ! gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest ? ha, let me see ;
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire—that may be meant
Of the fool-multitude, that chuse by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;
Which pry not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Ev'n in the force and road of casualty.
I will not chuse what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with th' barb'rous multitudes.
Why, then, to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;
Tell me once more, what title thou dost bear.
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves ;
And well said too, for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit ? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity :
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour

Were

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !
 How many then should cover, that stand bare ?
 How many be commanded, that command ?
 How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
 From the true seed of honour ? how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new vanned ? Well, but to my choice :
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves :
 I will assume desert ; give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

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

[Unlocking the silver casket.]

Ar. What's here ! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
 Presenting me a schedule ? I will read it.
 How much unlike art thou to Portia ?
 How much unlike my hopes and my deservings ?
Who chuses me, shall have as much as he deserves.
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?
 Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
 And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here ?

*The fire sevn times tried this ;
 Sevn times tried that judgment is,
 That did never chuse amiss.
 Some there be that shadows kiss ;
 Such have but a shadow's blifs :
 There be fools alive, I wis,
 Silver'd o'er, and so was this.
 Take what wife you will to bed,
 I will ever be your head :
 So be gone, Sir, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear,
 By the time I linger here.
 With one fool's head I came to woo,
 But I go away with two.
 Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,
 Patiently to bear my wrath.

[Exit.]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth :
 O these deliberate fools ! when they do chuse,

They

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet, I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

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

Ner. Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be!

Exeunt.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A street in Venice.

Enter Salanio and Solarino.

Sola. NOW, what news on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd that
Anthonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the nar-
row seas; the Godwins, I think, they call the place;
a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcales of
many a tall ship lie bury'd, as they say, if my gossip
Report be an honest woman of her word.

Sola. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as e-
ver knapt ginger, or made her neighbours believe she
wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,

without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high way of talk, that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sola. Ha, what say'st thou? why, 'the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Sola. Let me say *Amen* betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now, Shylock, what news among the merchants?

Enter Shylock.

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

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

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

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

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

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

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

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

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and her's, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish; but tell us, do you hear, whether Anthonio have had any loss at sea or no?

S'y. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, for a prodigal, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto; a beggar, that us'd to come so smug upon the mart? let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me *usurer*; let him look to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd

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

Enter a servant from Anthonio.

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

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sol. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt Sala. and Solar.]

Sly. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Sly. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Francfort! the curse never fell upon our nation till now, I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; O would she were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them; why, so! and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief;

thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa——

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Sy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news; ha, ha, where? in Genoa?

Tu'. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Sy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me; I shall never see my gold again; fourscore ducats at a sitting, fourscore ducats!

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

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

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

Shy. Out upon her! thou torturest me, Tubal; it was my Turquoise, I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

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

S C E N E II. Changes to Belmont.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and attendants.

The

The caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry ; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard ; for in chusing wrong
I lose your company ; therefore forbear a while.
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you ; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn :
So will I never be ; so you may miss me :
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me ;
One half of me is your's, the other half your's,
Mine own, I would say : but if mine, then your's :
And so all your's. Alas ! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights :
And so tho' your's, not your's, prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it. Not I.
I speak too long, but 'tis to preece the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me chuse :

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

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

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love.
There may as well be be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear, you speak upon the rack ;
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

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

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance !
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then ! I am lock'd in one of them ;
If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof,
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice ;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. That the comparison
May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him : he may win,
And what is music then ? then music is
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch : such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes.
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute, paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice ;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules !
Live thou, I live ; with much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

[*Music within.*]

A song, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

*Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot, how nourished ?*

Reply, reply.

*It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies :*

Let us all ring fancy's knell.

I'll begin it.

Ding, dong, bell.

All, Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves :
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no voice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
 And these assume but valour's excrement*,
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it.
 So are those crispy snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The scull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guilty shore
 To a most dang'rous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Vailing an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 T' intrap the wisest. Then, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man: But thou, thou meagre lead,
 Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
 And here chuse I; joy be the consequence!
Por How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embac'd despair,
 And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy;
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,

* That is, a beard.

I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit. [*Opening the leaden casket:*

Bass. What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demy-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes.—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And live itself unfinish'd. Yet how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scrowl,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that chuse not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuse as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And sell your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scrowl, fair lady by your leave;

[*Kissing here.*

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

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: tho' for myself alone,

I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better: yet for you,
I would be treble twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair; ten thousand times
More rich; that, to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is some of something, which, no term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschoor'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; more happy then in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to your's to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king:
Myself, and what is mine, to you and your's
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are your's, my Lord: I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you."

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my pow'rs,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where ev'ry something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, Good joy, Good joy, my Lord and Lady!

Gra. My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;

For,

For, I am sure, you can wish none from me *:
 And when your Honours mean to solemnize
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
 Ev'n at that time I may be married too.

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

Gra. I thank your Lordship, you have got me one.
 My eyes, my Lord, can look as swift as your's;
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
 You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
 No more pertains to me, my Lord, than you.
 Your fortune stood upon the casket there;
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
 For wooing here until I sweat again,
 And swearing, till my very roof was dry
 With oaths of love; at last, if promise last,
 I got a promise of this fair one here,
 To have her love, provided that your fortune
 Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

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

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

Gra. Yes, faith, my Lord

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

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

Ner. What, and stake down?

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

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
 What, and my old Venetian friend Salanio?

S C E N E III.

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salanio, welcome hither;
 If that the youth of my new interest here
 Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
 I bid my very friends and country-men,
 (Sweet Portia), welcome.

Por. So do I, my Lord; they are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your Honour: for my part, my Lord,
 My

* that is, distinct from me and my wishes.

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

Sal. I did, my Lord,
And I have reason for't ; Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]

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

Sal. Not sick, my Lord, unless it be in mind ;
Nor well, unless in mind ; his letter there
Will shew you his estate. [*Bassanio opens the letter.*]

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yond stranger : bid her wel-
come.

Your hand, Salanio ; what's the news from Venice ?
How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio ?
I know he will be glad of our success :

We are the Jafons, we have won the fleece.

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

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek : [*paper,*
Some dear friend dead ; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution

Of any constant man. What, worse and worse !

With leave, Bassanio, I am half yourself,

And I must have the half of any thing

That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia !

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper. Gentle Lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,

I freely told you, all the wealth I ha

Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman :

And then I to'd you true ; and yet, dear Lady,

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see

How much I was a braggart. When I told you,

My state was nothing, I should then have told you,

That I was worse than nothing For indeed

I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,

Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,

To feed my means. Here is a letter, Lady,
The paper, as the body of my friend;
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? what, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, from England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my Lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To Tubal and to Chus his countrymen,
That he would rather have Anthonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my Lord,
If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,
It will go hard with poor Anthonio.

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

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

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bas. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;

Double

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

Bass. reads. Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscar-
ry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my
bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is
impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you
and me, if I might but see you at my death; notwith-
standing, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade
you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love! dispatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
 I will make haste; but till I come again,
 No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay;

No rest be interposer'twixt us twain. [Exit.

S C E N E IV. *Changes to a street in Venice.*

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, and the Goaler.

Shy. Goaler, look to him: tell not me of mercy.
 This is the fool that lent out money gratis.
 Goaler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Sly. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
 I've sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
 Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
 But since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
 The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,

Thou naughty goaler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more;
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit Shylock.*

Solu. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootless pray'rs:
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many, that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Solu. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go,
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, goaler, on; pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V. *Changes to Belmont.*

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief to,

How

How dear a lover of my Lord your husband;
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can inforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Anthonio,
Being the bosom-lover of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?

This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my Lord's return. For mine own part,
I have tow'rd heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my Lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition:
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!

Jes. I wish your Ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, Balthazar,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still : take this same letter,
And use thou all th' endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua ; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario ;
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice : waste no time in words,
But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[Exit.]

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

Ner. Shall they see us ?

Por. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace ;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick, and dy'd ;
I could not do with all : then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell ;
That men shall swear I've discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have in my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Shall we turn to men ?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter !
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device

When

When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI. *Enter Launcelot and Jessica.*

Laun. Yes, truly: for look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and so now, I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly I think you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Lorenzo.

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

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

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

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

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Good Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only *cover* is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not so, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

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

Laun. For the table, Sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit Laun.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
As many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How far'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: it is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life.
For, having such a blessing in his Lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reason he should never come to heav'n.

Why, if two gods should play some heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: first let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things,
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T I V. S C E N E I.

The senate-house in Venice.

*Enter the Duke, the Senators; Anthonio, Bassanio,
and Gratiano, at the bar.*

Duke. **W**Hat, is Anthonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I'm sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhumane wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rig'rous course; -but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his Envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go on, and call the Jew into the court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my Lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our
face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice

To the last hour of act ; and then 'tis thought,
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.

And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down ;
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint ;
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Sly. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose ;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom !
You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats ? I'll now answer that,
By saying 'tis my humour ; is it answer'd ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it bane'd ? What, are you answer'd yet ?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat ;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection *.
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or lothes. Now, for your answer.
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe ; but of force

* *That is, they are so affected with it.*

Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended :
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
T' excuse the current of thy cruelty.

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

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

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

Bass. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at first.

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

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

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

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

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

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish part,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free; marry them to your heirs;

Why

Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as your's, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands: you will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my pow'r I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to day.

Sir. My Lord, here stays without,
A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Anthonio: what, man, courage
yet.

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

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

SCENE II.

Enter Nerissa, dress'd like a Lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my Lord. Bellario greets your
Grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

[The Jew whetting his knife on the sole of his shoe.]

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

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

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

Gra. O be thou damn'd, incororable dog,

And

And for thy life let justice be accus'd !
Thou almost mak'st me weaver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee : for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Sly. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Mean time the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

*Your Grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of
Y*our letter, I am very sick : but at the instant
that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with
me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balihasar. I
acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the
Jew and Anthonio the merchant. We turn'd o'er many
books together : he is furnished with my opinion, which,
lettered with his own learning, (the greatness whereof
I cannot enough commend), comes with him at my im-
portunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I
beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment, to let
him lack a reverend estimation ; for I never knew so
young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gra-
cious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his com-
mendation.

Enter Portia, dress'd like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellariò, what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the Doctor come.

Give

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my Lord.

Duke. You're welcome; take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the case.

Which is the merchant here? and which the Jew?

Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger; do you not? [*To Anth.*]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

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

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n

Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest;

It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown:

His sceptre shews the force of temporal pow'r,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,

That in the course of justice none of us

Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;

And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea;

Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy.

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

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

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

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel.
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

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

Shy. Here 'tis, Most Rev'rend Doctor, here it is.

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

Shy. An oath, an oath,—I have an oath in heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

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

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then thus it is :

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

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

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast ;

So says the bond ; doth it not, noble judge ?

Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there scales to weigh the flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?

'Twere good, you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

Ant. But little. I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.

Give me your hand, Bassanio, fare you well !

Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you :

For herein fortune shews herself more kind,

Than is her custom. It is still her use,

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty : from which ling'ring penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife ;

Tell her the process of Anthonio's end :

Say, how I lov'd you ; speak me fair in death ;

And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend ;

And he repents not that he pays your debt :

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

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

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

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heav'n, so she could
Intreat some pow'r to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I've a daughter
Would any of the stock of Barrabas [ter;
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

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

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Sny. Most learned judge! a sentence: come, [pre-
pare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods,
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! mark, Jew; O learned
judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge! mark, Jew; a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice.

And let the Christian go.

Bas. Here is the money.

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

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

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh;
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, be't but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
On the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take the forfeiture.

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

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

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

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

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

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

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

Por. Tarry, Jew.

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That, by direct or indirect attempts,

He seeks the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize on half his goods: the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.

For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang
thyself;

And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it. [spirit,

For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Anthonio.

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

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

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

Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more, that for this favour
He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

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

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

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

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

And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Grat. In christ'ning, thou shalt have two godfathers.
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon;
I must away this night to Padua,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I'm sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exit Duke and his train.*]

S C E N E III.

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

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

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

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

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

Por.

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

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

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

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

Bass. Good Sir, this ring was giv'n me by my wife:
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
She wou'd not hold out enmity for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[Exit with Nerissa.

Ant. My Lord Bassanio let him have the ring.
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.

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

[Exit Gra.

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

Re-enter Portia with Nerissa.

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

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.
This ring I do accept most thankfully,

And so, I pray you, tell him ; furthermore,
I pray you, shew my youth, old Shylock's house.

Gr. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.

I'll see if I can get my husband's ring : [To Por.]
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old
swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too :
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good Sir, will you shew me to this
house? [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. *A grove or green place before Portia's house.*

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. **T**HE moon shines bright : in such a night as
this,

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

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

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

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

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

Jes.

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

Lor. And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, (like a little shrew),
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you did no body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

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

Mes. A friend.

Lor. What friend? Your name, I pray you, friend?

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

Lor. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

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

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo and Mi-
stress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my ma-
ster, with his horn full of good news. My master will
be here ere morning.

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their
And yet no matter: why should we go in? [coming.
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

Within

Within the house, your mistress is at hand;

[*Exit. Stephano.*

And bring your music forth into the air.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heav'n

Is thick inlay'd with patents of bright gold?

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;

Such harmony is in immortal sounds!

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

And draw her home with music.

Jes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

[*Music.*

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

(Which is the hot condition of their blood),

If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,

Or any air of music touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,

By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

But music for the time doth change his nature.

The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections dark as Erebus:

Let no such man be trusted——Mark the music.

Enter

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall :
How far the little candle throws his beams !

So shines a good deed in a naughty world. [candle.

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

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less ;

A substitute shines brightly as a King,

Until a King be by ; and then his state

Empties itself, as doth an inland brook

Into the main of waters. Music, hark ! [Music.

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

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect :
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows the virtue on it, Madam.

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

How many things by season season'd are

To their right praise, and true perfection ?

Peace ! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,

And would not be awak'd ! [Music ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,

Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cucumber
By the bad voice. [kew,

Lor. Dear Lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husband's
healths,

Which speed we hope the better for our words.

Are they return'd !

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

Por. Go, Nerissa,

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

[A tucket sounds.

Lor.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet :
We are no tell-tales, Madam, fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light
sick ;

It looks a little paler ; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

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

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light ;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband ;
And never be Bassanio so from me ;
But God fort all ! You're welcome home, my Lord.

Bass. I thank you, Madam : give welcome to my
friend ;

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

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him ;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house ;
It must appear in other ways than words ;
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong ;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk. [*To Nerissa.*]
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already ! what's the matter ?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
That she did give me, whose poesy was,
For all the world, like cutlers poetry
Upon a knife : *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What, talk you of the poesy, or the value ?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death ;
And that it should lie with you in your grave :
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk ! but well I know,

The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an' if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth.

A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,

No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk ;

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee :

I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;

A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,

And riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear

Never to part with it ; and here he stands,

I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,

Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,

You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief ;

An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

[*Aside.*]

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away

Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed

Deserv'd it too ; and then the boy his clerk,

That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine ;

And neither man nor master would take aught

But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my Lord ?

Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,

I would deny it ; but you see my finger

Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

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

By heav'n, I will ne'er come in your bed,

Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in your's,

Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,

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

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
 Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
 Or your own honour to retain the ring,
 You would not then have parted with the ring.
 What man is there so much unreasonable,
 If you had pleas'd to have defended it
 With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
 To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
 Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
 I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

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

Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my house,
 Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
 And that which you did swear to keep for me:
 I will become as liberal as you;
 I'll not deny him any thing I have,
 No not my body, nor my husband's bed;
 Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
 Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
 If you do not, if I be left alone,
 Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,

I'll have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk ; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so ; let me not take him
then :

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

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

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

Por. Mark you but that !

In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself ;
In each eye, one ; swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit !

Bass. Nay, but hear me :

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his weal ;
Which but for him that had your husband's ring,
[To Portia.

Had quite miscarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety ; give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio, swear to keep this
ring.

Bass. By heav'n, it is the same I gave the Doctor.

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

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

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

Por. Speak not so grossly; you are all amaz'd:
 Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
 It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
 There you shall find, that Portia was the Doctor;
 Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,
 Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
 And even but now return'd: I have not yet
 Enter'd my house. Anthonio, you are welcome;
 And I have better news in store for you,
 Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
 There you shall find, three of your Argosies
 Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
 You shall not know by what strange accident
 I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you
 not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuck-
 kold?

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

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

Ant. Sweet Lady, you have giv'n me life and li-
 ving;

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

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

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

Lor. Fair Ladies, you drop manna in the way
 Of starv'd people.

Por. It is almost morning,
 And yet I'm sure you are not satisfy'd
 Of these events at full. Let us go in,
 And charge us there upon interr'gatories,

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so. The first interr'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day?
But were the day come, I should wish it dark.
Till I were couching with the Doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[Exeunt omnes.]

LOVE'S LABOUR'S lost *



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, <i>King of Navarre.</i>	Costard, <i>a clown.</i>
Biron.	Moth, <i>page to Don Adriano de Armado.</i>
Longaville	<i>A Forester.</i>
Dumain,	<i>Princess of France.</i>
Boyet,	Rosaline,
Macard,	Maria,
	Catharine,
	<i>Ladies attending on the Princess.</i>
Don Adriano de Armado, <i>a fantastical Spaniard.</i>	Jaquenetta, <i>a countrywench.</i>
Nathaniel, <i>a curate.</i>	<i>Officers, and others, attendants upon the King and Princess.</i>
Dull, <i>a constable.</i>	
Holofernes, <i>a schoolmaster.</i>	

SCENE, the King of Navarre's palace, and the country near it.



ACT I. SCENE I.

The palace.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. **L**ET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen tombs†;
When, spite of cormorant devouring
time,

Th'

* In this play are to be perceived several strokes of Shakespear's pen, but the whole ought by no means to pass for the work of it.

† ——— brazen tombs;

And

Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
 That honour which shall 'bate his scythe's keen edge,
 And make us heirs of all eternity.
 Therefore, brave conquerors ! for so you are,
 That war against your own affections,
 And the huge army of the world's desires ;
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
 Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;
 Our court shall be a little academy,
 Still and contemplative in living arts.
 You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
 Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
 My fellow-scholars ; and to keep those statutes,
 That are recorded in this schedule here.
 Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names :
 That his own hand may strike his honour down,
 That violates the smallest branch herein :
 If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
 Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am resolv'd ; 'tis but a three years' fast :
 The mind shall banquet though the body pine ;
 Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
 Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving Lord, Dumain is mortify'd :
 The grosser manner of these world's delights
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;
 With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
 So much (dear Liege) I have already sworn,
 That is, to live and study here three years.
 But there are other strict observances :
 As, not to see a woman in that term ;
 Which I hope well is not inrolled there :
 And one day in a week to touch no food,
 And but one meal on every day beside ;
 The which I hope is not inrolled there :

*And then grace us in the disgrace of death :
 When, spite of, &c.*

And then to sleep but three hours in the night,
 And not be seen to wink of all the day;
 (When I was wont to think no harm all night,
 And make a dark night too of half the day);
 Which I hope well is not inrolled there.

O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
 Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say, No, my Liege, an' if you please;
 I only swore to study with your Grace,
 And stay here in your court for three years' space.

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

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

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

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common sense.

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
 To know the thing I am forbid to know,
 As thus; to study where I well may dine,
 When I to feast expressly am forbid;
 Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
 When mistresses from common sense are hid;
 Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
 Study to break it, and not break my troth.
 If study's gain be this, and this be so,
 Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
 Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, No.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
 And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most
 Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain; [vain,
 As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
 Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look?

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile;
 So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
 Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light, that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with fawcy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought: but feign;
And every godfather can give a name.

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

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Long. He weeds the corn, and still let's grow the weeding.

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

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

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

Biron. Well; say, I am; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing;
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows:
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house t'unlock the little gate.

King. Well, fit you out—Go home, Biron: adieu!

Biron. No, my good Lord, I've sworn to stay with you.

And though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say;

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
 And 'bide the penance of each three years' day.
 Give me the paper, let me read the same;
 And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from
 shame!

Biron. Item, [reading.] That no woman shall come
 within a mile of my court.

Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.

On pain of losing her tongue.—

[reading.]

Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet Lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread pe-
 nalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

Item. [reading.] If any man be seen to talk with a
 woman within the term of three years, he shall endure
 such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly
 devise.

This article, my Liege, yourself must break:

For, well you know, here comes in embassy
 The French King's daughter, with yourself to speak,
 A maid of grace and compleat majesty,
 About surrender up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
 Therefore this article is made in vain,
 Or vainly comes th' admired Princess hither.

King. What say you, Lords? why, this was quite
 forgot.

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

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

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space :

For every man with his affects is born :

Not by might master'd, but by special grace.

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me :

I am forsworn on mere necessity.——

So to the laws at large I write my name,

And he that breaks them in the least degree,

Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions are to others, as to me ;

But I believe, although I seem so loth,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted ?

King. Ay, that there is ; our court, you know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain,

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :

One, whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony :

A man of compliments, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.

This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,

For interim to our studies, shall relate

In high-born words the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my Lords, I know not, I ;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie ;

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he shall be our sport ;

And, so to study, three years are but short.

SCENE II. *Enter Dull and Costard with a letter.*

Dull. Which is the King's own person ?

Biron. This fellow ; what would's ?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his Grace's Tharborough : but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull.

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

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

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

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

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

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

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

Cost. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning Jaquenetta.

The manner of it is, I was taken in the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form, following, Sir; all those three. I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner: it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form, in some form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

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

King. Will you hear the letter with attention!

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

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

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

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is——

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

King. Peace——

Cost.

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!
King. No words——

Cost. Of other mens secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy,
 I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most
 wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and as I am
 a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time, when?
 about the sixth hour, when beasts most graze, birds best
 peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is
 called supper: so much for the time when. Now for
 the ground, which? which, I mean, I walk'd upon; it
 is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place, where? where,
 I mean, I did encounter that obscure and most prepos-
 terous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen, the
 ebony-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest,
 surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where? it stand-
 eth north-north-east, and by east from the west corner of
 thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-
 spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth, (*Cost.*
Me?), that unletter'd small-knowing soul, (*Cost.* *Me?*),
 that shallow vassal, (*Cost.* *Still me?*), which, as I re-
 member, hight *Costard*, (*Cost.* *O me?*), sorted and con-
 sorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and
 continent canon, with, with,——O with,——but with
 this I passion to say wherewith:

Cost. With a wench.

King. With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female;
 or for thy more understanding, a woman; him, I (as
 my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee,
 to receive the need of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's
 officer, *Anthony Dull*, a man of good repute, carriage,
 bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you: I am *Anthony Dull*.

King. For *Jaquenetta*, (so is the weaker vessel call'd),
 which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep
 her as a vassal of thy law's fury, and shall at the least of
 thy sweet notice bring her to trial. Thine in all compli-
 ments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

Don Adriano de Armado.

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

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

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

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

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

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

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, Sir, she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

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

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

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, Sir.

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

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

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper. My Lord Biron see him deliver'd o'er,

And go we, Lords, to put in practice that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the four cup of prosperity: affliction may one day smile again, and until then, sit thee down, sorrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE III. *Changes to Armado's house.*

Enter Armado, and Moth.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, Sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, Sir, no.

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

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

Arm. Why, tough Signior? why tough Signior?

Moth. Why tender juvenile? why tender juvenile?

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

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

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little! pretty, because little, wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, Master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heat'st my blood.—

Moth. I am answer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

Moth. He speaks the clean contrary, crosses * love not him.

* meaning, money.

Arm. I have promis'd to study threee years with the King.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one, thrice told.

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how easy is it to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure.

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so I am in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner; and ransom him to any French courtier, for a new-devis'd courtesy. I think it scorn to sigh; methinks I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, Master.

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

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

Arm. O well-knit Samson, strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst
me

me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, Master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

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

Arm. Tell me precisely, of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

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

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, Sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, Master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the king and the beggar.

Moth. The world was guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I do love that country-girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well——

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master deserves. *[Aside.*

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's greater marvel loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, till this company is pass'd.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Costard, Dull, Jaquenetta a maid.

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

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

Jaq. Man,——

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you?

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.]

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

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

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punish'd.

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

Arm.

Arm. Take away this villain, shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave, away.

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

Moth. No, Sir, that were fast and loose; thou shalt to prison.

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

Moth. What shall some see?

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

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]

Arm. I do affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot, (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falshood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar, love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love; yet Samson was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's but-shaft is too hard for Hercules's club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier; the first and second cause will not serve my turn; the Passado he respects not, the Duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's palace.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, Lords, and other attendants.

Boyet. **N**OW, Madam, summon up your dearest spirits;

Consider.

Consider, whom the King your father sends;
 To whom he sends, and what's his embassy.
 Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
 To parley with the sole inheritor
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchless Navarre; the plea, of no less weight
 Than Aquitain, a dowry for a Queen.
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
 As nature was in making graces dear,
 When she did starve the general world beside,
 And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
 Than you much willing to be counted wise,
 In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
 But now, to task the tasker; good Boyet,
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
 Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
 Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent court;
 Therefore to us seems it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you
 As our best-moving fair solicitor.
 Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
 On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his Grace.
 Haste, signify so much, while we attend,
 Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

[*Exit.*]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and your's is so.
 Who are the votaries, my loving Lords,
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous King?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin.

Prin. Know ye the man?

Mar. I knew him, Madam, at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge solemnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville,
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil,)
Is a sharp wit, match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should spare none that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours
know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Cath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd
Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd. [youth,
Most power to do most harm, lest knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alanfon's once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;

Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin.

Prin. God bless my ladies, are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise!

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle Lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I've learn'd,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

S C E N E II.

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and attendants.

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

Prin. Fair I give you back again; and welcome I
have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to
be your's; and welcome to the wide fields, too base
to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, Madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my Lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break its will, and nothing else.

King. Your Ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my Lord;
Not sin to break it.—

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold:

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away ;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

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

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

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question ?

Biron. You must not be so quick.

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

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

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

Biron. What time o'day ?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask !

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers !

Biron. And send you many lovers !

Ros. Amen, so you be none !

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;
Being but th' one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, as neither have
Receiv'd that sum ; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the money's worth :
If then the King your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.
But that it seems he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns, and not demands,
On payment of an hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain ;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.

Dear Princess, were not his requests so far
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
 A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast;
 And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
 And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In so unseemingly to confess receipt,
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
 And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
 Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word.
 Boyet, you can produce acquittances
 For such a sum, from special officers
 Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

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

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
 All liberal reason I will yield unto:
 Mean time receive such welcome at my hand,
 As honour without breach of honour may
 Make tender of, to thy true worthiness.
 You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates,
 But here, without, you shall be so receiv'd,
 As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart:
 Though so deny'd fair harbour in my house:
 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell;
 To-morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
 Grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place.

[Exit.

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

Ref. I pray you, do my commendations;
 I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it grone

Ref. Is the † fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it bleed.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physick says, Ay.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No, *poynr*, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And your's from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. *Exit.*

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

Boyet. The heir of Alanfon, *Rosaline* her name.

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

[Exit.]

Long. I beseech you a word: what, is she in white.

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

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

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

Long. Pray you, Sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Faulconbridge

Long. Nay, my cholier is ended:

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, Sir; that may be. *Exit Long.*

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. *Catharine*, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, Sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, Sir: adieu!

Boyet. Farewel to me, Sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit Biron.]

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

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

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

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

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

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

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

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.

This civil war of wits were much better us'd!

On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.

If my observation, (which very seldom lies),

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes, }

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:

His heart, like an agat with your print impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be:

All senses to that sense did make their repair,

To feel only looking on fairest of fair;

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;

Who tend'ring their own worth, from whence they were glass'd,

Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His face's own margent did quote such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,

An' you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion : Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd ;

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then ? do you see ?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The park, near the palace.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. **W**Arble, child ; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel— [*Singing.*

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

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

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

Moth. No, my compleat Master ; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids ; sigh a note and sing a note ; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing love ; sometimes through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love ; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes ; with your arms cross'd on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit ; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting ; and

keep not too long in one tune, but a snip, and away: these are 'compliments, these are humours; these betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without these, and make them men of note (do you note me?) that are most affected to these?

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my pen of observation.

Arm. But O, but O——

Moth. *The hobby-horse is forgot* *.

Arm. Call'st thou my love *hobby-horse*?

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

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, Master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: and this *by*, *in*, 'and *out of*, upon the instant: *by* heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; *in* heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

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

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

Moth. A message well sympathiz'd; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha; what say'st thou?

Moth. Marry, Sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gated: but I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

* *The burthen of an old song.*

Is not lead of metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minime*, honest Master; or rather, Master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, Sir, to say so.

Is that lead slow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly. [Exit.]

Arm. A most acute juvenile, voluble, and free of grace;

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face.

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

S C E N E II. *Re-enter Moth and Costard.*

Moth. A wonder, Master; here's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle; come, thy *Penvoy* begin.

Cost. No enigma, no riddle, no *Penvoy*; no salve in the male, Sir. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no *Penvoy*, no *Penvoy*, or salve, Sir, but plantan.

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O pardon me, my stars! doth the inconsiderate take salve for *Penvoy*, and the word *Penvoy* for a salve?

Moth. Doth the wise think them other? is not *Penvoy* a salve?

Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said. I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *Penvoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral, now the *Penvoy*.

Moth. I will add the *Penvoy*; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

A good *Penvoy*, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

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

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an' your goose be fat.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.

Let me see a fat *Penvoy*; I, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither;

How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying, that a Costard was broken in a
Then call'd you for a *Penvoy*. [shin.

Cost. True, and I for a plantan;

Thus came the argument in;

Then the boy's fat *Penvoy*, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me, how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth.

I will speak that *Penvoy*.

Costard running out, that was safely within,

Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah, Costard, I will infranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Francis, I smell some
Penvoy, some goose in this.

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

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

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance;
and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:
bear

bear this significant to the country-maid Jaquenetta ; there is remuneration ; for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow.—

[Exit.

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu !

[Exit.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh, my in-cony jewel ! Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration ! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings ! three farthings, remuneration. What's the price of this incle ? a penny. No, I'll give you a remuneration : why, it carries it. Remuneration !—why it is a fairer name than a French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word

S C E N E III. *Enter Biron.*

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

Cost. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration ?

Biron. What is a remuneration ?

Cost. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

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

Cost. I thank your Worship, God be with you.

Biron. O stay, slave, I must employ thee :

As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall intreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, Sir ?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, Sir : fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

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

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

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

Biron. It must be done this afternoon.

Hark, slave, it is but this :

The Princess comes to hunt here in the park :

And in her train there is a gentle lady ;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her

And *Rosaline* they call her ; ask for her, [name,

And

And to her sweet hand, see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration, eleven pence farthing better; most sweet guerdon! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, remuneration.—
[Exit.

Biron. O! and I, forsooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimples, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This Signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love rhimes, lord of folded arms,
'Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans:
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents:
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces:
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting parators: (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his file,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler, stoop!
What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all:
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton, with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and by Heav'n, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard;
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! go to:—it is a plague,
That Cupid will impose for my neglect.
Of his almighty, dreadful, little, might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:
Some men must love my Lady, and some Joan.
[Exit

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A pavilion in the park near the palace.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Lords, attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. WAS that the King that spur'd his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

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

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind:
Well, Lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.

Then, Forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair, that shoot:
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, Madam; for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, then again,
say, no?

O short-liv'd pride! not fair? alack, for wo!

For. Yes, Madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

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

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot,
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill;
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;

When

When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.

As I for praise alone now seek, to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curs'd wives hold that self-sovereignty,

Only for praise-sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues her lord.

Enter Costard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cost. God dig you den-all; pray you, which is the head lady?

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

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

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

And my wifes, mistress, were as slender as your wit,
One of these maids girdles for my wafe should be fit.

Are not you the chief women? you are the thickest
here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron, to one
Lady Rosaline.

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

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can serve:
Break up this capon*.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.

This letter is mislook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

* Meaning the letter, as *poulet* in French, signifies
both a chicken, and a love-letter.

Boyet reads.

By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible ; true, that thou art beauteous ; truth itself, that thou art lovely ; more fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself ; have commiseration on thy heroic-vassal. The magnanimous and most illustrious King Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon ; and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici* ; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar !), videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame : he came, one ; saw, two ; overcame, three. Who came ? the King. Why did he come ? to see. Why did he see ! to overcome. To whom came he ? to the beggar. What saw he ? the beggar. Who overcame he ? the beggar. The conclusion is victory ; on whose side ? the King's, the captive is enrich'd : on whose side ? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial : on whose side ? the King's : no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King, (for so stands the comparison) ; thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love ? I may ? Shall I enforce thy love ? I could. Shall I intreat thy love ? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags ? robes ; for tittles ? titles : for thyself ? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the dearest design of industry,

Don Adriano de Armado

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey ;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play.

But if thou strive, (poor soul), what art thou then ?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

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

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

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

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

Boyet.

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

A phantasm, a monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my Lord.

Prin. To whom should'st thou give it?

Cost. From my Lord to my Lady.

Prin. From which Lord to which Lady?

Cost. From my Lord Berown, a good master of mine,
To a Lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

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

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

[*Exit Princess attended.*]

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put off.

Boyet. My Lady goes to kill horns: but if thou mar-
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry. [ry,
Finely put on.—

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we chuse by horns, yourself; come not near.
Finely put on indeed.—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she
strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her
now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,
that was a man when King Pippin of France was a lit-
tle boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that
was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a
little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it;* [Singing.
Thou canst not hit it, my goodman.

Boyet.

Boyet. *An' I cannot, cannot, cannot;*

An' I cannot, another can.

[*Exit Ros.*]

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

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

Boyet. A mark? O, mark but that mark! a mark, says my Lady;

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

Mar. Wide o' th' bow-hand; i' faith, your hand is out.

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

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

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

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

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

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt all but Costard.*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain; a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests, most in-cony vulgar wit,

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

Armado, o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man;

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.

To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly he will swear;

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit:

Ah, heav'ns! it is a most pathological nit.

[*Exit Costard.*]

[*Shooting within.*]

S C E N E.

S C E N E II.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Sir Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was (as you know) *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*, the sky, the welkin, the heav'n; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.

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

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

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

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

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

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *his coctus*; O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not replenished. He is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; and such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be for those parts (which we taste and feel, *ingradare*) that do fructify in us, more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool;

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school.

But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind, Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your wit,

What

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the Moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more :

And rought not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.

Th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity ! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

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

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princess kill'd, a pricket.

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

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

The praiseful Princess pierc'd and prickt

A pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore,

Till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put L to sore,

Then sorel jump't from thicket;

Or pricket sore, or else sorel,

The people fall a booting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore

Makes fifty sores of sorel.

Of one sore I an hundred make,

By adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

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

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

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

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

SCENE III. *Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.*

Jaq. God give you good morrow, Master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, *quasi* Person. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, Master Schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hog'shead.

Hol. Of piercing a hog'shead, a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good Master Parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho; I beseech you, read it.

[*Nath. reads to himself.*]

Hol. *Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra*

Ruminat, and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan, I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice; *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia*. Old

† He means Baptista Spagnolus, surnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth, a writer of poems, who lived towards the end of the fifteenth century.

Mantuan,

Mantuan, old Mantuan ! who understandeth thee not ? loves thee not :—*ut resolu mi se*. Under pardon, Sir ? what are the contents ? Or rather, as Horace says in his : What ! my soul ! verses ?

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

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

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

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd ;

Tho' to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes ;

Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend :

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder :

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire ;

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

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong, That sings heav'n's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent. Let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratify'd ; but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. *Ovidius Naso* was the man. And why, indeed, *Naso* ; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy ? the jerks of invention ? *imitari*, is nothing : so doth the hound his master

master, the ape his keeper, the try'd horse his rider. But, *Damofella Virgin*, was this directly to you?

Jaq. Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur Biron, to one of the strange Queen's ladies.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto.

Your Ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON. This Biron is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarry'd. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much; stay not thy compliment; I forgive shy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

Exeunt Cost and Jaq.

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

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses; did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *len venito*; where will I prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

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

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; [*To Dull.*] you shall not say me, Nay: *Pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are. their

their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Biron, with a paper in his hand, alone.

Biron. The King is hunting the deer, I am courting myself. They have pitch'd a toil, I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word: well, set thee down, sorrow; for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax, it kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep. Well prov'd again on my side, I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it; the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to grone! [*He stands aside.*]

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. Shot, by heav'n! proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump't him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, secrets.—

King. [*reads.*] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives
not

To those fresh morning-drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in ev'ry tear that I do weep;
No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will shew;

But

But do not love thyself, then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 O Queen of Queens, how far dost thou excel!
 No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell.—
 How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[*The King steps aside.*]

Enter Longaville.

What! Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now in thy likeness one more fool appears.

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

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

King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort: not by two that
 I know:

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the three-corner-cap of so-
 ciety,

The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to
 move:

O sweet Maria, Empress of my love,

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's
 hose:

Disfigure not his sloop.

Long. The same shall go. [*He reads the sonnet.*]

Did not the heav'nly rhetoric of thine eye

(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment:

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.

My vow was earthly, thou a heav'nly love:

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;

Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhaust

*Exhal'st this vapour-vow ; in thee it is ;
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine ;
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
 To lose an oath to win a paradise ?*

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity ;

A green goose a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.

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

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—company ; stay.—

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play ;
 Like a demy-god, here sit I in the sky,
 And wretched fools' secrets headfully o'er-eye :
 More sacks to the mill ! O heav'ns, I have my wish ;
 Dumain transform'd, four woodcocks in a dish ?

Dum. O most divine Kate !

Biron. O most profane coxcomb ! *[aside.*

Dum. By heav'n, the wonder of a mortal eye !

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

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. *[aside.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say ;

Her shoulder is with child. *[aside.*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days, but then no sun must shine. *[aside.*

Dum. O that I had my wish !

Long. And I had mine ! *[aside.*

King. And mine too, good Lord ! *[aside.*

Biron. Amen, so I had mine ! Is not that a good word ? *[aside.*

Dum. I would forget her, but a fever she
 Reigns in my blood, and will remembered be.

Biron. A fever in your blood ! why then, incision
 Would let her out in sawcers, sweet misprision. *[aside.*
Dum.

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode, that I have writ.

Biorn. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
[*aside.*]

Dumain reads his sonnet.

On a day, (alack, the day!)

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spy'd a blossom passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air :

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find ;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

Air, (quoth he), thy cheeks may blow

Air, would I might triumph so !

But, alack, my hand is sworn,

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :

Vow, alack, for youth unmet,

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee :

Thou, for whom ev'n Jove would swear,

Juno but an Ethiop were ;

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send, and something else more plain,

That shall express my true love's festring pain ;

O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,

Were lovers too ! ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note :

For none offend, where all alike do doat.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society : [*coming forward.*]

You may look pale ; But I should blush, I know,

To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

King. Com, Sir, you blush ; as his, your case is such ;
[*coming forward.*]

You chide at him, offending twice as much.

You do not love Maria ? Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile ?

Nor never laid his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom, to keep down his heart?
 I have been closely shrowded in this bush,
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
 I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion;
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
 Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
 Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.
 You would for paradise break faith and troth;
 And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
 What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
 A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
 How will he scorn? How will he spend his wit?
 How will he triumph, geap, and laugh at it?
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me,

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

Ah, good my Liege, I pray thee, pardon me.

[coming forward.]

Good heart, what grace has thou thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?
 Your eyes do make no coaches in your tears,
 There is no certain Princess that appears?
 You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
 Tush; none but minstrels like of sonnetting.
 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot;
 You found his mote, the king your mote did see:
 But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen?
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a King transformed to a knot!
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon tuning a jig!
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And Cynic Timon laugh at idle toys!
 Where lies thy grief? O tell me, good Dumain;
 And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
 And where my Liege's? all about the breast?
 A candle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd by you.
I that am honest, I that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in,
I am betray'd by keeping company
With vane-like men, of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or grone for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? when shall you hear, that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gate, a state, a brow, a breast, a waste,
A leg, a limb?

King. Soft, whither away so fast?

A true man or a thief, that gallops so?

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

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the King!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

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

Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read,
Our Parson misdoubts it: it was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. *[He reads the letter.*
Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard,

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

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

Biron. A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs
not fear it.

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

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

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were born
to do me shame.

[To Costard.
Guilty,

Guilty, my Lord, guilty: I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess.

He, he, and you; and you, my Liege, and I

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

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

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four:

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, Sirs, away.

Cosf. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. *Exeunt Cosf. and Jaquen.*

Biron. Sweet Lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace:

As true we are as flesh and blood can be.

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven will shew his face:

Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born,

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

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

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That (like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east)

Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury, hath inspir'd thee now?

My love (her mistress) is a gracious moon;

She (an attending star) scarce seen a light.

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

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

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity ;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues ;

Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not :
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs :

She passes praise ; the praise, too short, doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy ;
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity.

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

That I may swear, Beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look ?

No face is fair, that is not full so black ?

King. O paradox, black is the badge of hell :

The hue of dungeons, and the fowl of night ;
And beauty's crete becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of
light :

O, if in black my Lady's brow be deck'd,

It mourns, that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doaters with a false aspect :

And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now ;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion
crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, your's did : for, Sir, to tell you
plain,

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

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

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

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
 Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
 The street should see as she walk'd over-head.

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

Biron. Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now
 Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn. [prove

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

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

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need.

Have at you then, Affection's men at arms;

Consider what you first did swear unto:

To fast, to study, and to see no woman;

Flattreason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young:

And abstinence ingenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, (Lords,)

In that each of you hath forsworn his book,

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

Why, universal plodding prisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion and long-during action tries

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;

And study too, the causer of your vow.

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such duty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself;
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there!
O, we have made a vow to study, Lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books:
For when would you, my Liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil.
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind!
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste;
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
And when Love speaks the voice of all the gods,
Mark, heaven drowsy with the harmony!
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.—
From women's' eyes this doctrine I derive:

They

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academies,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world ;
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
 Then fools you were these women to forswear :
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For Wisdom's sake, (a word that all men love ;)
 Or for Love's sake, (a word all women love ;)
 Or for mens' sake, (the author of these women ;)
 Or womens' sake, (by whom we men are men :)
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves ;
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 For charity itself fulfils the law :
 And who can sever love from charity ?

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

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them,
 Lords ;

Pell-mell, down with them ; but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the fun of them.

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

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

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

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

King. Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons ! Allons ! sown cockle reap'd no
 corn ;

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

A C T V. S C E N E I

*The street.**Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, and Dull.**Hol. S Atis, quod sufficit.*

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

Hol. Novi hominem, tanquam te. His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour, vain, ridiculous, and thraasonical. He is too piqued, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Draws out his table-book.]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity, finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantastical phantasms, such infociable and point-devise companions: such rackers of orthography, as do speak dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abominable, which we would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of insanity: *Ne intelligis, Domine*, to make frantic, lunatic?

Nath. Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.

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

S C E N E II. *Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.*

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Videc, & gaudes.

Arm.

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. *Quare* chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military Sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stole the scraps.

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallow'd than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book: What is A B spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, I.—

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it, o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit; snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

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

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

Cost. An' I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pidgeon-egg of discretion. O, that

that the heav'ns were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father would'st thou make me? go to, thou hast it *ad dunghill*; at the finger's ends, as they say,

Hol. O, I smell false Latin, *dunghill* for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *preambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *mons* the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, *sans question*.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The *posterior* of the day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cul'd, choice, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, Sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar; I do assure you, my very good friend; for what is inward between us, let it pass—I do beseech thee, remember thy curtesy—I beseech thee, apparel thy head,—and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed too—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio, but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his Greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass—the very all of all is—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy—that the King would have me present the Princess (sweet chuck) with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, (as it were), I have acquainted

acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the *posterior* of this day, to be rendered by our assistants at the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned Gentleman, before the Princess: I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

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

Hol. Joshua, yourself; this gallant man, Judas Macabæus; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass Pompey the great; and the page, Hercules.

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

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

Moth. An excellent device: for if any of the audience hiss, you may cry; "Well done, Hercules, now thou crushest the snake;" that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho' few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies,——

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

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

Hol. *Via!* good man Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, Sir.

Hol. *Allons*; we will employ thee.

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

Hol.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *Before the Princess's pavilion.*

Enter Princess and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady wail'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your
sister.

Cath. He made her melancholy, sad and heavy,
And so she died; had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit.
She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd.
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, excuse, of this light
word?

Cath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Cath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff:
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do; and do it still i' th' dark.

Cath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Cath. You weigh me not; O, that's, you care not
for me.

Ros. Great reason; for past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too.
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.

And if my face were but as fair as your's,

My

My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron.

The numbers true, and were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddesses on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

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

Ros. Ware pencils *. How? let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter.

O, that your face were not so full of Oes!

Cath. Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all shrews.

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Cath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Cath. Yes, Madam; and moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover.

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vildly compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers for't.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I know he were but in by th' week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes,

And shape his service all to my behests,

And make him proud to make me proud with jests:

So

* Meaning to check Catharine for her painting, pencil being a painting-brush.

So portent-like * would I o'er-sway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate †.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are
catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

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

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth doat:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

S C E N E IV. *Enter Boyet.*

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

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter; where's her
Grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare.

Arm, wenches, arm; encounters mounted are
Against your peace; love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd.
Muste your wits, stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

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

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade, I might behold, address
The King and his companions; warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy.

* Portents have been always look'd upon not only as
the tokens and signals, but the instruments also of
destiny.

† See the note vol. I. p. 295.

Action and accent did they teach him there ;
 Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear ;
 And ever and anon they made a doubt,
 Presence majesticall would put him out :
 For, quoth the King, an angel shalt thou see ;
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
 The boy reply'd, An angel is not evil ;
 I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.—
 With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
 One rubb'd his elbow thus, and swear'd, and swore,
 A better speech was never spoke before.
 Another with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd, *Via!* we will do't, come what will come.
 The third he caper'd, and cry'd, All goes well.
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

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

Boyet. They do, they do ; and are apparell'd thus,
 Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess.
 Their purpose is to parley, court, and dance ;
 And every one his love-feat will advance
 Unto his sev'ral mistress ; which they'll know,
 By favours sev'ral, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so ? the gallants shall be talk'd ;
 For, Ladies, we will every one be mask'd :
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,
 Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.
 Hold, Rosaline ; this favour thou shalt wear,
 And then the King will court thee for his dear ;
 Hold, take you this, my sweet, and give me thine ;
 So shall Biron take me for Rosaline,
 And change your favours too ; so shall your loves
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then, wear the favours most in sight.

Cath. But in this changing, what is your intent ?

Prin. Th' effect of my intent is to cross theirs ;
 They do it but in mocking merriment,

And mock for mock is only my intent.
 Their several councils they unbosom shall
 To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal,
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,
 With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot;
 Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:
 But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

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

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
 There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown,
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
 And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Sound.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers
 come.

S C E N E V.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, and attendants, disguis'd like Muscovites; Moth with music, as for a masquerade.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
 That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.

[The ladies turn their backs to him.]

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.
 Out——

Biron. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
 Not to behold.

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes——
 With your sun beamed eyes——

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
 You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet.

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princess?

Biron. Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone

Boyet. She says, you have it; and you may be gone

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on the grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princess bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like savages) may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then in our measure vouchsafe but one change;
Thou bid'st me beg, this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then; nay, you must do it soon.
Not yet? no dance? thus change I, like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? how come you thus e-
strang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's
chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays, vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by
chance,

We'll not be nice; take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take you hands then!

Ros. Only to part friends;

Curt'sie, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize yourselves then; what buys your com-
pany?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with
thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar, there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys; and if you grow so
nice,

Methegline, wort and malnshey;—well run, dice:
There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu;

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter——

Biron. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair Lady,——

Mar. Say you so? fair Lord:

Take that for your fair Lady.

Dum. Please it you;

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

Cath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, Lady, why you ask.

Cath. O, for your reason! quickly, Sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Cath. Veal, quoth the Dutch-man; is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair Lady?

Cath. No, a fair Lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Cath. No, I'll not be your half;

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks?

Will you give horns, chaste Lady? do not so.

Cath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Cath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge, invincible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen:

Above the sense of sensible, so sensible

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings;

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things.

Ref. Not one word more, my maids; break off,
break off.

Biron. By heav'n, all dry-beaten with pure scoff.—

King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt King and Lords.*]

S C E N E VI.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are with your sweet breaths puff out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly poor flout!
Will they not (think you) hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in vizors, shew their faces?

This pert Biron was out of count'nance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases.

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No, point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Cath. Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart,
And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Cath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Cath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer-air.

Prin.

Prin. How, blow? how, blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd, are roses in the bud,
Or angels veil'd in clouds: are roses blown,
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! what shall we do
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd;
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd, like Muscovites, in * shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vildly penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Before the Princess's pavilion.*

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in their own habits; Boyet meeting them.

King. Fair Sir, God save you! Where's the Princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent.

Please it your Majesty, command me any service to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again, when Jove doth please:

He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares

At wakes and wassals, meetings, markets, fairs:

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.

He can carve too, and lipe: why, this is he.

* For uncouth.

That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy ;
 This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honourable terms : nay, he can sing
 A mean most mainly ; and, in ushering,
 Mend him who can ; the ladies call him sweet ;
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,
 To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone.—
 And consciences that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,
 That put Arniado's page out of his part !

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet,
 and attendants.*

Biron. See where it comes ; behaviour, what wert
 thou,

Till this man shew'd thee ? and what art thou now ?

King. All hail, sweet Madam, and fair time of
 day !

Prin. Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then with me better, I will give you
 leave.

King. We come to visit you, and purpose now
 To lead you to our court : vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your
 vow :

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke ;
 The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue ; vice you should have
 spoke :

For virtue's office never breaks mens' troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsully'd lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest :

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my Lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, Madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my Lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my Lord:

My Lady (to the manner of the days)

In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit: here they staid an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my Lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair, gentle, sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light; your capacity

Is of that nature, as to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my
eye——

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am your's, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizors was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizor? why demand
you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizor, that superfluous case,

That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. We are descried; they'll mock us now down-
right.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin.

Prin. Amaz'd, my Lord? why looks your Highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows, he'll swoon: why look you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Here stand I, Lady, dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout,
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will with thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song.

Taffata-phrases, silken terms precise,

Three pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical, these summer-flies,

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them; and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet *leas*, and honest kersey *Noes*:

And to begin, wench, (so God help me, law!)

My love to thee is sound, *sans* crack or flaw.

Ros. *Sans, sans*, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick.

I'll leave it by degrees: soft, let us see;

Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies;

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

These Lords are visited, you are not free;

For the Lords tokens on you both I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens
to us.

Biron.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet Madam, for our rude trans-
Some fair excuse. [gression

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair Madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject

King. Upon mine honour, no. [her.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight; and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the Noble Lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my
I never swore this lady such an oath. [troth,

Ros. By Heav'n, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, Sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, to th' Princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did she wear:
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.

What? will you have me; or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't; here was a consent,

(Knowing

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment),
 To dash it, like a Christmas comedy.
 Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
 Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
 That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
 To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,
 Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
 The ladies did change favours, and then we,
 Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she:
 Now to our perjury to add more terror,
 We are again forsworn; in will, and error.
 Much upon this it is.—And might not you [*To Boyet*.
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my Lady's foot by th' squier,
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye,
 And stand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
 You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting strait. Peace, I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit, thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, Sir, they would know

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, Sir, but it is vara fine;

For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times three is nine?

Cost. Not so, Sir, under correction, Sir; I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg us, Sir; I can assure you, Sir, we know what we know: I hope three times thrice, Sir,—

Biron. Is not nine?

Cost. Under correction, Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost.

Cost. O Lord, Sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, Sir, the parties themselves, the actors, Sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take some care.

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach. [Exit Cost.]

Biron. We are shame-proof, my Lord; and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the King's and his com-

King. I say, they shall not come. [pany.]

Prin. Nay, my good Lord, let me o'er-rule you now; That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Dies in the zeal of that which it presents;

Their form, confounded, makes most form in mirth;

When great things, labouring, perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my Lord.

S C E N E IX. Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy Royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna de la guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most Royal couplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: he presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the

Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabeus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other

Biron. There are five in the first show. [five.]

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,
the fool, and the boy.

A bare throw at *novum*, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in's vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes a-
main.

Enter Costard for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am——

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am——

Boyet. With Libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends
with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big.

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, Sir; Pompey, surnam'd the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield,

Did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of
France.

If your Ladyship would say, "Thanks,—Pompey, I
had done.

Prin. Great thanks, Great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was per-
fect. I made a little fault in great.

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the
best worthy.

Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's
commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering
might:

My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alexander.

Boyet.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismaid: proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.*

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alifander.

Biron. Pompey the Great —

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alifander.

Cost. O Sir, you have overthrown Alifander the conqueror. [*To Nath.*] You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this; your lion, that holds the poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to A-jax*; he will be then the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak? run away for shame, Alifander. There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth, and a very good bowler; but for Alifander, alas, you see, how 'tis a little o'erparted: but there are worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three headed
canis;

And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his *mantis*:

Quoniam he seemeth in minority,

Ergo I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish. [*Exit Moth.*

Hol. *Judas I am.*

* A ridicule upon the arms given to *Alexander* in the history of the nine worthies; and it ends in a wretched quibble upon the words *Ajax* and *A-jakes*.

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, Sir;

Judas I am, ye'leped *Machabeus*.

Dum. Judas Machabeus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. *Judas* I am.

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, Sir, you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd; Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer;
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An' thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Loyet. Therefore as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet *Jude*; nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the *ass* to the *Jude*; give it him *Jud-as*,
away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas; it grows dark, he
may stumble.

Prim.

Prin. Alas ! poor Machabeus, how he hath been baited !

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles, here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Tho' my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector ?

King. I think, Hector was not so clean timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No ; he is best endu'd in the small.

Biron. This can't be Hector.

Dum. He's a God or a painter, for he makes faces ;

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of launces the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift, —

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of launces the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift, *the heir of Ilion ;*

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower.

Dum. That mint.

Long. That cullambine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein ; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a grey-hound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten ;
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd :
But I will forward with my device ;

Sweet Royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector ; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector for surmounted Hannibal.*

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away; she's quick, the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis your's.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipt for Jaquenetta, that is quick by him; and hang'd for Pompey, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge?

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd; more *Ates*, more *Ates*; stir them on, stir them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do't by the sword: I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do ye not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and foldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm.

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was injoin'd him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

S C E N E X. *Enter Macard.*

Mac. God save you, Madam!

Prin. Welcome, Macard, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Mac. I'm sorry, Madam, for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father,—

Prin. Dead! for my life.

Mac. Even so, my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For my own part, I breathe free breath; I have seen the day of right through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt worthies.*]

King. How fares your Majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious Lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and intreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits;
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy Lord;
An heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks,
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;

Yet.

Yet since love's argument was first on foot,
 Let not the cloud of sorrow juggle it
 From what it purpos'd : since, to wail friends lost,
 Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of
 grief;

And by these badges understand the King,
 For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
 Play'd foul play with our oaths : your beauty, Ladies,
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
 Even to th' oppos'd end of our intents ;
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
 As love is full of unbefitting strains,
 All wanton as a child, skipping in vain,
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
 Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth rowl,
 To every varied object in his glance ;
 Which party-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heav'nly eyes,
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities ;
 Those heav'nly eyes, that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make them : therefore, Ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false,
 By being once false, for ever to be true
 To those that make us both ; fair Ladies, you :
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
 Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love ;
 Your favours, the embassadors of love :
 And in our maiden council rated them
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy ;
 As bumbast, and as lining to the time :
 But more devout than this, (save our respects),
 Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, Madam, shew'd much more than
 jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short,
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no, my Lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore, this——
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me,
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me; challenge me, by these deserts;
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To fetter up these powers of mine with rest;
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence, ever then, my heart is in thy breast.

[* *Biron.* And what to me, my love! and what
to me?

* These six lines are misplaced, and ought to be expunged, as being the author's first draught only, of what he afterwards improved and made more perfect. Mr. Warburton.

Ros.

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank,
 You are attaint with fault and perjury;
 Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
 But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Cath. A wife!—a beard, fair health and honesty;
 With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife!

Cath. Not so, my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.
 Come, when the King doth to my Lady come;
 Then if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Cath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mir. At the twelvemonth's end,

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my Lady? Mistress, look on me,
 Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
 What humble suit attends thy answer there;
 Impose some service on me for my love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
 Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
 Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
 Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
 Which you on all estates will execute,
 That lie within the mercy of your wit:
 To weed this woormwood from your fruitful brain,
 And therewithal to win me, if you please,
 (Without the which I am not to be won);
 You shall this twelve-month term from day to day
 Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
 With groaning wretches; and your task shall be
 With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
 T' enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be, it is impossible :

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit:
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,
Deaf with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns ; continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal :
But if they will not, throw away that spirit ;
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth ? well ; befall, what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my Lord, and so I take my leave.
[To the king.]

King. No, Madam ; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;
Jack hath not Jill ; these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me——

Prin. Was not that Hector ?

Dum. That worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I
am a votary : I have vow'd to Jacquenetta to hold the
plough for her sweet love three years. But, most
esteem'd Greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the
two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl
and the cuckow ? it should have follow'd in the end of
our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm.

Arm. Holla! approach.—

Enter all, for the song.

This side is *Hiems*, winter.

This *Ver*, the spring: The one maintain'd by the owl,
The other by the cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The S O N G.
S P R I N G.

*When daizies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckow-luds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows much-bedight;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!*

*Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmens' clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their summer-smocks;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!*

*Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

W I N T E R.

*When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit! to-who!*

*A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw;
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;*

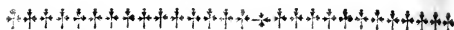
When

*When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit! to-whoo!*

*A merry note,
While greasy Fome doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury
Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:
You, that way; we, this way. *[Exeunt omnes.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE.	<i>Duke Frederick.</i>
Frederick, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dukedom.	Touchstone, a clown attending on Celia and Rosalind.
Amiens, } Lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.	Corin, } <i>Shepherds.</i>
Jaques, }	Sylvius, }
Le Beau, a courtier attending on Frederick.	A clown, in love with Audrey.
Oliver, eldest son to Sir Rowland de Boys, who had formerly been a servant to the Duke.	William, another clown, in love with Audrey.
Jaques, } Younger brothers to Oliver.	Sir Oliver Martext, a country curate.
Orlando, }	Rosalind, daughter to the Duke.
Adam, an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys, now following the fortunes of Orlando.	Celia, daughter to Frederick.
Dennis, servant to Oliver.	Phebe, a shepherdess.
Charles, a wrestler and servant to the usurping	Audrey, a country-wench.
	Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with Pages, Foresters, and other attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's house; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Oliver's orchard.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orla. **A**S I remember, Adam, it was upon this my my father bequeath'd me by will but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st,

say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit; for my part, he keeps me rustically at home; or, to speak more properly, stys me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his discountenance 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.

S C E N E II. *Enter Oliver.*

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

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

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orla. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made; a poor unworthy brother of your's, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while.

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

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir!

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

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

Ol. What, boy!

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

Ol. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain!

Orl. I am no villain. I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

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

Ol. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up 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.

Ol. 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.

Ol. Get you with him, you old dog.

Alm. Is old dog my reward? most true, I have lost my

my teeth in your service. God be with my old master he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

S C E N E III.

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

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worship?

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

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

Oli. Call him in; — 'twill be a good way? and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your Worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court. Sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banish'd 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 banish'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new 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.

Ol. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, Sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall; to-morrow, Sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him; as I must for mine own honour, if he come in; therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Ol. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, Charles, he 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'll practise against thee by poison; intrap 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.

[Exit.
Ol.

Oli. Farewel, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device, of all sorts inchantly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all; nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an open walk before the Duke's palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

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

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

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

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in your's.

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

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see, what think you of falling in love?

Cel.

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.

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, a clown.

Cel. No! when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off this argument?

Ros. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature; when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, Wit, whither wander you?

Clo. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

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

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

Cel.

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

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo. 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.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this Knight swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'st?

Clo. One that old Frederick your father loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipp'd for taxation one of these days,

Clo. The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenc'd, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

S C E N E V. *Enter Le Beau.*

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

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

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

Cel. All the better, we shall be the more marketable.

Bon jour, Monsieur le Beau, what news?

Le Beau. Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

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

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, Ladies; I would have told you

you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your Ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here where you are they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks.

Clo. 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 serv'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poor old man their father making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Clo. But what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this that I speak of.

Clo. 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 set this broken music in his sides? is there yet another doats 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.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and attendants.

Duke. Come on; since the youth will not be intreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin; are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my Liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be intreated. Speak to him, Ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

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

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the Princesses call for you.

Orla. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

Orla. 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 our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young Sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised; we will make it our suit to the Duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. 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; where-

in if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was' never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out her's.

Ros. Fare you well; pray Heav'n I be deceiv'd in you.

Orla. Your hearts' desires be with you!—

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, Sir; but his will hath it in a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not intreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd 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.*]

Duke. No more, no more. [*Charles is thrown.*]

Orla. Yes, I beseech your Grace? I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. Orlando, my Liege, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

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

Thou

Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed.
 Hadst thou descended from another house.
 But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth;
 I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exit Duke, with his train.

SCENE VII. Manent Celia, Rosalind, Orlando.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
 His youngest son, and would not change that calling
 To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
 And all the world was of my father's mind:
 Had I before known this young man his son,
 I should have giv'n him tears unto intreaties,
 Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
 Let us go thank him, and encourage him;
 My father's rough and envious disposition
 Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:
 If you do keep your promises in love,
 But justly as you have exceeded all in promise,
 Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
 Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune,
 That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
 Shall we go, coz? [Giving him a chain from her neck.

Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair Gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you?—my better
 parts

Are all thrown down; and that, which here stands up,
 Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my for-
 tunes.

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, Sir?
 Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
 More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you: fare you well.

[Exeunt Ros. and Cel.

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my
 tongue?

I cannot speak to her; yet the urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

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

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
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 me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you, Sir; and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by man-
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter; [ners;
The other's daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake:
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*

Orla. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant brother:
But, heav'nly Rosalind!— [*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to an apartment in the palace.

Re-enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, 'confin; why, Rosalind; Cupid have mercy;
cy; not a word!

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
upon

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 lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day-world!

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

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

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry, Hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall;—but, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase 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? doth he not deserve well?

S C E N E IX. *Enter Duke, with Lords.*

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle!

Duke. 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 my own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust, I am not), then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke. 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 wherein the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his duke.
So was I when your Highness banish'd him; [dom;
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. Ay, Celia, we but staid her for your sake;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her; if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupl'd, and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her:
Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright, and shine more vir-
When she is gone; then open not thy lips: [tuous,
Firm

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. You are a fool: you, niece, provide yourself;
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke, &c.*

S C E N E X.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers! I will give thee mine:
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin:
Pr'ythee, be chearful; know'st thou not, the Duke
Has banish'd me his daughter!

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love,
Which teacheth me that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No, let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly;
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:
For by this heav'n, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou can'st, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

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

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man;
A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man!

Res. 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*.

Res. But, Cousin, what if we assaid 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; lets away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight; now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Arden forest.

*Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords
like foresters.*

Duke senior. **N**OW, 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 season's difference; as, the icy phang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery: these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,

Which,

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke sen. 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 goar'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestred stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift-brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke sen. But what said Jaques ?
Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needful stream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;

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

Duke sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
 upon the sobbing deer.

Duke sen. Show me the place;
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits.
 For then he's full of matter.

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

S C E N E II. *Changes to the palace again.*

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

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

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

2 Lord. My Lord, the roynish clown at whom
 so oft

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing:
 Hesperia, the Princess' gentlewoman,
 Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
 Your daughter and her cousin much commend
 The parts and graces of the wrestler,
 That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;

And

And she believes, where-ever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E III. *Changes to Oliver's house.*

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orla. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master? oh, my gentle
master,

Oh, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony prifer of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, Master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle Master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Invenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,

Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother——(no; no brother; yet the son,——
Yet not the son; I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father),
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his practices:
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla.

Orla. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orla. 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 sav'd under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown:

Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! here is the gold.

All this I give you, let me be your servant;

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;

Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

Orla. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world;

When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat, but for promotion;

And having that, do choak their service up

Even with the having; it is not so with thee;

But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield,

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.

But come thy ways, we'll go along together;

And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on ; and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years, many their fortunes seek ;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week ;
Yet Fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Changes to the forest of Arden.*

Enter Rosalind *in boy's cloaths* for Ganymede, Celia
dr:ss' I like a shepherdess for Aliena, and Clown.

Ros. O Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits ?

Clo. 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 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 can go no further.

Clo. 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.

Clo. Ay ; now I am in Arden, the more fool I ;
when I was at home, I was in a better place ; but tra-
vellers must be content.

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

Enter Corin and Silvius.

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

Syl. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her ?

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

Syl. No, Corin, being old, thou can'st not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover,
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow ;
But if thy love were ever like to mine,

(As sure, I think, did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Syl. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily;
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly,
That ever love did make thee run into;
Thou hast not lov'd.—

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd.—

Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me;
Thou hast not lov'd.—

O Phebe! Phebe! Phebe! [Exit Syl.]

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

Clo. 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-nights to Jane Smile; and I remember
the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her
pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the
wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I
took two cods, and giving her them again, said with
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.

Ref. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit, till
I break my shins against it.

Ref. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion is much
upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows something stale with
me.

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

Clo. Holla; you, clown!

Ref. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters, Sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say; good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place by entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wrecks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote 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 ere while,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages.
I like this place, and willingly could waste
My time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold;
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be;
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Changes to a desert part of the forest.*

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

S O N G.

*Under the greenwood-tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the sweet bird's throat
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

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

Ami. My voice is rugged; I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing; come, come, another stanza; call you 'em stanza's?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing.—Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliments, 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 beggar'y 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 dine 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 heav'n thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

S O N G

S O N G.

*Who doth ambition flun,
And loves to lie i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And p'fess'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,*

But winter and rough weather.

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

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

*If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass;
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
As if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that *Duc ad me*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go to 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. *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. Farewel, kind master.

Orla. 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 a while at the arm's end. I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said, thou look'st

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.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Duke sen. and Lords. [A table set out.

Duke sen. I think he is transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence.
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke sen. 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..

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke sen. Why, how now, Monsieur, what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company?
What? you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool;—I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motley fool; a miserable varlet!

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 motely 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 pocket,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, It is ten o' clock:

Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
'The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:

And

And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motiey's the only wear.

Duke sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder-bisket
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke sen. 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 gailed with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, Sir, must they so?
The why is plain, as way to parish-church;
He whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squand'ring glances of a fool.
Invest me in my motley, give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst
do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all th' embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her;
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost;
Thinking, that I mean him; but therein suits
His folly to the metal of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? let me see where-
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right, [in
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?
SCENE VIII. *Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.*

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.—

Jaq. Why I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shalt thou, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy dis-
Or else a rude despiser of good manners, [strefs?
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility; yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nature. But forbear, I say.
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. If you will not
Be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke sen. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our
table.

Orla.

Orla. Speak you so gently? pardon me, I pray you;
 I thought that all things had been savage here;
 And therefore put I on the countenance
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
 That in this desert inaccessible,
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
 If ever you have look'd on better days;
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
 If ever sat at any good man's feast;
 If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
 And know what 'tis to pity, and be pity'd;
 Let gentleness my strong inforcement be,
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke sen. True is it that we have seen better days;
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
 And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity had engender'd:
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
 And take upon command what help we have,
 That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
 I will not touch a bit

Duke sen. Go find him out,
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orla. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!
 [Exit.]

S C E N E IX.

Duke sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
 This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woful 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 woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eye severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrank 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.

S C E N E X. *Enter Orlando, with Adam.*

Duke sen. Welcome : set down your venerable bur-
 And let him feed. [den,

Orla. I thank you most for him

Alm. So had you need,

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke sen. Welcome, fall to : I will not trouble you,
 As yet to question you about your fortunes.
 Give us some music ; and good cousin, sing.

S O N G.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude ;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not shewn,

Altho' thy breath be rude.

*Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning; most loving mere folly.*

Then heigh ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Tho' thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing, &c.

Duke sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,

Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,

Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke,

That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune

Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,

Thou art right welcome, as thy master is;

Support him by the arm; give me your hand,

And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The palace.

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke. 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, wherefoe'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 it to our hands;

Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,

Of what we think against thee.

Ol.

Ol. Oh that your Highness knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. 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.*]

S C E N E II. *Changes to the forest.*

Enter Orlando.

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 character;

That every eye which in this forest looks,

Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando, carve, on every tree,

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III. *Enter Corin and Clown*

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Mr.
Touchstone?

Clo. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a
good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life,
it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it
very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very
vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleas-
eth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is
tedious. As it is a shearer's life, look you, it fits my
humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it
goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy
in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sic-
kens, 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; and
that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art,
may complain of gross breeding, or comes of a very
full kindred.

Clo.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope——

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd like an ill roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you saute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesey would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Clo. Why, do not your courtiers hands sweat? an is not the grease of mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow;——a better instance, I say: come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again:——a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? the courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! learn of the wise and perpend; civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee shallow man!

man ; God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer ; I earn that I eat ; get that I wear ; owe no man hate ; envy no man's happiness ; glad of other mens' good ; content with my harm ; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Clo. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together ; and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle ; to be a bawd to a bell-weather ; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds ; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

S C E N E IV. *Enter Rosalind, with a paper.*

Ros. *From the east to western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind ;
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.*

Clo. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours, excepted : it is the right butter-womens' rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool !

Clo. For a taste.—

*If a hart doth lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind ;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut bath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.*

*He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medler; then it will be the earliest fruit i' th' country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe; and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forester judge.

S C E N E V. *Enter Celia, with a writing.*

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a desert be?*

For it is unpeopled. No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show:

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age;

Some of violated vows,

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence-end,

Will I Rosalinda write;

Teaching all, that read, to know,

This quintessence of every sprite

Heav'n would in little show.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd,

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide enlarg'd;

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheeks, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

*Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heav'nly synod was devis'd;
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest priz'd.
 Heav'n would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle juniper!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, Have patience, good people?

Cel. How now? back-friends! shepherd, go off a little: go with him, firrah.

Clo. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *[Exeunt Cor. and Clown.]*

S C E N E VI.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: for, look here, what I found on a palm-tree; I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras's time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping—

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am cararison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a south-sea off discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me who is it; quickly, and speak apace: I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak, sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando!

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose? what did he when thou sav'dst him? what said he? how look'd he? where'in went he? what makes he here? did he ask for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size:

to say Ay and No to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atoms, 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 dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, Holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen; thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

S C E N E VII. *Enter Orlando and Jaques.*

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; sink by, and note him.

[*Cel. and Ros. retire.*]

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God b' w' 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 favouredly.

Jaq. *Rosalind*, is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers; have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

Orla. 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.

Orla. '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.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll stay no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love! *[Exit.]*

S C E N E VIII.

Orla. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy! *[Cel. and Ros. come forward.]*

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orla. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orla. You should ask me, What time o' day? there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else, sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, Sir. Time travels in divers places, with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orla. I prythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. 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 burthen of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Whom 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.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtship too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard
him

him read many lectures against it; I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I prythee, 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; ah, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is so love-shak'd; 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.

Orla. 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 ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation: but you are no such man; you are rather, point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. 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

to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points in which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhimes speak?

Orla. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orla. 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 colour; would now like him, now lothe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orla.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX. Enter Clown, Audrey, and Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good Audrey, I will fetch up your goats, Audrey; and now, Audrey, am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house.

Clo. 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?

Clo. 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?

Clo. I do, truly; for thou swar'st to me, thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clo. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is, to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Clo. 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.

Clo. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter! but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

J. q. I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Clo. Aye. 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 tho'? courage. As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is fild, 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 wa'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver. Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

J. q. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good Master What-ye-call: 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 ?

Glo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon his bells, so man hath his desire ; 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 waincoat ; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Glo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another : for he is not like to marry me well ; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Glo. Come, sweet Audrey, we must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good Sir Oliver ; not *O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee* ; but wind away, begone, I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter ; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X. *Changes to a cottage in the forest.*

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee ; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep ?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's : marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour : your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity, as the touch of holy beard*.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana; a nun of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was, is not is; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings; he attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he ask'd me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite travers, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and Master, you have oft inquired After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

* *Meaning the kiss of charity from hermits and holy men.*

Cel.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain;
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XI. *Changes to another part of the forest.*

Enter Sylvius and Phebe.

Syl. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humble neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that deals, and lives by, bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

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 eyes;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!—
Now do I 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 can'st not, oh, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Syl. O dear Phebe,
 If ever (as that ever may be near)
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That love's keen arrows make.

Phe But till that time,
 Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
 As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? who might be your
 That you insult, exult, and rail, at once [mother,
 Over the wretched? what though you have beauty,
 (As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed),
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
 Why, what means this? why do you look on me?
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work: odds, my little life!
 I think she means to tangle mine eyes too;
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
 You are a thousand times a properer man,
 Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you,
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatter her;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.
 But, Mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
 And thank Heav'n, fasting, for a good man's love;
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
 Sell when you can, you are not for all markets,
 Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
 Foul * is most foul, being found to be a scoffer:
 So take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well,

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
 1

* By the word foul here is meant ill-favoured.

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?

Phe. For no ill will I bear to you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me ;
For I am falser than vows made in wine ;
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.
Will you go, sister ? shepherd, ply her hard ;
Come, sister ; shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud ; tho' all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Ros. Cel. and Corin.*]

Phe. 'Deed, shepherd, now I find thy saw of might ;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?

Syl. Sweet Phebe !

Phe. Hah : what say'st thou, Sylvius ?

Syl. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee, gentle Sylvius.

Syl. Where-ever sorrow is, relief would be ;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love ; is not that neighbourly ?

Syl. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Sylvius, the time was that I hated thee ;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love ;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too :
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Syl. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere

Syl. Not very well, but I have met him oft; [while!
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old Carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, tho' I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well.

But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them, pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty;
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes
him.

He'll make a proper man; the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little ripen'd, and more lusty red,
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Sylvius, had they mark'd
In parcels as I did, would have gone near [him
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remembred, 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, Sylvius?

Syl. 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, Sylvius.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Continues in the forest.**Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.*

Jaq. **I** Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad, and saying nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination warps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! by my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other mens; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes, and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd me experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verse. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E II.

Ros. Farewel, 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

almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondols. 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.

Orla. 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 clapt him o' th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orla. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for tho' he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head: a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Orl. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now an I were your very, very Rosalind?

Orla. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orla.

Orla. How if the kifs be denied?

Rof. Then she puts you to intreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Rof. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Rof. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orla. I take some joy to say you are; because I would be talking of her.

Rof. Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own person I die.

Rof. 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 dash'd 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 liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer-night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it wa,—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for I protest her frown might kill me.

Rof. 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.

Orla. Then love me, Rosalind.

Rof. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Rof. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Rof. Are you not good?

Orla.

Orla. 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?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,——Will you, Orlando——

Cel. Go to; will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orla. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee Rosalind for wife.

Orla. 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.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have possess'd her?

Orla. 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-pidgeon 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 dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to weep.

Orla. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life she will do as I do.

Orla. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors fast upon

a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, Wit, whither wilt?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. 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!

Orla. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. 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 your's won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so come death. Two o' th' clock is your hour!

Orla. 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 atheistical 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.

Orla. 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.]

S C E N E III.

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew 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 founded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. O rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in it, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out; let him be judge how deep I am in love; I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando; I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, Forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Music, Song.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear;

Then sing him home:—take thou no scorn

[*The rest shall bear this burthen.*]

To wear the horn, the horn, the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it;

*The born, the horn, the lussy horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. *Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two o'clock?
I wonder much Orlando is not here.

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 Sylvius.

Syl. My errand is to you, fair youth,
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry 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: 'odds my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Syl. No, I protest I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,
A free-stone-colour'd hand; I verily did think,
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand, but that's no matter;
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Syl. Sure it is her's.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention;

Such

Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Syl. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebe's me; mark how the tyrant writes.
[Reads.] *Art thou God to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?*

Can a woman rail thus?

Syl. 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 eyes of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.*

Meaning me a beast!

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,*

Alack, in me, what strange effect

Would they work in mild aspect?

Whiles you chid me, I did love;

How then might your prayers 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

Of me, and all that I can make;

Or else by him my love deny,

And then I'll study how to die.

Syl. Call you this chiding?

Col. 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 intreat for her.*
If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for
here comes more company.

[Exit. Syl.
SCENE

S C E N E VI. *Enter Oliver.*

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones : pray you, if you know,

Where, in the purlews of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees ?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place :
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such years : *the boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister : but the woman low,
And browner than her brother.* Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for ?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends his bloody napkin. Are you he ?

Ros. I am ; what must we understand by this ?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour ; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself,
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity ;
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back ; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly

Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush; under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast,
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his eldest brother,
Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
 And he did render him the most unnatural
 That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do;
 For, well I know, he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando; did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was it you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not shame
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By, and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
 As how I came into that desert place:
 In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There strip'd himself, and here upon his arm
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,

Which

Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.—
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cl. Why, how now Ganymede, sweet, Ganymede?
[*Ros. faints.*]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cl. There is more in it:—Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. Would I were at home!

Cl. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth; you a man? you lack
a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, Sir, a body would
think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your
brother how well I counterfeited: heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great
testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of
earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit
to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a wo-
man by right.

Cl. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you,
draw homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I must bear answer back,
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something; but, I pray you, com-
mend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The forest.**Enter Clown and Audrey.*

Clown. **W**E shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text! but, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no interest in me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown; by my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, William.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age. Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Wast born i'th' forest here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good answer. Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wife?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou say'st well: I do now remember a saying, *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The Heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that
grapes

grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. 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?

Clo. 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 over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip, Audrey; trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II. *Enter* Orlando and Oliver.

Orla. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall

be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers; go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Orl. And you, fair sister.

Ros. Oh, 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 shewed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the sight 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 look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will 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.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge; insomuch, I say, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart, as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry her. I know into what streights 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.

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, tho' I say, I am a magician: therefore put you on your best array; bid your friends, for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

S C E N E III. *Enter Sylvius and Phebe.*

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of her's.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To shew 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 follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Syl. It is to be made all of sighs and tears, And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Syl. It is to be made all of faith and service; And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Ros.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Syl. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orla. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[To *Ros.*

Syl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[To *Phe.*

Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, Why blame you me to love you?

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon; I will help you if I can; I would love you if I could; to-morrow meet me all together. I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow; [To *Phebe*]. I will satisfy you if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow; [To *Orla.*]. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you; and you shall be married to-morrow; [To *Syl.*]. As you love Rosalind, meet; as you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Syl. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Clown and Audrey.

Clo. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter

Enter two pages.

1 Page. Well met honest gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you, sit 'i th' middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

S O N G.

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 pretty spring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

And therefore take the present time,

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
For love is crowned with the prime,
In the spring-time. &c.*

Between the acres of the rye,

*With a hey, and ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country-folks would lie,
In the spring-time, &c.*

The carrol they began that hour,

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
In the spring-time, &c.*

Clo. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimely.

1 Page. You are decciv'd, Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your voices. Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to another part of the forest.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver and Celia.

Duke sen.

Duke sen. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear their hap, and know their fear.

Enter Rosalind, Sylvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is
urg'd :

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the Duke.*
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give
with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her when I bring
her? [*To Orlando.*

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing.
[*To Phebe.*

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?
[*To Sylvius.*

Syl. Tho' to have her and death were both one
thing.

Ros. I've promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter:
You your's, 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, Sylvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me; and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt Ros. and Celia.*

Duke sen. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. The first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good Lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle;

Whom

Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

S C E N E VI. *Enter Clown and Audrey.*

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here come a pair of unclean beasts*, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. 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.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatter'd 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?

Clo. 'Faith we met; and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How the seventh cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Duke sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God 'ild you, Sir, I desire of you the like. I press in here, Sir, among the rest of the country copulatives to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, Sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases †.

Jaq.

* *Noah was orderd to take into the ark the clean beasts by sevens, and the unclean by pairs.*

† *Meaning love, as what is apt to make folks sententious.*

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Glo. 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 call'd 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 call'd the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment. This is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true. This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie. This is call'd the *Counter-check quarrelsome*; and so, the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Glo. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*; nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*, and so we measur'd swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the Lie?

Glo. O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the *Retort courteous*; the second, the *Quip modest*; the third, the *Reply churlish*; the fourth, the *Reproof valiant*: the fifth, the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; the sixth, the *Lie with circumstance*; the seventh, the *Lie direct*. All these you may avoid, but the *Lie direct*; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew, when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*; as, *If* you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke sen.

Duke sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,
and under the presentation of that he snoots his wit.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind in woman's cloaths, and Celia.
Still music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heav'n,
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.

Ros. To you I give myself ; for I am your's.

To the Duke.

To you I give myself ; for I am your's. *To Orlando.*

Duke sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my
daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in sight, you are my Ro-
salind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then, my love adieu !

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he ;
I'll have no husband, if you be not he ;
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho ! I bar confusion :

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events.

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part ;

You and you are heart in heart ;

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord ;

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather :

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning ;

That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

S O N G.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown,
O blessed band of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town,
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, God of every town!*

Duke sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;

Ev'n daughter-welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

S C E N E VIII. *Enter Jaques de Boyes.*

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 restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke sen. Welcome young man:
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding;
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us;
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According

According to the measure of their states.

Mean time, forget this new fall'n dignity,

And fall into our rustic revelry :

Play, music ; and you brides and bridegrooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience : if I heard you rightly,

The Duke hath put on a religious life,

And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

You to your former honour I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*

Your patience and your virtue well deserve it :

You to a love, that your true faith doth merit ;

[*To Orla.*

You to your land, and love, and great allies ; [*To Oli.*

You to a long and well deserved bed : [*To Sylv.*

And you to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage

[*To the Clown.*

Is but for two months victual'd : so to your pleasures :

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke sen. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I : what you would have,

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke sen. Proceed, proceed ; we will begin these

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*rites,*

E P I L O G U E.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue ; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes ; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ? I am not furnish'd 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 pleases them : and I charge you, O

men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them), to like as much as pleases them: that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman *, I would kifs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd 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 my curt'sie, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

* *Note, that in this author's time the parts of women were always performed by men or boys.*

The

The TAMING of the SHREW.



CHARACTERS in the INDUCTION.

<p><i>A Lord, before whom the the play is supposed to be play'd.</i></p> <p>Christopher Sly, a drunk- en Tinker.</p>	<p>Hostess.</p> <p>Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants at- tending on the Lord.</p>
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<p>BAPTISTA, father to Ca- tharina and Bianca; very rich.</p> <p>Vincentio, an old gentle- man of Pisa.</p> <p>Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.</p> <p>Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Ca- tharina.</p> <p>Gremio, } pretenders to Hortensio, } Bianca.</p>	<p>Tranio, } servants to Biondello, } Lucentio.</p> <p>Grumio, servant to Petru- chio.</p> <p>Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.</p> <p>Catharina, the shrew.</p> <p>Bianca, her sister.</p> <p>Widow.</p> <p>Taylor, Haberdashers; with servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.</p>
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SCENE, sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in Pe-
truchio's house in the country.



I N D U C T I O N.

S C E N E I.

Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I 'LL pheeze you, in faith,
 Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!
 Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues
 C c. 3 Look

Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror; therefore *paucus pallabris* *; let the world slide: *Scissu.*

Hof. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a deniere: go by, Jeronimo *—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Hof. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third borough.

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.*]

S C E N E II.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Leech Merriman, the poor cur is imboist;
And couple Clowder with the deep mouth'd Brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my Lord;
He cried upon it, at the meereft 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.

Hun. I will, my Lord.

* Meaning *pocas palabras*, Spanish, few words. *Mr. Theobald.*

* Go by, Jeronimo, was a kind of by-word in the author's days, as appears by its being used in the same manner by Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and other writers ne r that time. It arose first from a passage in an old play called Hieronimo, or, The Spanish tragedy.

Lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 Hum. He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies! Grim death, how foul and lothsome is thy image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,

Wrapp'd in sweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes;

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hum. Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuse.

2 Hum. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless fancy. Then take him up, and manage well the jest:

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;

Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.

Procure me music ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heav'nly sound;

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And with a low submissive reverence

Say, What is it your Honour will command?

Let one attend him with a silver basin

Full of rose-water, and besrew'd with flowers:

Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper;

And say, Will't please your Lordship cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear;

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

And that his Lady mourns at his disease;

Persuade him that he hath been lunatic.

And when he says he is,—say that he dreams;

For he is nothing but a mighty Lord.

This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:

It will be pastime passing excellent,

If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Some bear out Sly. Sound trumpets.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet is that sounds.

Belike, some noble gentleman that means,

[*Exit servant.*

Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

S C E N E III. *Re-enter Servant.*

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honour, players
That offer service to your Lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your Honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night!

2 *Play.* 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.

Sir. I think 'twas Seto that your Honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true; thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time,

The rather for I have some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a Lord will hear you play to-night;

But I am doubtful of your modesties,

Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,

(For yet his Honour never heard a play,)

You break into some merry passion,

And so offend him: for I tell you, Sirs,

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my Lord, we can contain ourselves;

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

2 *Play.*

2 *Play.* [*to the other.*] Go get a dishclout to make clean your shoes, and I'll speak for the properties.

[*Exit player.*]

My Lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a property, and a little vinegar to make our devil roar.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one :
Let them want nothing that the 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 all obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their Lords, by them accomplished ;
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;
And say, What is't your Honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love ?
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her Noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteem'd himself
No better than a poor and lothsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift ;
Which in a napkin being clos'd convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a wat'ry eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou can'st ;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Servant.*]
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband ;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.

I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
 May well abate the over merry spleen,
 Which otherwise will go into extremes. [Exit Lord.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a bed-chamber in the Lord's house.

*Enter Sly with attendants, some with apparel, bason,
 and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will't please your Lordship drink a cup of
 sack?

2 Serv. Will't please your Honour taste of these
 conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-
 day?

Sly. I am Christopher Sly, call not me Honour, nor
 Lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you
 give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef:
 ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no
 more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs,
 nor no more shoes than feet; nay sometimes more feet
 than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the
 over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n cease this idle humour in your
 Honour!

Oh that a mighty man of such descent,
 Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
 Should be infused with so foul a spirit!—

Sly. What, would you make me mad? am not I
 Christophero Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by
 birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by trans-
 mutation a bear herder, and now by present profession a
 tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Win-
 cot, if she know me not; if she say I am not four-
 teen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for
 the lying'st knave in Christendom. What! I am not
 bestraught: here's—

1 Man. Oh, this it is that makes your Lady mourn.

2 Man. Oh, this it is that makes your servants
 droop.

Lord.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

Oh, Noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office, ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? hark, Apollo plays; [*Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrow the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harnesses studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning-lark. Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags; ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid;

Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,

Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee Io, as she was a maid,

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds:

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep:

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:

Thou hast a Lady far more beautiful

Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet favours, 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' th' smallest ale.

2 Man. Wilt please your Mightiness to wash your hands?

Oh, how we joy to see your wits restor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Man. Oh, yes, my Lord, but very idle words.
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the iect,
Because she bought stone-jugs, and no seal'd quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Man. Why, Sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up;
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.—

Sly. By th' mass, I think I am a Lord indeed.
What is thy name?

Man. Sir, an't please your Honour.

Sly. Sim? that's as much as to say Simeon or Simon; put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

[The servant gives him drink.]

S C E N E V. *Enter Lady, with attendants.*

I thank thee;—thou shalt not lose by it.

Lady. How fares my Noble Lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.

Where's my wife?

Lady. 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 good-man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: what must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce Madam, or Joan Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so Lords call Ladies.

Sly. Come, sit down on my knee. Sim, drink to her. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, and slept above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.—Madam, undress you, and come now to bed. Sim, drink to her.

Lady. Thrice-noble Lord, let me intreat of you To pardon me yet for a night or two:

Or, if not so, until the sun be set;

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed;

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long; but I would be loth to fall into my dream again. I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

S C E N E VI. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. Your Honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
 For so your Doctors hold it very meet,
 Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood;
 And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.
 Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
 And frame your mind to mirth and merriment;
 Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play; is it not a commodity? a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household-stuff?

Lady. 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.

The TAMING of the SHREW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A street in Padua.**Flourish. Enter Lucentio and Tranio.*

Luc. **T**Ranio, since for the great desire I had
 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
 I am arriv'd from fruitful Lombardy,
 The pleasant garden of great Italy;
 And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
 With his good-will, and thy good company:
 Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
 Here let us breathe, and haply institute
 A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
 Gave me my being; and my father first,
 A merchant of great traffic through the world:
 Vincentio's come of the Bentivolii,
 Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
 It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
 To virtue and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply, that treats of happiness
 By virtue specially to be atchiev'd.
 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.

Tra. Me pardonato, gentle master mine,
 I am in all affected as yourself:
 Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy:
 Only, good master, while we do admire

This virtue, and this moral discipline,
 Let's be no Stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
 Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
 Music and poesy use to quicken you;
 The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you.
 No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:
 In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise;
 If Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness;
 And take a lodging fit to entertain
 Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay a while, what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

S C E N E II.

Enter Baptista, *with* Catharina and Bianca, Gremio and Hortensio. *Lucentio and Tranio stand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen both, importune me no farther,
 For how I firmly am resolv'd, you know;
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
 Before I have a husband for the elder:
 If either of you both love Catharina,
 Because I know you well, and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather.—She's too rough for me.
 There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Cath. 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.

Cath. I' faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear,
 I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
 But if it were, doubt not, her care shall be
 To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
 And paint your face, and use you like a fool

Her.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us.

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Hush, Master, here's some good pastime }
toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful forward. }

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see } *Aside.*
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, Master; mum! and gaze }
your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in;

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Cath. A pretty peat! it is best put finger in the eye,
an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books and instruments shall be my company,

On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio, thou may'st hear Minerva speak. } *Aside.*

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 resolv'd:

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. Catharina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca. *Exit.*

Cath. Why, and, I trust, I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I
knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha!

Exit.

S C E N E III.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are
so good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not
so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails toge-
ther, and fast it fairly out. Our cakes drow on both
sides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my sweet Bi-
anca, 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:
tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle,
know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we
may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be
happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one
thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.—

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, tho'
her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be
married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio; tho' 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 her faults, and money
enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry
with this condition, to be whipp'd at the high-cross e-
very morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's a small choice in
rotten apples. But, come, since this bar in law makes
us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd,
till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband,

we

we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! happy man be his dole! he that runs fastest gets the ring; how say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

S C E N E IV. *Manent Tranio and Lucentio.*

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should on a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh 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 th' effect of *love in idleness*:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
(That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was);
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I atchieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for, I know, thou can'st;
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 hath toil'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercy, lad: go forward, this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face;
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her
sister

Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,

And

And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.—

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance:
I pray, awake, Sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wit t' atchieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest sister is so curs'd and shrewd,
That till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, Sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid;
That's your device.

Luc. It is; may it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta;—content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus.
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead;
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
I will some other be, some Florentine
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak.
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need, *[They exchange habits.]*
In brief, good Sir, sith it your pleasure is,

And

And I am ty'd to be obedient,
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he),
Altho', I think, 'twas in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so; because Lucentio loves;
And let me be a slave t' atchieve that maid,
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your cloaths, or you stol'n his, or both? Pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest;
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance 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 am descry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.—

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; would I were so too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next with after; that Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter. But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise you, use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: when I am alone, why, then I am Tranio; but in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

S C E N E V. *Before Hortensio's house in Padua*
Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
 To see my friends in Padua; but of all
 My best beloved and approved friend,
 Hortensio; and I trow, this is the house;
 Here, Sirrah, Grumio, knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom should I knock? is there
 any man has rebus'd your Worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir! why, Sir, what am I,
 Sir,

That I should knock you here, Sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
 And rap me well; or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should
 knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it.

I'll try how you can Sol, Fa, and sing it.

[He wrings him by the ears.]

Gru. Help, masters, help; my master 'is mad.

Pet. Now knock, when I bid you: Sirrah! Villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend
 Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio! how do you
 all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray!
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato Signor mio Petruchio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter what he leges in Latin.
 If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,
 look you, Sir: he bid me knock him, and rap
 him soundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use
 his master so, being, perhaps, for aught I see, two and
 thirty, a pip out?

Whom,

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 bid the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! spake you
not these words plain! Sirrah, knock me here, rap me
here, knock me well, and knock me soundly? and
come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience, I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio;
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona.

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the
world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home;
Where small experience grows but in a mew.
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thoud'st thank me but a little for my counsel;
And yet, I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but thour't too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as us
Few words suffice; and therefore if you know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife;
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius'* love,

** This I suppose relates to a circumstance in some
Italian novel, and should be read Florentio's. Mr.
Warburton.*

As old as Sibyl, and as curs'd and shrewd
 As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
 She moves me not; or not removes, at least,
 Affection sieg'd in coin. Were she as rough
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas,
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua:
 If wealthily, then happily, in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses; why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are slept thus far in, I will continue that I broach'd in jest. I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife With wealth enough, and young and beauteous, Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman. Her only fault, and that is fault enough, Is, that she is intolerably curs'd; And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure, That, were my state far worser than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect;

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:
 For I will board her, though she chide as loud
 As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,
 An affable and courteous gentleman;
 Her name is *Catharina Minola*,
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, tho' I know not her;
 And he knew my deceased father well.
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her,
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
 To give you over at this first encounter,
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an' she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an' he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. 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, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's house my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her with-holds he from me, and others more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Catharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca;
Till Catharine the curs'd have got a husband.

Gru. Catharine the curst?
A title for a maid of all titles the worst!

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes
To old Baptista as a school-master,
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.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguis'd.

Gru. Here's no knavery! see, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together. Master, look about you: who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, Grumio, 'tis the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous.—

Gre. O, very well ; I have perus'd the note.
 Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,
 All books of love ; see that, at any hand ;
 And see you read no other lectures to her :
 You understand me.—Over and beside
 Signior Baptista's liberality,
 I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too,
 And let me have them very well perfum'd ;
 For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
 To whom they go. What will you read to her ?

Luc. 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. Oh this learning, what a thing it is !

Gru. Oh this woodcock, what an ass it is !

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum ! God save you, Signior Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
 Trow you whither I am going ? To Baptista Minola ;
 I promis'd to enquire carefully about a school-master
 for the fair Bianca ; and by good fortune I have light-
 ed well on this young man ; for learning and behavi-
 our fit for her turn, well read in poetry, and other
 books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well ; and I have met a gentleman
 Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
 A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;
 So shall I no whit be behind in duty
 To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall
 prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
 Listen to me ; and if you speak me fair,
 I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
 Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
 Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will

Will undertake to woo curs'd Catharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well;

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults!

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold;

If that be all, Masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son;

My father's dead, my fortune lives for me,

And I do hope good days, and long to see.

Gre. Oh, Sir, such a life with such a wife were
strange;

But if you have a stomach, to't o' God's name;

You shall have me assisting you in all,

But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gra. 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 my ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?

And heav'n'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 th' ear,

As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.—

Gre. Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good, and our's.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors;

And bear his charge of wooing whatso'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

S C E N E VII.

To them Tranio bravely apparell'd, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold, tell me, I beseech you which is the readiest way to the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello. !

Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her, to——

Tra. Perhaps him and her; what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, Sir. Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Sir, a word, ere you go:

Are you a 'sutor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No, if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as free for me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know:

That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my Masters; if you be gentlemen, Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have,

And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you, Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra.

Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do that he hath two :
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, Sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth :
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest sister first be wed :
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, Sir, that you are the man
Must speed us all, and me among the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access; whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well: and well you do conceive,
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,
Please ye, we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. Bion. O excellent motion! fellows, let's be
gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so.

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*]

[The presenters above speak here.]

1 Man. My Lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yea, by St. Ann, do I: a good matter, surely!
comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady
Would'twere done!

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Baptista's house in Padua.**Enter Catharina and Bianca.*

Bian. **G**ood sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your
self,

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.

Cath. Of all thy suitors here, I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all men alive
I never yet beheld that special face,
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Cath. Minion, thou liest; is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Cath. Oh, then, belike you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio, to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do so envy me?
Nay, then you jest; and now, I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while;
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Cath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]*Enter Baptista.*

Bap. Why, how now, dame, whence grows this inso-
Bianca, stand aside; poor girl, she weeps; [lence?
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?

Cath. Her silence flouts me; and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*]

Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit Bianca.*]*Cath.*

Cath. 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 Cath.*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

S C E N E II.

*Enter Gremio; Lucentio in the habit of a mean man;
Petruchio, with Hortensio like a musician; Tranio
and Biondello bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow neighbour Gremio. God save
you, Gentlemen.

Pet. And you, good Sir. Pray, have you not a
daughter called *Catharina*, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, called *Catharina*.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio, give me leave,
I am a gentleman of Verona, Sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
And bold to shew 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,

[Presenting Hort.

I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.]
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio*, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, Sir, and he for your good
But for my daughter *Catharine*, this I know, *[sake,*
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.

Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his
sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray, let us that
are poor petitioners speak too. *Baccalure!*—you are
marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain
be doing

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your
wooing.—Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I
am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself,
that have been more kindly beholden to you than any,
free leave give to this young scholar, that hath been
long studying at Reims, [*Presenting Luc.*], as cunning
in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in
music and mathematics; his name is *Cambio*; pray ac-
cept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior *Gremio*: welcome,
good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir, methinks you walk
like a stranger, [*To Tranio*]; may I be so bold to
know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous:

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request;

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

And free access and favour as the rest,

And, toward the education of your daughters,

I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[*They greet privately.*]

Bap.

Sc. 2. The Taming of the Shrew. 333

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name? of whence I pray?

Trd. Of Pifa, 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,
[To Hortensio and Lucentio.]
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!—

Enter a servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them both,
These are their tutors, bid them use them well.
[Exit Serv. with Hortensio and Lucentio.]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome;
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd;
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death the one half of my lands;
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leaves 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.

Pet. Why, that is nothing : for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as the 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.

Exp.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds;
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

S C E N E III.

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,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets call you them? quoth she; I'll fume with them;
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me *rascal*, *fiddler*,
And *twangling Jack*, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh, 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. I will attend her here,

[*Exit Bap. with Grem. Horten. and Tranio.*]

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 frowns ; I'll say, she looks as clear
 As morning-roses newly wash'd with dew :
 Say she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
 Then I'll commend her volubility,
 And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence :
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
 As though she bid me stay by her a week ;
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I should ask the banes, and when be married.
 But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak.

S C E N E IV. Enter Catharina.

Good morrow, *Kate* ; for that's your name, I hear.

Cath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.

They call me *Catharine* that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are called *plain Kate*,

And *bonny Kate*, and sometimes *Kate the curs'd* :

But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendom,

Kate of *Katehall*, my super-dainty *Kate* ;

(For dainties are all *cates*), and therefore *Kate* ;

Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation !

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs ;

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Cath. Mov'd ! in good time ; let him that mov'd you hither,

Remove you hence : I knew you at the first
 You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable ?

Cath. A join'd stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

Cath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Cath. No such jade, Sir, as you ; if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee ;

For knowing thee to be but young and light——

Cath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet.

Pet. Should *bee*;—should *buz*.—

Cath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh, slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

Cath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp, i' faith, you are too angry.

Cath. If I be waspish, 'best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Cath. Ah, if the fool could find it, where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?

In his tail.—

Cath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Cath. Your's, 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.

Cath. That I'll try. *[She strikes him.]*

Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Cath. 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? oh, put me in thy books.

Cath. What is your crest, a coxcomb?

Pet. A comble's cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate; come, you must not look so sour.

Cath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not so sour.

Cath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Cath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Cath. Well aim'd of such a young one.—

Pet. Now, by St. George, I am too young for you.

Cath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Cath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate ; in sooth you 'scape not so.

Cath. 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 fullen, And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamefome, passing courteous, But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring time flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look aſcance, Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;

Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk.

But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers, With gentle conf'rence, ſoft, and affable.

Why doth the world report, that Kate doth limp ?

Oh ſland'rous world ! Kate like the hazle-twig,

Is ſtraight and ſlender ; and as brown in hue

As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.

O, let me ſee thee walk : thou doſt not halt.

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

Pet. Did ever Dian ſo become a grove, As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,

And then let Kate be chaſte, and Dian ſportful !——

Cath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech ?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.

Cath. A witty mother, witleſs elſe her ſon.

Pet. Am I not wiſe ?

Cath. Yes ; keep you warm.

Pet. Why, ſo I mean, ſweet Catharine, in thy bed ; And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,

Thus in plain terms : Your father hath conſented,

That you ſhall be my wife ; your dow'ry 'greed on ;

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a huſband for your turn ;

For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,

(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well),

Thou muſt be married to no man but me,

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,

And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate,
Conformable as other household Kates.

Here comes your father, never make denial,
I must and will have Catharine to my wife.

S C E N E V.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with
my daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Catharine, in your
dumps?

Cath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You've shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: Yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curs'd, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove:
She's not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience, she will prove a second Grizel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;
And to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark: Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd
first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night,
our part!

Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuse her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curs'd in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me; oh, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kifs on kifs
She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.

Oh,

Oh, you are novices ; 'tis a world to see,
 How tame (when men and women are alone)
 A meacock wretch can make the curfesteſt ſhrew.
 Give me thy hand, Kate, I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day ;
 Father, provide the feaſt, and bid the gueſts ;
 I will be ſure my Catharine ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay, but give your hands ;
 God ſend you joy, Petruchio ! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, ſay we ; we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu ;
 I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace,
 We will have rings and things, and fine array ;
 And kiſs me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[Exeunt Petruchio and Catharine ſeverally.]

S C E N E VI.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly ?

Bap. Faith, Gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,
 And venture madly on a deſperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you ;
 'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.

Bap. The gain I ſeek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
 But now, Baptiſta, to your younger daughter.
 Now is the day we long have looked for :
 I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
 Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.

Gre. Youngling ! thou can'ſt not love ſo dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard ! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, ſtand back ; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.

Bap. Content you, Gentlemen, I will compound this
 ſtrife.

'Tis deeds muſt win the prize ; and he, of both,
 That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
 Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you aſſure her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
 Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
 Basons and ewers to lave her dainty hands :
 My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;
 In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
 In cypress chests my arras, counterpanes,
 Costly apparel, tents and canopies,
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl ;
 Valance of Venice gold in needle-work ;
 Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
 To house, or house-keeping : then, at my farm,
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
 Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls ;
 And all things answerable to this portion.
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
 And, if I die to-morrow, this is her's,
 If whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in.—Sir, list to me ;
 I am my father's heir, and only son ;
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
 Old Signior Gremio has in Padua ;
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year
 Of fruitful land ; all which shall be her jointure.
 What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land !
 My land amounts but to so much in all.
 That she shall have, besides an Argosie
 That now is lying in Marseilles's road.
 What, have I choak'd you with an Argosie ?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
 Than three great Argosies, besides two galliasses,
 And twelve tight gallies : these I will assure her,
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all ; I have no more ;
 And she can have no more than all I have ;
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
 By your firm promise ; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own : else you must pardon me ;
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old ?

Bap. Well, Gentlemen, then I am thus resolv'd.

On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Catharine is to be married.
Now on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
If not, to Signior Gremio :
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not.
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all ; and in his waining 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 fac'd it with a card of ten :
'Tis in my head to do my master good.
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
May get a father, call'd, suppos'd Vincentio ;
And that's a wonder : fathers commonly
Do get their children ; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning.
Exit.

[The presenters, above, speak here.

Sly. *Sim,* when will the fool come again ?

Sim. *Anon, my Lord.*

Sly. Give's some more drink here—Where's the tapster ?

Here, Sim, eat some of these things.

Sim. So I do, my Lord.

Sly. Here, *Sim,* I drink to thee.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Baptista's house.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. **F**idler, forbear ; you grow too forward, Sir :
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment

Her sister Catharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. 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
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself;
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down,
Take you your instrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?
[*Hortensio retires.*]

Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;*

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before; *Simois*, I am Lucentio; *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa; *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love; *hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing; *Priami*, is my man Tranio; *regia*, bearing my port; *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*]

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. *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you

you not ; *hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us
not ; *regia*, presume not ; *celsum senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and how forward is our pedant !

Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love ;

*Pedascule**, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not ;—for, sure, *Æacides*
Was Ajax' call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt ;

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you :

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while ;
My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir ? well I must wait ;
And watch withal ; for, but I be deceiv'd,

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art :

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade ;

And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am pass'd my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*reading*] Gamut I am, the ground of all ac-

Are, to plead Hortensio's passion ; [cord,

Bian. Bianca, take him for thy lord ;

Cfaut, that loves with all affection ;

Dsol re, one cliff, but two notes have I ;

Elami, show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut ? tut, I like it not :

Old

* He would have said *didascule* ; but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *pedascule* in imitation of it, from *pedant*.

Old fashions please me best, I'm not so nice
To change true rules for new inventions.

Enter a servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your
books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.
[Exit.

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 tho' he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale;
Seize thee who list; if once I find thee ranging.
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. Exit.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Baptista, Grenio, Tranio, Catharina; Lucen-
tio, Bianca, and attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Cath'rine 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!

Cath. No shame, but mine; I must forsooth, be
forc'd

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain ruderby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure:
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Catharine,
And say, Lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,

If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Catharine, and Baptista too ;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune, stays him from his word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise:
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. Would Catharine had never seen him tho' !
[*Exit weeping.*]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep ;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

S C E N E III. *Enter Biondello.*

Bion. Master, master; old news, and such news as
you never heard of

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's
coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you
there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and
an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd;
a pair of boots that have been candle cases, one buck-
led, and another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out
of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chape-
less, with two broken points; his horse hipp'd with
an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; be-
sides possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in
the chine, troubled with the lampasse, infected with
the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied
with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled
with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, waid in the
back and shoulder-shotten, near legg'd before, and
with a half-check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leath-
er; which being restrain'd, to keep him from stumb-
ling,

ling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots; one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there picc'd with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, Sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse, with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list, an old hat, and * *the humour of forty fancies* prick'd up in't for a feather: A monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion: Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd. [*Shion*:]

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came not?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, Sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. Janny, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically habited.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you ha't not.

Tra. Not so well 'parell'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?

* *Some balad or drollery of that time is here ridiculed.*

Bap.

Bap. Why, Sir, you know, this is your wedding day:
First, were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now, sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-fore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Tho' in some part inforced to digress,
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these uneverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths 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 cloaths:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could 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? [Exit,

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [Exit,

S C E N E V.

Tra. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your Worship,
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn);
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance here in Padua

Of greater sums than I have promised :
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
 And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
 Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;
 Which once perform'd, let all the world say, No,
 I'll keep my own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
 And watch our vantage in this business :
 We'll over-reach the grey-beard Gremio,
 The narrow prying father Minola,
 The quaint musician amorous Licio ;
 All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

S C E N E VI. *Enter Gremio.*

Now, Signior Gremio, came you from the church ?

Grc. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home ?

Grc. A bridegroom, say you ? 'tis a groom, indeed,
 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she ? why, 'tis impossible

Grc. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Grc. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
 I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio ; when the priest
 Should ask, if Catharine should be his wife ?
 Ay, by gogs woons, quoth he ; and swore so loud,
 That, all-amaz'd, the priest let fall the book ;
 And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
 This mad brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
 That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.
 Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again ?

Grc. Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamp'd and
 swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine : a health, quoth he ; as if
 H'ad been aboard carowing to his mate
 After a storm : quast off the muscadel,

And

And threw the fops all in the sexton's face ;
 Having no other cause, but that his beard
 Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
 His fops as he was drinking. This done, he took
 The bride about the neck, and kiss'd her lips
 With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
 All the church echo'd ; and I seeing this,
 Came thence for very shame ; and after me,
 I know, the rout is coming. Such a mad marriage
 Ne'er was before.—Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels.

[*Music plays.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortensio, and
 Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
 pains :

I know, you think to dine with me to day,
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence ;
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
 Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,
 You would intreat 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 intreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content——

Cath. Are you content to stay ;

Pet. I am content you shall intreat me stay ;
 But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gre. Ay, Sir, they be ready : the oats have eaten the horses *.

Cath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to day ;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, Sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green ;
For me, I'll not go till I please myself.
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee, pr'ythee, be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry ; what hast thou to do ?
Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, Sir ; now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her :
Go to the feast, revel and domineer ;
Carowse full measure to her maidenhead ;
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves :
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine own ;
She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.
I'll bring my action on the proudest he,
That stops my way in Padua : Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon ; we're beset with thieves ;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man :
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate ;

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Pet. and Cath.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

* That is, the distemper so called.

Gre.

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Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, tho' bride and bridegroom want

For to supply the places at the table;

You know there wants no junkets at the feast;

Lucentio, you 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: Gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T I V. S C E N E .

Petruchio's country-house.

Enter Grumio.

Grumio. **F**IE, fie, on all tired jades, and all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so raied? was ever man so weary? I am sent before, to make a fire; and they are coming after to warm them: now were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho, Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls so coldly.

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore, fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and thyself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress? whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gru. Why, *Jack boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt*.*

Curt. Come, you are so full of coney-catching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobweb 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, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. First, Know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

* *This seems to be a fragment of some old ballad.*

Gru.

Gru. There.

[*Strikes him*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale——But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou should'st have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me, because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she pray'd, that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; 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 un-experienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarlop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'sy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five serving-men.

Gr. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

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?

Nat. All things are ready; how near is our master?

Gr. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not——cock's passion, silence!——I hear my master.

S C E N E II. *Enter Petruchio and Kate.*

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 loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms: What! no attendance? no regard? no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gr. Here, Sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain, you whoreson, malt-horse drudge,

Did not I 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' th' heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat;
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led?

[*Singing.*

Where are those—— Sit down, Kate

And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Enter

Enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? nay, good sweet Kate, be merry;
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when?

It was the friar of orders grey, [Sings
As he forth walked on his way.

Out, out, you rogue, you pluck my foot away.
Take that, and mind the plucking of the other.

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate: some water, here; what, ho!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel, Troilus? sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither;
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted
with.

Where are my slippers? shall I have some water?
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:
You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beattle-headed, flap-ear'd knave:
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What's this, mutton?

1 Serv. Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these! where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Cath. 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 dry'd away.
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:
For it is ganders choier, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient, for to-morrow't shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis a servant.

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her,

And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;

And sits as one new risen from a dream.

Away, away, for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *Enter Petruchio.*

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;

And till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come, and know her keeper's call;

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,

That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.

She ate no meat to day, nor none shall eat.

Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall not:

As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed.

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the coverlet, that way the sheets;

Ay; and, amid this hurly, I'll pretend,

That all is done in reverend care of her;

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:

And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,

And with the clamour keep her still awake.

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;—

And thus I'll curb her mood and headstrong humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,

Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew.

Exit.

S C E N E

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S C E N E IV. *Before Baptista's house.*

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Lucio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. To satisfy you, Sir, in what I said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[They stand by.]

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, Mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, Master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art of love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my
heart. *[They retire backward.]*

Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now, tell me, I pray,
you that durst swear that your mistress Bianca lov'd
none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. Despightful love, unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But one that scorn to live in this disguise

For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a god of such a cullion:

Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

I will with you, if you be so contented,

Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!——Signior Lu-
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow *[centio,*

Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,

As one unworthy all the former favours

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her, though she intreat.

Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath, [her!
I will be married to a wealthy widow

Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love : and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit Hor.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace,
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case :
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

[*Lucentio and Bianca come forward.*

Bian. Tranio, you jest : but have you both forsworn

Tra. Mistress, we have. [me?

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy !

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he's gone into the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school ? what, is there such a
place ?

Tra. Ay, Mistress, and Petruchio is the master ;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

S C E N E V. *Enter Biondello, running.*

Bion. Oh Master, Master, I have watch'd so long,
That I'm dog-weary ; but at last I spy'd
An ancient eagle, going down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bion. Master, a mercantant, or else a pedant ;
I know not what ; but formal in apparel ;
In gate 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

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Luc. and Bianca.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir,

Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, Sir? God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, Sir; it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, Sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bian. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all
one. [Aside.]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;

And

And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:
Look, that you take upon you as you should.

You understand me, Sir: so shall you stay,
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be court'sy, Sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This by the way I let you understand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, Sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Enter Catharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Cath. The more my wrong, the more his spite ap-
What, did he marry me to famish me? [pears.

Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I should intreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who would say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
I pr'ythee, go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Cath. 'Tis passing good; I prythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too slegmatic a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Cath. I like it well; good Grumio fetch it me.

Gru.

Gru. I cannot tell;—I fear it's cholerick :

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Cath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the meat.
Or else you get no beef of Grumio. [stard.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the mustard without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat;

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio, with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? what, sweeting, all amok?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Cath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look chearfully upon me;
Here, Love, thou seest how diligent I am

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

I'm sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? nay, then, thou lov'st it not:

And all my pains is sort'd to no proof.

Here, take away the dish.

Cath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine before you touch the meat.

Cath. I thank you, Sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie, you are to blame:
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me;—
[Aside.

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;

Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey-love,

Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

H h

With

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With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things :
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.
What, hast thou din'd? the tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

S C E N E VIII. *Enter Tailor.*

Come, Tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish; fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy :
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time;
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

Cath. Why, Sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the utmost as I please in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap;
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie;
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay; come, Tailor, let us
see't.

O mercy, Heav'n, what masking stuff is here?
What! this a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,

Like

Like to a censer in a barber's shop :

Why, what a devil's name, Tailor, call'st thou this ?

Hor. I see she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

[*Aside.*]

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did : but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir :
I'll none of it ; hence, make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of
thee.

Tai. She says, your Worship means to make a pup-
pet of her.

Pet. O most monstrous arrogance !
Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou !
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread :
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st.
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your Worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made ?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut ?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me : thou hast brav'd many men,
brave not me ; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. I
say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I
did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo* thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify!

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sow me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. With a small compast cape.

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. With a trunk-sleeve.

Gru. I confess two sleeves,

Tai. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, Sir, error i' th' bill : I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again ; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say ; an I had thee in place where, thou shou'dst know it.

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.

Gru. You are i' th' right, Sir, 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life : take up my mistress's gown for thy master's use !

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that ?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for ;

Take up my mistress's gown unto his master's use !
Oh, fe, fie, fe !

Pet. Hortensio, say, thou wilt see the tailor paid.

[*Aside.*

Go, take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow,
Take no unkindness of his hasty words :

Away

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[Exit Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate, we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments :

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor :

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful ?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

Oh, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array ;

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me ;

And therefore frolic ; we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go call my men, and let us straight to him,

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot,

Let's see, I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Cath. 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's alone,

I will not go to-day ; and ere I go,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so ; this gallant will command the sun.

[Exeunt *Pet. Cath. and Hor.*

[The presenters, above, speak here.]

Lord. Who's within there ? [Sly sleeps.

Enter servants.

Asleep again ! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case.

Serv. It shall be done, my Lord ; come help to bear him hence. [They bear off *Sly.*

S C E N E IX. *Before Baptista's house.**Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dress'd 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.*Enter Biondello.**Ped.* I warrant you: but, Sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.*Tra.* Fear you not him; sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.*Bion.* Tut, fear not me.*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?*Bion.* I told him, that your father was in Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.*Tra.* Th' art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink;
Here comes Baptista; set your countenance, Sir.S C E N E X. *Enter Baptista and Lucentio.**Tra.* Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;

I pray you stand, good father, to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son, Sir, by your leave having come
to Padua

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause

Of love between your daughter and himself:

And for the good report I hear of you,

And for the love he beareth to your daughter,

And she to him; to stay him not too long,

I am content in a good father's care

To have him match'd; and if you please to like

No worse than I, Sir, upon some agreement,

Me shall you find most ready and most willing

With one consent to have her so bestowed:

For curious I cannot be with you,

Signior

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say :
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections ;
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dowry,
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
Be we assid ; and such assurance ta'en, [best,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants ;
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still ;
And, haply, then we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, as it like you, Sir,
There doth my father lie ; and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well :
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that at so slender warning
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Go, Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight :
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here :
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua.
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the Gods she may, with all my heart !
[Exit.

Tra. Dally not with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
Welcome ! one needs is like to be your cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I'll follow you. [Exeunt.

S C E N E XI. Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello ?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you.
Luc.

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Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but h'as left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*; to th' 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. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, Sir; and so, adieu, Sir; my master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [Exit.]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:

It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [Exit.]

S C E N E XII. *A green lane.*

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name, once more tow'rds our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Cath. The moon! the sun: it is not moon-light now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Cath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pro.

Pet. Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list.
Or ere I journey to your father's house :
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost !

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Cath. Forward I pray, since we are come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Cath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.

Cath. Then, God be blest'd, it is the blessed sun.
But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for Catharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy way, the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl should
run ;

And not unluckily against the bias.
But soft, some company is coming here.

S C E N E XIII. *Enter* Vincentio.

Good-morrow, gentle Mistress, where away ?

[*To* Vincentio.]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks !
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heav'nly face ?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a woman
of him.

* *Cath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither

* In the first sketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find
two speeches in this place worth preserving, and seeming
to

Whither away, or where is thy abode?
 Happy the parents of so fair a child;
 Happier the man whom favourable stars
 Allot thee for his lovely bed fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate, I hope thou art not mad!

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Cath. Pardon, old father, my mistaken eyes;
 That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
 That every thing I look on seemeth green.
 Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father:
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandfire, and withal make known

Which way thou travellest; if along with us,
 We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Mistress,
 That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;
 My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling Pisa;
 And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
 A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

to be of the hand of Shakspear, tho' the rest of that play is far inferior. Mr. Pope.

Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
 More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
 Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
 Of amethysts, or glistening hyacinth——
 ——Sweet Catharine, this lovely woman——

Cath. Fair lovely Lady, bright and chrySTALLINE,
 Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
 As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
 Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
 And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.
 Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
 Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
 Unhabitable as the burning zone,
 With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy son;
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may intitle thee my loving father:
The sister of my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof:
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt Pet. Cath. and Vin.*

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 untoward.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Lucentio's house.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca, Gremio walking on one side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, Sir, for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, 'faith, I'll see the church o' your back, and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exit.*

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter

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Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio, and Grumio, with attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house, My father's bears more towards the market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You shall not chuse 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 within, Sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself, he shall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in Padua. Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come to Padua, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, Sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe he means to cozen some body in this city under my countenance.

S C E N E II. *Enter Biondello.*

Bion. I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping! But who is here! mine old master Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing Biondello.*]

Bion.

Bion. I hope I may chuse, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What! have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain! didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, Sir, see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [*He beats Biondello.*]

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a madman will murder me.

Ped. Help, son; help, Signior Baptista.

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

Enter Pedant with servants, Baptista, and Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir! Nay, what are you, Sir? Oh, immortal Gods! oh, fine villain! a silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a copatain hat: oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servants spend all at the university.

Tra. How, now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is this man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a madman. Why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! oh, 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 asfs! his name is *Lucentio*:

and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio ! oh, he hath murdered his master ; lay hold of him, I charge you in the Duke's name ; oh, my son, my son, tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio ?

Tra. Call forth an officer ; carry this mad knave to the jail ; Father Baptista, I charge you, see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to jail !

Gre. Stay, officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio : I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catch'd in this business ; I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio ?

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him.

Enter Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd ; oh, monstrous villain !

Bion. Oh, we are spoil'd, and yonder he is ; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant.

S C E N E III.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father.

[Kneeling.

Vin. Lives my sweet son ?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended ? where is Lucentio ?

Luc. Here is Lucentio, right son to the right Vincentio,

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine :
While counterfeit supposers bleer'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness, to deceive us all.

Vin.

Vin. Where is that damn'd villain Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town:
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent
me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my
daughter, without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista, we will content you, go to:
but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain. *[Exit.*

Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knavery. *[Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca, thy father will not
frown. *[Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast. *[Exit.*
[Petruchio and Catharine advancing.]

Cath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this
ado.

Pet. First, kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Cath. What, in the midst of the street!

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Cath. No, Sir, God forbid! but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: come, sirrah,
let's away.

Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee
love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Lucentio's apartments.*

*[Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio,
Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina,
Grumio, Hortensio, and widow. Tranio's servants
bringing in a banquet.]*

Luc. At last, tho' long, our jarring notes agree :
 And time it is, when raging war is done,
 To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
 My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
 While I with self same kindness welcome thine ;
 Brother Petruchio, sister Catharine,
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house :
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up
 After our great good cheer : pray you, sit down ;
 For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my
 I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you. [sense.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns

Pet. Roundly replied, [round.

Cath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me, how likes Hortensio that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended ; kiss him for that, good widow.

Cath. 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.

Cath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Cath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate.

Hor. To her, widow.

Pet.

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her
Hor. That's my office. [down.]

Pet. Spoke like an officer; ha' to thee, lad.
 [Drinks to Hortensio]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick witted folks!

Gre. Believe me, Sir, thy butt heads together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, Mistress Bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me, therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that thou shalt not, since you have be-
 Have at you for a better jest or two. [gun:]

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush:
 And then pursue me, as you draw your bow.
 You are welcome all.

[Exeunt Bianca, Catharine, and willow.]

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,
 This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not:
 Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, Sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-
 hound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for yourself?
 'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you there?

Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confess;
 And as the jest did glance away from me,
 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Enter Baptista, Petruchio, Hortensio, Lucentio, and
 the rest.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
 I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say, no; and therefore for assurance,
 Let's each one send unto his wife, and he
 Whose wife is most obedient to come first,
 When he doth send for her, shall win the wager.

Hor. Content,—what wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[*Exit.*]

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now, what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and cannot come.

Pet. How? she's busy, and cannot come, is that an
answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and intreat my wife to
come to me forthwith.

[*Exit Biondello.*]

Pet. Oh, oh! intreat her! nay, then she needs must
come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do you what you can.

Enter Biondello.

Your's will not be intreated. Now where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse, she will not come!

Oh vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd.

Sirrah Grumio, go to your Mistress,

Say, I command her to come to me.

[*Exit Gru.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

SCENE

S C E N E V. *Enter Catharina.*

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes Catharine!

Cath. What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Cath. They sit conferring by the parlour-fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands;
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Catharina.]

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.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter;
For she is chang'd as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter Catharina, Bianca, and Widow.

See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Catharine, that cap of your's becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

Bian. Fie, What a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too!
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Catharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women,
What duty they owe to their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have
no telling.

Pet.

Pet. Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

Will. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall; and first begin with her.

Cath. Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will dain to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;

Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:

And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will;

What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of your's,

My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;

But

But now I see, our launces are but straws,
Our strength is weak, our weakness past compare;
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.

[Then vale your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiss
me, Kate.

Luc. Why, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt
ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed;

We two are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;

And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Catharina.*

Hor. Now, go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curs'd
shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd
so.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter two servants bearing Sly in his own apparel, and
leaving him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster.*

Sly awaking.] Sim, give's some more wine——What,
all the players gone? am not I a Lord?

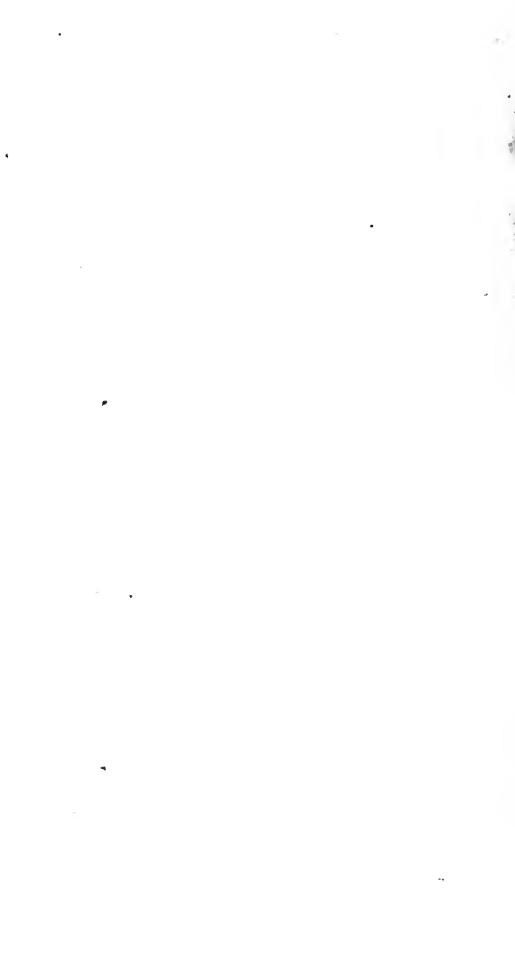
Tap. A Lord, with a murrain! come, art thou drunk
still?

Sly. Who's this? Tapster! oh, I have had the bravest
dream that ever thou heardst in all thy life.

Tap. Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for
your wife will course you for dreaming here all night.

Sly. Will she? I know how to tame a shrew. I dream'd
upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the
best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and
tame her too, if she anger me.

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.





Robertson



