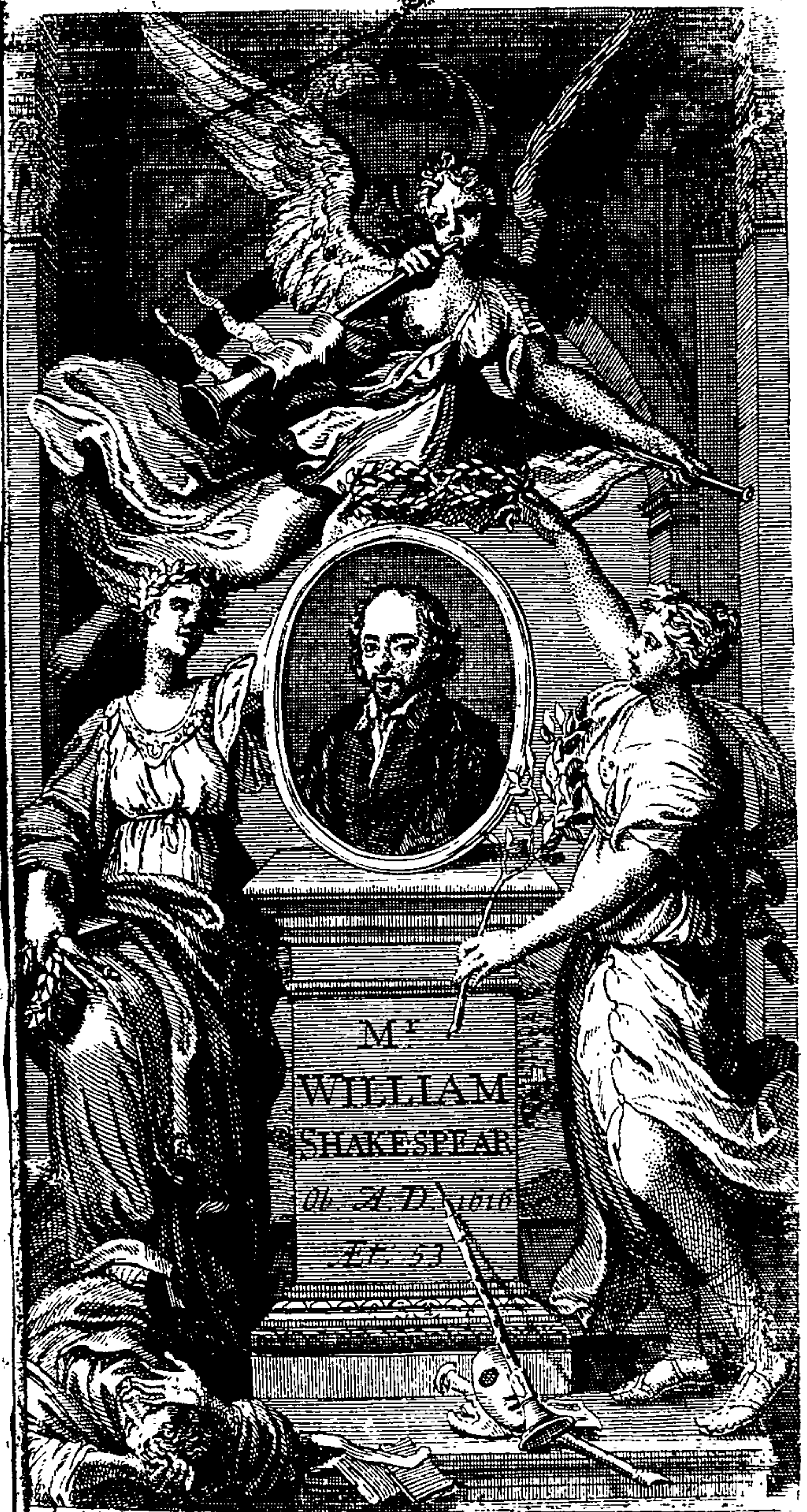




GEO. CHALMERS ESQ.

F.R.S.S.A.



MR
WILLIAM
SHAKESPEAR
Ob. A. D. 1616
Æt. 53

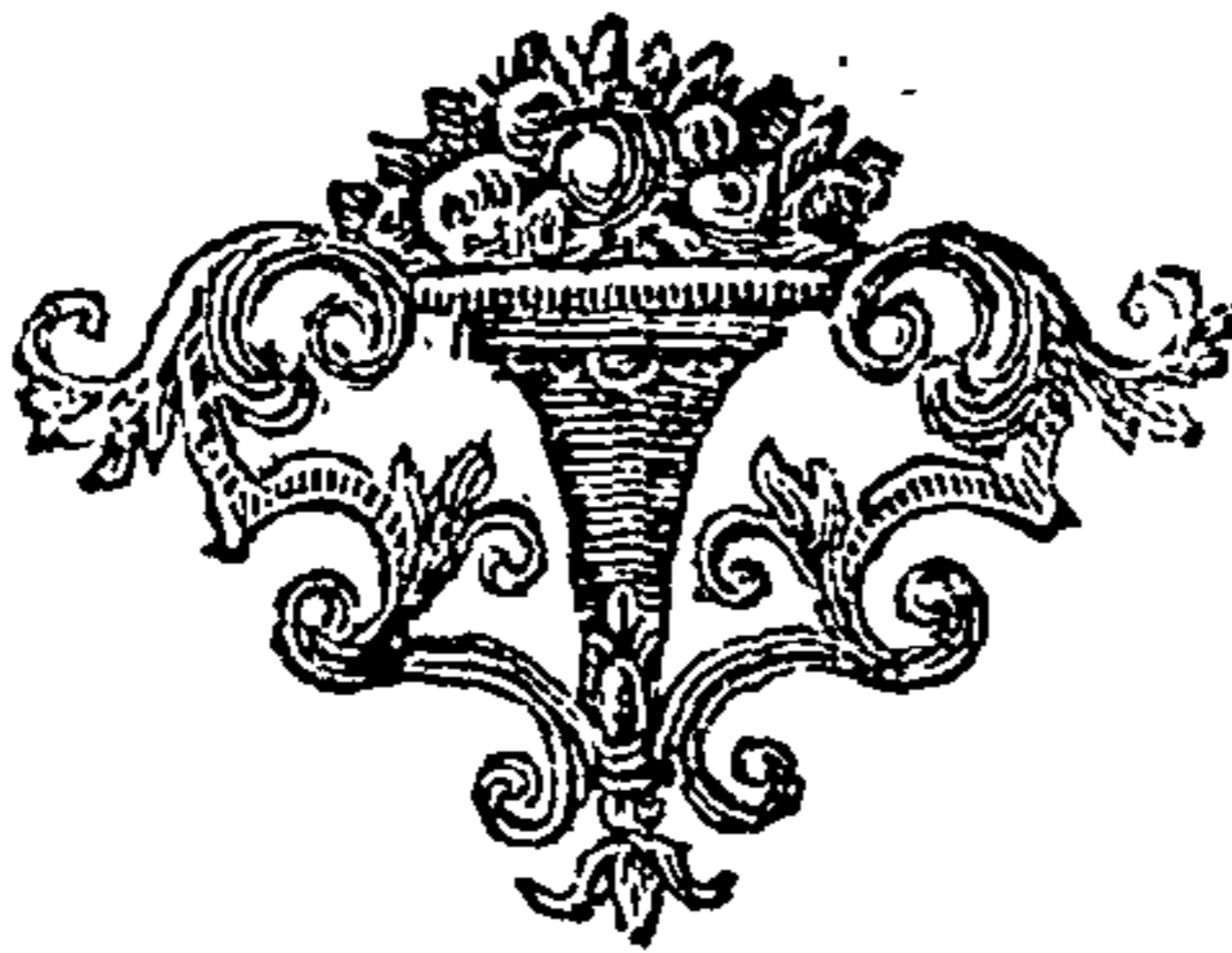
THE
WORKS

OF

Mr. William Shakespear.

In TEN VOLUMES.

Publish'd by Mr. POPE and Dr. SEWELL.



LONDON:

Printed for J. and J. KNAPTON, J. DARBY, A. BETTESWORTH, J. TONSON, F. FAYRAM, W. MEARS, J. PEMBERTON, J. OSBORN and T. LONGMAN, B. MOTTE, C. RIVINGTON, F. CLAY, J. BATLEY, R. JA. and B. WELLINGTON. 1728.



THE
P R E F A C E
O F T H E
E D I T O R.

IT is not my design to enter into a Criticism upon this Author; tho' to do it effectually and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just Writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all *English* Poets *Shakespear* must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for Criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of Beauties and Faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a Preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the Fate of his Works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to

us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not : A design, which tho' it can be no guide to future Criticks to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot however but mention some of his principal and characteristic Excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other Dramatic Writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any Author deserved the name of an *Original*, it was *Shakespeare*. *Homer* himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature, it proceeded thro' *Ægyptian* strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The Poetry of *Shakespeare* was Inspiration indeed : he is not so much an Imitator, as an Instrument, of Nature ; and 'tis not so just to say that he speaks *from her*, as that she speaks *thro' him*.

His *Characters* are so much Nature herself, that 'tis a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as Copies of her. Those of other Poets have a constant resemblance,

semblance, which shews that they receiv'd them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image: each picture like a mock-rainbow is but the reflexion of a reflexion. But every single character in *Shakespear* is as much an Individual, as those in Life itself; it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be Twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of Character, we must add the wonderful Preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that had all the Speeches been printed without the very names of the Persons, I believe one might have apply'd them with certainty to every speaker.

The *Power* over our *Passions* was never possess'd in a more eminent degree, or display'd in so different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide our guesses to the effect, or be perceiv'd to lead toward it: But the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: We are surpriz'd, the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the passion so just, that we shou'd be surpriz'd if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the passions directly opposite to these, Laughter

and Spleen, are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of the *Great*, than of the *Ridiculous* in human nature; of our noblest tenderesses, than of our vaineft foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excell in the Passions: In the coolness of Reflection and Reasoning he is full as admirable. His *Sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between Penetration and Felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education, or experience in those great and publick scenes of life, which are usually the subject of his thoughts: So that he seems to have known the world by Intuition, to have look'd thro' humane nature at one glance, and to be the only Author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the Philosopher and even the Man of the world, may be *Born*, as well as the Poet.

It must be own'd that with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several

veral

veral causes and accidents ; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlighten'd a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these Contingencies should unite to his disadvantage, seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) Talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that Stage-Poetry of all other, is more particularly levell'd to please the *Populace*, and its success more immediately depending upon the *Common Suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if *Shakespear* having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The Audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people ; and therefore the Images of Life were to be drawn from those of their own rank : accordingly we find, that not our Author's only, but almost all the old Comedies, have their Scene among *Tradesmen* and *Mechanicks* : And even their Historical Plays strictly follow the common *Old Stories* or *Vulgar Traditions* of that kind of people. In Tragedy, nothing was so sure to *Surprize* and cause *Admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, Events and Incidents ; the most

exaggerated Thoughts ; the most verbose and bombast Expression ; the most pompous Rhymes, and thundering Versification. In Comedy, nothing was so sure to please, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these, our Author's Wit buoys up, and is born above his subject : his Genius in those low parts is like some Prince of a Romance in the disguise of a Shepherd or Peasant ; a certain Greatness and Spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common Audience had no notion of the *Rules* of writing, but few even of the better sort piqu'd themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way ; till *Ben Johnson* getting possession of the Stage, brought critical learning into vogue : And that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost Declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his Actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then, our Authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the Ancients : their Tragedies were only Histories in Dialogue ; and their Comedies follow'd the
thread

thread of any Novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true History.

To judge therefore of *Shakespear* by *Aristotle's* rules, is like trying a man by the Laws of one Country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the *People*; and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the Learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the best models, the Ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of Reputation, and of what Poets are pleas'd to call Immortality: Some or all of which have encourag'd the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his Prince, and when the encouragement of the Court had succeeded to that of the Town; the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The Dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but Editions extant from which we
might

might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether writ for the Town, or the Court.

Another Cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our Author's being a *Player*, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a Standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of *Aristotle*. As they live by the Majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as Taylors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our Author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a Poet, than to his right judgment as a Player.

By these men it was thought a praise to *Shakespeare*, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by *Ben Jonson* in his *Discoveries*, and from the preface of *Heminges and Condell* to the first folio Edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As, the Comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*,

for, which he entirely new writ; the *History of Henry the 6th*, which was first published under the Title of the *Contention of York and Lancaster*; and that of *Henry the 5th*, extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of Learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a Praise by some; and to this his Errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For 'tis certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them; the most are such as are not properly Defects, but Superfoetations: and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more just to our Author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forc'd expressions, &c. if these are not to be ascrib'd to the foresaid accidental reasons, they must be charg'd upon the Poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two Disadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company) if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mis-lead and depress the greatest Genius upon earth. Nay
the

2 *The P R E F A C E.*

the more modesty with which such an one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgment.

But as to his *Want of Learning*, it may be necessary to say something more: There is certainly a vast difference between *Learning*, and *Languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but 'tis plain he had much Reading at least, if they will not call it Learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has Knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural Philosophy, Mechanicks, ancient and modern History, Poetical learning and Mythology: We find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of Antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*, not only the Spirit, but Manners, of the *Romans* are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shown, between the manners of the *Romans* in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient Historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages: and the speeches copy'd from *Plutarch* in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copy'd from *Cicero* in *Catiline*, of *Ben Johnson's*. The manners of other nations in general, the
Egyptians,

Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes; it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of Ethic or Politic, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the Poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it: Mr. *Waller* (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shown more learning this way than *Shakespeare*. We have Translations from *Ovid* published in his name, among those Poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority, (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble Patron the Earl of *Southampton*;) He appears also to have been conversant in *Plautus*, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the *Greek* Authors, and particularly *Dares Phrygius*, in another: (altho' I will not pretend to say in what language he read them.) The modern *Italian* writers of Novels he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with
the

the Ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of *Chaucer* in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, and in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, if that Play be his, as there goes a Tradition it was, (and indeed it has little resemblance of *Fletcher*, and more of our Author's worse sort than some of those which have been received as genuine.)

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the Zeal of the Partizans of our Author and *Ben Johnson*; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of Parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable, as that because *Ben Johnson* had much the most learning, it was said on the one hand that *Shakespear* had none at all; and because *Shakespear* had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that *Johnson* wanted both. Because *Shakespear* borrowed nothing, it was said that *Ben Johnson* borrowed every thing. Because *Johnson* did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because *Shakespear* wrote with ease and rapidity, they cryed, he never once made a blot. Nay the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into Praises; as injudiciously,

ciously, as their Antagonists before had made them Objections.

Poets are always afraid of Envy ; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of Admiration : They are the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of Authors ; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimum genus inimicorum Laudantes*, says *Tacitus* : and *Virgil* desires to wear a charm against those who praise a Poet without rule or reason.

— *Si ultra placitum laudaret, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne Vati noceat* —

But however this contention might be carried on by the Partizans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great Poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that *Ben Johnson* was introduced upon the Stage, and his first works encouraged, by *Shakespear*. And after his death, that Author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakespear*, which shows as if the friendship had continued thro' life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *Invidious* or *Sparing* in those verses, but wonder *Mr. Dryden* was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his Contemporaries, but above *Chaucer* and *Spenser*, whom
he:

he will not allow to be great enough to be rank'd with him; and challenges the names of *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and *Æschylus*, nay all *Greece* and *Rome* at once, to equal him: And (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *Art*, not enduring that all his excellencies shou'd be attributed to *Nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries* seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*; he tells us that he lov'd the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the Author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the Players. *Ben Johnson* might indeed be sparing in his Commendations (tho' certainly he is not so in this instance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly, than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were Friends, tho' the violence and ill-breeding of their Followers and Flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *Parties*, both in Wit and State, as with those Monsters described by the Poets; and that their *Heads* at least may have something

something humane, tho' their *Bodies* and *Tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of *Shakespear's* want of learning; so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first Publishers of his works. In these Editions their ignorance shines almost in every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia*, *Exit Omnes*, *Enter three Witches solus*: Their *French* is as bad as their *Latin*, both in construction and spelling: Their very *Welsh* is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of *Hector's* quoting *Aristotle*, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root. It not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a School, or the least conversation with such as had. *Ben Johnson* (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some Latin*; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man, who had not so much as read any history, in any language: so could not be *Shakespear's*.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable Errors, which have risen from one source, the ignorance
of

of the Players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say that not *Shakespear* only, but *Aristotle* or *Cicero*, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appear'd to want sense as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his Plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the Theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in Quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not published by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press: every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned or unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it's plain there either was no Corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy the two parts of *Henry the 4th*, and *Midsummer-Night's Dream* might have been so: because I find no other printed with any exactness; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two Prefaces, to the first quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the first was publish'd without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died: and that the lat-

ter:

ter was not printed 'till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other: which I should fancy was occasion'd by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different Play-houses.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his, were first collected) was published by two Players, *Heming* and *Condell*, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the Quarto's:

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, since those Quarto's, by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the Author. He himself complained of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes that *those who play the Clowns wou'd speak no more than is set down for them.* (Act. 3. Sc. 4.)

Sc. 4.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of Mobs, Plebeians and Clowns, are vastly shorter than at present: And I have seen one in particular (which seems to have belonged to the play-house, by having the parts divided with lines, and the Actors names in the margin) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this: as it seems, without any other reason, than their willingness to shorten some scenes: These men (as it was said of *Procrustes*) either lopping, or stretching an Author, to make him just fit for their Stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the *Original Copies*; I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the Author's days in the play-house, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the Quarto's, was printed (at least partly) from no better copies than the *Prompter's Book*, or *Piece-meal Parts* written out for the use of the actors: For in some places their very
names

* names are thro' carelesness set down instead of the *Personæ Dramatis*: And in others the notes of direction to the *Property-men* for their *Moveables*, and to the *Players* for their *Entries*, † are inserted into the Text, thro' the ignorance of the Transcribers.

The Plays not having been before so much as distinguished by *Acts* and *Scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they play'd them; often where there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the sake of Musick, Masques, or Monsters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed and shuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwise happen, but by their being taken from separate and piecemeal-written parts.

Many verses are omitted intirely, and others transposed; from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any Commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glympse of an old edition enlightens us. Some

* Much ado about nothing. *Act* 2. *Enter* Prince Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson, instead of Balthazar. And in *Act* 4. Cowley. and Kemp, constantly thro' a whole Scene, Edit. Fol. of 1623, and 1632.

† Such as,

—— My Queen is murder'd! Ring the little Bell ——

—— His nose grew as sharp as a pen, and a Table of Greenfields, &c. which last words are not in the first quarto edition.

Some Characters were confounded and mix'd, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the Quarto edition of *Midsommer-Night's Dream*, Act. 5. *Shakespear* introduces a kind of Master of the Revels called *Philostrotus*; all whose part is given to another character (that of *Ægeus*) in the subsequent editions. So also in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable that the Prompter's Books were what they call'd the Original Copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the Author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character: Or sometimes perhaps for no better reason, than that a governing Player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an Underling.

Prose from verse they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the Players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the Judgment as well as Condition of that class of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best Play-houses were Inns and Taverns (the *Globe*, the *Hope*, the *Red Bull*, the *Fortune*, &c.) so the top of the profession were

were then meer players, not Gentlemen of the stage: They were led into the Buttery by the Steward, not plac'd at the Lord's table, or Lady's toilette: and consequently were intirely depriv'd of those advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar conversation of our Nobility, and an intimacy (not to say dearness) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question but had *Shakespear* published his works himself (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage) we should not only be certain which are genuine; but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his style, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Lochrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, *London Prodigal*, and a thing call'd the *Double Falshood*, cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others, (particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*) that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occasion'd some Plays to be supposed *Shakespear's* was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up

for the Theatre while it was under his Administration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give Strays to the Lord of the Manor. A mistake, which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the House to remove. Yet the Players themselves, *Hemings* and *Condell*, afterwards did *Shakespeare* the justice to reject those plays in their edition; tho' they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with some applause; (as we learn from what *Ben Johnson* says of *Pericles* in his Ode on the *New Inn*.) That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this class I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same Author openly express his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when *Shakespeare* was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the former, which were equally published in his life-time.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great Genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary Additions, Expunctions, Transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of Characters and Persons, wrong application of Speeches, corrupti-
ons

ons of innumerable Passages by the Ignorance, and wrong Corrections of 'em again by the Impertinence, of his first Editors? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily perswaded, that the greatest and grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

This is the state in which *Shakespear's* writings lye at present; for since the above-mentioned Folio Edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the Injuries already done him; too much time has elaps'd, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability, to do him justice. I have discharg'd the dull duty of an Editor, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private sense or conjecture. The method taken in this Edition will show it self. The various Readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare 'em; and those I have prefer'd into the Text are constantly *ex fide Codicum*, upon authority. The Alterations

terations or Additions which *Shakespear* himself made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some suspected passages which are excessively bad, (and which seem Interpolations by being so inserted that one can intirely omit them without any chasm, or deficiency in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an Asterisk referring to the places of their insertion. The Scenes are mark'd so distinctly that every removal of place is specify'd; which is more necessary in this Author than any other, since he shifts them more frequently: and sometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obscurities. The more obsolete or unusual words are explained. Some of the most shining passages are distinguish'd by comma's in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars but in the whole, a star is prefix'd to the scene. This seems to me a shorter and less ostentatious method of performing the better half of Criticism (namely the pointing out an Author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine passages, with *general Applauses*, or *empty Exclamations* at the tail of them. There is also subjoin'd a Catalogue of those first Editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected passages are authorised, (most of which are such as carry their own

evidence along with them.) These Editions now hold the place of Originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or restore the corrupted sense of the Author: I can only wish that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever published) may yet be found, by a search more successful than mine, for the better accomplishment of this end.

I will conclude by saying of *Shakespear*, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *Drama*, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finish'd and regular, as upon an ancient majestick piece of *Gothick Architecture*, compar'd with a neat Modern building: The latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allow'd, that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; tho' we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the Whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, tho' many of the Parts are childish, ill-plac'd, and unequal to its grandeur.

A. P O P E.



*A TABLE of the several Editions
of Shakespear's Plays, made use of
and compared in this Impression.*

MR. *William Shakespear's* Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, publish'd according to the Original Copies. the first Edition in Folio, 1623.

The second Impression in Folio, of 1632.

I. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, as it hath been sundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlains Servants. Printed by *James Roberts*, Quarto, 1600 (the 36th Year of the Author's Age.)

II. A most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy of *Sir John Falstaffe*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, with the swaggering Vain of *Ancient Pistol* and Corporal *Nym*. printed for *Arthur Johnson*, 1619, Quarto.

III. The excellent History of the *Merchant of Venice*, with the extream Cruelty of *Shylock* the Jew toward the said Merchant, in cutting a just Pound of his Flesh, and the obtaining of *Portia* by the choice of three Caskets. Printed by *J. Roberts*, 1600, Quarto.

Another Edition of the same, printed by *J. R.* for *The. Heyes*, in the same Year (the 36th of his Age.)

IV. A pleasant conceited Comedy called *Loves Labor lost*, as it was presented before her Highness this last *Christmas*, newly corrected and augmented by *William Shakespear*. Imprinted at *London* by *W. W.* for *Cutbert Burley*, 1598.

V. A pleasant conceited History call'd *The Taming of a Shrew*, as it hath been sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the *Earl of Pembroke* his Servants, Printed at *London* by *V. S.* for *Nich. Ling*, 1607. There is scarce a line of this the same with the present Play, yet the Plot and Scenary scarce differ at all from it. I should think it not written by *Shakespear*; but there are some Speeches (in one or two Scenes only) the same: And we have there the conclusion of the Play, which

T A B L E

is manifestly wanting in all the subsequent Editions, as well as the latter part of the last Act, manifestly better, and clear of that impertinent Prolixity which is in the common Editions.

VI. Mr. *William Shakespear* his true Cronicle History of the Life and Death of King *Lear* and his three Daughters, with the unfortunate Life of *Edgar* Son and Heir to the Earl of *Gloucester*, and his fullen and assumed humour of *Tom a Bedlam*. As it was play'd before the King's Majesty at *Whiteball* upon *St. Stephen's* Night in *Christmas* Holydays. By His Majesty's Servants playing usually at the *Globe* on the *Bankside*. Printed for *Nath. Butter*, 1608.

VII. The Tragedy of King *Richard the Second*, as it hath been publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants. By *William Shakespear*. Printed by *Valentine Simms* for *Andrew Wise*, 1598. (the 34th Year of *Shakespear's* Age.)

The same, with new Additions, of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King *Richard*. As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the *Globe*. By *W. Shakespear*. Printed by *W. W.* for *Matthew Law*, 1608, and again 1615.

VIII. The History of *Henry the 4th*, with the Battle at *Shrewsbury*, between the King and Lord *Henry Percy*, Sirnamed *Henry Hotspur* of the *North*. With the humorous Conceits of Sir *John Falstaffe*, newly corrected by *William Shakespear*. Printed by *P. S.* for *Andrew Wise*, 1599, Quarto. his 35th Year.

The same Printed in 1604.

The same Printed for *Matthew Law, &c.* in 1608, Quarto.

IX. The *Second Part* of *Henry the 4th*, containing to his Death and Coronation of *Henry the 5th*. With the Humours of Sir *John Falstaffe* and swaggering *Pistol*. As it hath been sundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. Written by *William Shakespear*. Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wise* and *William Aspley*, 1600, Quarto, (the 36th Year of his Age.)

T A B L E.

X. The Cronicle History of *Henry the 5th*, with his Battle fought at *Agincourt* in *France*. Together with Ancient *Pisiel*. As it hath been sundry times played by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. Printed by *Tho. Crede* for *Tho. Millington*, 1600.

Another Printed for *T. P.* 1608, Quarto. These Editions are short in many Scenes and Speeches, and want the Chorus's; which (with many other noble Improvements) were since added by the Author, not above 8 Years before his Death. This was one of the last Plays he finished, a considerable time after *Henry the 6th* had been written and acted. See the Epilogue of *Henry 5th*.

XI. *Henry the 6th*, first Printed under this Title. The whole Contention between the two famous Houses, *Lancaster* and *York*: With the Tragical Ends of the good Duke *Humphrey*, *Richard Duke of York*, and King *Henry the Sixth*: divided into two parts, and newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *W. Shakespear*, Gent. Printed at *London* for *T. P.* (without a date) Quarto.

This was the first Sketch only of the present second and third Parts of *Henry the Sixth*; which were since greatly enlarged, and the Poetry improved; the Scenary was much the same as at present.

Since Printed under the same Title by *W. W.* for *Tho. Millington*, with the true Tragedy of *Richard D. of York*, and the Death of good King *Henry the 6th*, acted by the Earl of *Pembroke* his Servants, 1600.

XII. The Tragedy of King *Richard the 3d*, containing his treacherous Plots against his Brother *Clarence*, the pitiful Murther of his Innocent Nephews, his tyrannical Usurpations; with the whole course of his detested Life, and most deserved Death. As hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. By *W. Shakespear*. Printed by *Tho. Creed* for *Andrew Wise*, 1598, Quarto (the 34th Year of the Author's Age.)

The same newly augmented, Printed for the same Printers in 1602.

The same in 1612.

XIII. The most lamentable Tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*. As it hath been sundry times played by the King's Majesty's

T A B L E.

Majesty's Servants. Printed by *Edw. White*, 1611. It appears from *B. Johnson's Induction to Barthol. Fair*, that this Play was of 25 Years standing, in the Year 1614, so that if it was *Shakespear's*, it must have been writ in the 25th Year of his Age.

XIV. The famous History of *Troilus and Cresseida*, excellently expressing the beginning of their Loves, with the conceited wooing of *Pandarus* Prince of *Lycia*. Written by *Will. Shakespear*. Imprinted by *G. Eld*, for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, 1609, Quarto, with a Preface of the Publisher. (This was 8 Years before his Death.)

The same as it was acted by the Kings Majesty's Servants at the *Globe*. Printed by the same.

XV. An excellent conceited Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. As it hath been often with great Applause play'd publickly, by the Right Honourable the Lord of *Hunsdon* his Servants. London Printed by *John Danter*, 1597, Quarto.

The most excellent and lamentable Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, newly corrected, augmented, and amended. As it hath been sundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. Printed by *Tho. Crede*, for *Cuthbert Burby*, 1599, Quarto.

XVI. The Tragical History of *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*. By *W. Shakespear*. Newly imprinted and enlarg'd to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect Copy. Printed by *J. R.* for *N. L.* 1605, Quarto.

The Tragedy of *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*, newly imprinted and enlarg'd according to the true and perfect Copy lately Printed. Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, 1611.

XVII. The Tragedy of *Othello, the Moor of Venice*. As it hath been divers times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black Fryars* by his Majesty's Servants. Written by *Will. Shakespear*. Published by *Tho. Walkely*, Quarto, (soon after his Death, as appears by the Preface.)



S O M E

ACCOUNT *of the* LIFE, &c.

O F

Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

Written by Mr. R O W E.



IT seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves, as well as their works, to Posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of Antiquity, their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make and features, have been the subject of critical enquiries. How trifling soever this Curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person, 'till we have heard him describ'd even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an Author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his

his book : And tho' the Works of Mr. *Shakespear* may seem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the son of Mr. *John Shakespear*, and was born at *Stratford upon Avon*, in *Warwickshire*, in *April 1564*. His family, as appears by the Register and publick Writings relating to that Town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mention'd as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that tho' he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, 'tis true, for some time at a Free-school, where 'tis probable he acquir'd what *Latin* he was master of: But the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forc'd his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the Ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great *Genius* (equal, if not superior to some of the best of theirs) would certainly have led him to read and study 'em with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mix'd with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read 'em. Whether his ignorance of the Ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute: For tho' the knowledge of 'em might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrain'd

some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance which we admire in *Shakespear*: And I believe we are better pleas'd with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supply'd him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the *Greek* and *Latin* poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the *English* language to deliver 'em.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given intirely into that way of living which his father propos'd to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one *Hathaway*, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of *Stratford*. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, 'till an extravagance that he was guilty of forc'd him both out of his country and that way of living which he had taken up; and tho' it seem'd at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily prov'd the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *Genius's* that ever was known in dramattick Poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of Deer-stealing, engag'd him with them more than once in robbing a Park that belong'd to *Sir Thomas Lucy* of *Cherlecot*, near *Stratford*. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And tho' this, probably the first essay of his Poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was oblig'd to leave his business and family

in

in *Warwickshire*, for some time, and shelter himself in *London*.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the Play-house. He was receiv'd into the Company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguish'd him, if not as an extraordinary Actor, yet as an excellent Writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other Players, before some old Plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he us'd to play; and tho' I have inquir'd, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleas'd, to have learn'd from some certain authority, which was the first Play he wrote; * it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like *Shakespear's*. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for ought I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in 'em, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but

* The highest date of any I can yet find, is *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, when the Author was 33 years old; and *Richard the 2d*, and *3d*, in the next year, viz, the 34th of his age. A. P.

but that what he thought, was commonly so great; so justly and rightly conceiv'd in it self, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approv'd by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But tho' the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* in the beginning of the fifth Act of *Henry V.* by a compliment very handsomely turn'd to the Earl of *Essex*, shews the Play to have been written when that lord was General for the Queen in *Ireland*: And his Elogy upon Queen *Elizabeth*, and her successor King *James*, in the latter end of his *Henry VIII.* is a proof of that Play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two Princes to the crown of *England*. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleas'd to see a *Genius* arise amongst 'em of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natur'd man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder if with so many good qualities he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen *Elizabeth* had several of his Plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: It is that maiden Princess plainly, whom he intends by

——— *A fair Vestal, Throned by the West,*
Midsummer Night's Dream.

And

And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomly apply'd to her. She was so well pleas'd with that admirable character of *Falstaff*, in the two parts of *Henry* the fourth, that she commanded him to continue it for one Play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obey'd, the play it self is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of *Falstaff* is said to have been written originally under the name of * *Oldcastle*; some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleas'd to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of *Falstaff*. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the Author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain that Sir *John Falstaff*, who was Knight of the garter, and a Lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguish'd merit in the wars in *France* in *Henry* the fifth's and *Henry* the sixth's times. What grace soever the Queen conferr'd upon him, it was not to her only he ow'd the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the Earl of *Southampton*, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of *Essex*. It was to that noble Lord that he dedicated his Poem of *Venus* and *Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this Patron of *Shakespear*'s, that if I had not been assur'd that the story was handed down by Sir *William D'Avenant*, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventur'd to have inserted, that my lord

Southampton

* See the Epilogue to *Henry* 4th.

Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shewn to *French Dancers* and *Italian Singers*.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candor and good-nature must certainly have inclin'd all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit oblig'd the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with *Ben Johnson* began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature; *Mr. Johnson*, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offer'd one of his Plays to the Players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turn'd it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natur'd answer, that it would be of no service to their Company; when *Shakespear* luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend *Mr. Johnson* and his writings to the publick. *Johnson* was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of *Shakespear*; tho' at the same time I believe it must be allow'd, that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a ballance for what Books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between *Sir John Suckling*, *Sir Williams D'Avenant*,

D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eaton, and Ben Johnson; Sir John Suckling, who was a profess'd admirer of Shakespear, had undertaken his defence against Ben Johnson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told 'em, That if Mr. Shakespear had not read the Ancients, he had likewise not stollen any thing from 'em; and that if he would produce any one Topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject at least as well-written by Shakespear.

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native *Stratford*. His pleasurable wit, and good nature, engag'd him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story almost still remember'd in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. *Combe*, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury; It happen'd, that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. *Combe* told *Shakespear* in a laughing manner, that he fancy'd he intended to write his Epitaph, if he happen'd to out-live him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desir'd it might be done immediately: Upon which *Shakespear* gave him these four verses.

*Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
If any man ask, W'ho lies in this tomb?
Oh! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.*
But

xxxviii *Some Account of the Life, &c.*

But the sharpness of the Satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He dy'd in the 53d year of his age, and was bury'd on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at *Stratford*, where a monument, as engrav'd in the plate, is plac'd in the wall. On his Gravestone underneath is,

*Good friend, for Jesus sake, forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.*

He had three daughters, of which two liv'd to be marry'd; *Judith*, the elder, to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*, by whom she had three Sons, who all dy'd without children; and *Susannah*, who was his favourite, to Dr. *John Hall*, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was marry'd first to *Thomas Nash*, Esq; and afterwards to Sir *John Bernard* of *Abbingdon*, but dy'd likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family: The character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since *Ben Johnson* has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words.

“ I remember the Players have often mention'd
“ it as an honour to *Shakespeare*, that in writing
“ (whatsoever he penn'd) he never blotted out
“ a line. My answer hath been, *Would he*
“ *had blotted out a thousand!* which they thought a
“ malevolent speech. I had not told posterity
“ this, but for their ignorance, who chose that
“ circumstance to commend their friend by,
“ wherein he most faulted. And to justify mine
“ own



INGENIO PYLIUM CENOSOCRATEM ARTEMARONEM
 TERRA TEGIT POPULUS MERETOLYMEUS HARET
 Stay Passenger, why dost thou go so fast:
 Read if thou canst, whom envious Death has plac'd
 Within this Monument, Shakespear, with whom
 Such Nature dy'd, whose Name doth deck the Tomb
 Far more than Gold, since all that he has Writ
 Leaves him not but for to serve his Wit
 Et An. 1616. Aet. 53. Die 23. Apr.

“ own candor, (for I lov’d the man, and do honour
“ his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as
“ any.) He was, indeed, honest, and of an open
“ and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave
“ notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he
“ flow’d with that facility, that sometimes it was
“ necessary he should be stopp’d: *Sufflaminandus*
“ *erat*, as *Augustus* said of *Haterius*. His wit
“ was in his own power, would the rule of it
“ had been so too. Many times he fell into
“ those things which could not escape laughter;
“ as when he said in the person of *Cæsar*, one
“ speaking to him,

“ *Cæsar thou dost me wrong.*

“ He reply’d ;

“ *Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.*

“ and such like, which were ridiculous. But he
“ redeem’d his vices with his virtues: There was
“ ever more in him to be prais’d than to be par-
“ don’d.

As for the passage which he mentions out of *Shakespear*, there is somewhat like it in *Julius Cæsar*, but without the absurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition I that have seen, as quoted by Mr. *Johnson*. Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or three ascrib’d to him by Mr. *Langbain*, which I have never seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise, *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in stanza’s, which have been printed in a late collection of Poems. As to the character given of him by *Ben Johnson* there is a good deal true in it: But I believe it may be as well express’d by what *Horace* says of the first
Romans,

Romans, who wrote Tragedy upon the *Greek* models, (or indeed translated 'em) in his epistle to *Augustus*.

—— *Naturâ sublimis & Acer,
Nam spirat Tragicum satis & feliciter Audet,
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitque Lituram.*

As I have not propos'd to my self to enter into a large and compleat Criticism upon *Shakespear's* Works, so I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to the judgment of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleas'd with in looking him over.

His Plays are properly to be distinguish'd only into Comedies and Tragedies. Those which are called Histories, and even some of his Comedies, are really Tragedies, with a run or mixture of Comedy amongst 'em. That way of Trage-comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the *English* taste, that tho' the severer Critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleas'd with it than with an exact Tragedy. The *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and the *Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure Comedy; the rest, however they are call'd, have something of both kinds. 'Tis not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and tho' they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the Satire of the present age has taken the Liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguish'd variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with. *Falstaff* is allow'd by every body to be a master-piece; the Character is always

ways well-sustain'd, tho' drawn out into the length of three Plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. *Quickly*, in the first act of *Henry V.* tho' it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lowd old fellow, it is, that tho' he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in short every way vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable; and I don't know whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded 'em, been sorry to see his friend *Hal* use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown, in the end of the second part of *Henry* the fourth. Amongst other extravagances, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, he has made him a Deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his *Warwickshire* prosecutor, under the name of Justice *Shallow*; he has given him very near the same coat of arms which *Dugdale*, in his antiquities of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the *Welsh* parson descant very pleasantly upon 'em. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well oppos'd; the main design, which is to cure *Ford* of his unreasonable jealousy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward *Malvolio*. The parasite and the vain-glorious in *Parolles*, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. *Petruchio*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The conversation of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of *Rosalind* in *As you like it*, have much wit and sprightliness all along.

along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: And, I believe, *Thersites* in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, and *Apemantus* in *Timon*, will be allow'd to be master-pieces of ill-nature, and satyrical snarling. To these I might add, that incomparable character of *Shylock* the *Jew*, in *The Merchant of Venice*; but tho' we have seen that play receiv'd and acted as a Comedy, and the part of the *Jew* perform'd by an excellent Comedian, yet I cannot but think it was design'd tragically by the Author. There appears in it such a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the style or characters of Comedy. The Play it self, take it all together, seems to me to be one of the most finish'd of any of *Shakespear's*. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by *Antonio*, is too much remov'd from the rules of probability: But taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of *Antonio* to *Bassanio* very great, generous and tender. The whole fourth act (supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what *Portia* says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of musick. The melancholy of *Jaques*, in *As you like it*, as is singular and odd as it is diverting. And if what *Horace* says

Difficile est proprie communia dicere,

'twill be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and
ages

ages of man's life, tho' the thought be old, and common enough.

— *All the world's a Stage,
And all the men and women meerly Players;
They have their Exits and their Entrances,
And one man in his time plays many Parts,
His Acts being seven ages. 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 Souldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden, quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Ev'n in the canon's mouth. And then the Justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern 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 shrunk shank; and his big manly voice
Turning again tow'rd childish treble pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful History,
Is second childishness and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans ev'ry thing.*

His Images are indeed every where so lively, that the thing he would represent stands full before you, and you possess every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think,

think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw; 'tis an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

— *She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: She pin'd in thought,
And sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.*

What an Image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of *Greece* and *Rome* to have express'd the passions design'd by this sketch of Statuary? The style of his Comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in it self; and the wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into dogrel rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he liv'd in: And if we find it in the Pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the Sermons of some of the gravest divines of those times; perhaps it may not be thought too light for the Stage.

But certainly the greatness of this Author's genius do's no where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be plac'd the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: It seems to me as perfect in its kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the Unities are kept here, with an exactness

exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing: tho' that was what, I suppose, he valu'd himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he do's, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observ'd in these sort of writings; yet he do's it so very finely that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His Magick has something in it very solemn and very poetical: And that extravagant character of *Caliban* is mighty well sustain'd, shews a wonderful invention in the Author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon Grotosques that was ever seen. The observation, which I have been inform'd * three very great men concurr'd in making upon this part, was extremely just. *That Shakespear had not only found out a new Character in his Caliban, but had also devis'd and adapted a new manner of Language for that Character.*

It is the same magick that raises the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this Writer. But of the two last of these Plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the Tragedies of Mr. *Shakespear*. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are establish'd by *Aristotle*, and taken from the model of the *Grecian Stage*, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults: But as *Shakespear* liv'd under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to

VOL. I.

C

judge

* *Ld. Falkland, Ld. C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.*

judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that liv'd in a state of almost universal license and ignorance: there was no establish'd judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present Stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramattick Poetry so far as he did. The Fable is what is generally plac'd the first, among those that are reckon'd the constituent parts of a Tragick or Heroick Poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the Fable ought to be consider'd, the fit Disposition, Order and Conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the *Drama* that the strength and mastery of *Shakespear* lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natur'd trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His Tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from true History, or Novels and Romances: And he commonly made use of 'em in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found 'em in the Authors from whence he borrow'd them. So *The Winter's Tale*, which is taken from an old book, call'd, *The Delectable History of Dorastus and Faunia*, contains the space of sixteen or seventeen years, and the Scene is sometimes laid in *Bohemia*, and sometimes in *Sicily*, according to the original order of the Story. Almost all his historical Plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: And in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the Scene travels over the greatest part of the *Roman* Empire. But in recompence for
his

his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the *Drama*, *The Manners of his Characters*, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shown by the Poet, he may be generally justify'd, and in very many places greatly commended. For those Plays which he has taken from the *English* or *Roman* history, let any man compare 'em, and he will find the character as exact in the Poet as the Historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a Subject, that the Title very often tells you, 'tis *The Life of King John*, *King Richard*, &c. What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of *Henry* the sixth, than the picture *Shakespear* has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly the same with the story; one finds him still describ'd with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easie submission to the governance of an imperious Wife, or prevailing Faction: Tho' at the same time the Poet do's justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by showing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resign'd to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short Scene in the second part of *Henry VI*, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had murder'd the duke of *Gloucester*, is shewn in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good King praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry VIII*, that Prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a

just proportion to the lights, it is not that the Artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of 'em; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen *Elizabeth*, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his Mistress, to have expos'd some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the Minister of that great King, and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the character of Cardinal *Wolsey*. He has thewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly describ'd in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses likewise of Queen *Katharine*, in this Play, are very movingly touch'd; and tho' the art of the Poet has skreen'd King *Henry* from any gross Imputation of injustice, yet one is inclin'd to wish, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the Manners, proper to the persons represented, less justly observ'd, in those characters taken from the *Roman* History; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of *Coriolanus*, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of *Brutus*, and the irregular greatness of mind in *M. Antony*, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find 'em exactly as they are describ'd by *Plutarch*, from whom certainly *Shakespear* copy'd 'em. He has indeed follow'd his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spar'd in a Play. But as I hinted before, his design seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply

ply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces, where the Fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet*, is plainly the punishment of their two families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between 'em, and occasion'd the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same Tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*. In each of 'em a young Prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concern'd in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the first part of the *Greek Tragedy*, something very moving in the grief of *Electra*; but as Mr. *D'Acier* has observ'd, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the Manners he has given that Princess and *Orestes* in the latter part. *Orestes* embrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is perform'd, tho' not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear *Clytemnestra* crying out to *Aegisthus* for help, and to her son for mercy: While *Electra*, her daughter, and a Princess (both of them characters that ought to have appear'd with more decency) stands upon the stage and encourages her brother in the Parricide. What horror does this not raise! *Clytemnestra* was a wicked woman, and had deserv'd to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was kill'd by her own son; but to represent an action of this kind on the stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons, that ought to be observ'd there. On the contrary, let us only look a little

1 *Some Account of the Life, &c.*

on the conduct of *Shakespear*. *Hamlet* is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as *Orestes*; he had the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heighten'd by incest: But 'tis with wonderful art and justness of judgment, that the Poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghost forbid that part of his vengeance.

*But howsoever thou pursu'st this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother ought; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.*

This is to distinguish rightly between *Horror* and *Terror*. The latter is a proper passion of Tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramattick Writer ever succeeded better in raising *Terror* in the minds of an audience than *Shakespear* has done. The whole Tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the King is murder'd, in the second act, as well as this Play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was, in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this Master-piece of *Shakespear* distinguish it self upon the stage, by Mr. *Betterton's* fine performance of that part. A man, who tho' he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with *Shakespear's* manner
of

of expression, and indeed he has study'd him so well, and is so much a master of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the Author had exactly conceiv'd it as he plays it. I must own a particular obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of *Shakespear* having engaged him to make a journey into *Warwickshire*, on purpose to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had so great a veneration.



*The following Instrument was transmitted to us
by John Anstis, Esq; Garter King at Arms:
It is mark'd, G. 13. p. 349.*

[*There is also a Manuscript in the Herald's Office, marked W. 2.
p. 276; where Notice is taken of this Coat, and that the Per-
son to whom it was granted, had born Magistracy at Stratford
upon Avon.*]

TO all and singular Noble and Gentlemen of all Estates and Degrees, bearing Arms, to whom these Presents shall come: *William Dethick*, Garter Principal King of Arms of *England*, and *William Cambden*, alias *Clarencieux*, King of Arms for the South, East, and West Parts of this Realm, send Greetings. Know ye, that in all Nations and Kingdoms the Record and Remembrance of the valiant Facts and virtuous Dispositions of worthy Men have been made known and divulged by certain Shields of Arms and Tokens of Chivalrie; the Grant or Testimony whereof apperteineth unto us, by virtue of our Offices from the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, and her Highness's most noble and victorious Progenitors: Wherefore being solicited, and by credible Report informed, that *John Shakespere*, now of *Stratford upon Avon* in the County of *Warwick*, Gentleman, whose Great Grandfather for his faithful and approved Service to the late most prudent Prince, King *Henry VII.* of famous Memory, was advanced and rewarded with Lands and Tenements, given to him in those Parts of *Warwickshire*, where they have continued by some Descents in good Reputation and Credit; And for that the said *John Shakespere* having married the Daughter and one of the Heirs of *Robert Arden* of *Wicklingcote* in the said County, and also produced this his ancient Coat of Arms, heretofore assigned to him whilst he was her Majesty's Officer and Bailiff
of

of that Town. In consideration of the Premises, and for the Encouragement of his Posterity, unto whom such Blazon of Arms and Atchievements of Inheritance from their said Mother, by the ancient Custom and Laws of Arms, may lawfully descend; We the said *Garter* and *Clarencieux* have assigned, granted, and confirmed, and by these Presents exemplified unto the said *John Shakespere*, and to his Posterity, that Shield and Coat of Arms, *viz.* *In a Field of Gold upon a Bend Sables a Spear of the first, the Point upward, headed, Argent:* and for his Crest or Cognisance, *A Falcon, Or, with his Wings displayed, standing on a Wreathe of his Colours, supporting a Spear armed headed, or steeled Silver,* fixed upon an Helmet with Mantles and Tassels, as more plainly may appear depicted in this Margent; And we have likewise impaled the same with the ancient Arms of the said *Arden* of *Wellingcote*; signifying thereby, that it may and shall be lawful for the said *John Shakespere*, Gent. to bear and use the same Shield of Arms, single or impaled, as aforesaid, during his natural Life; and that it shall be lawful for his Children, Issue, and Posterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, use, and quarter, and shew forth the same, with their due Differences, in all lawful warlike Feats and civil Use or Exercises, according to the Laws of Arms, and Custom that to Gentlemen belongeth, without Let or Interruption of any Person or Persons, for use or bearing the same. In Witness and Testimony whereof we have subscribed our Names, and fastned the Seals of our Offices. Given at the Office of Arms, *London*, the Day of in the Forty Second Year of the Reign of our most Gracious Sovereign Lady *Elizabeth*, by the Grace of God, Queen of *England, France, and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. 1599.



TO THE
MEMORY of my Beloved ^{Friend} the AUTHOR,
Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR*;

And what he hath left us.

TO draw no envy (Shakespear) on thy Name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book, and Fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but ecchoes right;
Or blind Affection, which doth ne're advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth ail by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the Age!
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespear rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument without a Tomb,
And art alive still, while thy Book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy Peers,

And

And tell how far thou didst our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlow's mighty Line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; ~~but~~ call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature her self was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his Lines:
Which were so richly spun, and wove so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated, and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespear, must enjoy a part.
For though the Poet's matter Nature be,
His Art doeth give the Fashion. And, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Mules Anvile; turn the same,
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the Laurel he may gain a scorn,
For a good Poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou. Look how the Father's face
Lives in his Issue, even so the race
Of Shakespear's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well torned, and true filed lines:

*In each of which he seems to shake a Lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the Banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping Stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy Volume's light.*

BEN. JOHNSON.



T H E

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.



LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON in the *Strand*.

MDCCLXXVIII.

PLAYS contain'd in this Volume.

The *TEMPEST*.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The *TWO GENTLEMEN* of VERONA.

The *MERRY WIVES* of WINDSOR.

MEASURE for *MEASURE*.



THE
TEMPEST.

D 2

Dramatis Personæ.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

Sebastian, *his Brother.*

Prospero, *the right Duke of Milan.*

Antonio, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

Ferdinand, *Son to the King of Naples.*

Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor.*

Adrian, *and Francisco, Lords.*

Caliban, *a Salvage, and deformed Slave.*

Trinculo, *a Jester.*

Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

Miranda, *Daughter to Prospero.*

Ariel, *an airy Spirit.*

Iris,

Ceres,

Juno,

Nymphs,

Reapers,

} *Spirits.*

SCENE, *an uninhabited Island.*

T H E



THE
T E M P E S T.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswain.

M A S T E R.

Boatswain.

Boats. Here master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to th' mariners:
fall to't, yarely, or we run our selves
a-ground; bestir, bestir.

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Hey my hearts, cheerly my hearts; yare,
yare; take in the top-sail; tend to th' master's whistle;
blow 'till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

D 3

Enter

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand,
Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswain have care : where's the ma-
ster? play the men.

Boatsf. I pray now keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatsf. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour;
keep your cabins; you assist the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boatsf. When the sea is. Hence. what care these
Roarers for the name of King? to cabin; silence;
trouble us not.

Gonz. Good: yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None that I more love than my self. You
are a counsellor; if you can command these elements
to silence, and work the peace of the present, we
will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If
you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and
make your self ready in your cabin for the mischance
of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly good hearts: out
of our way, I say. [Exit.

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; me-
thinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his com-
plexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to
his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable,
for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born
to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [Exit.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. Down with the top-mast: yare, lower, low-
er; bring her to try with main-course. A plague up-
on this howling —————

A cry within. *Enter* Sebastian, Anthonio, and
Gonzalo.

they are louder than the weather, or our office.
Yet again? what do you here? shall we give o'er and
drown? have you a mind to sink?

Sebasf.

Sebas. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang cur, hang, you whorefon insolent noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, tho' the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a hold, a hold; set her two courses off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our Mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King and Prince at pray'rs! let us assist 'em.

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We're meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopt rascal ~~————~~ would thou might'st lye drowning

The washing of ten tides!

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet, though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him. Mercy on us!

[A confused noise within.]

We split, we split! farewell my wife and children, Brother farewell: we split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink with the King.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *[Exit.]*

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground: long heath, brown furze, any thing; ~~————~~ the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death. *[Exit.]*



S C E N E II.

*The Incharited Island.**Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

Mira. I F by your art (my dearest father) you have
 Put the wild Waters in this roar, allay them:
 The sky it seems would pour down stinking pitch,
 But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd
 With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel
 (Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her)
 Dash'd all to pieces. Oh! the cry did knock
 Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd!
 Had I been any God of Pow'r, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
 The ^a freighted souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
 No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
 There's no harm done.

Mira. O wo the day!

Pro. No harm.
 I have done nothing but in care of thee
 (Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
 Of whence I am; nor that I'm more, or better:
 Than *Prospero*, master of a full poor cell,
 And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
 Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
 I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magick garment from me: so!

[Lays down his mantle.]
 Lye there my Art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
 The

^a *frighting.*

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such compassion in mine art
So safely order'd, that there's no soul lost;
No not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink: fit
down.

For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
And left me to the bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear,
Obey, and be attentive. Canst remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Full three years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image, tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: but how is it
That this lives in thy mind? what seest thou else
In the dark back-ward and abyfme of time?
If thou remember'st ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years since, *Miranda*; twelve years
since
Thy father was the Duke of *Milan*; and
A Prince of Pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father

Was Duke of *Milan*, and his only heir
A ^b Princess, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou say'st) were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly help'd hither.

Mira. My heart bleeds
To think o'th' † teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio* —
I pray thee mark me, (that a brother should
Be so perfidious!) he whom next thy self
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And *Prospero* the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study:
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
(Dost thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suckt my verdure out on't. — Thou attend'st not;

Mira. Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee mark me then,
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,
With that which, but by being so retired,

^b *And Princess.*

† teene, or grief.

O'er-priz'd all popular rate; in my false brother
 Awak'd an evil nature, and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A fallshood in its contrary, as great
 As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
 A confidence *sans* bound. He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact; like one
 Who having into truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie, he did believe.
 He was indeed the Duke, from substitution
 And executing th' outward face of royalty
 With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
 Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he plaid,
 And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
 Absolute *Milan*. Me, poor man! — my library
 Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable: confederates
 (So dry he was for sway) wi' th' King of *Naples*
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The Dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poor *Milan*!)
 To much ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event, then tell me
 If this might be a Brother?

Mira. I should sin,
 To think ^c not nobly of my grand-mother;
 Good wombs have born bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition:
 This King of *Naples* being an enemy
 To me inveterate, ^d hears my brother's suit;
 Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premises,
 Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the Dukedom, and confer fair *Milan*

With

^c but.

^d hearkens.

With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
 A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
 Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open
 The gates of *Milan*, and i'th' dead of darkness
 The minister for th' purpose hurry'd thence.
 Me and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack for pity!

I not remembering how I cry'd out then,
 Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
 That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
 And then I'll bring thee to the present business
 Which now's upon's, without the which this story
 Were most impertinent.

Mira. Why did they not
 That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
 So dear the love my people bore: nor set
 A mark so bloody on the business; but
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
 In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark,
 Bore us some Leagues to sea, where they prepar'd
 A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, nor sail, nor mast; the very rats
 Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
 To cry to th' sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
 To winds, whose pity sighing back again
 Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
 Was I then to you?

Pro. O! a cherubim
 Thou wast that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,
 Infused with a fortitude from heav'n;
 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
 Under my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up
 Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we a-shore?

Pro. By providence divine,
 Somæ food we had, and some fresh water, that
 A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*,
 Out of his Charity (being then appointed
 Master of this design) did give us, with
 Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries
 Which since have steeded much. So of his gentleness,
 Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
 From my own library, with volumes that
 I prize above my Dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
 But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise :
 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
 Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
 Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
 Than other Princes can, that have more time
 For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heav'ns thank you for't. And now I pray
 you, Sir,
 (For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
 For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
 By accident most strange, bountiful fortune
 (Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
 Brought to this shore : and by my prescience
 I find my *Zenith* doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star, whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop. --- Here cease more questions,
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,
 And give it way ; I know thou canst not chuse.
 Come away, servant, come ; I'm ready now :
 Approach, my *Ariel*. Come.

S C E N E III.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I come
 To answer thy best pleasure. Be't to fly;

To

14 *The* T E M P E S T.

To swim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel and all his qualities.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad thee?

Ari. To every Article.

I boarded the King's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards and bolt-sprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. *Jove's* lightning, the precursors
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mind, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation: all but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's son *Ferdinand*
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cry'd hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why that's my Spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perished:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before. And as thou badst me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the Isle:
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the Air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the Isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot,

Pro.

Pro. Of the King's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o'th' fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the still-vev't *Bermoothes*, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
Who with a charm join'd to their suffered labour,
I've left asleep; and for the rest o'th' fleet
(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
And are on the *Mediterranean* flote,
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o'th' day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: the time' twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? since thou dost give me
pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings; thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the
ooze
Of the salt deep;

To run upon the sharp Wind of the North,
To do me business in the veins o'th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing: hast thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell
me.

Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,
For mischiefs manifold and forceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is this not true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,

And here was left by th' sailors; thou my slave,
As thou report'st thy self, wast then her servant.
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers;
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this Island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckl'd whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans

Did

Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sp'riting gently.

Pro. Do so: and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master:

What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thy self like to a nymph o'th' sea.
Be subject to no sight but mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.

[Exit Ariel.]

Awake, dear heart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on,
We'll visit *Caliban* my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on ———.

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! *Caliban!*
Thou earth thou! speak.

Cal. (within.) There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say, there's other business for thee.

Enter.

Enter Ariel like a Water-Nymph.

Fine apparition! my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.]

Pro Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam; come forth, thou tortoise.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholsome fen,
Drop on you both: a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first
Thou stroak'dst me and mad'st much of me; would'st
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' Isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits; barren place and fertile.
Curs'd be I that I did so! all the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own King: and here you styme
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' Island.

Pro.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have us'd
thee

(Filt' as thou art) with human care, and lodg'd
In mine own cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, I wou'd it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Mira. Abhorred slave;
Who any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock.

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language:

Por. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel, and be quick (thou 'wert best)
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.
I must obey, his art is of such pow'r
It would controul my dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So slave, hence.

[*Exit Caliban*]

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

A R I E L ' s S O N G.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curt'sied when you have and kist;
The wild waves whist;
Foot it featly here and there,
And sweet sprites the burthen bear.*

[Burthen dispersedly.

*Hark, hark, bough-wawgh: the watch-dogs bark,
Bough-wawgh.*

*Ari. Har-, bark, I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere,
Cry Cock-a-doodle-do.*

*Fer. Where should this musick be? in air, or earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon
Some God o' th' Island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping e' against the King my father's wreck,
This musick crept by me upon the waters
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather——but 'tis gone,
No, it begins again.*

A R I E L ' s S O N G.

*Full fathom five thy father lyes,
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong bell.*

[Burthen: ding-dong.

Fer.

again.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father ;
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns : I hear it now above me.

S C E N E VI.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.

Mira. What is't, a spirit ?
Lord, how it looks about ! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck : and but he's something stain'd
With grief (that's beauty's canker) thou might'st call
him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure the Goddess
On whom these ayres attend ! vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remain upon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here : my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder !
If you be made or no ?

Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language ! heav'ns !
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How ? the best ?
What wert thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee ?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of *Naples*. He does hear me ;

And

And that he does, I weep: my self am *Naples*,
 Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
 The King my father wrackt.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes faith, and all his lords: the Duke of *Milan*
 And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The Duke of *Milan*

And his more braver daughter could controll thee,
 If now 'twere fit to do't: ——— At the first sight
 They have chang'd eyes: (delicate *Ariel*,
 I'll set thee free for this.) A word, good Sir,
 I fear you've done your self some wrong: a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? this
 Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
 That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
 To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
 And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
 The Queen of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft Sir, one word more.

They're both in either's pow'r: but this swift business
 I must uneasie make, lest too light winning
 Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; [I charge
 thee [To *Ariel*,

That thou attend me] thou dost here usurp
 The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy self
 Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
 From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
 If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
 Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

Speak you not for him: he's a traitor. Come,
 I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
 Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
 The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
 Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
 I will resist such entertainment, 'till

My enemy has more power.

[He draws, and is charmed from moving.]

Mira. O dear father,

Make not too rash a tryal of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,

My foot my tutor? put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike; thy con-
science

Is all possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father.

Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.

Mira. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor? hush!

Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
(Having seen but him and *Caliban*) foolish wench,
To th' most of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections

Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on, obey:

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o'th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works: come on.

Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*: follow me.

Hark

Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To th' syllable.

Pro. Come follow: speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Another Part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo,
Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

G O N Z A L O.



BEECH you Sir, be merry: you have
cause

(So have we all) of joy! for our escape
Is much beyond our loss; our hint of
woe

Is common; every day, some sailor's
wife,

The masters of some merchant, and the merchant
Have just our team of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean our preservation) few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon.

Alon. Pr'ythee peace. †

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit,
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. On : tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd ; comes to the entertainer ———

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have spoken truer than you propos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue ?

Alon. I pr'ythee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done : but yet ———

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager, first begins to crow ?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrell.

Seb. Done : the wager ?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seem to be desert ———

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So : you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible ———

Seb. Yet.

Adr. Yet ———

Ant. He could not mis's't.

E

Adr

† All this that follows after the words, Pr'ythee peace----- to the words You cram these words, &c. seems to have been interpolated. (perhaps by the Players) the verses there beginning again; and all that is between in prose, not only being very impertinent stuff, but most improper and ill-plac'd Drollery in the mouths of unhappy shipwreckt people. There is more of the same sort interspers'd in the remaining part of the Scene.

‘ *Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

‘ *Ant.* *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

‘ *Seb.* Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver’d.

‘ *Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

‘ *Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

‘ *Ant.* Or, as ’twere perfum’d by a fen.

‘ *Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

‘ *Ant.* True, save means to live.

‘ *Seb.* Of that there’s none or little.

‘ *Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks? how green?

‘ *Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.

‘ *Seb.* With an eye of green in’t.

‘ *Ant.* He misses not much.

‘ *Seb.* No: he does but mistake the truth totally.

‘ *Gon.* But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit——

‘ *Seb.* As many voucht rarities are.

‘ *Gon.* That our garments being (as they were) drench’d in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new dy’d than stain’d with salt water.

‘ *Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

‘ *Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

‘ *Gon.* Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Africk*, at the marriage of the King’s fair daughter *Claribel* to the King of *Tunis*.

‘ *Seb.* ’Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

‘ *Adr.* *Tunis* was never graced before with such a paragon to their Queen.

‘ *Gon.* Not since widow *Dido*’s time.

‘ *Ant.* Widow? a pox o’ that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido*!

‘ *Seb.* What if he had said widower *Æneas* too? Good lord, how you take it!

‘ *Adr.* Widow *Dido*, said you? you make me study

dy

dy of that: she was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

‘ *Gon.* This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

‘ *Adr.* *Carthage*?

‘ *Gon.* I assure you *Carthage*.

‘ *Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.]

‘ *Seb.* He hath rais’d the wall, and houses too.

‘ *Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easie next?

‘ *Seb.* I think he will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

‘ *Ant.* And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more Islands.

‘ *Gon.* Ay.

‘ *Ant.* Why in good time.

‘ *Gon.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

‘ *Ant.* And the rarest that e’er came there.

‘ *Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow *Dido*.

‘ *Ant.* O, widow *Dido*! ay, widow *Dido*!

‘ *Gon.* Is not my doublet, Sir, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean in a fort.

‘ *Ant.* That fort was well fish’d for.

‘ *Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter’s marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for coming thence
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from *Italy* remov’d,
I ne’er again shall see her: O thou mine heir
Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trode the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside; and breasted
The surge most swoll’n that met him: his bold head
’Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar’d
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th’ shore; that o’er his wave-worn basis bow’d

As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank your self for this great loss,
That would not bless our *Europe* with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an *Affrican*;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us: and the fair soul her self
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your
son

I fear for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o'th' loss.

Gon. My lord *Sebastian*,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgemonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I'th' commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; wealth, poverty,
And use of service, none: contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl;
 No occupation, all men idle, all,
 And women too; but innocent and pure:
 No Sov'reignty.

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
 the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
 Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine
 Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
 Of its own kind, all † foyzon, all abundance
 To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern; Sir,
 T'excell the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee no more; thou dost talk nothing to
 me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness, and did it
 to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of
 such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use
 to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am no-
 thing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at
 nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would
 lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would conti-
 nue in it five weeks without changing.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord be not angry.

† Foyzon, the natural juice or moisture of the
 grass or other herbs.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly: will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

Alon. What all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes would with themselves shut up my thoughts: I find they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy.

[All sleep but Seb. and Ant.]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
My self dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebastian*--- O, what might--- no more.
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th'occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: what is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving;
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep; die rather: wink'st
Whilst thou art waking.

Seb.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so, if you heed me; which to do,
Troubles thee o'er.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it; how in stripping it
You more invest it: ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee say on,
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus Sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the King his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribel*.

Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from *Naples*
 Can have no † Note, unless the sun were post,
 (The man i'th' moon's too slow) 'till new-born chins
 Be rough and razorable; she ^a for whom
 We were sea-swallow'd, tho' some cast again,
 May by that destiny perform an act;
 Whereof, what's past is prologue, what to come
 Is yours and my discharge ———

Seb. What stuff is this? how say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's *Queen of Tunis*,
 So is she heir of *Naples*, 'twixt which regions
 There is some space.

Ant. A space whose ev'ry cubit
 Seems to cry out, how shall that *Claribel*
 Measure us back to *Naples*? Keep in *Tunis*,
 And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
 That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
 Than now they are: there be that can rule *Naples*
 As well as he that sleeps; lords can that prate
 As amply, and unnecessarily,
 As this *Gonzalo*; I my self could make
 A Chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
 The mind that I do; what a sleep were this
 For your advancement! do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
 Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember
 You did supplant your brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True:
 And look how well my garments fit upon me,
 Much feater than before. My brother's servants
 Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lyes that?
 If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper:
 But I feel not this deity in my bosom.
 Ten consciences that stand 'twixt me and *Milan*,
 Candy'd be they, and melt e'er they molest.

Here

† no advices by letter. ^a from.

Here lyes your brother —
 No better than the earth he lyes upon,
 If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
 Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
 Can lay to bed for ever: you, doing thus,
 To the perpetual wink for ay might put
 This ancient Morfel, this Sir Prudence, who
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
 They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
 They'll tell the clock to any business that
 We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
 Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st *Milan*,
 I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy sword, one stroke
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
 And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like.
 To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. But one word.

Enter Ariel with Musick and Song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
 That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
 (For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's Ear,

While you here do snoring lye,

Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take:

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware,

Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preserve the King!

[They wake.]

Alon. Why how now ho? awake? why are you
 drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this?

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's a verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heav'ns keep him from these beasts:
For he is sure i'th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. *Prosp'ero* my lord shall know what I have done.
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to another part of the Island.

*Enter Caliban with a burden of wood; a noise of
thunder heard.*

Cal. **A**LL the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Prosper* fall,
and make him
By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i'th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark

Out

a verity.

Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
 For every trifle are they set upon me.
 Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
 And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
 Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
 Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
 All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
 Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spi'rit of his now to torment me,
 For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat,
 Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
 weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it
 sing i'th' wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge
 one, looks like a foul bumbar'd that would shed his
 liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know
 not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
 chuse but fall by pailfuls ---- What have we here, a
 man or a fish? dead or alive? a fish; he smells like
 a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell. A kind of,
 not of the newest, *Poor John*: a strange fish! Were
 I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this
 fish painted, not an holyday-fool there but would
 give a piece of silver. There would this monster
 make a man; any strange beast there makes a man:
 when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beg-
 gar, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*.
 Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! warm
 o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it
 no longer, this is no fish, but an Islander that hath
 lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is
 come again. My best way is to creep under his ga-
 berdine: there is no other shelter hereabout; misery
 acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows: I will here
 throwd 'till the dregs of the storm be past.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die a-shore.
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral;
Well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

Sings. The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, Marrian and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor go hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch.
Then to sea boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me: oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with salvages, and men of *Inde*? ha? I have not scap'd drowning to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went upon four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while *Stephano* breathes at his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the *Isle* with four legs; who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster,

Ste. He's in a fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle: If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I

CAN

can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon; I know it by thy trembling: now *Prosper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, *Cat*; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Tri. I should know that voice: it should be—— but he is drown'd; and these are devils; O! defend me.

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! his forward voice now is to speak of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: come! *Amen!* I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Tri. *Stephano.*

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Tri. *Stephano!* If thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beest *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be *Trinculo's* legs, these are they. Thou art very *Trinculo* indeed: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo's!*

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke: but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano*? I hope now thou art not drown'd: is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: and art thou living *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights: that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd o'er-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Swom a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O *Stephano*, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

Ste. Out o' th' moon I do assure thee. I was the man in th' moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: I afraid of him? a very shallow monster: the man i' th' moon? a most poor credulous monster: well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' th' Isle, and I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear my self thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh my self to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin.

Trin.---- But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries,
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the ock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewel, master; farewel, farewel.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish.
Ban', Ban', Cacalyban
Has a new master, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day, hey-day freedom, freedom, hey-day freedom!

Ste. O brave monster, lead the way. [*Exeunt*]



40 *The* T E M P E S T.

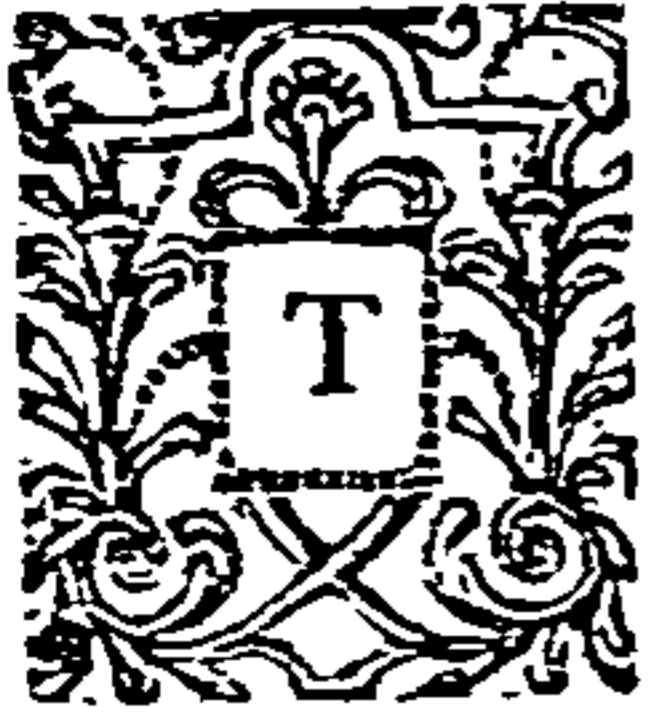


A C T III. S C E N E I.

Prospero's Cave:

Enter Ferdinand; bearing a log.

F E R D I N A N D.



H E R E be some sports are painful, but
their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds
of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor
matters
Point to rich ends.. This my mean
task wou'd be

As heavy to me, as 'tis odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
Had never like executor; I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labours,
Least busie when I do it.

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a distance unseen.

Mira. Alas, now pray you
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had

Burne

Least busy least.

Burnt up those logs that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile:
Pray set it down, and rest you; when this burns
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: my father
Is hard at study, pray now rest your self,
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'ad rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected,
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your hest, to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda!*
Indeed the top of admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world; full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for sev'ral virtues
Have I lik'd sev'ral women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira,

Mira. I do not know
 One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
 Save from my glass mine own; nor have I seen
 More that I may call men, than you good friend,
 And my dear father; how features are abroad
 I'm skilless of; but by my modesty,
 (The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
 Any companion in the world but you;
 Nor can imagination form a shape,
 Besides your self, to like of. But I prattle
 Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
 I do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
 A Prince, *Miranda*; I do think a King;
 (I would not so) and would no more endure
 This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
 The flesh-flie blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak;
 The very instant that I saw you, did
 My heart fly to your service, there resides
 To make me slave to it, and for your sake
 Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
 And crown what I profess with kind event,
 If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
 What best is boaded me, to mischief! I
 Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world,
 Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool
 To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
 Of two most rare affections! heav'n's rain grace
 On that which breeds between 'em.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
 What I desire to give, and much less take
 What I shall die to want: but this is trifling,
 And all the more it seeks to hide it self,
 The bigger bulk it shews. Hence bashful cunning,
 And prompt me plain and holy innocence.

I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart so willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now
farewel

'Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand. [*Exeunt*]

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit*]

S C E N E II.

The other part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

Ste. TELL not me; when the butt is out we will
drink water, not a drop before; therefore
bear up, and board 'em, servant monster; drink to
me.

Trin. Servant monster! the folly of this Island!
they say there's but five upon this Isle; we are three
of them, if the other two be brain'd like us, the state
totters.

Ste. Drink, servant monster, when I bid thee; thy
eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a
brave monster indeed if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sack;

sack; for my part the sea cannot drown me. I swam; ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off and on; by this light thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list, he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lye like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy shooe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant monster, I am in case to juttle a constable; why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? wilt thou tell me a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree ——— the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before I am subject to a tyrant, a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey thou; I would my valiant master would destroy thee; I do not lie.

Ste.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand I will supplant some of your teeth,

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I say, by forcery he got this Isle, From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'st, But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How shall this be compass'd? canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? thou scurvy patch! I do beseech thy greatness give him blows, And take his bottle from him; when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and by this hand I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go no further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he ly'd?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take you that. [Beats him.]

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; cut o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. a murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your tale; pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
 I'th' afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him;
 Having first seiz'd his books: or with a log
 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
 Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
 First to possess his books; for without them
 He's but a sot, as I am; and hath not
 One spirit to command. They all do hate him
 As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
 He has brave utensils, for so he calls them,
 Which when he has an house, he'll deck withal.
 And that most deeply to consider, is
 The beauty of his daughter; he himself
 Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman
 But only *Sycorax* my dam, and she:
 But she as far surpasses *Sycorax*
 As greatest does the least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
 And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and
 I will be King and Queen, save our Graces: and
Trinculo and thy self shall be Vice-Roys. Dost thou
 like the plot, *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee:
 but while thou liv'st keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
 Will thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure;
 Let us be jocund. Will you trowl the catch
 You taught me but while-ete?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, and
 reason: come on, *Trinculo* let us sing. [Sings.
Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Ste. What is this fame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, plaid by the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a man, shew thy self in thy likeness; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defie thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; when I wak'd
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow *Stephano*. [Exeunt,



SCENE

S C E N E III.

Changes again.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, &c.

Gon. **B**Y'R lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod in-
deed

Through forth-rights and meanders: by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my self attach'd with weariness
To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatt'rer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that's he so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd t'effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not nor cannot use such Vigilance
As when they're fresh.

Seb. I say to-night: no more.

*Solemn and strange Musick, and Prospero on the top
invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a
banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of
salutation, and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they
depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends,
hark!

Gon.

Gon. Marvellous sweet musick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven; what are these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*
There is one tree the phoenix throne, one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders:
(For certes these are people of the island)
Who tho' they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They've left their viands behind; for we have sto-
machs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith Sir, you need not fear. When we were
boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts! which now we
find

Each putter out of five for one will bring us

Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

S C E N E IV.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch you up; and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live: I have made you mad;
And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools, I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One f down that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From *Milan* did supplant good *Prospero*:
Expos'd unto the sea, (which hath requit it)
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: thee of thy son, *Alonso*,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,
Which

f dowie that's in my plumb.

Which here in this most desolate Isle, else falls
Upon your heads, is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft musick, Enter the
shapes again, and dance with mocks and mowes, and
carrying out the table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done; my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young *Ferdinand*, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and my lov'd darling.

Gon. I' th' name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
' Methoughts the billows spoke, and told me of it;
' The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
' That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
' The name of *Prosper*: it did base my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lye mudded. [Exit.]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. [Exeunt.]

Gon. All three of them are desp'rate; their great
guilt,
Like poison giv'n to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow then swiftly;
And hinder them from what this ecstasie
May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you.

[Exeunt]
ACT

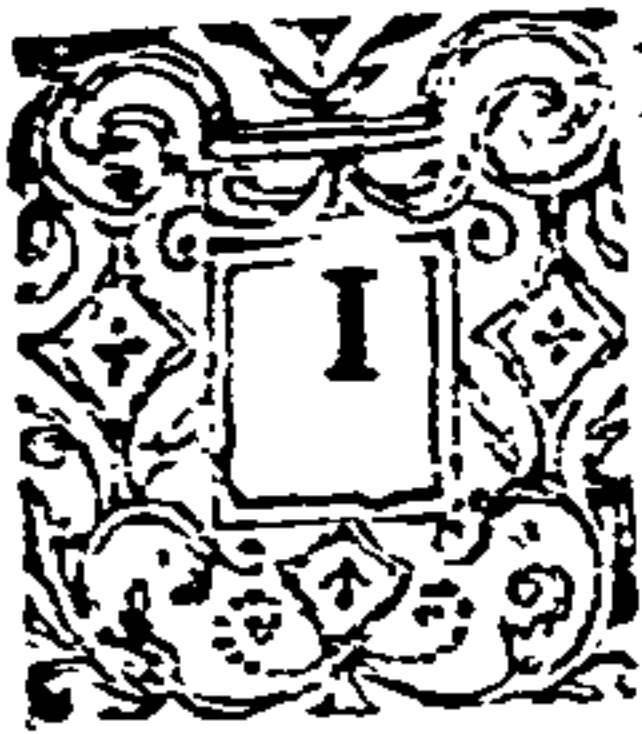


A C T I V. S C E N E I.

Prospero's Cave.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

P R O S P E R O.



I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends;
for I
Have giv'n you here a third of mine
own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once
again

I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my tryals of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here afore heav'n
I ratifie this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter.
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heav'ns let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As *Hymen's* lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now: the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
 Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust, to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration,
 When I shall think or *Phæbus*' steeds are founder'd,
 Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.
 Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
 What, *Ariel*; my industrious servant, *Ariel*.

S C E N E II.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
 Did worthily perform; and I must use you
 In such another trick; go bring the rabble,
 C'er whom I give thee power, here to this place;
 Incite them to quick motion, for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say *Come, and go,*
 And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so;*
 Each one tripping on his toe;
 Will be here with mop and mow.
 Do you love me, master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*; do not approach
 'Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [Exit.

Pro. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
 Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
 To th' fire i' th' blood: be more abstemious,
 Or else good-night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin-snow upon my heart,
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariel*, bring a corolary,
Rather than want a spirit, appear, and pertly.
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [Soft music.]

S C E N E II

A M A S Q U E. Enter *Iris*.

Iris. *Ceres*, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease;
The turfy mountains, where live nibling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned, and tulip'd brims,
Which spongy *April* at thy best betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-
groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed batchelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marge steril, and rocky hard,
Where thou thy self do'st air; the Queen o'th' sky,
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her Sov'raign Grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place

[*Juno descends.*]

To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter *Ceres*.

Cer. Hail many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter*:

Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow do'st crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,

Rich

Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me heav'nly bow,
If *Venus* or her son, as thou do'st know,
Do now attend the Queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky *Dis*, my daughter, got;
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her son
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
'Till *Hymen's* torch be lighted; but in vain
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right-out.

Cer. High Queen of state,
Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her gate.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosp'rous be,
And honour'd in their issue. [They sing.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage blessing,
Long continuance and encreasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you,
Juno sings her blessings on you:
Earth's increase, and foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest:
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestick vision, and Harmonious charmingly : may I be bold To think these spirits ?

Pro. Spirits which by mine art I have from all their confines call'd, t'enact My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever ; So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife, Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence : *Juno* and *Ceres* whisper seriously ; There's something else to do ; hush, and be mute, Or else our spell is marr'd.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Iris. You nymphs call'd *Nayads* of the winding brooks, With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks, Leave your crisp channels, and on this green-land Answer your summons, *Juno* does command : Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of *August* weary, Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ; Make holy-day ; your rye-straw hats put on, And these fresh nymphs encounter every one In country footing.

S C E N E IV.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited ; they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow and confused noise, they vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foul conspiracy Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confed'rates, Against my life ; the minute of their plot

Is almost come. Well done, avoid; no more.

Fer. This is strange; your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never 'till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd; be chearful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended: ' these our actors,
' As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
' Are melted into air, into thin air;
' And like the baseless fabrick of their vision,
' The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
' The solemn temples, the great globe it self
' Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
' And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
' Leave not a rack behind! we are such stuff
' As dreams are made on, and our little life
' Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity;
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish you peace. [Exe.

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee, *Ariel*: come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit, we must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented *Ceres*
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which like unbackt colts they prickt their ears,

Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
 As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears,
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
 Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
 Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
 I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
 There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
 O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still;
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
 For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

[*Exit.*]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
 Humanly taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
 And, as with age, his body uglier grows,
 So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
 Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.

S C E N E V.

Enter Ariel loaden with glistering apparel, &c. *Enter*
 Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole
 may not
 Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your *Fairy*, which you say is a harm-
 less *Fairy*, has done little better than plaid the *Jack*
 with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which
 my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine: do you hear, monster? if I should
 take a displeasure against you; look you —

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
 Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
 Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore speak softly;
 All's hush as midnight yet.

Trin.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool.

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless *Fairy*, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet: see'st thou here, This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noise, and enter; Do that good mischief which may make this Island Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*, For ay thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*! O Peer! O worthy *Stephano*! Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, oh, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery, O, King *Stephano*.

Ste. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The drop'sie drown this fool; what do you mean To doat thus on such luggage? let's alone, And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now jerkin you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am King of this country: steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come put some line upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't; we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes,
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this
away where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you
out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape
of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and
Ariel setting them on.*

Pro. Hey Mountain, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury; there Tyrant, there; hark, hark;
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lye at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Prospero in his magick robes, and Ariel.

P R O S P E R O.



OW does my project gather to a head;
My charms crack not; my spirits obey,
and time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's
the Day?

Ari. On the sixth hour, at which time;
my lord, You

You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest; say, my spirit,
How fares the King and's followers?

Ari. Confin'd
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them, all your prisoners, Sir,
In the *Lime-Grove* which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge 'till your release. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd the good old lord *Gonzalo*.
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my self
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: go release them, *Ariel*;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Pro. ° Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
° groves,
° And ye that on the sands with printless foot
° Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
° When

‘ When he comes back ; you demy-puppets that
 ‘ By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make,
 ‘ Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you whose pastime
 ‘ Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 ‘ To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid
 ‘ Weak masters tho’ ye be) I have be-dimm’d
 ‘ The noon-tide sun, call’d forth the mutinous winds,
 ‘ And ’twixt the green sea and the azur’d vault
 ‘ Set roaring war ; to the dread rattling thunder
 ‘ Have I giv’n fire, and risted *Jove’s* stout oak
 ‘ With his own bolt : the strong-bas’d promontory
 ‘ Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
 ‘ The pine and cedar : graves at my command
 ‘ Have wak’d their sleepers ; op’d, and let ’em forth
 ‘ By my so potent art. But this rough magick
 I here abjure ; and when I have requir’d
 Some heav’nly musick, which ev’n now I do,
 (To work mine end upon their senses that
 This airy charm is for) I’ll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I’ll drown my book. [Solemn musick,

S C E N E III.

Here enters Ariel before ; then Alonso with a frantick gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm’d ; which Prospero observing, speaks :

A solemn air, and the best comforter,
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains
 Now useless, boil’d within thy skull ; There stand,
 For you are spell-stopt.——

Holy *Gonzals*, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, ev’n sociable to th’ shew of thine,
 Fall fellow-drops —— the charm dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steals upon the night ;

‘ Melting

' Melting the darknes, so their rising senses
 ' Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes that mantle
 ' Their clearer reason. O my good *Gonzalo*,
 My true preserver, and a loyal Sir
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
 Didst thou, *Alonso*, use me and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*. --- Flesh and blood,
 You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who with *Sebastian*
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
 Unnat'ral though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
 That now lyes foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me.—*Ariel*,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
 I will dis-case me, and my self present,
 As I was sometime *Milan*: quickly, Spirit;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.

*Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lye:
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After † summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*; I shall miss thee;
 But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.
 To the King's ship, invisible as thou art;
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,
 Being awake, enforce them to this place,

And

† probably, Sun-set.

And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here; some heav'nly power guide us
Out of this fearful country.

Pro. Lo, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Prospero*:
For more assurance that a living Prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Be'st thou he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle, to abuse me
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood, and since I saw thee
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear a madness held me; this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story:
Thy Dukedom I resign, and do intreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how should *Prospero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' th' Isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justifie you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

Pro. No!

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest faults; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce I know

Thou

Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest *Prospero*,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrackt upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I'm wo for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sov'reign aid,
And rest my self content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and insupportable;
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there; that they were, I wish
My self were mudded in that Oozy bed
Where my son lyes. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howsoe'er you have
Been jstled from your senses, know for certain
That I am *Prosp'ero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Milan*, who most strangely
Upon this shore where you were wrackt, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad; pray you look in;
My Dukedom since you've given me again,

I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

S C E N E IV.

*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda
playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about;
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But by immortal providence she's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice: nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father

This

This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers;
But oh how odly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness?

Pro. There, Sir, stop;
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you Gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crown:
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say *Amen, Gonzalo.*

Gon. Was *Milan* thrust from *Milan*, that his issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*! O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
In gold on lasting pillars! in one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand* her brother found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; *Prospero* his Dukedom,
In a poor Isle; and all of us, our selves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy.

Gon. Be't so, *Amen.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look Sir, look Sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'er-board, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our King and company; the next, our ship
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,

Is

Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead a-sleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where but ev'n now with strange and sev'ral noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship; our master
Capring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,
Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence; thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of; some oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly) single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; 'till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirit;
Set *Caliban* and his companions free:
Untie the spell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune; *Coragio*, bully-monster, *Coragio*.

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave spirits indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord *Antonio*!
Will mony buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true: this mis-shap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power:
These three have robb'd me, and this deny-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life; two of these fellows you
Must know and own, this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling-ripe; where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you
last, that I fear me will never out of my bones: I
shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not: I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

Pro

Pro. You'd be King o'th' isle, Sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing as e'er I look'd on;

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape: go, Sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomly.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away.

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as I not doubt shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship; and so to *Naples*,
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all,
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by *Prospero*.

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: and now 'tis true
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell:
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. For now I want
Spirits t' enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it self, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.





A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S

D R E A M.

VOL. I.

G

Dramatis Personæ.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

Egeus, *an Athenian Lord.*

Lysander, *in love with Hermia.*

Demetrius, *in love with Hermia.*

Quince, *the Carpenter.*

Snug, *the Joiner.*

Bottom, *the Weaver.*

Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*

Snowt, *the Tinker.*

Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolita, *Princess of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

Hermia, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*

Helena, *in love with Demetrius.*

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*

Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*

Puck, *or Robin-goodfellow, a Fairy.*

Peaseblossom,

Cobweb,

Moth,

Mustardseed,

} *Fairies,*

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE *Athens, and a Wood not far
from it.*



A Midsummer-Night's

D R E A M.

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

A T H E N S.

Enter Theseus and Hippolita, with attendants.

T H E S E U S.



NO W, fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but oh, methinks, how
flow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my de-
sires

Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

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

The. Go, *Philostrate*,
Stir up th' *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:

76 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Turn melancholly forth to funerals,
 The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 And won thy love, doing thee injuries :
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.

The. Thanks good *Egeus* ; what's the news with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter *Hermia*.

Stand forth Demetrius. My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth Lysander. And, my gracious Duke,
 This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child :

Thou, thou, *Lysander*, thou hast giv'n her rhimes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child :

Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,

And stol'n th' impression of her fantasie

With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats, (messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardn'd youth)

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious Duke,
 Be't so she will not here before your Grace

Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,

I beg the ancient privilege of *Athens*,

As she is mine, I may dispose of her :

Which shall be either to this gentleman,

Or to her death, according to our law,

Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, *Hermia* ? be advis'd, fair maid,
 To you your father should be as a God ;
 One that compos'd your beauties ; yea and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax
 By him imprinted ; and within his power

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

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The. In himself he is;

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

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

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me:
I know not by what pow'r I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

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

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

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

78 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

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

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

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

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

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd: my love is more than his:
My fortune's ev'ry way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius*:
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)

Made love to *Nedar's* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, doats
Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought t' have spoke thereof;
But being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair *Hermia*, look you arm your self
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.

Come my *Hippolita*; what cheer my love?

Demetrius and *Egeus* go along,

I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptials, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns your selves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you. [Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Manent Lyfander and Hermia.

Lys. How now, my love? why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

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

Lys. *Hermia*, for ought that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood ———

Her. O cross! too high, to be enthrall'd to love.

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years ———

Her. O spight! too old, to be engag'd to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of ^b friends ———

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

Lys. Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the † collied night,
That (in a spleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion.

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

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore hear me, *Hermia*:
I have a widow-aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child;
From *Athens* is her house remov'd seven leagues,
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp *Athenian* law

G 4

Can-

† Beteem, or pour down upon 'em. ^b merit.

† collied or black.

80 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*
To do observance * to the morn of *May*,
There will I stay for thee.

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

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

S C E N E III.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair *Helena*, whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay,
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: oh were favour so,
Your words I'd catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of *Demetrius's* heart?

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

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

Her.

* for *A*,

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

Hel. Oh that my pray'rs could such affection move!

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

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

Her. His Folly, *Helena*, is none of mine.

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

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face, *Lysander* and my self will fly this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradise to me.

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell?

Lys. *Helen*, to you our minds we will unfold;
To-morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers flights doth still conceal)
Through *Athens'* gate have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsels swell'd;
There my *Lysander* and my self shall meet,
And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and strange companions.
Farewel sweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee & thy *Demetrius*!
Keep word *Lysander*, we must starve our sight
From lover's food, 'till morrow deep midnight.

[Exit *Hermia*.]

Lys. I will, my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* e doat on you! [Exit *Lysander*.]

Hel. How happy some, o'er othersome can be!
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that; *Demetrius* thinks not so:
He will not know, what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doating on *Hermia's* eyes,
Sô I, admiring of his qualities,

G 5

Things &

& thine, *Demetrius*. e doats.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpore to form and dignity:
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
 And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind;
 Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
 Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste.
 And therefore is love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he often is beguil'd.
 As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
 For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia's* eyne,
 He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from *Hermia* felt,
 So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair *Hermia's* flight:
 Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither, and back again. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

Quin. IS all our company here?

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

Quin. Here is the scrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our enterlude before the Duke and Dutches, on his wedding-day at night.

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

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

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

actors by the scrowl. Masters spread your selves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the weaver.

Bot. Ready : name what part I am for, and proceed.

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

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

Quin. A lover that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in. To make all split the raging rocks, and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison-gates--and *Phibbus* carr shall shine from far, and make and mar the foolish fates— This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is *Ercles* vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You must take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wand'ring Knight?

Quin. It is the lady that *Pyramus* must love.

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

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

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

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

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. *Robin Starvelin* the taylor.

Star. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. *Robin Starvelin*, you must play *Thisby's* mother, *Tom Snowt* the tinker.

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin.

84 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Quin. You *Pyramus's* father; my self, *Thisby's* father; *Snug* the joiner, you the lion's part; I hope there is a play fitted

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

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

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

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchess and the ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

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

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

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

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

Quin. Why what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your *French-crown-colour'd* beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your *French-crowns* have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there we will rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not,

Bot.

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

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bowstrings. [Exeunt.]



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

The Wood.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck or Robin-goodfellow at another.

P U C K.



O W now spirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I ferye the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, Fairy favours:
In those freckles live their favours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewel thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to-night,
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stol'n from an *Indian* King:
She never had so sweet a changeling;

And

And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
 But she per-force with-holds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flow'rs, and makes him all her joy.
 And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
 But they do † square, that all their elves for fear
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Or I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
 Call'd *Robin-goodfellow* Are you not he,
 That fright the maidens of the villagere,
 Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
 And bootless make the breathless hufwife churn;
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barme,
 Mis-lead night-wand'ers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that *Hobgoblin* call you, and sweet *Puck*,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
 Are not you he?

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

Fai. And here my mistress: would that he were gone.

SCENE

† i. e. *quarrel* or *jar*. † *crab apple*.

S C E N E II.

Enter Oberon King of Fairies at one door with his train, and the Queen at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud *Titania*.

Queen. What, jealous *Oberon*? fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry rash wanton, am not I thy lord?

Queen. Then I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou wast stoll'n away from fairy land,

And in the shape of *Corin* fate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love

To am'rous *Phyllida*. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of *India*?

But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior *Love*,

To *Theseus* must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How can'st thou thus for shame, *Titania*,
Glance at my credit with *Hippolita*,

Knowing I know thy love to *Theseus*?

Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From a *Perigune*, whom he ravished,

And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy:

And never since the middle summer's spring

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,

By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,

Or on the beached margent of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,

But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport:

Therefore the winds piping to us in vain,

As in revenge have suck'd up from the sea

Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,

Have every pelting river made so proud,

That they have over-boru their continents.

The

* *Perigenia*. Vid. *Plut. vit. Thesei*.

The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yolk in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard,
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
 The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud,
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
 For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
 The human mortals want their winter here,
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air;
 That rheumatick diseases do abound.
 And thorough this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old *Hyem's* chin and icy crown
 An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is as in mockery set. The spring, the summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world
 By their increase now knows not which is which;
 And this same progeny of evil comes
 From our debate, from our dissention,
 We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you.
 Why should *Titania* cross her *Oberon*?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my † henchman,

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votress of my order,
 And in the spiced *Indian* air by night
 Full often she hath gossipt by my side;
 And sat with me on *Neptune's* yellow sands,
 Marking th' embarked traders of the flood,
 When we have laught to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
 Which she with pretty and with swimming gait
 Following

† Or Usher,

Following (her womb then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage rich with merchandize.
But she being mortal, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

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

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

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom. *Elves away:*
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. [*Exeunt.*]

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this
grove,

'Till I torment thee for this injury——

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

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, but thou could'st not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took

At a fair † Vestal, throned by the west,

And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;

But I might see young *Cupid's* fiery shaft

Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,

And the Imperial Votress pass'd on,

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell,

It fell upon a little western flower;

Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,

And

† *A compliment to Queen Elizabeth.*

90 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

And maidens call it, love in idleness.
 Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I shew'd thee once;
 The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly doat
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
 Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league.

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

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

S C E N E III.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is *Lysander*, and fair *Hermia*?
 The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
 Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood;
 And here am I, and † wood within this wood,
 Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
 Hence get thee gone, and follow me no more.

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

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
 Or rather do I not in plainest truth
 Tell you I do not and I cannot love you?

Hel.

† wood, or mad, wild, raving.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 91

Hel. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more;
I am your spaniel, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

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

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

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

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin, the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tyger. Bootless speed!
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or if you follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town and field
You do me mischief. Fie, *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
 We shou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo,
 I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell,
 To die upon the hand I love so well. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he doth leave this
 grove
 Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.
 Hast thou the flow'r there? welcome, wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me;
 I know a bank whereon the wild time blows,
 Where oxslip and the nodding violet grows,
 O'er-cannopy'd with luscious woodbine,
 With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine.
 There sleeps *Titania*, some time of the night,
 Lull'd in these flow'rs, with dances and delight;
 And there the snake throws her enamell'd skins,
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
 A sweet *Athenian* lady is in love
 With a disdainful youth; anoint his eyes,
 But do it when the next thing he espies
 May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man,
 By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care, that he may prove
 More fond of her, than she upon her love;
 And look you meet me ere the first cock crow:

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

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Enter Queen of fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a *Fairy* song:
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats: and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our queint spirits. Sing me now asleep,
Then to your Offices, and let me rest.

Fairies sing.

*You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen,
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy Queen.
Philomel with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby,
Lulla; lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh,
So good night with lullaby.*

2 Fairy.

*Weaving spiders come not here;
Hence you long-leg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black approach not near,
Worm nor sail do no offence.
Philomel with melody, &c.*

1 Fairy.

*Hence away; now all is well:
One aloof stand Centinel.* [Exeunt Fairies:]

Enter

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou see'st when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take,
Love and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye what shall appear,
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit Oberon.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandring in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be't so, *Lysander*; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

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

Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

Lys. O take the sense, sweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning in love's conference;
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath,
So then two bosoms, and a single troth:
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* ly'd.
But gentle friend, for love and curtesie
Lye further off in human modesty;

Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid;
So far be distant, and good night sweet friend,
Thy love ne'er alter 'till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen to that fair prayer, say I,
And then end life when I end loyalty:

Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest.

Her. With half that wish, the wisher's eyes be prest!
[*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,

But *Athenian* find I none,

On whose eyes I might approve

This flower's force in stirring love:

Night and silence! who is here?

Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear;

This is he, my master said,

Despised the *Athenian* maid?

And here the maiden sleeping found

On the dank and dirty ground.

Pretty soul! she durst not lie

Near to this lack-love, this kill curtesie,

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw

All the pow'r this charm doth owe:

When thou wak'st, let love forbid

Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid:

So awake when I am gone,

For I must now to *Oberon*.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius*!

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

Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

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

[*Exit Demetrius.*]

Hel.

96. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Hel. O I am out of breath in this fond chace,
 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
 Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoe'er she lyes;
 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright? not with salt tears;
 If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers:
 No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
 For beasts that meet me run away for fear.
 Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*
 Do (as a monster) fly my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glâs of mine,
 Made me compare with *Hermia's* spherie eyne?
 But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground:
 Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:
Lysander, if you live, good Sir awake.

Lys. And run thro' fire I will for thy sweet sake.

[*Waking.*

Transparent *Helen*, nature here shews art,
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
 Where is *Demetrius*? Oh how fit a word
 Is that vile name, to perish on my sword?

Hel. Do not say so, *Lysander*, say not so;
 What tho' he love your *Hermia*? lord, what tho'?
 Yet *Hermia* still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? no: I do repent
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent;
 Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?
 The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
 And reason says you are the worthier maid.
 Things growing are not ripe until their season;
 So I being young 'till now not ripe to reason,
 And touching now the point of human skill,
 Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
 And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
 Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
 When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
 Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
 That I did never, no nor never can

Deserve

Deserve a sweet look from *Demetrius'* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong, good sooth you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo:

But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness:
Oh, that a lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [Exit.

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*; *Hermia* sleep thou there,
And never may'st thou come *Lysander* near;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to a stomach brings;
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit and my heresie,
Of all be hated, but the most of me;
And all my pow'rs address your love and might
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. [Exit.

Her. Help me, *Lysander*, help me, do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast:
Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here?

Lysander look how do I quake with fear;
Me-thought a serpent eat my heart away,
And ^d you fate smiling at his cruel prey:
Lysander! what remov'd? *Lysander*, lord!

What out of hearing, gone? no sound, no word?
Alack where are you? speak, and if you hear,
Speak of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
No, then I well perceive you are not nigh,
Or death or you I'll find immediately. [Exit.

^d yet.





ACT III. SCENE I.

The Wood.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout and Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

B O T T O M.



ARE we all met?

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

Bot. Peter Quince.

Quin. What say'st thou bully Bottom?

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

Snout. By'raken, a parlous fear!

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

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

Quin.

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

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

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

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

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

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

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

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by moon-light.

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

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

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

Quin. Ay, or else one must come in with a busk of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moon-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisby* (says the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.

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

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

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

S C E N E II.

Enter Puck.

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

Quin. Speak *Pyramus*; *Thisby* stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby*, the flower of odious favour's sweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. Odours favours sweet,

So doth thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* dear:
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit Pyr.*

Puck. A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here! [*Aside.*

This. Must I speak now?

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

This. Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,
Most brisky *Juvenile*, and eke most lovely *Jew*,

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

Quin.

Quin. *Ninus* tomb, man; why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to *Pyramus*; you speak all your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus* enter, your cue is past; it is *never tire*.

Enter Pyramus.

Thisb. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quin O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted; pray masters, fly masters, help. [*The Clowns exeunt.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
bryer;

Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Enter Bottom with an Ass's head.

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

Enter Snowt.

Snowt. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

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

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

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

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flowry bed?
[Sings waking.]

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

For indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a
 bird? who would give a bird the lye, tho' he cry
 cuckow never so?

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

Bot. Methinks mistress you should have little rea-
 son for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and
 love keep little company together now-a-days. The
 more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not
 make them friends. Nay, I can † glee upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

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

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

† joke, or scoff.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed,
and four Fairies.*

1 *Fair.* Ready.

2 *Fair.* And I.

3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I, where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.

Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes,

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries,

The honey bags steal from the humble bees,

And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed, and to arise:

And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,

To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes,

Nod to him elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fair.* Hail mortal, hail.

2 *Fair.* Hail.

3 *Fair.* Hail.

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

Cob. Cobweb.

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

Pease. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you commend me to mistress *Squash*
your mother, and to master *Peasecod* your father.
Good master *Peaseblossom*, I shall desire of you more
acquaintance too. Your name I beseech you, Sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good master *Mustardseed*, I know your pa-
tience well: that same cowardly giant-like Ox-beef
hath devour'd many a gentleman of your house. I
promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water

ere now, I desire more of your acquaintance, good master *Mustardseed*.

Queen. Come wait upon him, lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye,
And when she weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter King of Fairies solus.

Ob. I Wonder if *Titania* be awak'd:
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must doat on in extremity?

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger! how now mad sprite,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals
That work for bread upon *Athenian* stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great *Theseus'* nuptial day.
The shallow'st thick skin of that barren sort
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Ass's nose I fixed on his head;
Anon his *Thisby* must be answered,
And forth my minnock comes: When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or ruffet-pated coughs many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky;
So at his sight away his fellows fly,

And

And at our stamp here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch,
Some sleeves, some hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straitway lov'd an ass.

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

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

S C E N E V.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

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

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

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast giv'n me cause to curse:
If thou hast slain *Lysander* in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping *Hermia*? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him,
So should a murderer look, so dread, so grim.

H 5

Dem.

106. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Dem. So should the ^amurther'd look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you the murtherer look as bright and clear
As yonder *Venus* in her glimm'ring sphere.

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

Dem. I'd rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out cur! thou driv'st me past the
bounds

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

O! once tell true, and even for my sake,
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder do so much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood;
I am not guilty of *Lysander's* blood,
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

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

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

Her. A privilege never to see me more;
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he's dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Here therefore for a while I will remain:
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his Tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*

S C E N E VI.

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid thy love-juice on some true love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that one man holding troth
A million fail, confounding oath on oath;

Ob.

^a the murtherer.

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens* see thou find.

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear;
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

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

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

Enter Puck.

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

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

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

SCENE VII.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look when I vow, I weep, and vows so born
In their nativity all truth appears:

How can these things in me seem scorn to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray!

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

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision: none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind *Demetrius*; be not so,
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know.

And

And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia's* love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

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

Lys. It is not so.

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

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes.
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander*, found,
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

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

Her. What love could press *Lysander* from my side?

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

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

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confed'racy;
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?

' Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 ' The sisters vows, the hours that we have spent,
 ' When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 ' For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
 ' All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?
 ' We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,
 ' Created with our needles both one flower,
 ' Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
 ' Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 ' As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
 ' Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
 ' Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 ' But yet an union in partition;
 Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
 Two of the first life, coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rend our ancient love afunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
 Our sex as well as I may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

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

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander* as in scorn
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lysander*
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this;

Hel. Ay do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,

Make

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

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

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat,
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak praise.

Helen, I love thee, by my life I do;

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,

To prove him false that says I love thee not.

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

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

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiops*.

Dem. No no, he'll seem

To break away, take on as he would follow,

But yet come not; you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou burr; vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?
Sweet love!

Lys. Thy love? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; hated poison, hence.

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

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

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

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am

112 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Am not I *Hermia*? are not you *Lysander*?
I am as fair now as I was ere-while.
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid!)
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay by my life,
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee and love *Helena*.

Her. O me, you jugler, oh you canker-blossom,
You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And stoll'n my love's heart from him?

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

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

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

Her. Lower! hark again.

Hel. Good *Hermia* do not be so bitter with me,
I evermore did love you *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you,
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,

I told him of your stealth into the wood:
He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone; who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she will not harm thee, *Helena*;

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

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

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

Lys. Get you gone you dwarf,
You *Minimus*, of hind'ring knot-grass made,
You bead, you acorn.

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

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

Dem. Follow? nay I'll go with thee cheek by jowl!

[*Exe. Lysander and Demetrius.*]

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

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

Her.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exeunt.*]

S. C E N E IX.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

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

Ob. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcast the night,
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as *Acheron*,
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lysander* sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;
Then crush this herb into *Lysander's* eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its might,
And make his eye-balls rowl with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to *Athens* shall the lovers wend
With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee imploy,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck.

Edit. prim.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 115

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora's* harbinger;
At whose approach ghosts wandring here and there
Troop home to church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully exile themselves from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

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

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

Enter Lysander.

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

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

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lysander,* speak again;
Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in some bush: where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

begging.

And

And wilt not come? come recreant, come thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod, he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

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

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly; [*Shifting places.*
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day:

[*Lyes down.*
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this spight.

Enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st: for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come thou hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy
this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see.
Now go thy way: faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lyes down.*

S C E N E X.

Enter Helena.

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

And

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 117

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

Puck. Yet but three? come one more,
Two of both kinds make up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad:

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,

Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires:
Here will I rest me 'till the break of day.

Heav'n's shield *Lysander*, if they mean a fray. [*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground, sleep sound,
I'll apply, to your eye, gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*

When thou wak'st, thou tak'st

True delight, in the sight, of thy former lady's eye,
And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown.

Jack shall have *Fill*, naught shall go ill,

The man shall have his mare again, and all be well.

[*Exit Puck.* [*They sleep.*



A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Wood.

*Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending,
and the King behind them.*

QUEEN.



COME, sit thee down upon this flow'r'y
bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk roses in thy sleek-
smooth'd head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle
joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaseblossom*?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, *Peaseblossom*. Where's mon-
sieur *Cobweb*?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur *Cobweb*, good monsieur get your
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-
bee on the top of a thistle, and good monsieur bring
me the honey-bag. Do not fret your self too much
in the action, monsieur; and good monsieur have a
care the honey-bag break not; I should be loth to
have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's
monsieur *Mustardseed*?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy † neafe, monsieur *Mustardseed*;
pray you leave your curtesie, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot.

† neafe (yorkshire) for fist.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 119

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help *Cavallero Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender ass, if my hair doth but tickle me I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick, let us have the tongs and the bones.

Musick. Tongs, rural musick.

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

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

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that shall seek the squirrels hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

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

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms; Fairies be gone, and be always away:

So doth the woodbine the sweet hony-suckle

Gently entwist; the female ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin; Seest thou this sweet fight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity;

For meeting her of late behind the wood,

Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;

For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers,

And that same dew which sometime on the buds

120 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
 Stood now within the pretty flourish's eyes,
 Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
 And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child,
 Which strait she gave me, and her Fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in Fairy land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes :
 And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this *Athenian* swain ;
 That he awaking when the others do,
 May all to *Athens* back again repair,
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the Fairy Queen,

*Be as thou wast wont to be ;
 See as thou wast wont to see :
 Dian's bud, or Cupid's flower,
 Hath such force and blessed power.*

Now my *Titania*, wake you my sweet Queen.

Queen. My *Oberon* ! what visions have I seen !
 Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass ?
 Oh how mine eyes do loath this visage now !

Ob. Silence a while ; *Robin* take off his head,
Titania, musick call, and strike more dead
 Than common sleep. Of all these fine the sense.

Queen. Musick, ho musick ; such as charmeth sleep.

Musick still.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's
 eyes peep.

Ob. Sound musick ; come my Queen, take hand
 with me,
 And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now

Now thou and I are new in amity ;
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke *Theseus*' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity :
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded with *Theseus* all in jollity.

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

Ob. Then my Queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade ;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found, [*Sleepers lye still.*
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Wind horns.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and all his train.

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

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creet* they bay'd the bear
With hounds of *Sparta* ; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung

122 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like *Thessalian* bulls,
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never hollow'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
 In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly* :
 Judge when you hear. But soft, what nymphs are these ?

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

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

Ege. It is, my lord.

Thes. Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and they wake. Shout within, they all start up.

Thes. Good morrow friends ; Saint *Valentine* is past :
 Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

Thes. I pray you all stand up :
 I know you two are rival enemies.
 How comes this gentle concord in the world,
 That hatred is so far from jealousy,
 To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
 Half sleep, half waking. But as yet I swear
 I cannot truly say how I came here :
 But as I think, (for truly would I speak,)
 And now I do methink me, so it is ;
 I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
 Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
 Without the peril of th' *Athenian* law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord, you have enough ;
 I beg the law, the law upon his head :

They would have stoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
 Thereby

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

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

Thes. Fair lovers you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.

Egeus, I will over-bear your will,
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit;
And for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to *Athens*, three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come *Hippolita*. [Exe. Duke and lords.]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks;
And I have found *Demetrius* like a jewel;
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me.
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think

I z

The

† Gawde, or Bawble.

124 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lys. And he bid us to follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; let's follow him,
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*
[*Bottom wakes.*

S C E N E III.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, Most fair *Pyramus*—— hey ho, *Peter Quince!* Flute the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! *Starveling!* god's my life! stol'n hence, and left me asleep. I have had a most rare vision. I had a dream past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had. But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be call'd *Bottom's Dream*, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play before the Duke: peradventure to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

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

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

Flute. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

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

Flute.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 125

Flute. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

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

Flute. You must say, paragon; a paramour is (God bless us) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug.

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

Flute. O sweet bully *Bottom*; thus hath he lost six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scap'd six-pence a-day; an the Duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: he would have deserv'd it. Six-pence a-day in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. *Bottom*! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me; all I will tell you is that the Duke hath died. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps, meet presently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred: in any case let *Thisby* have clean linnen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws; and, most dear actors! eat no onions nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away, go away.

[*Exeunt.*
A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, and his Lords.

HIPPOLITA.



IS strange, my *Theseus*, what these lovers speak of.

Thef. More strange than true. I never
may believe

These antick fables, nor these Fairy toys;
Lovers and madmen have such seething
brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend more
Than cooler reason ever comprehends.

The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,

Are of imagination all compact:

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;

The madman. While the lover, all as frantick,

Sees *Helen's* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rowling,

Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;

And as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That if he would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy:

Or in the night imagining some fear,

How easie is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together,

More witnesseth than fancy's images,

And grows to something of great constancy;

But howsoever strange and admirable.

Exit

Enter Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia *and* Helena.

Thes. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts.

Lys. More than to us,
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

Thes. Come now, what masks, what dances shall
we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? is there no play

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call *Philostrate*.

Enter Philostrate.

Philost. Here, mighty *Theseus*.

Thes. Say, what abridgment have you for this
evening?

What mask? what musick? how shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief how many sports are rife:
Make choice of which your Highness will see first.

Lys. The battel with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an *Athenian* eunuch to the harp.

Thes. We'll none of that. That have I told my
love,

In glory of my kinsman *Hercules*.

Lys. The riot of the tipsie *Bacchanals*,
Tearing the *Thracian* singer in their rage.

Thes. That is an old device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came last a conqueror.

Lys. The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.

Thes. That is some satyr keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

Lys. A tedious brief scene of young *Pyramus*,

128 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

And his love *Thisbe*; very tragical mirth.

Thes. Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words
long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is:

For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himself.

Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

Thes. What are they that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play against your nuptials.

Thes. And we will hear it.

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

Thes. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go bring them in, and take your places, ladies.

[Exit Phil.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

Thes. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

Thes. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

To

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of sawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philomon.

Phil. So please your Grace, the prologue is addrest.
Thes. Let him approach. [Flour. Trum,

S C E N E II.

Enter Quince for the prologue.

Pro. If we offend it is with our good will.
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is all for your delight,

We are not here that you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thes. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt;
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord. It
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like a
child on the recorder; a sound, but not in govern-
ment.

Thef. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is the next?

Enter Pyramus, and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, 'till truth make all things plain.

This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know; ■

This beauteous lady, *Thisby* is certain.

This man with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, the vile wall, which did these lovers sunder:

And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.

This man with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth *Moon-shine*: For, if you will know,

By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at *Ninus* tomb, there, there to woo.

This grizly beast, which *Lion* hight by name,

The trusty *Thisby*, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright:

And as she fled, her mantle she let fall;

Which *Lion* vile with bloody mouth did stain.

Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty *Thisby's* mantle stain;

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.

And *Thisby*, tarrying in the mulberry shade,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest

Let *Lion*, *Moon-shine*, *Wall*, and lovers twain,

At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*]

Thef. I wonder if the *Lion* be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one *Lion* may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall,

That I, one *Flate* by name, present a *Wall*:

And such a wall, as I would have you think,

That had in it a crannied hole or chink;

Through

Through which the lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisby*,
Did whisper often very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same wall; the truth is so.

And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

Thes. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard
discourse, my lord.

Thes. *Pyramus* draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!

O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

I fear my *Thisby's* promise is forgot.

And thou, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

That stands between her father's ground and mine,
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
Thanks, courteous wall; *Jove* shield thee well for this.

But what see I? no *Thisby* do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no blifs,

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me.

Thes. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

Pyr. No in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving*
me, is *Thisby's* cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy
her through the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as
I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the chink,

To spy an I can hear my *Thisby's* face.

Thisby!

This.

132 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

This. My love thou art, my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace.
And like *Limandea* am I trusty still.

This. And I like *Helen*, 'till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

This. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny's* tomb meet me straightway?

This. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall* my part discharged so:
And being done, thus *Wall* a way doth go. [Exit.

Thef. Now is the † Mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

Thef. The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Thef. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moon-shine.

Lion. You ladies, you whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When *Lion* rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one *Sung* the joiner, am
No *Lion* fell, nor else no *Lion's* dam:
For if I should as *Lion* come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

Thef. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

† Now is the † Moral down between the two neighbours.

— Now is the Moon used.

Old Edit.

Another Edit.

Lys. This Lion is a very fox his valour.

Thes. True, and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

Thes. His discretion I am sure cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present.

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

Thes. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present: My self the man i' th' moon doth seem to be.

Thes. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the lanthorn: how is it else the man i' th' moon?

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

Hip. I am weary of this moon; would he would change.

Thes. It appears by this small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet in courtesie, in all reason we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, *Moon*.

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But silence; here comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

This. This is old *Ninny's* tomb; where is my love?

Lion. Oh. [*The Lion roars, Thisby runs off.*]

Dem. Well roar'd *Lion*.

Thes. Well run *Thisby*.

Hip. Well shone *Moon*.

Truly the *Moon* shines with a good grace.

Thes. Well mouth'd *Lion*.

Dem.

134 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Dem. And then came *Pyramus*.

Lys. And so the Lion vanish'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisby's* sight.

But stay : O spight!

But mark, poor Knight,

What dreadful dole is here ?

Eyes do you see!

How can it be!

O dainty duck! O deer!

Thy mantle good;

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach you furies fell:

O fates! come, come:

Cut thread and thrum,

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

Thej. This passion and the death of a dear friend,
Would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, nature, didst thou Lions frame?

Since Lion vile hath here defour'd my dear:

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

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
cheer.

Come tears, confound: out sword, and wound

The pap of *Pyramus*.

Ay, that left pap, where heart doth hop:

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soul is in the sky,

Tongue lose thy light, moon take thy flight,

Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is
nothing.

Thej.

Thes. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an afs.

Hip. How chance the *Moon-shine* is gone, before *Thisby* comes back and finds her lover?

Enter Thisby.

Thes. She will find him by star-light.
Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a *Pyramus*: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the ballance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisby* is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she means, *videlicet*.

This. Asleep, my love?

What dead, my dove?

O *Pyramus* arise:

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? a tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lilly lips, this cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks

Are gone, are gone:

Lovers make moan,

His eyes were green as leeks.

O sisters three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shorn

With sheers this thread of silk.

Tongue not a word:

Come trusty sword;

Come blade, my breast imbrue:

And farewell friends,

Thus *Thisby* ends;

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Thes. *Moon-shine* and *Lion* are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Bot.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a bergomask dance, between two of our company?

Thes. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himself in *Thisby's* garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your bergomask; let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of clowns.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers, to bed, 'tis almost *Fairy* time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have over-watch'd.

This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revel and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Puck.

Puck. **N**OW the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf beholds the moon:

Whilst the heavy ploughman snoars,

All with weary task fore-done.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,

Puts the wretch that lyes in woe

In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,

That the graves, all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his spright,

In the church-way paths to glide;

And

And we *Fairies*, that do run
By the triple *Hecate's* team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house.
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their train.

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

Queen. First rehearse this song by roat,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing and bless this place.

The S O N G.

Now until the break of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray:
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate;
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate,

And

138 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

*And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace.
Ever shall it safely rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.*

Puck. If we, shadows, have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended;
That you have but slumbred here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honest *Puck*,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the *Puck* a liar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* shall restore amends. [Exeunt omnes.]



THE



THE TWO
GENTLEMEN

OF

VERONA.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Milan, *Father to Silvia.*

Valentine, }
Protheus, } *the two Gentlemen.*

Anthonio, *Father to Protheus.*

Thurio, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*

Eglamore, *Agent for Silvia in her Escape.*

Host, *where Julia lodges.*

Out-laws *with Valentine.*

Speed, *a clownish Servant to Valentine*

Launce, *the like to Protheus.*

Panthion, *Servant to Anthonio.*

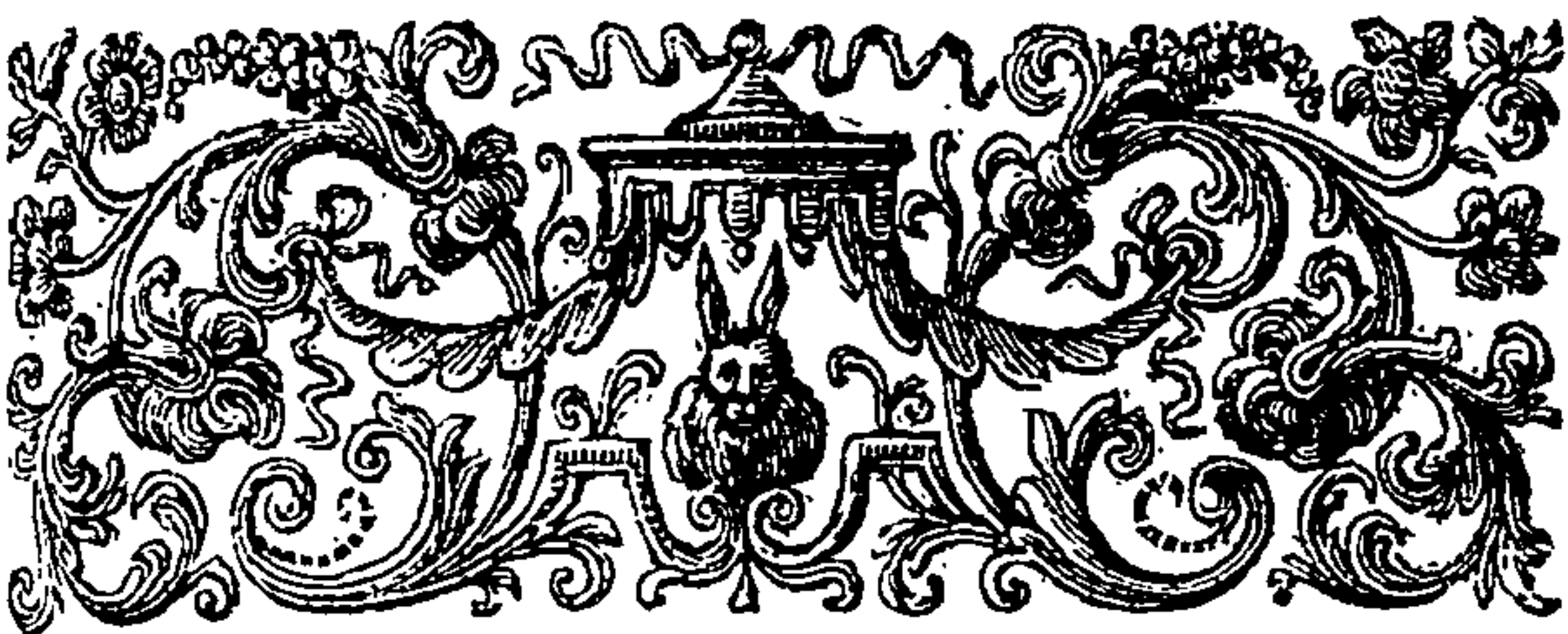
Julia, *beloved of Protheus.*

Silvia, *beloved of Valentine.*

Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

*The SCENE sometimes in Verona, and
sometimes in Milan.*

T H E




†THE
TWO GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.
VERONA.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

VALENTINE.

EASE to persuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely
wits;
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd
love,
I rather would intreat thy company,

To

† It is observable (I know not from what cause) that the Style of this Comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected than the greater Part of this Author's, though suppos'd to be one of the first he wrote.

142 *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Ev'n as I would when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? sweet *Valentine*, adieu;
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayer;
For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee. *

Val. To be in love where scorn is bought with groans,
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading mo-
ment's mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps an hapless gain:
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So by your circumstance you call me fool.

Val. So by your circumstance I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master; for he masters you.
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

* *Pro.*

* ——— I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young *Leander* cross'd the *Hellepont*.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the *Hellepont*.

Pro. Over the boots? nay give me not the boots.

Val. No I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, &c.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells; so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: now let us take our leave.
At *Milan* let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love; and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend:
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in *Milan*.

Val. As much to you at home; and so farewell. [*Exit.*]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignifie them more;
I leave my self, my friends, and all for love.
Thou *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak; heart sick with thought.

† † † S C E N E II.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir *Protheus*, save you; saw you my master?

Pro.

† This whole Scene, like many others in these Plays, (some of which I believe were written by Shakespear, and others interpolated by the Players) is compos'd of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the gross taste of the age he liv'd in; *Populo ut placerent.* I wish I had authority to leave them out, but I have done all I could, set a mark of reprobation upon them; throughout this edition. † † †

144 *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Pro. But now he parted hence t' embark for *Milan*,

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether
I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove ~~it~~ by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the
sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my
master seeks not me; therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd,
the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for
wages followest thy master, thy master for wages
follows not thee; therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Baa*.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to
Julia?

Speed. Ay, Sir; I, a lost-mutton, gave your letter
to her, a lac'd-mutton; and she, a lac'd-mutton, gave
me, a lost-mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of
muttons.

Speed. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were best
stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound
you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, less than a pound shall serve me
for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed.

Speed. She nodded and said, I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, Sir, I said she did nod:
And you ask me if she did nod, and I said ay.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly,
Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief; what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the mony and the matter may be both deliver'd.

Pro. Well Sir, here is for your pains; what said she?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter.
And being so hard to me that brought your mind,
I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind.
Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as take this for thy pains:
To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you have testified me:

In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter your self; and so, Sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

I must go send some better messenger:

I fear my *Julia* would not deign my lines,

Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to JULIA's chamber.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. BUT say, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, Madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That ev'ry day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll shew my
mind,

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir *Eglamour*?

Luc. As of a Knight well spoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio*!

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus a lovely gentleman.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus* as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest I think best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. The fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul.

Jul. They do not love that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To *Julia*; say from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir *Valentine's* page; and sent, I think, from
Protheus.

He would have giv'n it you, but I being by
Did in your name receive it; pardon me.

Jul. Now by my modesty a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There take the paper; see it be return'd,

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [Exit.]

Jul. And yet I would I had o'er-look'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What fool is she that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since maids in modesty say no to that

Which they would have the proff'rer construe ay,

Fie, fie; how way-ward is this foolish love,

That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,

And presently all humbled kifs the rod?

How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly I would have had her here?

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile?

My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,

And ask remission for my folly past.

What ho! *Lucetta*!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were,

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you
Took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lye for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme:

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune;
Give me a note; your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible;
Best sing it to the tune of *Light O love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burthen then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:

How now minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like the tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam, 'tis too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too sawcy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed I bid the base for *Protheus*.

Jul.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears it.*

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best
pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

Oh hateful hands to tear such loving words;
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends:

Look, here is writ *kind Julia*; unkind *Julia*!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*.

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee 'till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sov'rain kiss.

But twice or thrice was *Protheus* written down:

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
'Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name: That some whirl-wind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea.

Lo here in one line is his name twice writ:

Poor forlorn Protheus, passionate Protheus,

To the sweet Julia: that I'll tear away;

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names:

Thus will I fold them one upon another;

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lye like tell-tales here?

Jul. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

150 *The Two Gentlemen of Verona?*

Luc. Nay I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.

Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay madam, you may say what sights you see:
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Anthonio and Panthion.

Ant. TELL me, *Panthion*, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the
cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars to try their fortune there;
Some to discover Islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus* your son was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, nor tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time;
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think your lordship is not ignorant,

How

How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him
thither;

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd;
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Ev'n with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the Emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go.
And in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents.
Oh heav'nly *Julia*!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,

152 *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish :
 Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed ;
 For what I will, I will ; and there's an end.
 I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
 With *Valentino* in the Emp'ror's court :
 What maintenance he from his friends receives,
 Like exhibition thou shalt have from me :
 To-morrow be in readines to go.
 Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided ;
 Please to deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee :
 No more of stay ; to-morrow thou must go.
 Come on *Panthion* ; you shall be employ'd
 To hasten on his expedition. [*Exe. Ant. and Pant.*]

Pro. Thus have I shun'd the fire for fear of burning,
 And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd :
 I fear'd to shew my father *Julia's* letter,
 Left he should take exceptions to my love ;
 And with the vantage of mine own excuse
 Hath he excepted most against my love.
 Oh how this spring of love resembleth well
 Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day,
 Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you ;
 He is in haste, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is ! my heart accords thereto,
 And yet a thousand times it answers no. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE changes to Milan.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

SPEED.

SIR, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours,
for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me,
it's mine:

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now Sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why Sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship, Sir, or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go too Sir; tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song like a *Robin-red-breast*, to walk alone like one that had the pestilence, to sigh like a school-boy that had lost his *A B C*, to weep like a young wench that had lost her grandam, to fast like one that takes diet; to watch like one that fears robbing, to speak puling like a beggar at *Hallowmass*. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to

154 *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of mony: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that when I look on you I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were so simple, none else would: But you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady *Silvia*?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? ev'n she I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite,
But her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry Sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her,

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going un-garter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: For he being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love: for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were fet, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! oh exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good-ev'n; here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine* and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,

Unto

156 *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Unto the secret, nameless friend of yours ;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant, 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, Madam, it came hardly off :
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains :

Val. No, Madam, so it steed you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet——

Sil. A pretty period ; well, I guess the sequel ;
And yet I will not name it, yet I care not,
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you ;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will ; and yet, another yet. [*Aside.*]

Val. What means your ladyship ? do you not like it ?

Sil. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ ;
But since unwillingly, take them again ;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay ; you writ them, Sir, at my request ;
But I will none of them ; they are for you :
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over ;
And if it please you, so ; if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, Madam, what then ?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour ;
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit.*]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, as a nose
on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple !
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor :
O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better ?
That my master being the scribe, to himself should write
the letter ?

Val. How now, Sir ? what are you reasoning with
your self ?

Speed.

Speed. Nay, I was riming ; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what ?

Speed. To be a spokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom ?

Speed. To your-self ; why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure ?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me ?

Speed. What need she,

When she hath made you write to your self ?

Why, do you not perceive the jest ?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, Sir : but did you perceive her earnest ?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you 'tis as well :

For often have you writ to her, and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply ;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind
discover,

Her self hath taught her love himself to write unto her
lover.

All this I speak in print ; for in print I found it.

Why muse you, Sir ? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken Sir ; tho' the *Cameleon* love
can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by
my victuals ; and would fain have meat : oh be not
like your mistress ; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*]



S C E N E

S C E N E II.

*Changes to Verona.**Enter Protheus and Julia.**Pro.* H A V E patience, gentle *Julia*.*Jul.* I must where is no remedy.*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia's* sake.[*Giving a ring.*]*Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange; here, take
you this.*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy:
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, *Julia* for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not:
The tide is now; nay not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should: [*Exit Julia.*]
Julia, farewell. What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.*Enter Panthion.**Pan.* Sir *Protheus*, you are staid for.*Pro.* Go; I come.Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Launce, with his dog Crab.**Laun.* Nay 'twill be this hour ere I have done
weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very
fault:

' fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the pro-
' digious son, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the
' Imperial's court. I think *Crab* my dog be the sowrest-
' natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my fa-
' ther wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our
' cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great
' perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one
' tear! he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no
' more pity in him than a dog: a *Jew* would have
' wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam
' having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at
' my parting. Nay I'll show you the manner of
' it: this shoe is my father; no this left shoe is my
' father; no no, this left shoe is my mother; nay,
' that cannot be so neither; yes it is so, it is so; it
' hath the worser sole; this shoe with the hole in it is
' my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't,
' there 'tis: now Sir, this staff is my sister; for look
' you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand;
' this hat is *Nan* our maid; I am the dog; no, the dog
' is himself, and I am the dog: oh, the dog is me, and
' I am myself; ay, so so; now come I to my father;
' father, your blessing; now should not the shoe speak
' a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father;
' well he weeps on: now come I to my mother; oh
' that she could speak now like a would woman! well
' I kiss her; why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath
' up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the
' moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds
' not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay
' the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. *Launce*, away, away, aboard; thy master is
shipp'd and thou art to post after with oars: what's the
matter? why weep'st thou, man? away afs, you will
lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is
the unkindest tide that ever any man ty'd.

Pant.

* a would woman.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

Pant. Tut man; I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service,——why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail.

Laun. Lose the flood, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide; why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Milan.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio and Speed.

Sil. **S**ervant.

Val. Mistress.

Speed. Master, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you;

Val. Ay boy it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not;

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What angry, Sir *Thurio*? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of *Camelion*.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, Sir.

Thu. Ay Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Your self, sweet lady, for you gave the fire: Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers: for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

S C E N E V.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:

What

162 *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Antonio*, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord, a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my self, for from our infancy
We have convers't and spent our hours together:
And tho' my self have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath *Sir Protheus*, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Bestrew me, Sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meer to be an Emperor's counsellor:
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while.
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, *Sir Thurio*;
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:
I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit Duke.]

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lockt in her christal looks.

Sil.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay sure I think she holds them pris'ners still;

Sil. Nay then he should be blind; and being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes;

Thu. They say that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, *Thurio*, as your self:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus*: mistress, I beseech you
Confirm this welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his need:
Servant you're welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but your self.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Thu. Madam, my lord your father would speak
with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure; come, Sir *Thurio*,
Go with me. Once more my new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Ex. Sil. and Thu.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Val. Now tell me how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you; I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now; I have done penance for contemning love, Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, With nightly tears and daily heart-fore sighs. For in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow! O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord, And hath so humbled me, as I confess There is no wo to his correction; Nor to his service, no such joy on earth. Now no discourse, except it be of love; Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye. Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heav'nly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills, And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine, Yet let her be a principality, Soy'raign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
And of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why *Valentine*, what bragadism is this?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus*; all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rock pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after;
For love thou know'st is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our
marriage,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good *Protheus* go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro.

Pro. I will.

[*Exit Val.*]

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another;
 So the remembrance of my former love
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
 Is it mine then, or *Valentino's* praise?
 Her true perfection or my false transgression,
 That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
 She's fair; and so is *Julia* that I love;
 That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
 Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
 Bears no impression of the thing it was.
 Methinks my zeal to *Valentine* is cold,
 And that I love him not as I was wont.
 O! but I love his lady too too much;
 And that's the reason I love him so little.
 How shall I doat on her with more advice,
 That thus without advice begin to love her?
 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
 And that hath dazled so my reason's light:
 But when I look on her perfections,
 There is no reason but I shall be blind.
 If I can check my erring love, I will;
 If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[*Exit*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. *Launce*, by mine honesty welcome to † *Milan*.

Launc. Forswear not thy self, sweet youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone 'till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place 'till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently, where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But Sirrah,
 how

† ——— It is Padua in the former editions. See the note on Act 3. Scene 2.

how did thy master part with Madam *Julia*?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her. *

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so: but *Launce*, how say'st thou that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable Lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.

Laun. Why fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun.

* ——— it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too; look thee, I'll but lean and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under, and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, &c.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himself in love: If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a *Christian*.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale-house with a *Christian*: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leave my *Julia*; shall I be forsworn?
 To love fair *Silvia*; shall I be forsworn?
 To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn:
 And ev'n that pow'r which gave me first my oath,
 Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
 Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear:
 O sweet suggestion love, if thou hast sinn'd,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 But now I worship a celestial sun.
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
 And he wants wit that wants resolved will,
 To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad,
 Whose Sov'raignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 With twenty thousand soul-confirmed oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
 But there I leave to love where I should love:
Julia I lose, and *Valentine* I lose:
 If I keep them, I needs must lose my self:
 If I lose them, thus find I but their loss;
 For *Valentine*, my self, for *Julia*, *Silvia*:
 I to my self am dearer than a friend;
 For love is still most precious in it self:
 And *Silvia*, witness heav'n that made her fair,
 Shews *Julia* but a swarthy *Ethiope*.

I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead:
And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to my self,
Without some treachery us'd to *Valentine*:
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial *Silvia's* chamber window,
My self in council his competitor.
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight:
Who, all enrag'd, will banish *Valentine*:
For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter.
But *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some fly trick, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Love lend me wings, to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot his drift. [Exit.

S C E N E X.

V E R O N A.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. COUNSEL, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, assist me,
And even in kind love I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
To lesson-me, and tell me some good mean,
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps,
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear 'till *Protheus* make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualifie the fire's extreamest rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns;

‘ The current that with gentle murmur glides,
‘ Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
‘ But when his fair course is not hindered,
‘ He makes sweet musick with th' enamel'd stones,
‘ Giving a gentle kifs to every sedge
‘ He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
‘ And so by many winding nooks he strays,
‘ With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
‘ Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
‘ I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
‘ And make a pastime of each weary step,
‘ 'Till the last step have brought me to my love;
‘ And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
‘ A blessed soul doth in *Elizium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastick may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, Madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as tell me, good my lord,
What compais will you wear your farthingale?

Why,

Why, even what fashion thou best like'st, *Lucetta*.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece,
Madam.

Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta*, that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, Madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly :
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey ?
I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If *Protheus* like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone :
I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Jul. That is the least, *Lucetta*, of my fear :
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men that use them to so base effects :
But truer stars did govern *Protheus* birth ;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him.

Jul. Now as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth ;
Only deserve my love by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey :
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation,
Only in lieu thereof dispatch me hence,
Come, answer not ; but to it presently :
I am impatient of my tarrance.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *changes to Milan.**Enter Duke, Thurio and Protheus.*

DUKE.



Thurio, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have some secrets to confer about.

[*Exit Thurio.*]

Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your
will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I
would discover

The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty picks me on to utter that,
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, *Sir Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
My self am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates:
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than by concealing it heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
If unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs my self have often seen,

Haply

Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her company, and my court:
But fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd;)
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
That which thy self hath now disclos'd to me.
And that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof my self have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently:
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discov'ry be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: Sir *Valentine* is coming.
[*Ex. Pro.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then no matter; stay with me a while;

I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near; wherein thou must be secret:
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord, and sure the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities,
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me, she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dowre;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady † Sir, in *Milan* here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor;
(For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,)
How and which way I may bestow my self,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val.

† Sir, in *Milan* here. It ought to be thus, instead of---in *Verona* here---for the Scene apparently is in *Milan*, as is clear from several passages in the first Act, and in the beginning of the first Scene of the fourth Act. A like mistake has crept into the eighth Scene of Act II. where *Speed* bids his fellow-servant *Lance*, welcome to *Padua*.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her;

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more,
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, get you gone, she doth not mean away:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angels faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another *Hero's* tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duke. Now as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray Sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for ev'ry thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven a clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

176 *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? what's here? To *Silvia*?
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Duke Reads.*

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me that send them flying:
Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying:
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
While I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my self do want my servants fortune:
I curse my self, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be.*

What's here? *Silvia*, this night will I infranchise thee:
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why *Phaëton*, for thou art *Merop's* son,

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heav'nly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,

And think my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories,

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heav'n, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter or thy self:

Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,

But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
‘ To die, is to be banish’d from my self;
‘ And *Silvia* is my self; banish’d from her
‘ Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
‘ What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen?
‘ What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
‘ Unless it be to think that she is by,
‘ And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
‘ Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
‘ There is no musick in the nightingale:
‘ Unless I look on *Silvia* in the day,
‘ There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence, and I leave to be
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster’d, illumin’d, cherish’d, kept alive.
I fly not death to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho-so, ho! ———

Pro. What see’st thou?

Laun. Him we go to find:

There’s not an hair on’s head but ’tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*.

Val. No.

Pro. Who then; his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why Sir, I’ll strike nothing; I pray you

Pro. I say forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess't them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine;
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for sacred *Silvia*:
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworn me:
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd; oh that is the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom
Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for wo.

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more, unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless doleour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good:

Here

Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff, walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Ev'n in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate;
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st *Silvia*, tho' not for thy self,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go Sirrah, find him out: come *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia*! hapless *Valentine*! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love; but a Team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman I will not tell my self; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid and serves for wages: she hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare christian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions; *imprimis*, she can fetch and carry; why a horse can do no more, nay a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. *Item*, she can milk; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now signior *Launce*? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my mastership? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: what news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why man, how black?

Laun. Why as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolthead, thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry the son of my grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the son of thy grand-mother; this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and *S. Nicholas* be thy speed.

Speed. *Imprimis*, she can milk.

Laun. Ay that she can.

Speed. *Item*, she brews good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb, *Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. *Item*, she can sowe.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *can she so?*

Speed. *Item*, she can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock!

Speed. *Item*, she can wash and scour.

Laun. A special virtue, for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. *Item*, she can spin.

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. *Item*, she hath many nameless virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say *Bastard Virtues*, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. *Item,* she is not to be kist fasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast : read on.

Speed. *Item,* she hath a sweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. *Item,* she doth talk in her sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. *Item,* she is slow in words.

Laun. Oh villain! that set down among her vices! to be slow in words is a woman's only virtue : I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. *Item,* she is proud.

Laun. Out with that too : it was *Eve's* legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. *Item,* she hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. *Item,* she is curst.

Laun. Well, the best is she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. *Item,* she will often praise her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall ; if she will not, I will, for good things should be praised.

Speed. *Item,* she is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of ; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut ; now of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. *Item,* she hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. Stop here ; I'll have her ; she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. *Item,* she hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit ; it may be I'll prove it : the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt ; the hair that covers the wit is
more

more than the wit; for the greater hides the less.
What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous: oh that that were out.

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why that word makes the faults gracious:
well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing
is impossible ———

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy master
stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid
for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid
so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on your
love-letters.

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my let-
ter: an unmannerly slave that will thrust himself into
secrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that she will love you,
Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless *Valentine* shall be forgot.

5

Enter

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir *Protheus*; is your countreyman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not so.

Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir *Thurio* and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also I do think thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did my lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio*?

Pro. The best way is to slander *Valentine*
With falshood, cowardise, and poor descent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By ought that I can speak in his dispraise,

She

184 *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this wean her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not that she will love *Sir Thurio*.

Thur. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me :
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise *Sir Valentine*.

Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on *Valentine's* report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large :
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect.
But you *Sir Thurio* are not sharp enough ;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poesie.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :
Write 'till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity :
For *Cypheus'* lute was strung with poets sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forfake unfounded deeps, and dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in love.

Thur.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice ;
Therefore sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in musick ;
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace 'till after supper,
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *a* Forest.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 **O**UT-LAW.

FELLOW S, stand fast : I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but
down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what
you have about you ; if not, we'll make you Sir, and
rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone ; these are the villains that
all the travellers fear, so much.

Val. My friends.

1 *Out.* That's not so, Sir ; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace ; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay by my beard will we ; for he is a proper
man.

Val.

Val. Then know that I have little to lose:
A man I am, cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To *Verona*.

1 Out. Whence came you?

Val. From *Milan*.

3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have
staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 Out. Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of *Robin Hood's* fat friar,
This fellow were a King for our wild faction.

1 Out. We'll have him. Sirs a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them: it's an honourable
kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain.

2 Out. Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
My self was from *Verona* banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir and neice ally'd unto the Duke.

2 Out.

2 Out. And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Whom in my mood I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 Out. And I for such like petty crimes as these,
But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And partly seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want.

2 Out. Indeed because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore above the rest we parley to you;
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live as we do in the wilderness?

3 Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our con-
fort?

Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our King,

1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesie, thou dy'st.

2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

3 Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with our selves, shall rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt*]



SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Changes to Milan.**Enter Protheus.*

Pro. **A**lready I've been false to *Valentine*,
 And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*.
 Under the colour of commending him,
 I have access my own love to prefer:
 But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
 When I protest true loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my falshood to my friend:
 When to her beauty I commend my vows,
 She bids me think how I have been forsworn
 In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.
 And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
 The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
 Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
 The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
 But here comes *Thurio*: now must we to her window,
 And give some evening musick to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for you know that love
 Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own: now gentlemen
 Let's turn, and to it lustily a while.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

*Changes to Milan.**Enter Protheus.*

Pro. **A**lready I've been false to *Valentine*,
 And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*.
 Under the colour of commending him,
 I have access my own love to prefer:
 But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
 When I protest true loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my falshood to my friend:
 When to her beauty I commend my vows,
 She bids me think how I have been forsworn
 In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.
 And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
 The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
 Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
 The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
 But here comes *Thurio*: now must we to her window,
 And give some evening musick to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for you know that love
 Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own: now gentlemen
 Let's turn, and to it lustily a while.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Enter Host, and Julia in boy's cloaths.

Host. Now my young guest, methinks you're melancholly: I pray what is it?

Jul. Marry, mine Host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear musick, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay that you shall.

Jul. That will be musick.

Host. Hark, hark.

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

S O N G.

Who is Silvia? what is she?

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair and wise is she,

The heav'n such grace did lend her,

That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness.

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness:

And being help'd inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling:

To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? how do you, man? the musick likes you not.

Jul.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not,

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in musick.

Jul. Not a whit when it jars so.

Host. Hark what fine change is in the musick.

Jul. Ay; that change is the spight.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir *Protheus* that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce*?

Host. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not; I will so plead, That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint *Gregory's* well.

Thu. Farewel.

[*Ex. Thu. and Musick.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Silvia above.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen: Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is ever this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, by this pale Queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide my self,

Ev'n for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady,
But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Twere false if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet *Valentine* thy friend
Survives, to whom thy self art witness,

I am betroath'd: and art thou not ashamed

To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave,
Assure thy self, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber:

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:

For since the substance of your perfect self

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance you would sure
deceive it,

And

And make it but a shadow as I am.

Sil. I'm very loath to be your idol, Sir;
But since your fallhood shall become you well,
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it:
And so good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exe. Pro. and Sil.*]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you where lies Sir *Protheus*?

Host. Marry at my house: trust me, I think 'tis a
most day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heavy one.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in,
Madam, madam!

Enter Silvia above.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your fervant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamour*, a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to your self:
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. Oh *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman,

(*Think*

(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant and wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd;
Thou art not ignorant what dear good-will
I bear unto the banish'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very soul abhor'd.
Thy self hast lov'd, and I have heard thee say
No grief did come so near unto thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I hear he makes abode:
And for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company;
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*;
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heav'n and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances:
Which, since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you,
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar *Patrick's* cell;
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind *Sir Eglamour*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Launce, with his dog.

‘ **W**HEN a man’s servant shall play the cur with
 ‘ him, look you, it goes hard: one that I
 ‘ brought up of a puppy, one that I sav’d from
 ‘ drowning, when three or four of his blind bro-
 ‘ thers and sisters went to it! I have taught him,
 ‘ even as one would say precisely, thus I would
 ‘ teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a pre-
 ‘ sent to mistress *Silvia*, from my master; and I
 ‘ came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he
 ‘ steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon’s leg.
 ‘ O, ’tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep him-
 ‘ self in all companies! I would have, as one should
 ‘ say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to
 ‘ be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had
 ‘ more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he
 ‘ did, I think verily he had been hang’d for’t; sure
 ‘ as I live he had suffer’d for’t; you shall judge. He
 ‘ thrusts me himself into the company of three or
 ‘ four gentleman-like dogs, under the Duke’s table;
 ‘ he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while,
 ‘ but all the chamber smelt him. Out with the dog,
 ‘ says one; what cur is that? says another; whip him
 ‘ out, says the third; hang him up, says the Duke. I
 ‘ having been acquainted with the smell before, knew
 ‘ it was *Crab*, and goes me to the fellow that whips
 ‘ the dogs; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the
 ‘ dog? Ay marry do I, quoth he. You do him the
 ‘ more wrong, quoth I; ’twas I did the thing you
 ‘ wot of. He makes no more ado, but whips me
 ‘ out of the chamber. How many masters would do
 ‘ this for their servant? nay, I’ll be sworn I have sat
 ‘ in the stocks for puddings he hath stoll’n, otherwise
 ‘ he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory
 ‘ for

for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd
for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I re-
member the trick you serv'd me when I took my
leave of Madam *Silvia*; did not I bid thee still mark
me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave
up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's
farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

S C E N E VII.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. *Sebastian* is thy name? I like thee well,
And will imploy thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. — How now, you whore-
son pefant,

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd mistress *Silvia* the dog
you bad me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur, and
tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a
present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No indeed she did not: here have I brought
him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay Sir; the other squirrel was stol'n from
me by the hang-man's boy in the market-place; and
then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as
ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight:

Away, I say; stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that ev'ry day turns me to shame. [*Ex. Laun.*
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly that I have need of such a youth.

That can with some discretion do my business;

(For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt:)

But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*.

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead belike.

Pro. Not so: I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady *Silvia*:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You doat on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give therewithal
This letter; that's her chamber: tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heav'nly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [*Exit Pro.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will.
And now I am, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd,
I am my master's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to my self.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
As, heav'n it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, good day; I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do intreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, Madam.

Sil. *Ursula*, bring my picture there.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, may't please you to peruse this letter.
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold;

I will not look upon your master's lines,
I know they're stufft with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Tho' his false finger have prophan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his *Julia* so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

198 *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her; Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know my self. To think upon her woes, I do protest That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsok her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than she is: When she did think my master lov'd her well, She, in my judgment, was as fair as you. But since she did neglect her looking-glass, And threw her sun-expelling mask away, The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks, And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face, That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*, When all our pageants of delight were plaid, Our youth got me to play the woman's part, And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia's* gown, Which served me as fit, by all mens judgments, As if the garment had been made for me; Therefore I know she is about my height. And at that time I made her weep agood, For I did play a lamentable part.

Madam, 'twas *Ariadne* passioning For *Theseus'* perjury and unjust flight; Which I so lively acted with my tears, That my poor mistress, moved therewithal, Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead, If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth. Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!

I weep my self to think upon thy words.

Here youth, there is a purse; I give thee this For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

[Exit Silvia.
Jul.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas! how love can trifle with it self!
Here is her picture; let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers.
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with my self too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
If that be all the diff'rence in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd perrwig.
Her eyes are grey as grass, and so are mine;
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in my self,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up;
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd;
And were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by *Jove* I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit]





ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE continues in Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

EGLAMOUR.



THE sun begins to gild the western sky,
 And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar *Patrick's* cell, should
 meet me.
 She will not fail; for lovers break not
 hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time:
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See where she comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

*Sil. Amen, Amen: Go on, good Eglamour,
 Out at the postern by the abby-wall;
 I fear I am attended by some spies.*

*Egl. Fear not; the forest is not three leagues off;
 If we recover that, we're sure enough. [Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Thurio, Protheus and Julia.

Thu. Sir Protheus, what says Silvia to my suit?

*Pro. Oh Sir, I find her milder than she was,
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.*

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black;

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,

Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better indeed when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardise.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should own them

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Prothcus*? how now, *Thurio*?
Which of you saw Sir *Eglamour* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then

She's fled unto the peasant *Valentine*;

And *Eglamour* is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar *Laurence* met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest:

Him he knew well, and guest that it was she;

But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides, she did intend confession

At *Patrick's* cell this ev'n, and there she was not:

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore I pray you stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain foot

That leads tow'rds *Mantua*, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit Duke.*]

Ibu. Why this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune where it follows her:

I'll after, more to be reveng'd of *Eglamour*,

Than for the love of wreckless *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* love,

Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,

Than hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The FOREST.

Enter Silvia and Out-laws.

Out. COME, come, be patient; we must bring
you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But *Moyfes* and *Valerius* follow him.

Go thou with her to th' west end of the wood,

There is our captain: follow him that's fled.

The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine!* this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.
What hollowing and what stir is this to day?
These are my mates that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine*: who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service have I done for you,
{Tho' you respect not ought your servant doth}
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look:
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this I'm sure you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this? I see and hear:
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.

Sil. O miserable unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul.

Jul. And me when he approacheth to your presence.
[*Aside.*]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false *Protheus* rescue me.
Oh heav'n be judge how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjur'd *Protheus*,
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dang'rous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curse in love, for ever prov'd,
When women cannot love where they're lov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love where he's lov'd.
Read over *Julia's* heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou then didst rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to deceive me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend.

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but *Protheus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll move you like a soldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love; force ye.

Sil. Oh heav'n!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. *Valentine!*

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
For such is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.

Who

Who should be trusted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? *Proteus*,
I'm sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. Oh time, most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me:
Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heav'n nor earth, for these are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in *Silvia* I give thee. †

Jul. Oh me unhappy! [Swoons.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy? how now? what's the matter?
look up; speak.

Jul. O good Sir, my master charg'd me to deliver
a ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect,
was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me see:

This is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry you mercy, Sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.

Pro. How cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* her self did give it me.
And *Julia* her self hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, *Julia*?

Jul.

† It is (I think) very odd to give up his mistress thus
at once, without any reason alledg'd. But our author
probably followed the stories just as he found them, in
his Novels, as well as in his Histories.

206 *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
 And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
 How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
 Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush!
 Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me
 Such an immodest rayment. If shame live
 In a disguise of love,
 It is the lesser blot modesty finds,
 Women to change their shapes, than men their minds;
Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true, oh heav'n,
 were man

But constant, he were perfect; that one error
 Fills him with faults, makes him run through all sins:
 Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spy
 More fresh in *Julia's* with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
 Let me be blest to make this happy close;
 'Twere pity two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heav'n, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

S C E N E V.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Out-laws.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my lord the *Duke*.
 Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
 The banish'd *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio*, give back; or else embrace thy death:
 Come not within the measure of my wrath.
 Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands,
 Take but possession of her with a touch;
 I dare thee but to breath upon my love.

Thu. Sir *Valentine*; I care not for her, I.
 I hold him but a fool that will endanger
 His body for a girl that loves him not:

I claim her not; and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: *Sir Valentine*,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and all solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your love discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

T H E



THE
MERRY WIVES

OF

WINDSOR.

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR John Falstaff.

Fenton, *a young Gentleman of small Fortune, in Love with Mrs. Anne Page.*

Shallow, *a Country Justice.*

Slender, *Cousin to Shallow, a foolish Country Squire.*

Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at Windsor.*
Mr. Ford, }

Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch Parson.*

Dr. Caius, *a French Doctor.*

Host of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*

Bardolph, } *Sharpers attending on Falstaff.*
Pistol, }
Nym, }

Robin, *Page to Falstaff.*

William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*

Simple, *Servant to Slender.*

Rugby, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page, *Wife to Mr. Page.*

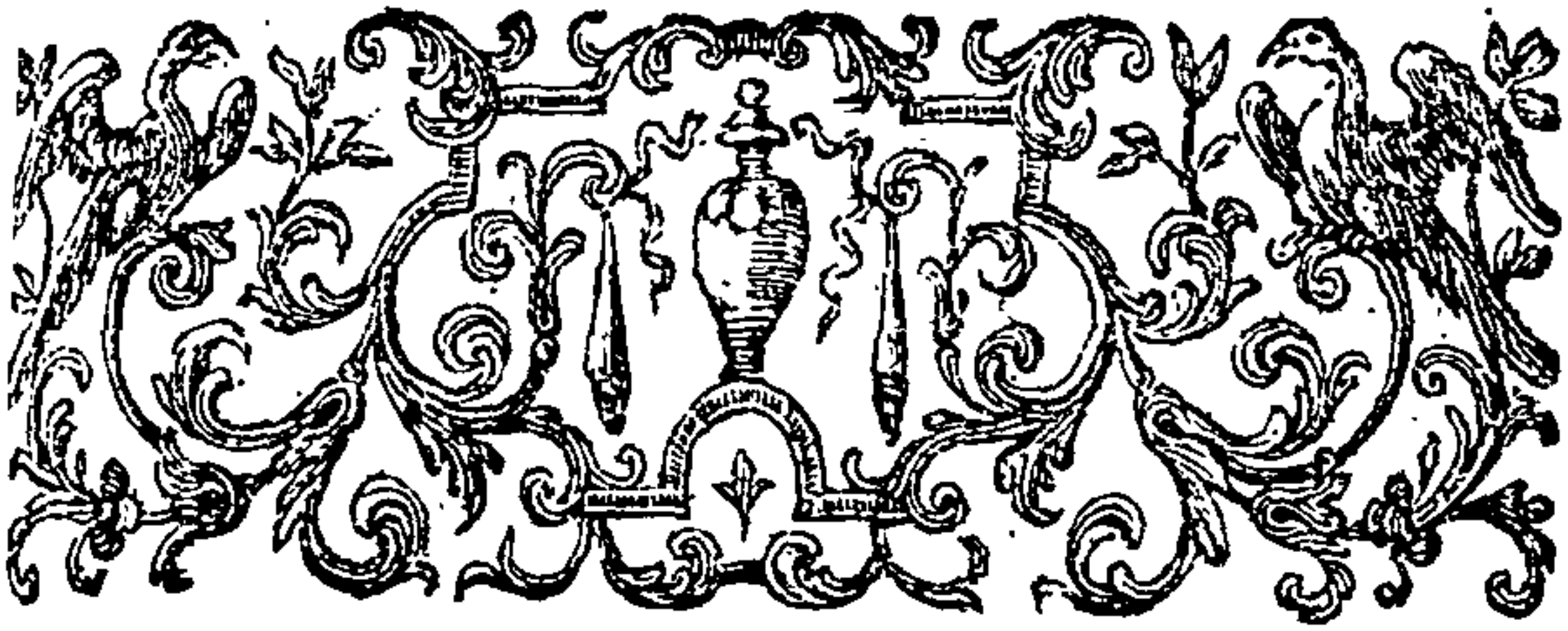
Mrs. Ford, *Wife to Mr. Ford.*

Mrs. Anne Page, *Daughter to Mr. Page, in Love with Fenton.*

Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE *Windsor.*



T H E

† *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

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

The S C E N E before Page's House in Windsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

S H A L L O W.



SIR Hugh, perswade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* matter of it: if he were twenty Sir *John Falstaff's*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow, Esq;*

Slen. In the county of *Gloucester*, justice of peace, and *Coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin *Slender*, and *Custalorum.*

Slen,

† This Play was written in the Author's best and ripest years, after *Henry the Fourth*, by the command of *Queen Elizabeth*. There is a tradition that it was compos'd at a fortnight's warning. But that must be meant only of the first imperfect sketch of this Comedy, which is yet extant in an old *Quarto* edition, printed in 1619. This which we here have, was alter'd and improved by the Author almost in every speech.

Sten. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson, who writes himself *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. Ay that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

Sten. All his successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his ancestors that come after him may; they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowfes do become an old coat well; it agrees well passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish is an old coat.

Sten. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for your self, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falstaff* have committed disparagements upon you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword that end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings good discretions with it: there is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Sten. Mistress *Anne Page*? she has brown hair, and speaks like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just

as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and silver, is her grandfire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection), give when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master *Abraham* and mistress *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her grand-fire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibility, is good gifts.

Shal. Well; let us see honest Mr. *Page*: is *Falstaff* there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and I beseech you be ruled by your well-wishers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for master *Page*. What ho? Got blefs your house here.

S C E N E II.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice *Shallow*; and here's young master *Slender*; that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worship's well. I thank you for my venison, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart: I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good mistress *Page*? and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal.

214 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say he was out-run on *Cotsale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falstaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confes it.

Shal. If it be confes'd, it is not redrefs'd; is not that so, master *Page*? he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath, believe me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire saith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *Jehn*.

S C E N E III.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait: I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you * if 'twere not known in council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*; Sir *John*, good worts,

Fal.

* if it were known.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry Sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching rascals, *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Pistol*.

Bar. You *Banbury* cheese.

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say, *pauca, pauca*: slice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my man? can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us understand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, master *Page*, *fidelicet* master *Page*; and there is my self; *fidelicet* my self; and the third party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the garter.

Mr. Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my note book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discretions as we can.

Fal. Pistol.

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam; what phrase is this, he hears with ear? why it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master *Slender*'s purse?

Slen. Ay by these gloves did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* shovelboards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece, of *Yead Miller*; by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistol*?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain foreigner! Sir *John*, and master mine,

I combat challenge of this *Latin* bilboe:

Word of denial in thy *Labras* here;

Word of denial; froth and scum, thou ly'ft.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you run the ^b base humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slan. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, *Scarlet* and *John*?

Bard. Why Sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five senses.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the Ignorance is?

Bard. And being sap, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions past the car-eires.

Slan. Ay, you spake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen, you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page, with wine.

Pag. Nay daughter carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

Slan. Oh heav'n! this is mistress *Anne Page*.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Page. How now mistress *Ford*.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, by my troth you are very well met; by your leave, good mistress. [Kissing her.]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot venison patty to dinner; come gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Ex. Fal. Page, &c.]

^b nuthooks.



S C E N E IV.

Manent Shallow, Evans and Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I must wait on my self, must I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Shortcake* upon *Alhallowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*?

Shal. Come coz, come coz; we stay for you: a word with you coz: marry this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by *Sir Hugh* here: do you understand me?

Slen. Ay Sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin *Shallow* says: I pray you pardon me: he's a justice of peace in his country, simple tho' I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page*.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of

the e mind: therefore precisely, can you marry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir; I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz, what I do is to pleasure you, coz: can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion answer; save the fall is in th' ort *dissolutely*: the ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely*; his meaning is good

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la!

S C E N E V.

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress *Anne*: would I were young for your sake, mistress *Anne*.

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress *Anne*.

Eva. Od's plessed will, I will not be absence at the
Grace. [Ex. Shallow and Evans.
Anne.

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you forsooth heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you forsooth. Go Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin *Shallow*: a justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you Sir walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin th'other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veney's for a dish of stew'd prunes, and by my troth I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i'th' town?

Anne. I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in *England*. You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have seen *Sacker'son* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriekt at it, that it past: but women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you Sir.

Page. By cock and pye you shall not chuse, Sir; come; come.

220 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistress *Anne*, your self shall go first.

Anne. Not I Sir, pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly I will not go first, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome; you do your self wrong, indeed-la. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Re-enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of doctor *Caius* house which is the way; and there dwells one mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his ringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it is a woman that altogethers acquaintance with mistress *Anne Page*; and the letter is to desire and require her to sollicit your master's desires to mistress *Anne Page*: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Robin.

Fal. **M**INE host of the garter.

Host. What says my bully rock? speak schollarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully *Hercules*, cashier; let them wag; *Fal,*
Hot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cesar*, *Keisar* and *Pheazar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he will draw, he will tap; said I well, bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*

Fal. *Bardolph*, follow him, a tapster is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man, a fresh tapster; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*

Pist. O base *Hungarian* wight, wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open, his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: steal? foh; a fico for the phrase.

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conycatch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, *Pistol*: indeed I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford's* wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation; I can construe the action of her familiar stile, and

222 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be english'd right, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's.*

Pist. He hath study'd her ^d well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour pass?

Fal. Now the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse: she hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Page's* wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious † *liads*; sometimes the beam of her view guilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here's another letter to her; she bears the purse too; she is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters to them both, and they shall be *Exchequers* to me; they shall be my *East* and *West-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to mistress *Page*; and thou this to mistress *Ford*: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become; And by my side wear steel? then *Lucifer* take all.

Nym. I will run no base humour: here take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you these letters rightly, Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence avaunt, vanish like hail-stones, go, Trudge, plod away o' th' hoof, seek shelter, pack:

Falstaff will learn the honour of the age,

French thrift, you rogues, my self and skirted *Page*.

[*Ex. Falstaff and Boy.*

^d will, and translated her will.

† eyelids, or oiellades, glances. Fr.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts; for gourd, and
Fullam holds;
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base *Phrygian Turk!*

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her star.

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will disclose the humour of this love to *Ford.*

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold
How *Falstaff*, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool; I will incense *Ford* to deal with poison, I will possess him with jealousies, for this revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents: I second thee; troop on. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX.

Changes to Dr. Caius's house.

Enter mistress Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Quic. **W**HAT, *John Rugby!* I pray thee go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be old abusing of God's patience, and the King's *English.*

N 4

Rug.

e *discuss.* f *yellowness.*

224 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Rug. I'll go watch. [Exit Rugby.]

Quic. Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and I warrant you no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate; his worst fault is that he is given to pray'r, he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. *Peter Simple* you say your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And master *Slender's* your master?

Sim. Ay forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, a cane-colour'd beard.

Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you? oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gate?

Sim. Yes indeed does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n send *Anne Page* no worse fortune! Tell master parson *Evans*, I will do what I can for your master: *Anne* is a good girl, and I wish—

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent; run in here, good young man; go into this closet; [shuts Simple in the closet.] He will not stay long. What *John Rugby!* *John!* what *John*, I say; go *John*, go enquire for my master, I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a-down-a, &c.*

SCENE

S C E N E X.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys; pray you go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi il fait fort chaud, je m'en vaie a la Cour ——— la grande Affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. *Ouy, mette le au mon pocket, Depêch quickly; ver is dat knave Rugby?*

Quic. What, *John Rugby!* *John!*

Rug. Here Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot I tarry too long: od's me: *Que ay je oublie?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O Diable, Diable!* vat is in my closet? vil-laine, *Larron!* *Rugby*, my rapier.

Quic. Good master be content.

Caius. Wherefore should I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from par-son *Hugh*.

Caius. Vell.

Simp. Ay forsooth, to desire her to ———

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue, speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress *Anne Page* for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all indeed-la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* send-a-you? *Rugby*, ballow me some paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholly: but notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the *French* doctor my master, (I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with mistress *Anne Page*; but notwithstanding that, I know *Anne's* mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give a this letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de parke, and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make ——— you may be gone, it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut all his two stones, by gar he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [Exit Simple.

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I shall have *Anne Page* for my self? by gar, I vill kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Fartere* to measure our weapon; by gar I will myself have *Anne Page*.

Quic. Sir, the maïd loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate; what the good-ier. *Caius.*

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the court with me; by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turn your head out of my door; follow my heels, *Rugby*.

[*Ex. Caius and Rugby.*]

Quic. You shall have *An* fools-head of your own. No, I know *Anne's* mind for that; never a Woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Anne's* mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. [within.] Who's within there, ho?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the house, I pray you.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman, how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress *Anne*?

Quic. In truth Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a book she loves you: have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes marry have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart: I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! but indeed she is given too much to allicholly and mausing; but for you—— Well—— go to——

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day; hold, there's mony for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou seest her before me, commend me——

Quic.

Quic. Will I? ay faith that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*]

Quic. Farewel to your worship. Truly an honest gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne's* mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's house.

Enter Mistress Page with a letter.

Mrs. PAGE.



VHAT, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see:

Ask me no reason why I love you; for tho' love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, at the least if the love of a soldier can' suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier like phrase; but I say, love me:

*By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight.* *John Falstaff.*

What

What a *Herod of Fury* is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant? what unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemish* drunkard pickt, i'th' devil's name, out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth, heav'n forgive me: why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men: how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

S C E N E III.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress *Page*, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O mistress *Page*, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What, thou liest! Sir *Alice Ford*! these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light, here read, read, perceive how I might be knighted: I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make
difference

difference of men's liking ; and yet he would not swear, praise women's modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words ; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tun of oyl in his belly, a'shore at *Windsor* ? how shall I be reveng'd on him ? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like ?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter ; but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank-space for different names, nay more ; and these are of the second edition : he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lye under mount *Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words ; what doth he think of us ?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not ; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal ; for sure, unless he knew some stain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call it you ? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I ; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the garter.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him that may not sully the chariness of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this letter, it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause, and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasie Knight. Come hither.

S C E N E III.

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal-dog in some affairs.

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why Sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, Both young and old, one with another; *Ford*; He loves thy gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou; like *Sir Aclion*, with ring-wood at thy heels——O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: farewell.

Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do-foot-by night.

Take heed ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing, Away, Sir corporal *Nym*.

Believe it, *Page*, he speaks sense. [Exit Pistol,

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have born the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal *Nym*; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true my name is *Nym*, and *Falstaff* loves your Wife. A-dieu;

32 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

dieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheese:
adieu. [Exit Nym.]

Page. The humour of it, quoth a' ? here's a fellow
§ frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out *Falstaff*.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue,

Ford. If I do find it : well.

Page. I will not believe such a *Cataian*, tho' the
priest o'th' town commended him for a true man,

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow : well.

S C E N E IV.

Page. How now, *Meg* ?

[*Page and Ford meeting their Wives.*]

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, *George* ? hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet *Frank*, why art thou
melancholy ?

Ford. I melancholy ! I am not melancholy. Get
you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith thou hast some crotches in thy
head. Now will you go, mistress *Page* ?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner,
George ? Look who comes yonder ; she shall be our
messenger to this paultry Knight.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her, she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne* ?

Quic. Ay, forsooth ; and I pray how does good mi-
stresses *Anne* ?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see ; we have an
hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quic.*]

S C E N E V.

Page. How now, master *Ford* ?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not ?

Page.

§ *Edit. of 1619. in the rest it is,* frights English out
of its wits.

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves, I do not think the Knight would offer it; but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoak of his discarded men, very rogues now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the *Garter*?

Page. Ay marry does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine host?

S C E N E VI.

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully *Rock*? thou'rt a gentleman, cavalerio-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him bully *Rock*.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh the Welch* priest, and *Caius the French* doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o'th' garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully *Rock*?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe

234 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

lieve me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Brook*; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be *Brook*. It is a merry Knight. Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here boys, here, here: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. [Exeunt *Host*, *Shallow* and *Page*.

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a secure fool, and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at *Page's* house, and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound *Falstaff*: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd.

[Exit,

S C E N E VII.

The Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I Will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon

upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your coach-fellow, *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows. And when mistress *Bridget* lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, a short knife, and a thong, to your manor of *Pickt-hatcht*; go, you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue; you stand upon your honour? why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour precise. If my self sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you rogue will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lettice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! you will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent; what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not so, and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid then.

Quic. I'll be sworn, as my mother was the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: what with me?

Quic.

236 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one mistress *Ford*, Sir: I pray come a little nearer this ways: I my self dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on: mistress *Ford*, you say.

Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? heav'n bless them, and make them his servants.

Fal. Well: mistress *Ford*, what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord your worship's a wanton; well, heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray —

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, come, mistress *Ford* —

Quic. Marry this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windsor*, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all musk, and so rusling, I warrant you in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and I warrant you they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had my self twenty angels given me this morning; but I defie all angels, in any such fort as they say, but in the way of honesty; and I warrant you they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Pensioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good *She-Mercury*.

Quic.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notice, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: master *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealousie-man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship; mistress *Page* has her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning and evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, whoe'er be the other; and she bad me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man; surely I think you have charms; la; yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this; has *Ford's* wife and *Page's* wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest indeed; they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! but mistress *Page* would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly master *Page* is an honest man. Never a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windsor*, truly she

238 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to understand any thing, for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both; there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. This news distracts me.

[*Ex. Quick. and Robin.*]

Pist. This punk is one of *Cupid's* carriers:

Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old *Jack*? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much mony, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee; let them say 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one master *Brook* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. *Brook* is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; such * *Brooks* are welcome to me that

* *Edit. of 1619.* In all the succeeding editions this name of *Brook* (I can't tell why) is alter'd to *Broom*: whereas it is manifest from this conceit upon the name, that it shou'd be *Brook*.

that o'erflow with such liquor. Ah! ah! mistress *Ford* and mistress *Page*, have I encompass'd you? go to, *via*.

Enter Ford disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is *Brook*.

Fal. Good master *Brook*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think my self in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if mony go before, all ways do lye open.

Fal. Mony is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of mony here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master *Brook*, I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar, I will be brief with you, and you have been a man long known to me, tho' I had never so good means as desire to make my self acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own Imperfections; but good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you
your

your self know how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well: Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her, follow'd her with a doating observance, ingross'd opportunities to meet her, fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed I am sure I have received none, unless experience be a jewel I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this;

*“ Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
“ Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that tho' she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person,

son, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is mony, spend it, spend it; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks you prescribe to your self very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present it self; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other defences, which now are too strongly embattel'd against me. What say you to't, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will first make bold with your mony; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. I say, you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress *Ford*, master *Brook*, you shall want none; I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me; I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth; come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldy knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say

the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of mony, for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckold-rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical-salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master *Brook*, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lye with his wife: Come to me soon at night; *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggravate his stile: thou, master *Brook*, shalt know him for knave and cuckold: come to me soon at night. [Exit.

S C E N E X.

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* rascal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who say's this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made; would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman; my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at, and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; *Amaimon* sounds well, *Lucifer* well, *Barbason* well, yet they are devils additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. *Page* is an ass, a secure ass, he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, parson *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my cheese, an *Irish-man* with my *Aqua-vite* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my jealousy. Eleven o'clock

The Merry Wives of Windsor. 243

o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page*: I will about it: better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold!

[*Exit*.

S C E N E XI.

Windsor-Park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. JACK Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, *Jack*?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not † so dead as me vill make him. Take your rapier, *Jack*, I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully-doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, com for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to

O 2

see

† *Quarto Edit.* 1619.

244 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

see thee pass thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Francisco*? ha, bully? what says my *Esculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward *Jack-priest* of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a *Castalion-king-Urinal*: *Hector* of *Greece*, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witness, that me have stay six or seven, two tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: Is it not true, master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*, you have your self been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shall. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one; tho' we are justices, and doctors, and church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. *Page*. Mr. doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am sworn of the peace; you have shew'd your self a wise physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shown himself a wise and patient church-man: you must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice; a monsieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our *English* tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de *Englishman*, scurvy-jack-dog-priest; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Host.

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully: but first, Mr. *Guest*, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavaliero Slender*, go you through the town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Host. He is there; see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[*Ex. Page, Shal. and Slen.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to *Anne Page*.

Host. Let him die; sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where mistress *Anne Page* is, at a farm-house a feasting, and thou shalt † woo her. Cry'd game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar I love you; and I shall procure 'a you de good guest; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward *Anne Page*: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby*. [Exeunt.]

† thou shalt wear her cry'd Game. Said I well?
Quart. Edit. 1619.





ACT III. SCENE I.

Frogmore near Windsor.

Enter Evans and Simple.

EVANS.



Pray you now, good master *Slender's* servingman, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for master *Caius*, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*?

Simp. Marry Sir, the *Pitty-wary*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windsor* way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul, how full of chollars I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceiv'd me; how melanchollies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Pless my soul:

[Sings, being afraid.]

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigalls;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.*

To shallow — 'Mercy on me, I have a great disposition to cry. *Melodious birds sing madrigal* — when as I sat in *Pabilon*; — and a thousand vagrant posies. — *To shallow, &c.*

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. He's welcome. *To shallow rivers, to whose falls* —

Heav'n

Heav'n prosper the right: what weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my master, Mr. *Shallow*, and another gentleman from *Frogmore*, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms.

S C E N E II.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson? good-morrow, good Sir *Hugh*. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah sweet *Anne Page*!

Page. Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? the sword and the word? do you study them both, Mr. parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* physician.

Eva. Got's will and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave besides, a cowardly knave

as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Sten. O sweet *Anne Page!*

S C E N E III.

*Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.**

Shal. It appears so by his weapons: keep them a-sunder; here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *English*.

Caius. I pray you let a me speak a word with your ear: wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you use your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack dog*, *John ape*.

Eva. Pray you let us not be laughing-stocks to other mens humours: I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb, * for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable Jack Rugby*, mine host *de Farteer*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christian's-soul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the garter.

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia and Gaul*, *French and Welch*, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the garter. Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a *Machiavel*? shall I lose my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my priest? my *Sir Hugh*? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me

* These words are added from the first edition.

me thy hand, celestial, so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page!*

[*Ex. Shal. Slen. Page and Hoff.*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a de-sot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-stock. I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scald-scurvy-cogging companion, the host of the garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart; he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will finite his noddles; pray you follow. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The STREET.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. **N**A Y, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather forsooth go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly Sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

O 5

Ford

Ford. Ay, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company; I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff?

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is such a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir; I am sick 'till I see her. [Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.

S C E N E V.

Ford. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve-score; he pieces out his wife's inclination, he gives her folly motion and advantage, and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaff's* boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind: and *Falstaff's* boy with her! good plots; they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed vail of modesty from the so seeming mistress *Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilful *Astrea*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find *Falstaff*: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there: I will go.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

To him, Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans
and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer
at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my self, Mr. Ford.

Slen. And so must I, Sir; we have appointed to
dine with Mrs. Anne, and I would not break with
her for more mony than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between
Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we
shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Mr. Slender, I stand wholly for
you; but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Cai. Ay be gar, and de maid is love-a-me: my
nursh-a-Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Mr. Fenton? he ca-
pers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes
verses, he speaks holy-day, he smells April and May,
he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he
will carry't

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you: the gentle-
man is of no having, he kept company with the wild
Prince and Poinz: he is of too high a region, he
knows too much; no, he shall not knit a knot in
his fortunes with the finger of my substance. If he
take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have
waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that
way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home
with me to dinner; besides your cheer you shall have
sport; I will shew you a monster. Mr. Doctor you
shall go, so shall you Mr. Page, and you Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer
wooing at Mr. Page's.

Caius.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewel, my hearts; I will to my honest Knight *Falstaff*, and drink canary with him.

Ferd. I think I shall drink in Pipe-wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Ford's House.

Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Ford. **W**HAT *John!* what *Robert!*

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket —

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin*, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the brew-house, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers in *Datchet-Mead*, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the *Thames* side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little *Robin*.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyes-musket, what news with you?

Rob.

Rob. My master *Sir John* is come in at your back-door, mistress *Ford*, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn; my master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so; go tell thy master I am alone; mistress *Page*, remember you your cue. [*Exit Robin.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholsome humidity, this gross watry pumpion, we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet *Sir John*!

Fal. *Mrs. Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress *Ford*: now shall I sin in my wish. I would thy husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, *Sir John*? alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of *France* shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any ^b *Venetian* attire.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchiffe, *Sir John*: my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so; thou would'st
make

^b *tire of Venetian admittance.*

make an absolute courtier, and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee. There's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like many of these lisping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-Berry* in simpling-time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love mistress *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the *Counter-gate*, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Mistress *Ford*, mistress *Ford*, here's mistress *Page* at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you do so; she's a very tattling woman.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Mistress Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress *Ford*, what have you done? you're sham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion.

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? out upon you; how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in *Windsor*, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heav'n it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half *Windsor* at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know your self clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you had rather, and you had rather; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance; in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look, here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet* mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counsel; I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What Sir *John Falstaff*? are these your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never ———

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linnen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: call your men, mistress *Ford*. You dissembling Knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go take up these cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? look how you drumble: carry them to the landress in *Datchet*-mead; quickly, come.

S C E N E X.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Pray you come near; if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my self of the buck: buck, buck, buck, ay buck: I warrant you buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first.

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented: you wrong your self too much.

Ford. True, master *Page*. Up gentlemen, you shall see

see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France* ———

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search. [Exit.]

SCENE XI.

Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband ask'd who was in the basket?

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal; I would all of the same strain were in the same distrefs.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of *Falstaff's* being here! I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falstaff*: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress *Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, &c.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs.

258 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Mrs. Ford. You use me well master *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts.

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do your self mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heav'n forgive my sins.

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford*, are you not asham'd? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind, for the weakth of *Windsor Casile*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page*: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience; your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the park. I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come wife, come mistress *Page*, I pray you pardon me: pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast, after we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page*.

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to-morrow on the lowsie knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva.

Eva. A lowlie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E XII.

Changes to Page's house.

Enter Fenton, and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I See I cannot get thy father's love ;
I Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet
Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then ?

Fent. Why, thou must be thy self.
He doth object I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne* :
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags ;
And 'tis the very riches of thy self
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet seek my father's love, still seek it, Sir
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then hark you hither.



S C E N E

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress *Quickly*; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'd'slid 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye; Mr. *Slender* would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year?

Quic. And how does good master *Fenton*? pray you a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. *Anne*; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress *Anne*, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay that I do, as well as I love any woman in *Glocestershire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master *Shallow*, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; she calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now master *Slender*.

Slen. Now good mistress *Anne*.

Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jest indeed, I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heav'n praise.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole; they can tell you how things go better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

SCENE XIV.

Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master *Slender*: love him, daughter

Anne.

— Why how now? what does master *Fenton* here? You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house: I tell you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master *Fenton*.

Come, master *Shallow*; come, son *Slender*, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master *Fenton*.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Quic. Speak to mistress *Page*.

Fent. Good mistress *Page*, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.

Quic.

Quic. That's my master, master Doctor.

Anne. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th' earth,
And bowl'd to death with turneps.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not your self, good ma-
ster *Fenton*,

I will not be your friend nor enemy :

My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then, farewell Sir; she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry. [*Ex. Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Fent. Farewel, gentle mistress; farewell *Nan*.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, with
you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?
look on master *Fenton*: this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to-night
Give my sweet *Nan* this ring: there's for thy pains.
[*Exit.*]

Quic. Now heav'n send thee good fortune. A kind
heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and
water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my
master had mistress *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had
her; or, in sooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I
will do what I can for them all three, for so I have
promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word, but spe-
cially for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I must of another errand
to Sir *John Falstaff* from my two mistresses; what a
beast am I to slack it? [*Exit.*]

S C E N E XV.

The Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. **B**ardolph, I say.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't.
Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket, like a barrow
of

of butchers offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river, with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i'th' litter; and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd? I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Bard. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the *Thames*-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these challices: go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs Sir?

Fal. Simple of it self: I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from mistress *Ford*.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*? I have had *Ford* enough; I was thrown into the *Ford*; I have my belly full of *Ford*.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish woman's promise.

Quic.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of master *Brook*; he sent me word to stay within: I like his mony well. Oh, here he comes.

S C E N E XVII.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, master *Brook*, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and *Ford's* wife.

Ford. That indeed, Sir *John*, is my business.

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master *Brook*.

Ford. How Sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and as it were spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and forsooth to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal.

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford's* approach, and by her invention, and *Ford's* wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasie napkins, that, master *Brook*, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master *Brook*, what I have suffer'd, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of *Ford's* knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket; I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatick knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul cloaths; but mark the sequel, master *Brook*, I suffered the pangs of three^a egregious deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next to be compass'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be stopt in, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths that fretted in their own grease: think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a *Dutch* dish, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd glowing hot, in that surge,

like a horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot, think of that, master *Brook*.

Ford. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another ambassie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her; adieu, you shall have her, master *Brook*, master *Brook*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. [Exit.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? master *Ford* awake, awake master *Ford*; there's a hole made in your best coat, master *Ford*; this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linnen and buck-baskets! well, I will proclaim my self what I am; I will now take the leacher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half penny purse, nor into a pepper box. But lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [Exit.



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Page's house.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William.

Mrs. PAGE.



Is he at Mr. Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quic. Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water; Mrs. Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day I see. How now, Sir Hugh, no school to day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing of his heart.

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head, come.

Mrs. Page. Come on Sirrah, hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is, Fair, William?

P 2

Will.

268 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Will. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcats? there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity o'man; I pray you peace. What is *Lapis, William?*

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, *William?*

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eva. That is a good *William*: what is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *singulariter nominativo, hic, hac, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominative, hig, hag, hog*; pray you mark: *genitivo, hujus*: well, what is your *accusative case?*

Will. *Accusative, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you have your remembrance, child, *accusative, hung, hang, hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is *Latin* for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave you prabbles, o'man. What is the *focative case, William?*

Will. O, *vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember *William*, *focative is caret.*

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. O'man, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural, William?*

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive, horum, harum, horum.*

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Ginyes case*; fie on her; never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame o'man.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*; fie upon you.

Eva. O'man, art thou lunacies? hast thou no under-

derstandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as foolish christian creatures as I would desire

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *quies*, your *ques*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches: go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewel, *Mrs. Page*.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good *Sir Hugh*. Get you home, boy. Come we stay too long. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Ford's house.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Fal. **M**ISTRESS *Ford*, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hairs breadth, not only, *mistress Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoustrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet *Sir John*.

Mrs. Page. [within] What ho, gossip *Ford*! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into th' chamber, *Sir John*.

[Exit Falstaff.]

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweet heart, who's at home besides your self?

Mrs. Ford. Why none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No certainly. ——— Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his old lines again; he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all *Eve's* daughters, of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the fore-head, crying peer-out, peer-out, that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility and patience to this distemper he is in now; I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him, and swears he was carry'd out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress *Page*?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at streets end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?



SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' basket: may I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, alas, three of master *Ford's* brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip ere he came: but what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word: neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir *John*, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas-the-day, I know not; there is no woman's gown big enough for him, otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kercheif, and so escape.

Fal. Good heart, devise something; any extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word it will serve him, she's as big as he is, and there's her thrumb hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir *John*, mistress *Page* and I will look some linnen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [*Ex. Falstaff.*

272 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape, he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he swears she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay in good sadness is he, and talks of the basket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket; go up, I'll bring linnen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet, we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act, that often jest and laugh:

'Tis old but true, still swine eats all the draugh.

Mrs. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down obey him: quickly, dispatch.

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 Serv. Come, come, take up.

2 Serv. Pray heav'n it be not full of the Knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not. I had as lief bear so much lead.



SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? set down the basket villain; somebody call my wife: youth in a basket! oh you panderly rascals, there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy against me; now shall the devil be sham'd. What wife, I say; come, come forth, behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why this passes, master *Ford*; you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed, master *Ford*, this is not well indeed!

Ford. So say I too, Sir. Come hither mistress *Ford*, mistress *Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband: I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face, hold it out: come forth, Sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed, let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? in my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable; pluck me out all the linnen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a sea's death.

274 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well, master *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that searched a hollow wall-nut for his wife's lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress *Page*! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brainsford*.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my house? she comes of errands, does she? we are simple men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure, and such dawbry as this is, beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down you witch, you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

S C E N E V.

Enter Falstaff in womens cloaths, and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come mother *Prat*, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my door you witch, [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you runnion, out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[*Exit Fal.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. Are you not a sham'd? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no I think the o'man is a witch indeed: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no tryal, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by th' mass that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is sure scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publickly sham'd; and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publickly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

*Changes to the Garter-Inn.**Enter Host and Bardolph.*

Bard. SIR, the *German* desires to have three of your horses; the Duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak *English*?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll fawce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests; they must come off; I'll fawce them, come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*Changes to Ford's house.**Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Evans.*

Eva. THIS one of the best discretions of a o'man as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness; thy honour stands,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm of faith.

Page.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not extream in submission, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick sport,
Appoint a meeting with his old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You say he hath been thrown into the river; and has been grievously peaten, as an old o'man; methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes;

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hunter,

Sometime a keeper in our *Windsor* forest,
Doth all the winter time at still of midnight
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns,
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattel,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

You've heard of such a spirit, and well you know

The superstitious idle-headed *Eld*

Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,

This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne's* Oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry this is our device,
That *Falstaff* at that oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs.

278 *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon,
and thus :

Nan Page. (my daughter) and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urches, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands ; upon a sudden,
As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song : upon their sight
We two, in great amazedness, will fly ;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight ;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape prophane ?

Mrs. Ford. And 'till he tell the truth
Let the supposed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present our selves ; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours ;
and I will be like a jack-anapes also, to burn the
Knight with my taper.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vi-
zards.

Mrs. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queen of all the
fairies ;
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy, and in that time
Shall Mr. *Slender* steal my *Nan* away, [*Aside,*
And marry her at *Eaton*. Go, send to *Falstaff* straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of *Brook* ;
he'll tell me all his purpose. Sure he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that ; go get us properties
and tricking for your fairies.

Eva,

The Merry Wives of Windsor. 279.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleasures, and
ferry honest knaveries. [*Ex. Page, Ford and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Go, *Mrs. Ford*,
Send quickly to *Sir John*, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page*.
That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an ideot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well mony'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he shall have her,
Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

The Garter-Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. **W**HAT would'st thou have, boor? what,
thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief,
short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with *Sir John Falstaff*, from *Mr. Slender*.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his
standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with
the story of the prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock
and call; he'll speak like an anthropophagian unto
thee: knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone
up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till
she come down; I come to speak with her indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd:
I'll call. Bully-Knight! bully-Sir *John*! speak from
thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host,
thine *Ephesian* calls.

Enter

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. How now, mine host ?

Host. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* carries the coming down of thy fat woman : let her descend, bully, let her descend ; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy ? fie.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wise woman of *Brainford* ?

Fal. Ay marry was it, muscle-shell, what would you with her ?

Simp. My master, Sir, my master *Slender* sent to her, seeing her go thro' the street, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray Sir ?

Fal. Marry she says, that the very same man that beguil'd master *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the woman her self, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they ? let us know.

Host. Ay, come ; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou dy'lt.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about mistress *Anne Page*, to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir ?

Fal. To have her, or no : go ; say the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir ?

Host. Ay Sir ; like who more bold.

Simp.

Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simple.]

Host. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine *Host*, one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out alas, Sir, cozenage; meer cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire, and set spurs, and away; like three *German* devils, three *Doctor Faustus's*.

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke; villain, do not say they be fled; *Germans* are honest men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine *Host*?

Host. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o' mine come to town tells me there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the hosts of *Reading*, of *Maiden-head*, of *Colebrook*, of horses and monny. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened; fare you well.

[Exit.]

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver'ls mine *Host de Farteer*?

Host. Here, master *Doctor*, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius.

Cains. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*; by my trot, der is no Duke dat the court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu. [*Ex.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go; assist me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry. Villain, I am undone. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermens boots with me. I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as crest-faln as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore my self at *Primer*. Well, if my wind were but long enough^b to say my prayers, I would repent. Now, whence come you?

S C E N E X.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd. I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten my self into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brainford*, but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i'th' stocks, i'th' common stocks for a witch.

Quic.

^b *These words are from the old edition.*

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber, you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? sure one of you does not serve heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E XI.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master *Fenton*; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*, Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, (So far forth as her self might be her chuser) Ev'n to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents, as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested, Without the shew of both. Fat Sir *John Falstaff* Hath a great scene; the image of the jest I'll shew you here at large. Hark good mine host; To night at *Herne's Oak*, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet *Nan* present the fairy Queen; The purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton* Immediately to marry; she hath consented — Now
Sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match,

And

And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
 That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
 While other sports are tasking of their minds,
 And at the deanry, where a priest attends,
 Straight marry her; To this her mother's plot
 She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
 Made promise to the Doctor — Now thus it rests;
 Her father means she shall be all in white,
 And in that dress when *Slender* sees his time
 To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
 She shall go with him — Her mother hath intended,
 The better to devote her to the Doctor,
 (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
 That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
 With ribbands-pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
 And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
 The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me;
 And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar
 To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
 And in the lawful name of marrying,
 To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar.
 Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
 Beside, I'll make a present recompence. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XII.

Re-enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee no more prating; go; I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lyes in odd numbers; away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can

can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

Fal. Away, I say, time wears: hold up your head and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, master *Brook*? master *Brook*, the matter will be known to night, or never. Be you in the park about mid-night, at *Herne's oak*, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master *Brook*, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master *Brook*, like a poor old woman. That same knave, *Ford* her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you, he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, master *Brook*, I fear not *Goliath* with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle; I am in haste; go along with me, I'll tell you all, master *Brook*. Since I pluckt geese, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow; strange things in hand, master *Brook*; follow. *Exeunt.*



A C T

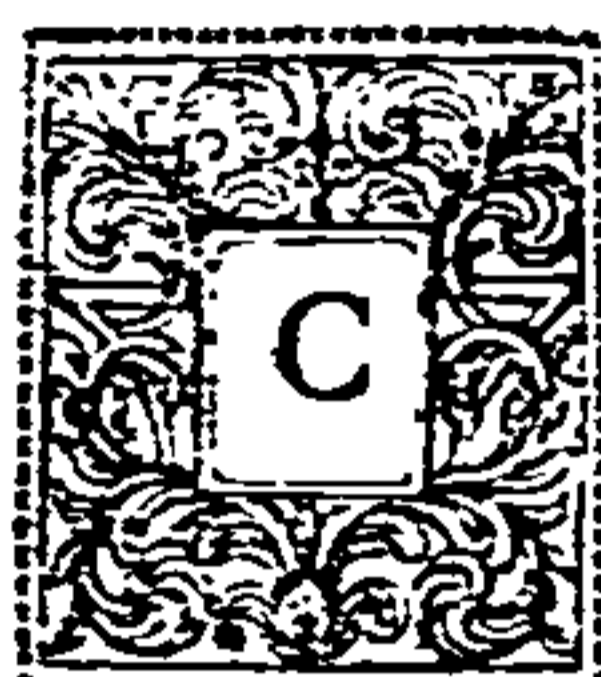


ACT V. SCENE I.

Windsor-Park.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender.

P A G E.



O ME, come; we'll couch i'th' castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. Ay forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white and cry mum, she cries budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your mum, or her budget? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten a-clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and spirits will become it well; heav'n prosper our sport. No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanary, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My husband will not

not rejoice so much at the abuse of *Falstaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. *Ford*. Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies, and the *Welch* devil *Herne*?

Mrs. *Page*. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne's* oak, with obscur'd lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaff's* and our meeting they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. *Ford*. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. *Page*. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd he will be mock'd.

Mrs. *Ford*. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. *Page*. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. *Ford*. The hour draws on; to the oak, to the oak. [Exeunt.]

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come and remember your parts: be bold, I pray you, follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords do as I bid you: come, come; trib, trib. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. The *Windsor* bell hath struck twelve, the minute draws on; now the hot-blooded gods assist me. Remember *Jove* thou wast a bull for thy *Europa*; love set on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that in some respects makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, *Jupiter*, a swan, for the love of *Leda*: oh omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose? A fault done first in the form of a beast, O *Jove*, a beastly fault; and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think

think on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? for me. I am here a *Windsor* stag, and the fattest, I think, i'th' forest. Send me a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*? art thou there, my deer? my male-deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? let the sky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress *Page* is come with me, sweet heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to my self, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the hunter? why, now is *Cupid* a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome,
[*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our sins.

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. *Mrs. Page.* Away, away.

[*The women run out.*]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Fairies.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,

You

You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy
toys.

Cricket, to *Windsor* chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blew as bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates flutt and sluttery.

Fal. They're fairies, he that speaks to them shall
die.

I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.
[*Lyes down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's *Bede*? go you, and where you find
a maid

That ere she sleep hath thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasie,
Sleep she as sound as careles infancy;
But those that sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and
shins.

Quic. About, about;

Search *Windsor* castle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room,
That it may stand 'till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholsom, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour,
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r;
Each fair instalment, coat and sev'ral crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be blest.

And nightly-medow-fairies, look you sing
Like to the *Garter*-compass in a ring:
Th'expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pense* write,
In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs purple, blue and white,
Like saphire-pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hood's bending knee;
Fairies use flow'rs for their charactery.

Away, disperse; but 'till 'tis one a clock
 Our dance of custom round about the Oak
 Of *Herne* the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Lock hand in hand, your selves in order set;
 And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be
 To guide our measure round about the tree.
 But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* fairy, lest
 he transform me to a piece of cheese.

Pist. Vild worm, thou wast o'er-look'd ev'n in thy
 birth.

Quic. With tryal-fire touch me his finger end;
 If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
 And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
 It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A tryal, come.

[*Their bur: him with their tapers, and pinch him.*]

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire;
 About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme.
 And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The S O N G.

Fie on simple phantasie:
Fie on lust and luxury:
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany:
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.
 [He offers to run out.]



SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay do not fly, I think I've watcht you now; Will none but *Herne* the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you come, hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windsor* wives? See you these husbands? do not these fair Oaks Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? master *Brook*, *Falstaff's* a knave, a cuckoldy knave, here are his horns, master *Brook*; and master *Brook*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford's* but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of mony, which must be paid to master *Brook*; his horses are arrested for it, master *Brook*.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies: I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies, and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir *John Falstaff*, serve got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching

as this? am I ridden with a *Welch* goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seefe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seefe and putter? have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of *English*? this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hogs-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job*?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications and to taverns, and sacks and wines and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me, I am dejected; I am not able to answer the *Welch* flannel, ignorance it self is a plummet o'er me, use me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we'll bring you to *Windsor* to one Mr. *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of mony, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that mony will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight, thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor *Caius*'s wife.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! father *Page*!

Page. Son, how now? how now son, have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in *Gloucestershire* know on't; would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry mistress *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white and cry'd mum, and she cry'd budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a post-master's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good *George* be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my daughter into green, and indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanery, and there married.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mistress *Page*? by gar I am cozen'd, I ha' marry'd one garsoon, a boy; one pefant, by

294 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

gar. A boy; it is not *Anne Page*, by gar I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why? did you not take her in green?

Cains. Ay be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all *Windsor*.

Ford. This is strange! who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton*. How now Mr. *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now mistress, how chance you went not with Mr. *Siender*?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her. Hear the truth of it,
You would have marry'd her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love:
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
Th' offence is holy that she hath committed,
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth eviate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy.
In love, the heav'ns themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special stand
to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heav'n give thee joy;

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

* *Eva.* [To *Fenton* aside.] I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Mr. *Fenton*,

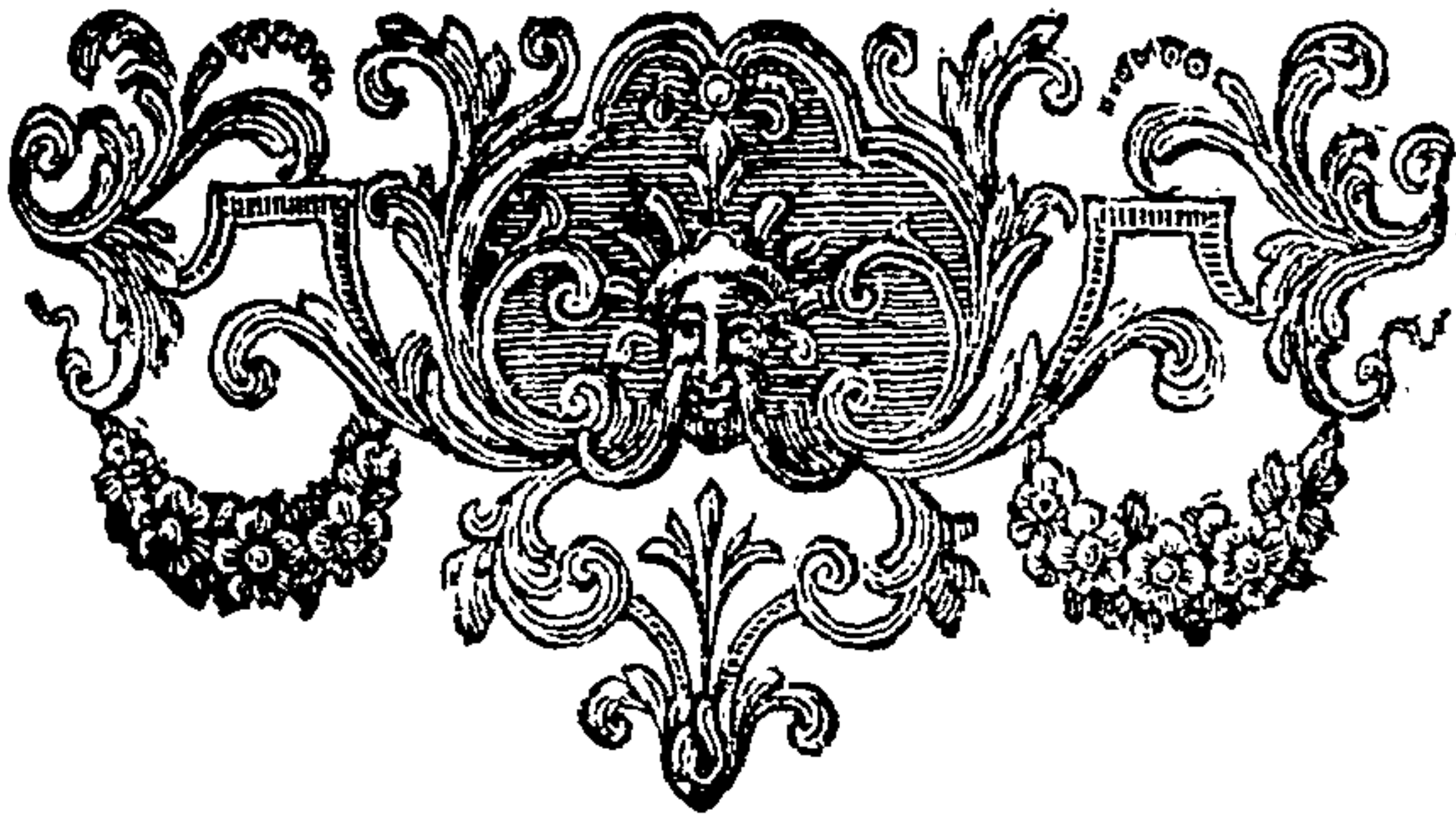
Heav'n

* This speech is taken from the edit. of 1619.

Heav'n give you many, many merry days.
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire,
Sir *John* and all.

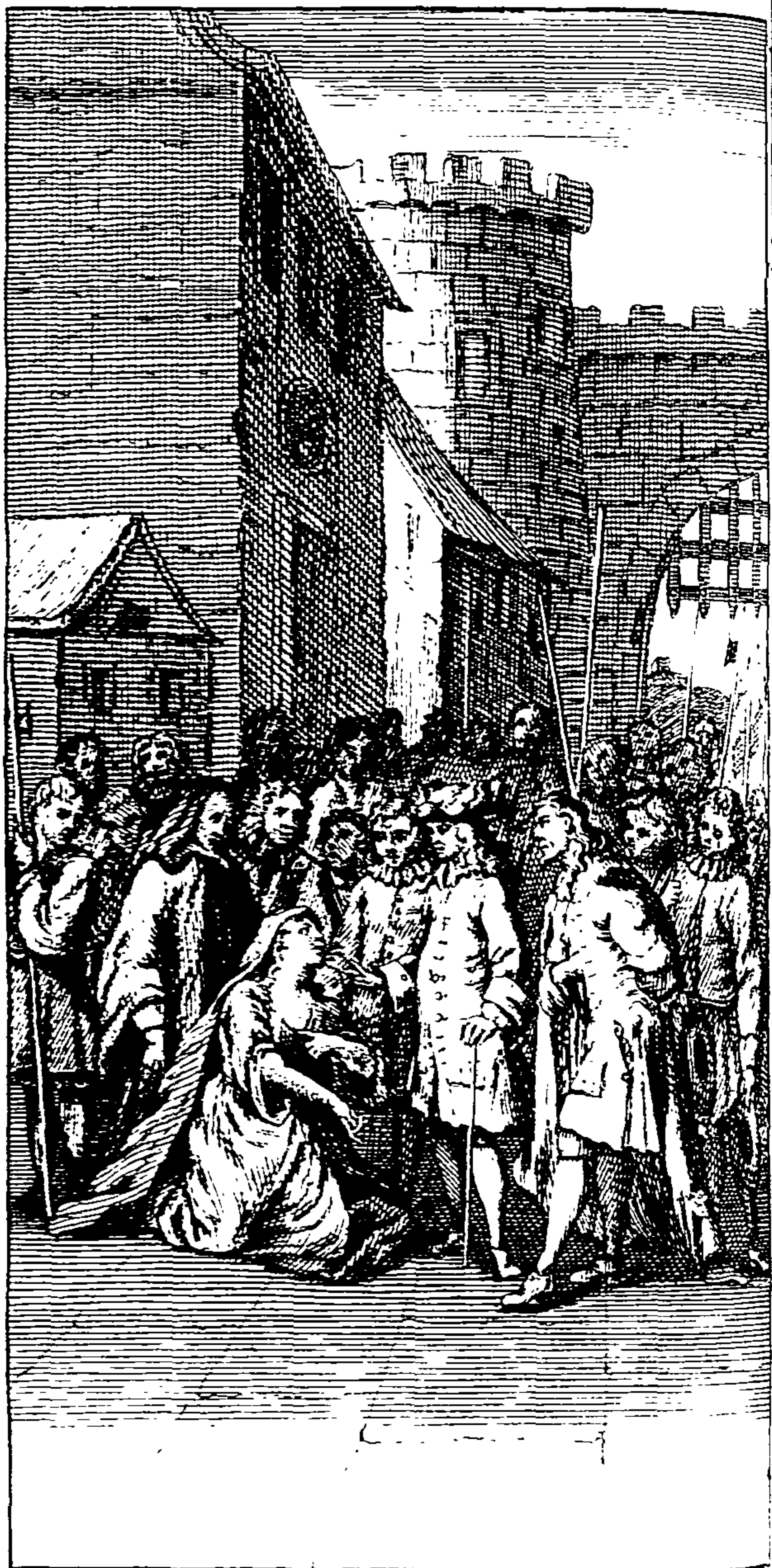
Ford. Let it be so, Sir *John* :
To master *Brook* you yet shall hold your word ;
For he, to-night, shall lye with mistress *Ford*.

[*Exe. Omnes.*]



Q 4

ME A-



MEASURE

FOR

MEASURE.

Dramatis Personæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*

Angelo, *Lord-deputy in the Duke's absence.*

Escalus, *an ancient Lord.*

Claudio, *a young gentleman.*

Lucio, *a fantastick.*

Two Gentlemen.

Varrius, *a gentleman, servant to the Duke.*

Provost.

Thomas, }
Peter, } *two Friars.*

Elbow, *a simple constable.*

Froth, *a foolish gentleman.*

Clown, *Servant to Mrs. Over-don,*

Abhorson, *an executioner.*

Barnardine, *a dissolute prisoner.*

Isabella, *sister to Claudio.*

Mariana, *betrothed to Angelo.*

Juliet, *beloved of Claudio.*

Abhorson, *a Nun.*

Mistress Over-don, a bawd.

Guards, Officers, and other attendants.

S C E N E [*Vienna.*

*The story is taken from Cinthio's Novels,
Dec. 8. Nov. 5.*

Measure



Measure for Measure.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A PALACE.

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

D U K E.



ESCALUS.

Escal. My lord:

Duke. Of Government, the properties
t' unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and
discourse.

Since I am ^a not to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains;
Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
Of common justice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither;

II

a. put to know.

300 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

I say, bid come before us *Angelo* :
What figure of us think you he will bear ?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply ;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love ;
And giv'n his deputation all the organs
Of our own power : say, what think you of it ?
Escal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord *Angelo*.

S C E N E II.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. *Angelo,*

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to th' observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold : thy self and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thy self upon thy virtues ; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues : nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Her self the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks, and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise ;
Hold therefore, *Angelo* :
In our remove, be thou at full our self.
Morality and mercy in *Vienna*,
Live in thy tongue and heart : old *Escalus* ;
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp't upon it.

Duke. Come, no more evasion:
We have with a prepar'd and leaven'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers it self, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of our commission.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it,
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualify the law,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heav'ns give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [Exit.]

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A pow'r I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

The S T R E E T.

Enter Lucio, *and* two gentlemen.

Lucio. IF the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungary's*.

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the testimonious pyrat, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: there's not a soldier of us all, that in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for Peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in meeter?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? grace, is grace, despite of all controversie; as for example, thou thy self art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well; there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt

thou'rt a three-pil'd piece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an *English* kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and indeed with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think I have done my self wrong, have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bawd.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where *Madam Mitigation* comes.

1 Gent. I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to —

2 Gent. To what, pray?

1 Gent. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dollars a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feast of thee.

1 Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 Gent. Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1 Gent. *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so; I saw him arrested;

304 MEASURE for MEASURE.

rested; saw him carry'd away; and which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me this may be; he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides, you know it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exe.*]

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

S C E N E V.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of *Vienna* must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clown. They shall stand for feed; they had gone down too, but that a wise burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd.

Bawd. Why here's a change indeed in the common wealth; what shall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapster still. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapster*? let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam *Juliet*.

[*Ex. Bawd and Clown.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers. Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord *Angelo* by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immod'rate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest,
I would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to
say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of free-
dom,

306 MEASURE for MEASURE.

dom, as the morality of imprisonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio*?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend: *Lucio* a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do any good: is letchery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me; upon a true contract

I got possession of *Julietta's* bed,
 You know the lady, she is fast my wife,
 Save that we do the denunciation lack
 Of outward order. This we came not to,
 Only for propagation of a dowre
 Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
 From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
 'Till time had made them for us. But it chances
 The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
 With character too gross, is writ in *Juliet*.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy now for the Duke,
 (Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;
 Or whether that the body publick be
 A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
 Who newly in the seat, that it may know
 He can command, lets it strait feel the spur;))
 Whether the tyranny be in his place,
 Or in his eminence that fills it up,
 I stagger in: but this new governor
 Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties
 Which have like unscour'd armour hung by th' wall
 So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
 And none of them been worn; and for a name,
 Now puts the drowsie and neglected act

Freshly

Freshly on me; 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found. I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service: This day my sister should the cloister enter, And there receive her approbation. Acquaint her with the danger of my state, Implore her in my voice, that she make friends To the strict Deputy; bid her self assay him, I have great hope in that; for in her youth There is a prone and speechless dialect, Such as moves men! beside, she 'hath prosp'rous art When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand upon grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come officer, away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

A MONASTERY.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. **N**O; holy father, throw away that thought, Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a compleat breast: why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youths.

Friar

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witlefs bravery keeps:
I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo*
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute pow'r and place here in *Vienna*,
And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland*;
For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs for head-strong weeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip,
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
T' unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do. For we bid this
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, my father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office:
Who may in th' ambush of my name strike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
To do in slander: To behold his sway,

I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
 Visit both Prince and people; therefore pr'ythee
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally my person bear
 Like a true *Friar*. More reasons for this action,
 At your more leisure shall I render you;
 Only this one: lord *Angelo* is precise,
 Stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
 If pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E VIII.

A NUNNERY.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Ifab. AND have you Nuns no farther privileges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?

Ifab. Yes truly; I speak not as desiring more,
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the sister votarists of saint *Clare*.

Lucio within.

Lucio. Hoa! peace be in this place.

Ifab. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle *Isabella*,
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
 You may; I may not; you are yet unsworn:
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
 But in the presence of the *Priores*;
 Then if you speak, you must not shew your face,
 Or if you shew your face, you must not speak.
 He calls again, I pray you answer him. [*Exit Franc.*]

Ifab. Peace and prosperity, who is't that calls?

Enter

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail virgin, if you be as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less, can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother *Claudio*?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Wo me, for what?

Lucio. For that, which if my self might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. I would not (tho' 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lawping, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd and sainted,
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness, and truth; 'tis
thus;

Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming † foyson; so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him? my cousin
Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names,
By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio.

† *Foyson*, Harvest.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. Let him then marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
 Bore many gentlemen, my self being one,
 In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
 By those that know the very nerves of state,
 His givings out were of an infinite distance
 From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
 And with full line of his authority,
 Governs lord *Angelo*; a man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth, one who never feels
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He, to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have long time run by the hideous law,
 As mice by Lyons; hath pickt out an act,
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it,
 And follows close the rigor of the statute,
 To make him an example; all hope's gone,
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften *Angelo*; and that's my business
 'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so
 Seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd him already,
 And, as I hear, the Provost hath a warrant
 For's execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor
 Ability's in me, to do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power? Alas! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt. Go to lord *Angelo*,
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
 Men give like gods; but when they weep and keel,
 All their petitions are as truly theirs,

As

312 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it strait;

No longer staying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good Sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, Justice, and attendants.

A N G E L O.



E must not make a scar-crow of the
law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, 'till custom
make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father;
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood

Could

Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny
The jury passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to justice,
That justice feizes on. What know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take'r,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. He must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be't as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the *Provost*?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. Well heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

SCENE II.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people
in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their
abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring
them away.

314 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon justice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good honour, two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are you of? *Elbow* is your name? Why dost thou not speak, *Elbow*?

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapster, Sir; parcel bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, Sir, was, as they say, pluckt down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house; which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest before heav'n and your honour.

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom I thank heav'n is an honest woman.

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest my self also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay Sir, by mistress *Over-don*'s means; but as he spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 315

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplacēs?

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saying your honour's reverence) for stew'd prewns; we had but two in the house, which at that very instant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; (your honours have seen such dishes, they are not *China* dishes, but very good dishes.)

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, Sir.

Clown. No indeed Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point; as I say, this mistress *Elbow*, being as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prewns; and having no more in the dish, as I said; master *Froth* here, this very man having eaten the rest, as I said, and as I say paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, master *Froth*, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No indeed.

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prewns.

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpose: what was done to *Elbow's* wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No Sir, I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall comē to it, by your honour's leave: and I beseech you, look into master *Froth* here, Sir, a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, master *Froth*?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. Why very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, Sir; 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*,
When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause,
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Escal. I think no less. Good-morrow to your lordship. Now Sir, come on: what was done to *Elbow's* wife, once more?

Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your honour ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beseech you Sir, look in this gentleman's face; good master *Froth*, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose; doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay I beseech you mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master *Froth* do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right; constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, and it like you, the house is a respected house;

house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? *Justice*, or *Iniquity*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked *Hannibal*! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o'th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry I thank your good worship for it: what is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, 'till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it; thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [To Froth.]

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, Sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, Sir?

[To the Clown.]

Clown. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress *Over-don*.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

318 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-don* by the last.

Escal. Nine? Come hither to me, master *Froth*: master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master *Froth*; farewell. [Exit *Froth*,

SCENE IV.

Come you hither to me, master tapster, what's your name, master tapster?

Clown. *Pompey*.

Escal. What else?

Clown. *Bum*, Sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense, you are *Pompey* the great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howsoever you colour it in being a tapster; are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, *Pompey*? by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade, *Pompey*? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*, and it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. Truly Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three pence a day: if you live to see this come to pass, say *Pompey* told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you. I advise you let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd *Cesar* to you: in plain dealing *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Escal. Come hither to me, master *Elbow*; come hither, master constable; how long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters; as they are chosen they are glad to chuse me for them. I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, Sir?

320 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Escal. To my house; fare you well. What's a clock, think you? [Exit Elbow.

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you go home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*:
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not it self, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet poor *Claudio*! there's no remedy.
Come, Sir. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do; I'll know
His pleasure; may be he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provost*?

Prov. It is your will *Claudio* should die to-morrow!

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen
When after execution judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine;
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your pardon.

What

What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place, and that with speed.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Let her be admitted.
See you the fornicatrefs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish means;
There shall be order for it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. 'Save your honour.

Ang. Stay yet a while. Y'are welcome; what's
your will?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your honour.
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. What's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And more desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beseech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heav'n giye thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done;
Mine were the very cipher of a function
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

R. 5.

Isab.

322 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Isab. O just, but severe law!

I had a brother then; ——— heav'n keep your honour.

Lucio. Give't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;

You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with a more tame tongue desire it.

To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heav'n nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't and do the world no wrong,
If to your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why no; I that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones belongs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I wou'd to heav'n I had your potency,
And you were *Isabel*; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,

If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? oh think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid,
It is the law; not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? oh! that's sudden. Spare him,
Spare him.

He's not prepar'd for death: even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; serve we heav'n
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? good, good my lord, bethink
you:

Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did th'edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shews what future evils
Or d new, or by remifsness new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But here they live to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all when I shew justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Then be satisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sen-
tence,
And he that suffers: oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

d now.

Lucio.

Lucio. That's well said.

Ifab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting petty officer
Would use his heav'n for thunder;
' Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!
' Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt
' Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
' Than the soft myrtle: O but man! proud man!
' Drest in a little brief authority,
' Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
' His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
' Plays such fantastick tricks before high heav'n,
' As makes the angels weep; who with our spleens
' Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh to him, to him wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heav'n she win him.

Ifab. We cannot weigh our brother with our self:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.

Ifab. That in the captain's but a colerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Ifab. Because authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it self,
That skins the vice o' th' top: go to your bosom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such sense,
That my sense bleeds with it. Fare you well.

Ifab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

Ifab. Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord turn
back.

Ang.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heav'n shall share
with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekles of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere sun rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heav'n keep your honour safe.

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour. [*Exe. Lucio and Isabella.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense,
Than woman's lightness? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? oh fie, fie, fie;
What dost thou? or what art thou, *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That

26 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue; ne'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite: Ev'n 'till this very Now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.
[Exit.]

S C E N E IX.

A P R I S O N.

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. HAIL to you, *Provost*; so I think you are.
Prov. I am the *Provost*; what's your will,
good *Friar*?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison; do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think to-morrow.

I have provided for you; stay a while,
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
conscience,

And try your penitence if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter; but repent you not
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame?
Which sorrow's always tow'rd's our selves, not heaven,
Showing we'd not seek heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner as I hear must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him;
So grace go with you; *benedicite.*

[*Exit.*]

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! oh injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE

S C E N E X.

*The PALACE.**Enter Angelo,*

Ang. **W**HEN I would pray and think, I think
 and pray
 To sev'ral subjects: heav'n hath my empty words,
 Whilst my intention hearing not my tongue,
 Anchors on *Isabel*: heav'n's in my mouth,
 As if I did but only chew its name,
 And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
 Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
 Is like a good thing, being often read,
 Grown fear'd and tedious; yea my gravity,
 Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
 Could I with boot change for an idle plume
 Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming? blood, thou art but blood:
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
 'Tis not the devil's crest. How now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. One *Isabel* a sister asks access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'ns!
 Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
 Making both that unable for it self,
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitness?
 So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air
 By which he should revive: and even so
 The gen'ral subjects to a well-wisht King,
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness

Crowd

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence. How now, for maid?

SCENE XI.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Ev'n so? — heav'n keep your honour. [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and it may be
As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy sweetnesss that do coin heav'n's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made;
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. And say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she, that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:

I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul;
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heav'n let me bear it; you, granting my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine;
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you're ignorant,
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax it self: as these black masques
Proclaim an en-shield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd. But mark me,
To be received plain I'll speak more gross;
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,)
But in the loss of question, that you his sister,
Finding your self desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab.

Isab. As much for my poor brother as my self;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th'impresſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip my ſelf to death as to a bed
That longing I've been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were a brother dy'd at once,
Than that a ſiſter by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence
That you have ſlander'd ſo?

Isab. An ignominious ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes; lawful mercy ſure
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. Oh pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have; we ſpeak not what
we mean:

I ſomething do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Elſe let my brother die,
If not a feodary but only he
Owe and ſucceed by weakneſs.

Ang. Nay women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view them-
ſelves;

Which are as eaſy broke as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft as our complexion are,
And credulous to falſe prints.

Ang. I think it well;
And from this testimony of your own ſex,
(ſince I ſuppoſe we're made to be no ſtronger
Than faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold;

332 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

I do arrest your words: be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive I love you.

Isab. My brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, *Isabel*, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! seeming, seeming.
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-stretch'd throat I'll tell the world
Aloud what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Isabel*?
My unfoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' th' state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for: save thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will.
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or by th' affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.
Isab.

Isab. To whom should I complain? did I tell this,
 Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approof;
 Bidding the law make curstie to their will,
 Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
 To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother.
 Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.
 Then *Isabel* live chaste, and brother die;
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
 And fit his mind to death for his soul's rest. [Exit.



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

The P R I S O N.

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provost.

D U K E.

SO, then you hope of pardon from lord
Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other
 medicine

But only hope: I've hope to live, and
 am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: or death or life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life;
 ' If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art,
 ' Ser-

334 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

‘ Servile to all the skiey influences;
 ‘ That dost this habitation where thou keep’st
 ‘ Hourly afflict : meerly thou art death’s fool ;
 ‘ For him thou labour’st by thy flight to shun,
 ‘ And yet runn’st tow’rd him still. Thou art not noble,
 ‘ For all th’ accommodations that thou bear’st
 ‘ Are nurs’d by baseness : thou’rt by no means valiant,
 ‘ For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 ‘ Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 ‘ And that thou oft provok’st, yet grossly fear’st
 ‘ Thy death, which is no more. Thou’rt not thy self ;
 ‘ For thou exists on many a thousand grains
 ‘ That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
 ‘ For what thou hast not, still thou striv’st to get,
 ‘ And what thou hast, forgett’st. Thou art not certain,
 ‘ For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 ‘ After the moon. If thou art rich, thou’rt poor ;
 ‘ For like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 ‘ Thou bear’st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 ‘ And death unloadeth thee. Friend hast thou none ;
 ‘ For thine own bowels which do call thee Sire,
 ‘ The meer effusion of thy proper loins,
 ‘ Do curse the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
 ‘ For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth,
 ‘ nor age ;
 ‘ But as it were an after-dinner’s sleep,
 ‘ Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth
 ‘ Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 ‘ Of palsied † eld ; and when thou’rt old and rich,
 ‘ Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
 ‘ To make thy riches pleasant. What’s in this
 ‘ That bears the name of life ? yet in this life
 ‘ Lye hid more thousand deaths ; yet death we fear
 ‘ That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
 And seeking death, find life : let it come on.

† eld, *old age*.

Enter

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What ho? peace here; grace and good company.

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with *Claudio*.

Prov. And very welcome. Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. *Provost*, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,

Yet hear them.

[*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

S C E N E II.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good indeed: Lord *Angelo* having affairs to heav'n, Intends you for his swift ambassador; Where you shall be an everlasting leiger. Therefore your best appointment make with speed, To-morrow you set out.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save a head, To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes brother, you may live: There is a devilish mercy in the judge, If you'll implore it, that will free your life, But fetter you 'till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay just, perpetual durance, a restraint, Tho' all the world's vastidity you had, To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one, as you consenting to't,

Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Ifab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*, and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness? if I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Ifab. There spake my brother; there my father's
grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-fainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The Princely *Angelo*?

Ifab. Oh 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In Princely guards. Dost thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh heav'ns, it cannot be.

Ifab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank
offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Ifab. Oh, were it but my life,

I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dearest *Isabel*.

Isab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Isabel*!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay but to die, and go we know not where
' To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot;
' This sensible warm motion to become
' A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
' To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
' In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,
' To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
' And blown with restless violence round about
' The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
' Of those, that lawless and incertain thought
' Imagine howling; — 'tis too horrible!
' The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
' That age, ach, penury, imprisonment
' Can lay on nature, is a paradise
' To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. Oh you beast!
Oh faithless coward! oh dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? what should I think?

338 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Heav'n grant my mother plaid my father fair :
 For such a warped slip of wilderiness
 Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
 Die, perish! might my only bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
 I'll pay a thousand prayers for thy death;
 No word to save thee.

Claud. Hear me, *Isabel*.

Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
 Mercy to thee would prove it self a bawd;
 'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Isabella*.

S C E N E III.

To them, Enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your sister. *Angelo* had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your self to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon; I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it. [*Ex. Claud.*

Duke.

Duke. Hold you there; farewell. *Provost*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [Exit *Prov.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace being the soul of your complection, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*? if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made tryal of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents it self. I do make my self believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak, father: I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful: have you not heard speak of *Mariana*, the sister of *Frederick*, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Ifab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wrackt at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this besel to the poor gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Ifab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few words, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Ifab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother; but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Ifab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust kindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment,

pointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit and reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up; haste you speedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. *Luke's*; there at the moated grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The STREET.

Enter Duke, Elbow, Clown and Officers.

Elb. **N**A Y, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. Oh heav'ns! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world since of two usuries the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law. A furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lambs-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer than innocency stands for the facing.

342 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: blefs you, good father *Friar*.

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the law; and Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd; The evil that thou causest to be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back From such a filthy vice: say to thy self, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat away my self, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed it doth stink in some sort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove ———

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the deputy cannot abide a whore-master; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free!

S C E N E IV.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waste, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I spy comfort; I cry bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey*? what, at the wheels of *Cæsar*? art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of *Pigmalion's* images newly made woman

to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? what say'st thou to this tune, matter and method? is't not drown'd i'th' last rain? ha? what say'st thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? which is the way? is it sad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; still worse?

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth Sir, she hath eaten up all the beef, and she is her self in the tub.

Lucio. Why 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so. Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd baw'd, an unshunn'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison, *Pompey*?

Clown. Yes, faith Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, *Pompey*: farewell: go say I sent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey*? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him; if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey*: commend me to the prison, *Pompey*; you will turn good husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No indeed will I not *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encrease your bondage, if you take it not patiently: why, your mettle is the more: adieu, trusty *Pompey*. Bless you, *Friar*.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey*? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What news abroad, *Friar*? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go:

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown and Officers.*

SCENE VI.

What news, Friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of *Russia*; other some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his absence; he puts Transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leachery would do no harm in him; something too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes in good sooth, the vice is of great kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? would the Duke that is absent have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducklet in her clack-dish; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What pr'ythee might be the cause?

Lucio. No; pardon: 'tis a secret must be lockt within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dear love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spok^e you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

346 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite; but indeed I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me,
Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish: I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eyes, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewel, good *Friar*, I pr'ythee pray for me: the Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on *Fridays*. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' she smelt of brown bread and garlick: say that I say so, farewel. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the gail up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

S C E N E VII.

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Bawd.

Escalus. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? this would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me: mistress *Kate Keep-down* was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my self; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*] *Provoft*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Blis and goodness on you.

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the sea, In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i'th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that above all other strifes Contended specially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he giv'n to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry

merry at any thing which profess to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the heav'ns your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extreme shore of my modesty, but my brother-justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: fare you well. [Exit,

S C E N E VIII.

Duke. Peace be with you.
 He who the sword of heav'n will bear,
 Should be as holy as severe:
 Pattern in himself to know,
 Grace to stand, and virtue go:
 More nor less to others paying,
 Than by self-offences weighing.
 Shame to him, whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking.
 Twice treble shame on *Angelo*,
 To weed my vice, and let his grow!
 Oh, what may man within him hide,
 Tho' angel on the outward side?

How may likenesses made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 To draw with idle spiders strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial things?
 Craft against vice I must apply.
 With *Angelo* to-night shall I ye
 His old betrothed, but despis'd;
 So disguise shall by th' disguis'd
 Pay with falshood false exacting,
 And perform an old contracting.

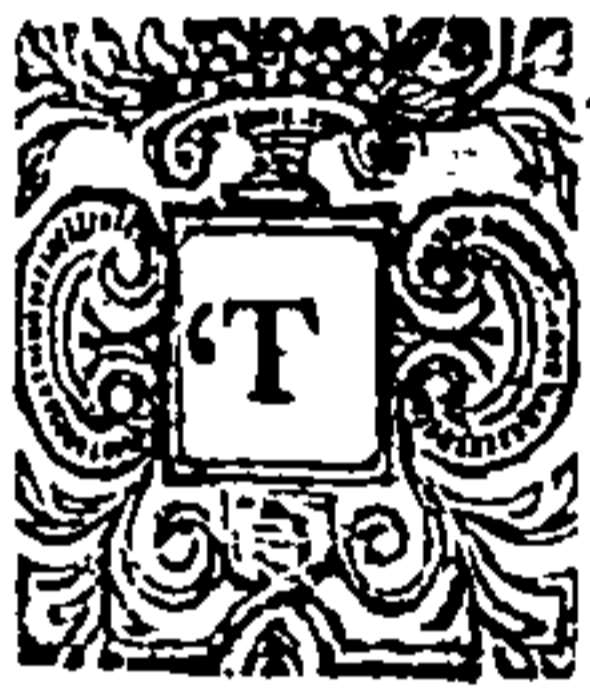
[*Exit.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mariana, and boy singing.

S O N G.



TAKE, oh take those lips away,
 ' That so sweetly were forsworn;
 ' And those eyes, the break of day,
 ' Lights that do mis-lead the morn;
 ' But my kisses bring again,
 ' Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
 I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish
 You had not found me here so musical:
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
 My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' musick oft hath such a charm
 To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
 I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me
 here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd
 here to meet.

Mari.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have fate here all day.

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be I will call upon you anon for some advantage to your self.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backt;
And to that vineyard is a planced gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promise made to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whisp'ring and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No; none but only a repair i'th' dark;
And that I have possess't him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.

I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this. What ho! within! come forth!

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Enter Mariana.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Ifab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade your self that I respect you?

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do, and I have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt Mar. and Ifab.*]

Duke. Oh place and greatness! millions of false
‘ eyes
‘ Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report
‘ Run with these false and most contrarious quests
‘ Upon thy doings: thousand ’scapes of wit
‘ Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
‘ And rack thee in their fancies! Welcome, how agreed?

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Mariana, and Isabel.

Ifab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. 'Tis not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Ifab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low.
Remember now my brother.

Mar. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him

Both

352 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go,
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tythe's to sow. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E V.

• *The Prison.*

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. COME hither, sirrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your ^a gyves: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson*! where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor.

^a gyves, shackles.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 353

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir; you weigh equally, a feather will turn the scale. [Exit.

Clown. Pray Sir, by your good favour; (for surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay Sir, a mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him: for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your ax to-morrow, four a-cleck.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yours: for truly, Sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. [Exit.

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, tho' he were my brother.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
 Thou must be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine*?
Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
 When it lyes starkly in the traveller's bones:
 He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
 Well go, prepare your self. But hark, what noise?
[*Knock within.*]
 Heav'n give your spirits comfort; by and by;
 I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve
 For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
 Invellop you, good *Provost*: who call'd here of late?

Prov. None since the curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Ishabel*?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
 Ev'n with the stroak and line of his great justice;
 He doth with holy abstinence subdue
 That in himself which he spurs on his pow'r
 To qualifie in others. Were he meal'd
 With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
 But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.

[*Knock again.*]

This is a gentle *Provost*, seldom when
 The steeled goaler is the friend of men.
 How now? what noise? that spirit's possess'd with haste
 That wounds th' unresisting postern with these strokes.

Prov.

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, *Provost*, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides upon the very siege of justice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profest the contrary.

S C E N E VII.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio's* pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note, and by me
this further charge, that you swerve not from the
smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or o-
ther circumstance. Good-morrow; for as I take it,
it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit Messen.]

Duke. This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love, is th'offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: lord *Angelo*, be-like thinking me
remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwon-
ted putting on, methinks strangely, for he hath not
us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's hear.

Provost

Provost reads the letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. This fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred, one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and indeed his fact, 'till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he born himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provost*, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the
bold-

boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesie.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an exprefs command under penalty to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my case as *Claudio*'s, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide: let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head born to *Angelo*.

Prov. *Angelo* hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it; shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be barb'd before his death; you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune; by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal
of

358 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

of the Duke; you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

- *Proc.* I know them both.

- *Duke.* The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find within these two days he will be here. This is a thing which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Duke's death, perchance of his entering into some monastery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd; put not your self into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easie when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn. [*Exe.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession; one would think it were mistress *Over-don's* own house; for here be many of her old customers. First here's young *Mr. Rash*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, ninetycore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money: marry then, ginger was not much in request; for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one *Mr. Caper*, at the suit of master *Three-Pile* the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd sattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young *Mr. Deep-vow*, and *Mr. Copper-spur*, and master *Starve-Lucky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-beire* that kill'd lusty *Pudding*, and *Mr. Forthlight* the tilter, and brave *Mr. Shooty* the great traveller, and wild *Half-Canne* that stabb'd *Pots*, and I think forty more;

more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Master *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, master *Barnardine*.

Abhor. What ho, *Barnardine*!

Barnardine *within*.

Barnar. A pox o' your throats; who makes that noise there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman; you must be so good, Sir, to rise, and be put to death.

Barnar. Away, you rogue away, I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the straw ruffle.

Enter *Barnardine*.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now *Abhorson*? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the founder all the next day.

Enter

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly father; do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [Exit.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh gravel heart! After him fellows: bring him to the block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever, One *Ragozine*, a most notorious pyrate, A man of *Claudio's* years; his beard and head Just of his colour. What if we omit This reprobate 'till he were well inclin'd, And satisfy the Deputy with the visage Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heav'n provides: Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on

Pre-

MEASURE for MEASURE. 361

Prefixt by *Angelo* : see this be done,
And sent according to command ; while I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently ;
But *Barnardine* must die this afternoon :
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive ?

Duke. Let this be done ;
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio* :
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to *An-*
gelo. [Exit *Prov.*

Now will I write letters to *Angelo*,
The *Provost* he shall bear them, whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home ;
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publickly : him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city ; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-ballanc'd form,
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter *Provost*.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it my self.

Duke. Convenient is it : make a swift return ;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ears but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit

SCENE X.

Isabel within.

Isab. Peace hoa be here.

Duke. The tongue of *Isabel*. She comes to know
VOL. I. T If

362 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither :
 But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
 To make her heav'nly comforts of despair,
 When it is least expected.

Enter Isabel.

Isab. By your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better giv'n me by so holy a man :
 Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon ?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabel*, from the world ;
 His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.

Shew wisdom, daughter, in your closest patience.

Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Isabel* !

Injurious world, most damned *Angelo* !

Duke. This hurts not him, nor profits you a jot :
 Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heav'n :
 Mark what I say, which you shall surely find
 By ev'ry syllable a faithful verity.

The Duke comes home to-morrow ; dry your eyes,
 One of our convent, and his confessor
 Gives me this news : already he hath carry'd
 Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
 Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
 There to give up their pow'r. Pace your wisdom
 In that good path that I would wish it go,
 And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
 Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
 And gen'ral honour.

Isab. I'm directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to *Friar Peter* give ;
 'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return :
 Say, by this token, I desire his company
 At *Mariana's* house. Her cause and yours

I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
 Before the Duke ; and to the head of *Angelo*
 Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
 I am combined by a sacred vow,
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter :
 Command these fretting waters from your eyes
 With a light heart ; trust not my holy order
 If I pervert your course. Who's here ?

S C E N E XI.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even ;
Friar, where's the *Provost* ?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart
 to see thine eyes so red ; thou must be patient ; I am
 fain to dine and sup with water and bran ; I dare not
 for my head fill my belly : one fruitful meal would
 set me to't. But they say the Duke will be here to-
 morrow. By my troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy brother :
 if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been
 at home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden
 to your reports ; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. *Friar,* thou knowest not the Duke so well
 as I do ; he's a better woodman than thou tak'st him
 for.

Duke. Well ; you'll answer this one day. Fare ye
 well.

Lucio. Nay tarry, I'll go along with thee : I can
 tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already,
 Sir, if they be true ; if not, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench
 with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing ?

Lucio. Yes marry did I ; but I was fain to forswear
 it ; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten
 medlar.

364 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of bur, I shall stick.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XII.

The PALACE.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. EVERY letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness: pray heav'n his wisdom be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that; to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you let it be proclaim'd betimes i'th' morn; I'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir: fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Ang. Good night.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it? but that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her:

For my authority bears off all credence;
 That, no particular scandal once can touch,
 But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
 Save that his riotous youth, with dang'rous sense,
 Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
 With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!
 Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
[Exit.]

S C E N E XIII.

The Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. **T**HES E letters at fit time deliver me.
 The *Provost* knows our purpose and our
 plot:

The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
 And hold you ever to our special drift,
 Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that,
 As cause doth minister: go call at *Flavius'* house,
 And tell him where I stay; give the like notice
 Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
 But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou hast made good
 haste:

Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
 Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loth:
I'd say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part; yet I'm advis'd to do it,
He says to vail full purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick
That's bitter to sweet end

Mar. I would Friar *Peter* ———

Isab. Oh peace; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
founded:

The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entring: therefore hence away. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, and Citizens at several doors.

D U K E.



Y very worthy cousin, fairly met ;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad
to see you.

Ang. and Esc. Happy return be to
your royal Grace.

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to
you both :

We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud, and I should
wrong

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come *Escalus*,
You must walk by us on our other hand :
And good supporters are you.

SCENE II.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time: speak loud and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke; vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid:
Oh worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And give me justice, justice, justice, justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be brief:

Here is lord *Angelo* shall give you justice;
Reveal your self to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me your self; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: oh hear me here.

Ang. My lord, her wits I fear me are not firm:
Sh'ath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. Course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly.

Isab. Most strange but yet most truly will I speak;
That *Angelo's* forsworn: is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murth'rer: is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violater:
Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th'end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab.

Ifab. Oh I conjure thee, Prince, as thou believ'st
 There is another comfort than this world,
 That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
 That I am touch'd with madnefs. Make not impossible
 That which but seems unlike; 'tis not impossible
 But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
 May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
 As *Angelo*; ev'n so may *Angelo*,
 In all his dressings, caracts, titles, forms,
 Be an arch-villain: trust me, royal Prince,
 If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
 Had I more name for badnefs.

Duke. By mine honesty,
 If she be mad, as I believe no other,
 Her madnefs hath the oddest frame of sense,
 Such a dependency of thing on thing,
 As e'er I heard in madnefs.

Ifab. Gracious Duke,
 Harp not on that; and do not banish reason
 For inequality; but let your reason
 Serve to make truth appear, where it seems hid,
 And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
 Have sure more lack of reason.
 What would you say?

Ifab. I am the sister of one *Claudio*,
 Condemn'd upon the act of fornication,
 To lose his head; condemn'd by *Angelo*:
 I, in probation of a sisterhood,
 Was sent to by my brother; one *Lucio*,
 As then the messenger, -----

Lucio. That's I, and't like your grace:
 I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her
 To try her gracious fortune with lord *Angelo*,
 For her poor brother's pardon.

Ifab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak. [To *Lucio*.]

Lucio. No, my good lord, nor wish'd to hold my
 peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;

370 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Pray you take note of it: and when you have
A business for your self, pray heav'n you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for your self; take heed to't.

Isab. This gentleman told something of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it:
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter; proceed.

Isab. In brief; (to set the needlers by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd,
For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscent intemp'rate lust,
Release my brother; after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: next morn betimes,
His purpose forfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. His integrity
Stands without blemish; it imports no reason,
That with such vehemence he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on,
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain?

Isab. And is this all?

Then oh you blessed ministers above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance: Heav'n shield your Grace from wrong,
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go.

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer;
To prison with her. Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? this must be a practice.
Who knew of our intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick*!

Duke. A ghostly father belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick*?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar*;
I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this is a good *Friar* belike,
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! let this *Friar* be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that *Friar*,
I saw them at the prison: a sawcy *Friar*,
A very scurvy fellow,

Peter. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick* which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And on my trust a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it!

Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,

372 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Of a strange fever. On his meer request,
 (Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
 Intended 'gainst lord *Angelo*) came I hither
 To speak as from his mouth, what he doth know
 Is true and false; and he upon his oath
 By all probation will make up full clear,
 Whenever he's conven'd. First, for this woman;
 To justify this worthy nobleman,
 So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
 Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
 'Till she her self confesses it.

Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.

Do you not smile at this, lord *Angelo*?
 O heav'n! the vanity of wretched fools! —
 Give us some seats; come, cousin *Angelo*,
 In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
 Of your own cause. Is this the witness, *Friar*?

S C E N E III.

Enter Mariana veil'd.

First let her shew her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not shew my face
 Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid,
 widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of
 them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some
 cause to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was marry'd,
 And I confess besides, I am no maid;

I've

I've known my husband, yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no
better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert
so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord *Angelo*.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.

She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband. [To Mariana]

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Isabel's*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[Unveiling]

This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from *Isabel*,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my self and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief,
For that her reputation was dis-valu'd

374 MEASURE for MEASURE.

In levity; since which time, of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heav'n, and words from
breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife; as strongly
As words could make up vows: and my good lord,
But *Tuesday* night last gone, in's garden-house
He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here
A marble monument.

Ang. I did but smile 'till now.
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mighty member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou thy oaths,
Tho' they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation? You, lord *Escalus*,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar* that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your *Provost* knows the place where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Do it instantly.
And you my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best

In any chastisement : I for a while
Will leave you ; but stir not you, 'till you have
Well determin'd upon these slanderers. ' [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. Signior *Lucio*, did not you say you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a dishonest person ?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum* ; honest in nothing but in his cloaths, and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them against him ; we shall find this *Friar* a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Escal. Call that same *Isabel* here once again : I would speak with her : pray you, my lord, give me leave to question ; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he by her own report.

Escal. Say you ?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think if you handled her privately she should sooner confesse ; perchance publickly she'd be asham'd.

Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, Provost and Isabella.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way ; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress : here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the *Provost*.

Escal. In very good time : speak not you to him 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, Sir, did you set these women on to slander lord *Angelo* ? they have confests'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal.

376 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Escal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place; and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly at least. But oh, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good-night to your redress: is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your tryal in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd Friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
T' accuse this worthy man, but in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' Duke himself; to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to th' rack with him: we'll touze you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose:
What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke dare no more
stretch

This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
His subject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my business in this state
Made me a locker-on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to th' state! away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior

Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman
baldpate;

Do

Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notably, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? and was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change persons with me ere you make that my report: you spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke as I love my self.

Ang. Hark how the villain would close now after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to prison: where is the *Provost*? away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more; away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? help him, *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come Sir, come Sir, come Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying rascal; you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you; show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a Duke.

First, *Provost*, let me bail these gentle three.

Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you

Must have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you
down: [To *Escalus*.]

We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave:

Hast

378 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,
Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: then, good Prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame;
But let my tryal be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana*:
Say; wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, *Friar*; which consummate,
Return him here again: go with him, *Provost*.

[*Exit* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.]

S C E N E V.

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Isabel*;
Your *Friar* is now your Prince: as I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attornied at your service.

Isab. Oh give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown Sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Isabel*:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know sits at your heart:
And you may marvel why I obscur'd my self,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Then let him be so lost: Oh most kindmaid,

It

It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him.
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

SCENE VI.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour; you must pardon
For *Mariana's* sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then, *Angelo*, thy faults are manifested;
Which tho' thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death; and with like haste,
Away with him.

Mari. Oh my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband?

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his possessions,
Altho' by confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh my dear lord,

380 MEASURE for MEASURE.

I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Leige——

Duke. You do but lose your labour:

Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh my good lord. Sweet *Isabel*, take my part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her;
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. *Isabel*,

Sweet *Isabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults;
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
Oh *Isabel*; will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir, [Kneeling.]

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd.
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be bury'd but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects:
Intent, but meerly thoughts.

Mari. Meerly, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say:
I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov.

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office: Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would thou had'st done so by *Claudio*:
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

Escal. I'm sorry one so learned and so wise
As you, lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I'm sorry that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta]

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Prov. This my lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Friar*, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's
that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I say'd,

Who

382 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his head,
As like almost to *Claudio* as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well;
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in my self,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
[To *Lucio*.]

One of all luxury, an ass, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to
the trick; if you will hang me for it you may, but I
had rather it would please you I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provost*, round about the city;
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he shall marry her; the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me
to a whore: your Highness said even now, I made
you a Duke; good my lord, do not recompence me
in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour thou shalt marry her:
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
death, whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a Prince deserves it.
Sne, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you restore.

Joy

Joy to you, *Mariana*; love her *Angelo*:
 I have confes'd her, and I know her virtue.
 Thanks, good friend *Escalus*, for thy much goodnefs:
 There's more behind that is more gratefull.
 Thanks, *Provost*, for thy care and secrecie;
 We shall imploy thee in a worthier place:
 Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
 The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*;
 Th' offence pardons it self. Dear *Isabel*,
 I have a motion much imports your good,
 Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
 What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
 So bring us to our palace, where we'll show
 What's yet behind that's meet you all should know.
[*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Volume.

