Spero

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F.R.S.S.A.
THE WORKS OF Mr. William Shakespear. In TEN VOLUMES. Publish'd by Mr. POPE and Dr. SEWELL.

LONDON:
THE

PREFACE

OF THE

EDITOR.

T 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 Shakespeare 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

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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' Egyptian 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 shows 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 Shakespeare 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 posses'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 guess 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
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 tendernesses, than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of ouridlest 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 se-

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 Shakespeare 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 Mechanics: 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 Verifica-
tion. In Comedy, nothing was so sure to please, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jets of fools and clowns. Yet even in these, our Author's Wit buoy's 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 Dia-

cologue; and their Comedies follow'd the thread
thread of any Novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true Hi-
story.

To judge therefore of Shakespear by A-
ristotle'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 Im-
mortality: Some or all of which have en-
courag'd the vanity, or animated the am-
bition, of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his
performances had merit 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 propor-
tion 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 Au-
thor'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 Ari-
sotle. 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 ap-
ppears from what we are told by Ben John-
son 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 ground-
less report, or to the contrary of which
there are more undeniable evidences. As,
the Comedy of the Merry Wives of Wind-
for,
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, extremly 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 Superfluations: 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
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 Caesar, 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 shewn 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 eafe 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 should 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 applause 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 Shakespeare'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 Antus 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 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 Shakespeare'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 Shakespeare 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 latter
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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 would 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' carelessness set down instead of the Personae 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 piece-meal-written parts.

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

Some

† Such as,
— My Queen is murdered! 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 Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act. 5. Shakespear introduces a kind of Master of the Revels called Philostratus; 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 mere 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 consequent-
ly were entirely 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 Shakespeare 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, Locrine, Sir John Oldcastle, Yorkshire Tragedy, Lord Cromwell, The Puritan, London Prodigal, and a thing call'd the Double Fal-
hood, cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others, (particular in 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 occa-
sion'd some Plays to be supposed Shakespeare's was only this; that they were pieces pro-
duced by unknown authors, or fitted up

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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-
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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 persuaded, 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 Shakespeare'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
The Preface.

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 entirely omit them without any chasm, or deficiency in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an Afterisk 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
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evidence along with them.) These Editions
now hold the place of Originals, and are
the only materials left to repair the defici-
ences 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 Shakespeare,
that with all his faults, and with all the irre-
regularity of his Drama, one may look upon
his works, in comparison of those that are
more finish'd and regular, as upon an anci-
ent majestic 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 gran-
deur.

A. POPE.
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 Falstaff, 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 utmost 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
Shakespeare. Imprinted at London by W. W. for Custburt
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 Scenery scarce differ at all from it. I
should think it not written by Shakespeare; but there are
some Speeches (in one or two Scenes only) the same:
And we have there the conclusion of the Play, which
is
TABLE

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 Shakspur 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 sullen and aslummed humour of Tom a Bedlam. As it was play'd before the King's Majesty at Whitehall upon St. Stephen's Night in Christmas Holydays. By His Majesty's Servants playing usuall at the Globe on the Bankside. Printed for Nath. Butter, 1608.

VII. The Tragedy of King Richard the Second, as it hath been publicly act'd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. By William Shakspur. Printed by Valentine Simms for Andrew Wise, 1598. (the 34th Year of Shakspur's Age.)

The same, with new Additions, of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately act'd by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe. By W. Shakspur. 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 humourous Conceits of Sir John Falstaff, newly corrected by William Shakspur. Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, 1599, Quarto, his 35th Year.

The same Printed in 1604.

The same Printed for Matthew Law, etc. 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 Falstaff and swaggering Pistons. As it hath been sundry times publicly act'd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. Written by William Shakspur. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley, 1600, Quarto, (the 36th Year of his Age.)
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X. The Chronicle History of Henry the 5th, with his Battle fought at Agincourt in France. Together with Ancient Piece. As it hath been sundry times played by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. Printed by Tho. Creede 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 3 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 Scenery 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 Andronictus. As it hath been sundry times played by the King's Majesty's
Majesty's Servants. Printed by Edw. White, 1611. It appe-
sears 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 Cressida, ex-
cellently expressing the beginning of their Loves, with
the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Lycia. Writ-
ten by Will. Shakespear. Imprinted by G. Eld, for R. Bo-
nian 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 Ju-
liet. As it hath been often with great Applause play'd pub-
lickly, by the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunstock 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 Den-
mark. By W. Shakespear. Newly imprinted and inlarg'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 im-
printed and inlarg'd according to the true and perfect
Copy lately Printed. Printed by W. S. for John Smith-
wich, 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 af-
ter his Death, as appears by the Preface.)
SOME

ACCOUNT of the LIFE, &c.

OF

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

Written by Mr. Rowe.

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
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 dramatick 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 Cborlecot, 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
of Mr. William Shakespear.

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 handsomely 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 dillinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry the fifth's and Henry the sixth's times. What grace ever 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 Shakespeare's, that if I had not been assured 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 Shakespeare 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 Shakespeare; tho' at the same time I believe it must be allow'd, that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a balance 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 William D'Avenant,
of Mr. William Shakespear: xxxvii

D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eaton, and Ben Johnson; Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakepear, had undertaken his defence against Ben Johnson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told 'em, That if Mr. Shakepear had not read the Ancients, he had likewise not stolen 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 Shakepear.

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 ufury; It happen'd, that in a pleasent conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakepear 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 Shakepear gave him these four versies.

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

But
Some Account of the Life, &c.

But the sharpness of the Satire is said to have flung 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 wet the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed 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, Etq; and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbington, 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
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 flopp'd: **Suffaminandus
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
Shakespeare, 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 expreis'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.

--- Naturā 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 Shakespeare'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 feverer 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 al-
ways well-sustained, 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 lewd 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 Decr-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 Baffanio 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
of Mr. William Shakespear. xliii

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 sarking morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the Lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his Mistres’ eye-brow. Then a Soldier
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 toward childish treble pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful History,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans ev’ry thing.

His Images are indeed every where so lively,
that the thing he would represent stands full be-
fore you, and you possesse 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 sate 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 itself; 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 fake, 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 Grotesques that was ever seen. The observation, which I have been inform'd * three very great men concurred 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 judge

* Ed. Falkland, Ed. 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 dramatick 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 Condu't 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 Hist'ry, 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 distant 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 justly judg'd, and in very many places greatly commend'd. 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 Shakespeare 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 easy 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 contritioner 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 pity 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 shewn 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 sim-
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 found 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 Ægysthus 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
Some Account of the Life, &c.

on the conduct of Shakespeare. 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' 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 dramatick Writer ever succeeded better in raising Terror in the minds of an audience than Shakespeare 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 Shakespeare 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 Shakespeare's manner of
of Mr. William Shakespear.

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 Person 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 Detbick, Garter Principal King of Arms of England, and William Cambden, alias Clavencieux, 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 Wellingcote 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 Achievement 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 Cognizance, A Falcon, Or, with his Wings displayed, standing on a Wreath of his Colours, supporting a Spear armed headed, or Steeled Silver, fixed upon an Helmet with Mantles and Tassets, 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 sealed 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 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 Mule can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For sectless Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind Affection, which doth ne're advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all 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 Mules:
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 left 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 Mules 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 designes,  
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his Lines:  
Which were so richly spun, and sown 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 Natures family.  
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,  
My gentle Shakespeare, 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 were thou. Look how the Father's face  
Lives in his Issue, even so the race  
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
In his well turned, and true filed lines:

In
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 jo 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 chear 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.
THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FIRST.

LONDON:
Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand:
MDCCXXVIII.
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.
Dramatis Personæ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
Sebastian, his Brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Milan.
Anthonio, 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 Fæller.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
Miranda, Daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an airy Spirit.
Iris.
Ceres.
Juno, { Spirits.
Nymphs.
Reapers.

Scene, an uninhabited Island.
THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard:

Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswain.

MASTER.

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

Alon. Good Boatswain have care: where's the master? play the men.
Boat. I pray now keep below.
Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?
Boat. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins; you assist the storm.
Gonz. Nay, good be patient.
Boat. 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.
Boat. 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; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion 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.

Boat. Down with the top-mast: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. A plague upon 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?

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

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang cur, hang, you whoremonger 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 unanch'd 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 affix 'em.

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We're meerily cheated of our lives by drunkards.

This wide-chop't 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'th 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.
SCENE II.

The Inchant'd Island.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If 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 sink the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraigted 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 th'ou thine eyes, have comfort.

The
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: sit 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 hast, and more, _Miranda_: but how is it
That this lives in thy mind? what seemed thou else
In the dark back-ward and abyssine of time?
If thou remember'st ought ere thou canst here,
How thou canst 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 Prince, no worse illu'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'ft) 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 falle 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'lt 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,

And Prince.
† 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 falsehood 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,
Mâde 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—
Doth 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 fway) wi' th' King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend.
The Dukedom yet unbowed (alas poor Milan!)
To much ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heav'n's!

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

Mira. I should sin,
To think 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' premis-es,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom, and confer fair Milan

e 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 'th' dead of darkness
The minister for th' purpose hurry'd thence.
Me and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack for pity!
I not remembrance 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 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 boar, nor 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 wait that did preserve me: Thou didn't 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 ashore?
Pro. By providence divine.
Some 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 steaded 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'n's 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.

SCENE III.

Enter Ariel.

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

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 had 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-spirit 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 coyld
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-flaring (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 perish'd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But frether 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.
The TEMPEST.

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-vested 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 wrack'd,
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 thou hast promis'd me,
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 haft: 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 haft been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch _Sycorax_,
For mischief's 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, waft then her servant.
And, for thou waft a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hefts, 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'ritting 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 hoa! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth thou! speak.

_Cal._ (within.) There's wood enough within.

_Pro._ Come forth, I say, there's other business for thee.
The Tempest.

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.

Scene 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'lt from me. When thou came'st 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 slay me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' Island.

Pro.
Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have us’d thee
(Filth 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
(Thou’st thou didst learn) had that in’t, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wait 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 fewel, and be quick (thou ’wert best)
To answer other business. Shrug’st thou, malice?
If thou negle’st, or doft 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 Sesebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Por. So slave, hence. [Exit Caliban]
SCENE V.

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Certified when you have and kiss;
The wild waves whist;
Foot it fearly here and there,
And sweet sprites the burthen bear.

[Burthen dispersely.

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

Ari. Har, har, I hear
The strain of strutting chanticler,
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' Iland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping o' 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.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
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.
The Tempest.

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.

SCENE VI.

Pros. 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.
Pros. 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.
Pros. It goes on, I see,
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'n's!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pros. 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 yourself 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 busines
I must uneasy make, left too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; [I charge thee
That thou attend me] thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and haft 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 to 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

Mine
Mine enemy has more power.

[He draws, and is charmed from moving.]

**Mira.** O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial 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 show, 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 staff,
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 feen 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 lofs, 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 haft done well, fine Ariel; follow me.

Hark
ACT II. SCENE I.

Another Part of the Island.

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

GONZALO.


B

ESECH 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 them 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.
The Tempest

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 entertainers—

Seb. A dollar.

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

Seb. You have taken it wiser 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 desart—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible—

Seb. Yet.

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not mist're.

Adr. All this that follows after the words, Pr'ythee peace—

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 importunate stuff, but most improper and ill-plac'd Drollery in the mouths of un: ippy shipwrecks people. There is more of the same sort interspersed in the remaining part of the Scene.
The Tempest.

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 lufh and lufty 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 fresh-ness 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 stu-
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 sow'ing 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 fil'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alan. 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 sight 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 broke 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 bafs 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 African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prythee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd other wise:
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 busines' 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 fore
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

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—
As: He'd sow't wit' nettle-feed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallow s
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, tithe, 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 con-
tinue 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

gras or other herbs.
Act I, Scene III

Pros. 3. 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.

Pros. 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.

Pros. Thank you: wond'rous heavy.

[All sleep but Seb. and Ant.]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possess'd 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 said'st 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. 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
Proseffes 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 pos'd,
(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 deify 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 char. 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 fainter 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.

† no advices by letter.  a from,
Here liest your brother—
No better than the earth he liest 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 Morel, 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 businesse 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.
[Older in Gonzalo's Ear,

While you here do snooring lyse,
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?
The TEMPEST.

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; didn'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 noife,
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'n's keep him from these beasts:
For he is sure i' th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to another part of the Island.

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

* Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall,
and make him
By inch-meal a diseaf'! 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

* verily.
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 spirit of his now to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trim. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it
Sing ith' wind: yond fame black cloud, yond huge
one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his
liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond fame cloud cannot
culse 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 suff'er'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
thrawd 'till the dregs of the storm be past.
Scene 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 tailor 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 escap'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 neat's-leather.

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

Ste. He's in a fit now; and does not talk after the wise: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drank 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 beeest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; be not afraid, thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beeest 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 canst thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculo's!

Tri. 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. Prythee do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.
Cal. These be fine things; an if they be not sprihts: that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? how cam'ft thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'ft hither: I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the tailors 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, kissthe book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, haft 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. Haft thou not droppt 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 bulb.

Ste. Come swear to that; kissthe 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 kisst 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 kisst 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, kisst.
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 clut'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 in requiting,
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]
ACT III. SCENE I.

Prospero's Cave:

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Ferdinand.

Here 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 would 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;

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a distance unseen.

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

Most busy least.
Burnt up those logs that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile:
Pray let 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 fit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'd rather crack my fines, 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 heft, to say so.

Fer. Admire, 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. 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 skillefs 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-fly 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 broaded 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.
The Tempest.

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.

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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE 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,
fack; for my part the sea cannot drown me. I swim;
ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues,
off and on, by this light thou shalt be my lieute-
nant, monster, or my standard.

**Trin.** Your lieutenant, if you lift, 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 juggle a constable; why, thou debofh'd fish
thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk
so much fack as I to-day? wilt thou tell me a mon-
strous 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 indign-
nity.

**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 ty-
rant, 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. 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 sorcery he got this Isle, From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'ft, 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? 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 flock-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. 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 fret, 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 the:
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 trouble the catch
You taught me but while-ere?
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.
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 twangling 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 III.

Changes again.

Enter Alonfo, Sebastion, 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 flatterer: 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 freth.

Seb. I say to-night: no more.

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

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

Gon.
The TEMPEST. 49

Cor. 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 stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith Sir, you need not fear. When we were

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

Each putter out of five for one will bring us

Vol. I.  F - Good
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.

SCENE 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-furisfeited 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 bemock’d-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One of down that’s in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too mas’le 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, Alon’so,
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.

& doule 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 haft thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had devouring:
Of my instruction haft thou nothing bated
In what thou haft 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?

Aien. 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 bale my trefpass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plumper founded,
And with him there lye mudd'd. [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 poifon giv'n to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I befeech 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
ACT IV. SCENE I.

Prospero's Cave.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Prospero.

If 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
Haft 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.

Pros. 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'n's let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord shall betrew
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.
The Tempest

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now: the murkies't den,
The most opportune place, the strong'est 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 Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night keep chain'd below.

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

Scene 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,
O'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, 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.

F 3

Fer.
The TEMPEST.

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 musick:

SCENE II

A MASQUE. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease;
The rufy mountains, where live nibling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with flower, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned, and tulip'd brims,
Which spungy April at thy heft betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lads-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marsh sterl, and rocky hard,
Where thou thy self do'ft air; the Queen o' th' sky,
Whose war'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'ft disobey the wife of Jupiter:
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffus'd honey drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow do'ft crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
The TEMPEST

Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon’d me hither, to this short-gras’d green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless’d lovers.

Cer. Tell me heav’nly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost 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.

Juno. 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.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage blessings,
Long continuance and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you,
Juno sings her blessings on you:
Earth’s increase, and joyson plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines, with clustering bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burden 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.

F 4
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'enaç
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 Dryads of the winding brooks,
With your fæd'g'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.

SCENE 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 fort,
As if you were dismay'd; be cheerful, 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 vex't;
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
Left 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 killing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which like unbackt colts they pricket their ears,
The TEMPEST.

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 gofs 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-flunk 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 thievish.  

Ari. I go, I go.  

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.

SCENE V.

Enter Ariel laden with glittering 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-
le's 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 lusty 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'd 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 los.
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; seest 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 dropsie drown this fool; what do you mean
To doar 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 excel-
cellent pa's of pate; there's another garment for't.
Trin. Monster, come put some lime upon your fin-
gers, 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 villaneous low.
Ste. Monstre, lay to your fingers; help to bear this
away where my hogshead 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.

PROSPERO.

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;
your 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. Confined
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’t thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Haft 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.

**SCENE 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 rathing thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifled Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made snake, 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 adjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heav'nly musicke, 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 music].

SCENE III.

Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantick
gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and An-
tonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Fran-
cisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had
made, and there stand charm'd: which Prospero ob-
jecting, 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 Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to th' flow of thine,
Fall fellow-drops — the charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night;

Melting
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant 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 have here have kill’d your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural 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 lie:
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,

† 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'th thou he or no,
Or some enchanted rifle, 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 subtleties 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 justify 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 losses?

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

_Alon._ A daughter?

O heav'n's! that they were living both in _Naples_,
The King and Queen there; that they were, I wish
My self were muddled in that Oozy bed
Where my son lies. 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 juffled from your senses, know for certain
That I am _Prospero_, 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 require you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

SCENE 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.
Sib. 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'lt 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 el'd 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
Received a second life, and second father

This
This lady makes him to me.

_Alon._ I am hers;
But oh how odly will it found, 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 God;
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 with you joy.

_Gon._ Be't so, _Amen_.

**SCENE 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'd grace o'er-board, not an oath on shore?
Haft 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 right 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 nor, 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, freshely 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 conduit of; some oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge.

_Pro._ Sir, my Liege,

Do not Inflect your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pickt leisur
(Which shall be shortly) single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when be cheerful,
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.
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 control the moon, make flows and ebb's,

And deal in her command without her power:

These three have robb'd me, and this demy-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 can't thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you left, 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.
You'd be King o' th' isle, Sirrah?
I should have been a fore one then.
'Tis a strange thing as e'er I look'd on,
He is as disproportionate'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 handfomly.
Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice double as
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull fool?
Go to, away.
Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.
Or stole it rather.
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 solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
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.

EPI-
EP I LOGUE.

Spoken by Prospero.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
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 fails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. For now I want
Spirits to 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 Dream.

Vol. I.
Dramatis Personae.

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 Bellow-s-mender.
Snout, 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,

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

Scene Athens, and a Wood not far from it.
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ATHENS.

Enter Theseus and Hippolita, with attendants.

THESEUS.

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

Hipp. 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:
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 roll'n th'impression of her fantasie
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats, (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'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 eyre to be in shady cloister dwell'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 unwil'd yeak
My soul consents not to give Sov' reigny.
_The._ Take time to pause, and by the next new moon;
(The sealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlastig 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;

_earlier._
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye, austerity and single life.
   Dem. Relent sweet Hermia, and Lysander yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
   Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.
   Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
   Lys. I am, my lord, as well 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 spotten 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 businesses
Against our nuptials, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns your selves.
   Ege. With duty and desire we follow you. [Exeunt.
   SCENE
SCENE II.

MENEN LYSANDER AND HERMIA.

Lyf. 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
† Betheem them from the tempest of mine eyes.
Lyf. 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 crofs! too high, to be enthralled to love.
Lyf. Or else misgrafted, in respect of years——
Her. O spight! too old, to be engag'd to young.
Lyf. Or else it stood upon the choice of b friends——
Her. O hell! to chuse love by another's eye.
Lyf. Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sicknesse 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 lay, Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Her. If then true lovers have been ever crost,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our tryal patience:
Because it is a customary crost,
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams and sighs;
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers!
Lyf. 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

† Betheem, or pour down upon 'em.  b merit.
† collied or black.
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 flay for thee.

_Her._ My good Lysander,
I swear to thee by Cupid’s strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus’ doves,
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves,
And by that fire which 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.

**SCENE 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’_ heart?

_Her._ I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

_Hel._ Oh that your frowns would teach my smiles
Such skill!

_Her._
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. Oh that my pray'rs could luch 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 Phæbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glafs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grafis,
(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 fight
From lover's food, till morrow deep midnight.

[Exit Hermia.]

Lys. I will, my Hermia, Helena adieu,
As you on him, Demetrius doat on you! [Exit Lyfand,

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

G 5 Things

5 thine, Demetrius: e 80, 81.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedly haste.
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he often is beguil'd.
As wagish 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.

SCENE IV.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowy, 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 scrawl of every man's name,
which is thought fit through all Athens, to play in
our enterlude before the Duke and Dutchess, 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 to
grow on to a point.
Quin. Marry, our play is the most lamentable com-
yedy 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.
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 Ercole 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 Philibius shall shine from far, and make and mar the foolish fates—This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercole 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, Thisbe, Thisbe; ah Pyramus my lover dear, thy Thisby dear, and lady dear.
Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and Flute, you Thisby.
Bot. Well, proceed.
Quin. Robin Starveling the tailor.
Star. Here Peter Quince.
Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.
Tom Snout the tinker.
Snout. Here Peter Quince.
Quin. You Pyramus's father; 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. Le 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 fucking 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 moist 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 matters 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.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Wood.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck or Robin-goodfellow at another.

P'uck.

OW now spirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To diew 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 the 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 villagree,
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless huswife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barmes.
Mis-lead night-wand’rers, laughing at their harm?
Thofe that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speakest 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 wiselest 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 wafted there.
But make room, fairy, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistrefs: would that he were gone.

† i.e. quarrel or jar. † crab apple.
SCENE 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 Phillida. Why art thou here, Come from the farthest steep of India? But that forsooth the bounding 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't 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 Antiope?

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 ruly 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-borne their continents.

The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loft 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 governors of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air;
That rheumatick diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperance, we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Titania'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.

O. Do you amend it then, it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my trumpeter,
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 oft the hath gossip by my side;
And fat 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 gate
Following

† Or Uther,
Following (her womb then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate, and fail 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,

† A compliment to Queen Elizabeth.
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

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 medling 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.

SCENE III.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursuie me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll stay, the other stay'eth 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?

† wood, or mad, wild, raging.
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 worse 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 chafe;
The dove pursues the griffin, the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tyger. Bootele's speed!
When cowardice 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.

SCENE 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 oxlip and the nodding violet grows, 
O'er-cannopy'd with luscious woodbine, 
With sweet musk roses, and with egantine. 
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night, 
Lull'd in these flow'rs, with dances and delight; 
And there the snake throws her enam'led skin, 
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in: 
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes, 
And make her full of hateful fantasies. 
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove, 
A sweet Athenian lady is in love 
With a disdainful youth; anoint his eyes, 
But do it when the next thing he espies 
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man, 
By the Athenian garments he hath on. 
Effect it with some care, that he may prove 
More fond 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.
SCENE 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 quaint 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.
Philotel 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.
Philotel with melody, &c.

1 Fairy.

Hence away; now all is well:
One aloof stand Sentinel. [Exeunt Fairies.

Enter
Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou seest 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.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you fainst 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 interchanged with an cath,
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 belthrew my manners, and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander ly'd.
But gentle friend, for love and curlse
Lye further off in human modesty;
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid;
So far be distant, and good night sweet friend,
Thy love ne'er alter 'till thy sweet life end.
Ly's. 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 with, the wisher's eyes be preft!

[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 curstelse.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the pow'r this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his feat on thy eye-lid:
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon.

[Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, thou 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.
Hel. O I am out of breath in this fond chase;  
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.  
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe’er she 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 glas of mine,  
Made me compare with Hermia’s fphy eynye?  
But who is here? Lyfander on the ground:  
Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:  
Lyfander, if you live, good Sir awake.  
Lyf. And run thro’ fire I will for thy sweet sake.

[2 Ways]

Transparent Helen, nature here shews art,  
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
Where is Demetrius? Oh how sir a word  
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword?  
Hel. Do not say so, Lyfander, say not so;  
What tho’ he love your Hermia? lord, what tho’?  
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

Lyf. 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
A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 97

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.

Lyf. She sees not Hermia; Hermia sleep thou there,
And never may'st thou come Lyfander 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, Lyfander, help me, do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast:
Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here?
Lyfander look how do I quake with fear;
Me-thought a serpent eat my heart away,
And d you fate smiling at his cruel prey:
Lyfander! what remov'd? Lyfander, lord!
What out of hearing, gone? no sound, no word?
Alack where are you? I 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.

And yet.

VOL. I.  H  A C T
ACT III. SCENE I.

The Wood.

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

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

BOTTOM.

Re we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this haukthorn-brake our tyring 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 yourselfs; 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. Dost 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 bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moon-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great chamber, for Pyramus and Thisby (says the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.
Snug. You 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 lime, 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.

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swagging here,
So near the cradle of the fairy Queen?
What, a play to-morrow? 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 favour 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 lily white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,
Most briskly Juveline, 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.

This. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would ne-
ever 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.

Flock. 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 Snout.

Snout. 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 transl-
lated. [Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery, this is to make an ass of
me, to fright me if they could; but I will not flit
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
The Ousel cock, to black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The thrushle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.
Queen. What angel wakes me from my flowry bed?

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 lay, 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 lay 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 cannot gleek 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
SCENE 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 waxy 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,
Not 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 patience 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.

H 4 ere.
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,

SCENE 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-thick skin of that barren fort
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An As's nose I fixed on his head;
Anon his Thisby must be answered,
And forth my minnock comes: When they him spy,
As wild geele 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 haft thou yet larch'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.

SCENE 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 toe.

Ob. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, haft giv'n me cause to curse:
If thou haft 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 stoll'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 haft murder'd him,
So should a murtherer look, so dread, so grim.

H 5  Dem,
Dem. So should the murderer's look, and so should I, Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty: Yet you the murderer look as bright and clear As yonder Venus in her glistening 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 flung.

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 heavity 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.

SCENE VI.

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite, And laid thy love-juice on some true love's sight: Of thy mispris'n 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 truth A million fail, confounding oath on oath:

* the murderer.
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 cofts 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 esp'y,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'lt, 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 beset preposterously.

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 concealed white, high _Taurus_ show,
Fann’d with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold’st up thy hand. _O_ let me kiss
This Princeps 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 courtelie,
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 pour soul’s patience, all to make you sport.

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

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lyfander, 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.

Lyf. It is not so.

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

SCENE 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, Lyfander, found,
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy found.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lyf. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
To go?

Her. What love could press Lyfander from my side?

Lyf. Lyfander's love, that would not let him bide;
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all you 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 confederacy;
Now I perceive they have conjoint'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?
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sitters vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hafty-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 lampliter, 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 asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our sex as well as I may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

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

Hel. Have you not let Lyfander 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 Lyfander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forlooth, affection;
But by your sitting 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, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
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.

Lyf. 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.

Lyf. Thou canst compel no more than the 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.

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

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. Lyfandcr, whereto tends all this?

Lyf. Away, you Ethiope.

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.

Lyf. 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!

Lyf. Thy love? out tawny Tartar, out;
Out loathed medicine; hated poison, hence.

Her. Do you not jeft?

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lyf. 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.

Lyf. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was 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, 'tis 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 fatures; 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 curt;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she's something lower than 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.

_Hel._ What, with _Lysander_?

_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 coy 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._
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[Exeunt,

SCENE IX.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knavery 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 fort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob. Thou feest these lovers seek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night,
The stary welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
And lead these teasty rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lykander 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 Lykander's eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its might,
And make his eye-balls rowl with won'ted 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.
Whilsts 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.
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 crofs-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 confort with black-brow'd night.

O Ch. 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 'til 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 Lyfander.

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

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

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyfander, speak again,
Thou run-aways, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in some bus'f where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou c bragging to the stars,
Telling the bus'hes that thou look'ft for wars, And

begging.
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,

Lyf. 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 sadder he did fly;
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 plight.

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 visit'd.  

[Lyes down.

SCENE 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 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 Lyfander, if they mean a fray. [Lyes down.
Puck. On the ground, sleep sound,
I'll apply, to your eye, gentle lover, remedy.
[Squeezing the juice on Lyfander's eye.
When thou wak'lt, thou tak'lt
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 shewn.
Jack shall have Jill, naught shall go ill,
The man shall have his mare again, and all be well.
[Exit Puck. [They sleep.

ACT
ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Wood.

Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending, and the King behind them.

QUEEN.

OME, sit thee down upon this flowry 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 monsieur Cobweb?
Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humblebee 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 fift.
Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Mr. 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; Sawst thou this Sweet sight?
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
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouriet'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,

\[ \text{Be as thou wast wont to be;} \\
\text{See, as thou wast wont to see;} \\
\text{Dian's bud, or Cupid's flower,} \\
\text{Hath such force and blessed power.} \]

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, murick call, and strike more dead
Than common sleep. Of all these fine the sense.
Queen. Murick, ho murick; such as charmeth sleep.

Murick still.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Ob. Sound murick, 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 blest it to all fair pottage:
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.

_Queen._ Oh. 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.

_Bed. _Come my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground.

**SCENE II.**

_Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and all his train._

_Theseus._ 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 clanging. 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.

_Theseus._ My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind;
So flew’d, so fanned, and their heads are hung
With
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 tinueable
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.
Theif. 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.
Theif. Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and they wake. Shout within, they all start up.

Theif. Good morrow friends; Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Lys. Pardon, my lord.
Theif. 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 jealousie,
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 roll'd away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby
A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 123

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

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth;
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy 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 † gauze
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I 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.

These. 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.


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

† Gawde, or Bawble.
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolita.

Lyf. 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.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will an-
swer. My next is, Most fair Pyramus—hey ho,
Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-mender! Snout the
tinker! Starveling! god's my life! sto'ln 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 graci-
ous, I shall sing it at her death. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, 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. 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 dined. 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.]
ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, and his Lords.

HIPPOLITA.

IS strange, my Theseus, what these lovers speak of.

Theseus. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antick fables, nor these Fairy toys;
Lovers and madmen have such teething brains,
Such shaping fancies, that apprehend more
Than cooler reason ever comprehends.
The lunatik, 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 rolling,
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?

Hipp. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd to together,
More wittiness than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But howsoever strange and admirable.
Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia and Helena.

This. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth. Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days of love Accompany your hearts.

Lyf. More than to us, Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed. This. 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.

Philo. Here, mighty Theseus.
This. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening? What mask? what musick? how shall we beguile The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philo. There is a brief how many sports are rise: Make choice of which your Highness will see first.

Lyf. The batel with the Centaurs, to be sung By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

This. We'll none of that. That have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lyf. The riot of the tispr Bacchanals, Tearing the Thracian finger in their rage.

This. That is an old device, and it was plaid When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

Lyf. The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.

This. That is some satyr keen and critical, Not faring with a nuptial ceremony.

Lyf. A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
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 rating tongue
Of sawey 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. [Flor. Trum,

SCENE 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 despight.
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.
Lyf. 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.

I 5

Thes.
Thes. 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-caft, doth present Wall, the vile wall, which did these lovers sunder: And through wall's chink, poor fouls, 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 Nimus tomb, there, there to woo. This grisly 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 flain. Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall, And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle flain; 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. [Exit all but Wall.

Thes. I wonder if the Lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one Lion may, when many affes do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall, That I, one Flute by name, present a Wall: And such a wall, as I would have you think, That had in it a crannied hole or chink;
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby, did whisper often very 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. Thef. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better? Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord. Thef. 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 bliss, Curté be thy stones for thus deceiving me. Thef. 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.

Thisf. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans, For parting my fair Pyramus and me. My cherry lips have often kis'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 Thysby's face. Thisby!
This. My love thou art, my love, I think.
Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace,
And like 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.
This. Now is the t Mural down between the two
neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wil-
ful to hear without warning.

Hipp. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.
This. The best in this kind are but shadows, and
the worst are no worse if imagination amend them.

Hipp. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.
This. 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 mowle 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.

This. 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 † Mural down between the two neigh-

bours.

— 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. And then came Pyramus.
Lyf. 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 light.
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.
This passion and the death of a dear friend,
Would go near to make a man look sad.
Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.
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.
Lyf. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.
Thes. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

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.

Lyf. 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

Mutil 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 shore
With shears 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.

Eot.
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?

Thee. 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 gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revel and new jollity.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now 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 shrigh-owl, shrighing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spirit,
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 SONG.

Now untill 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, bare-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
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

And each several chamber blest,
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 slumbered here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theam,
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 omni.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.
Dramatis Personæ.

Duke of Milan, Father to Silvia.

Valentine, the two Gentlemen.

Protheus, Father to Protheus.

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.
†THE
SECOND
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 supposed to be one of the first he wrote.
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than (living dully flaggardiz'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 Prothesus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
With me partake 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-forelighs; 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.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander crost'd the Hellespont.

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 swam the Hellespont.

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, or.
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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 successes in love; and what news else
Betidest here in absence of thy friend:
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness's 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.

† † † SCENE II.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Protheus, have you; saw you my master?

Pro.

† This whole Scene, like many others in these Plays, (some of which I believe were written by Shakespeare, and others interpolated by the Players) is composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the gross taste of the age he liv'd in; Populo ur placenter. 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. † † †
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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 & 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 loth-mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac’d-mutton; and she, a lac’d-mutton, gave me, a loth-mutton, nothing for my labour.
Pro. Here’s too small a pasture for such store of mutrons.
Speed. If the ground be over-charg’d, you were best flock 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.
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 noddly.
Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it togeth-
er, 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 noddly for my pains.
Pro. Befrew me but you have a quick wit,
Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your flow purse.
Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief; what
said she?
Speed. Open your purse, that the money 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 it thou perceive so much from her?
Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No not so much as a bucket 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 tell thee your bounty, I thank you, you have te-
ston'd me:
In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter your-
selv: and so, Sir, I'll commend you to my matter.
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.
Scene 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 reft 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 Proteus?

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 Proteus 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 wouldst 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. They do not love that do not shew their love.
Luc. Oh, they love leaft 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 confpire 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 kids the rod?
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here?
How angrily 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!

X 2  Re-enter
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-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;
Be it sing'd 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 savoy.
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.
This babble shall not henceforth trouble me:
Here is a coil with protestation! [Tears it.

Go, get you gone; and let the paper's 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 kifs 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 stônes,
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 throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kifs.
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 kifs, 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.
SCENE IV.

Enter Antonio and Panthion.

Ant. TELL me, Panthion, what sad talk was that Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, 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 Proteus 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 attain'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
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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 tournaiments,
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,
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 Valentinio in the Emp'ror's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me:
To-morrow be in readiness to go.
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pre. 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.

Pre. 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.

Pre. Why this it is! my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers no. [Exeunt.
ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE changes to Milan.

_Enter Valentine and Speed._

**Speed.**

I R, 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 learnt, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song like a Robin-red-breast, to walk alone like one that had the peffilence, to sigh like a school-boy that had lost his ABC, 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 Hallowmas.

You were wont, when you laughed, to crow.
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._ Doft thou know her by gazing on her, and yet know'rt 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 swung'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 set, 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-morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good-ey'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 enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
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 steeled 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
yourself?
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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 write 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.

SCENE
SCENE II.

Changes to Verona.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. HAVE 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'erflips 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, to true love should do; it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir Protheus, you are at hand for:

Pro. Go; I come.

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [Exeunt.

SCENE 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 shew 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 stuff 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 my self; 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 an ould 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, a board; thy master is
shipp'd and thou art to post after with oars: what's the
matter? why weep'st thou, man? away a'sh, you will
lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were loast, 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 thou dar'st.
Pant. Wilt thou go?
Laun. Well I will go. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to Milan.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio and Speed.

Sil. Servant.

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.

Thur. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Happily I do.

Thur. So do counterfeits.
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.

SCENE V.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What
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 conversed 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. Beshrew me, Sir, but if he make this good,
   He is as worthy for an empress' love,
   As meet 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 with'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 prefently. [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. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for sealty.
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.

SCENE VI.

Enter Protheus.

sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.
Val. Welcome, dear Protheus: mistres, I befeech 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. Mistres, it is: Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
sil. Too low a mistres for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant:
To have a look of such a worthy mistres.
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 mistres.
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 Thur.]

SCENE
SCENE VII.

Val. Now tell me how do all from whence you came?

Pre. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pre. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pre. 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 faults, 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.

Pre. 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?

Pre. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pre. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pre. 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, Sov'raign to all the creatures on the earth.
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, left the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
And of so great a favour growing proud,
D disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why Valentine, what bragadism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus; 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 feelest 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 it 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 Proteus 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. I will.
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 dazed 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]

SCENE 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 hanged, nor never welcome to a place 'till some certain shot be paid, and the hoftes lay 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 he 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 mislak'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.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

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.

SCENE IX.

Enter Proteus 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 win'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'reignty 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 swarthly Ethiop.
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.

SCENE X.

VERONA.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Council, 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 he, 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.

Vol. I.

Jul.
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.
Dost thou but know the only touch of love,
Thou wouldst 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 qualify the fire’s extremest rage,
Left 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 kiss to every sedge
- He overtakekth 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 be seem 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 compats will you wear your farthingale?
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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 unprofitable 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 insanity, 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 effect:
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 tarriance.

[Exeunt.]
ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE changes to Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio and Protheus.

Duke.

IR. 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 pricks 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 Holl'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,
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

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 left my jealous aim might err,
And to 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 cored 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 publischer 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.

SCENE 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 signifye
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then no matter; stay with me a while;

L3

1
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,
Befearing 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 agone 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 its
first Scene of the fourth Act. A like mistake has crept into the
eighth Scene of Act II. where Speed bids his fellow-servant
Launce, 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 promised 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?

Val.
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 places 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 stieth 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 Phaïson, 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!
Beare 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
SCENE 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 seest 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? matter, shall I strike?
Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?
Laun. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Laun. Why Sir, I'll strike nothing; I pray you

L 5

Pro.
Pro. I say forbear: friend Valentine, a word.
Val. My ears are fipt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath poffeft 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 vanifh'd,
Pro. That thou art banifh'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 furfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banifh'd?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom
Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlifh feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble felf;
Wringing her hands, whose whitenefl 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-fhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompanionate fire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, muft die.
Besides, her interceffion chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was fuppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
Val. No more, unlefs the next word that thou speakeft
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If fo, I pray thee breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.
Pro. Ceafe to lament for that thou canft not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'ft.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good:
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.  
'Tal. I pray thee, Launce, and if thou see'st my boy;  
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.  
Pre. Go Sirrah, find him out: come Valentine.  
'Tal. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine! [Exeunt.

SCENE 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  
serfs for wages: she hath more qualities than a wa-  
ter-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 car-  
ry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, she  
can milk; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with  
clean hands.

End.
Enter Speed.

Speed. How now Signior Launce? what news with
your masterhip?
Laun. With my masterhip? 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 heardst.
Speed. Why man, how black?
Laun. Why as black as ink.
Speed. Let me read them.
Laun. Fie on thee, jolthead, thou canst 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 flock with a
wench, when she can knit him a flock!
Speed. Item, she can wash and scour.
Laun. A special virtue, for then she need not to
be washed 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. Cloze 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 four 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 falt hides the falt, and therefore it is more than the falt; 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 said for a better man than thee.

**Speed.** And must I go to him?

**Laun.** Thou must run to him; for thou hast said so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

**Speed.** Why didnst not tell me sooner? pox on your love-letters.

**Laun.** Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave that will thrust himself into secrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[Exeunt.

**SCENE V.**

Enter Duke and Thurio.

**Duke.** Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you;

**Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.**

**Thur.** 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.**

[Exit.
Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir Protheus; is your countryman,
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 perfevers 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 fallhood, 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 endanger 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
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.

This. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Left 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 waifful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
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 Protheus’ lute was strung with poets sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tygers tame, and huge Leviathan
Forfaire unsounded deeps, and dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady’s chamber-window
With some sweet comfort: 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.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice;
Therefore sweet Protheus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To fort 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.

I Out-law.

E L L O W 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 disturbish me,
You take the sun 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 youthfull 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 niece ally'd unto the Duke.
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’t 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’t.
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
SCENE 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 fallhood 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.

Thur. 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.
Thur. Ay but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thur. Whom, Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia, for your sake.
Thur. I thank you for your own: now gentlemen
Let's turn, and to it lustily a while.
SCENE 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 falsehood 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 leaft 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.

Thur. 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. Thur. Ay but I hope, Sir, that you love not here. Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence. Thur. Whom, Silvia? Pro. Ay, Silvia, for your sake. Thur. I thank you for your own: now gentlemen Let’s turn, and to it lustily a while.
SCENE III.

Enter Hoß, and Julia in boy’s cloaths.

Hoß. Now my young guest, methinks you’re melancholly: I pray what is it?

Jul. Marry, mine Hoß, because I cannot be merry.

Hoß. 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?

Hoß. Ay that you shall.

Jul. That will be musick.

Hoß. Hark, hark.

Jul. Is he among these?

Hoß. Ay; but peace, let’s hear ’em.

SONG.

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 inherits 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.

Hoß. How now? are you fadder than you were before? how do you, man? the musick likes you not.

Jul.
**The Two Gentlemen of Verona.**

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.
Hof. Why, my pretty youth?
Jul. He plays false, father.
Hof. How, out of tune on the strings?
Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.
Hof. You have a quick ear.
Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.
Hof. I perceive you delight not in musick.
Jul. Not a whit when it jars so.
Hof. Hark what fine change is in the musick.
Jul. Ay; that change is the spight.
Hof. You would have them always play but one thing?
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, hof, doth this Sir Prothes that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
Hof. I tell you what Launce his man told me, he lovd her out of all nick.
Jul. Where is Launce?
Hof. 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.

**SCENE 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.
Sir Protheus, as I take it.
Sir Protheus, gentle lady, and your servant.
What is your will?
That I may compass yours.
You have your will; 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 deceived 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,
By'rn for this time I spend in talking to thee.
I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady,
But he is dead.
T'were false if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
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 importunity?
I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
And so suppose am I; for in his grave,
Assure thy self, my love is buried.
Sweet lady, let me take it from the earth;
Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
He heard not that.
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.
If 'twere a substance you would sure deceive it,
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.* Hoist, will you go?
  *hoist.* By my hallidom I was fast asleep.
*Jul.* Pray you where lies *Sir Protheus*?
  *hoist.* Marry at my house: trust me, I think 'twas last most day.
*Jul.* Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heavy one.

[Exeunt.

---

**Scene 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 servant 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 accomplished;
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 haft 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 chasity.
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 will 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.]
SCENE VI.

Enter Launce, with his dog.

When 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 brothers 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 present to mistres 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 himself 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 piping 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 didn’t thou see me heave
up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman’s
farthingale? didn’t thou ever see me do such a trick?

SCENE VII.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.


Pro. I hope thou wilt. — How now, you whor-

eson 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, curvish 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, didn’t thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay Sir; the other squirrel was stoll’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’d 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 low’t ;)

M 2

But
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, bye home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [Exit Pro.

**SCENE 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 Proteus, Madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?


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.
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 myself. To think upon her woes, I do protest That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Protheus hath forsook 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 rosettes 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! defolate 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,
Unles's 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 periwig.
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 love 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 abbey-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?
Pre. Oh Sir, I find her wilder 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.
Thur. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
Thur. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thur. 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.
Thur. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thur. But well when I discourse of love and peace.
Jul. But better indeed when you hold your peace.
Thur. What says she to my valour?
Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardise.
Thur. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd;
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thur. Considers she my possession?
Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.
Thur. 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 Protheus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thur. 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 discours;
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit Duke.

Thb. 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 wreck'd 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 Mofes 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
SCENE 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,
Left, 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 fliir 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 you'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'ft me most unhappy.
Jul. And me when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seiz'd 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, sollicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous 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 belov'd.

Sil. When Protheus cannot love where he's belov'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'rt 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. Russia, 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 should be trusted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Profeus,
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 accurs'd!
'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!

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 canst 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?

† It is (I think) very odd to give up his mistress thus
at once, without any reason alleged. 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 ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest reayment. 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.

SCENE 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 flight 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 fortuned.
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.

THE
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,
Pistol, Sharpers attending on Falstaff.
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.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene before Page's House in Windsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shallow.

Sir Hugh, perswade me not; I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esq.;

Sl. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace, and Coram.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and Custalorum.

Sl. 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 sketchof 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.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Slen. Ay, and Raro-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.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have don’t; and all his ancestors that come after him may; they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowses 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.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marrying 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 compromisies 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 better that friends is the sword that end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings good diffcretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? she has brown hair, and speaks like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just as
as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and silver, is her grand-lire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections) 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-lire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a potter 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-wilhers. I will peat the door [Knocks.] for master Page. What hoa? Got bless your house here.

SCENE 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.
shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no I do.
Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.
Slender. How do's your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say he was out-run on Coftale.
Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.
Slender. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.
shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog
Page. A cur, Sir.
shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?
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 confess it.
shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'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 faith he is wrong'd.
Page. Here comes Sir John.

SCENE 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 strict; 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 Pifflol.

Bar. You Banbury chees.

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Piffl. 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, fidelicit master Page; and there is my self, fidelicit my self; and the third party is, lastly and finally, mine hoft 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. Pifflol.

Piffl. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam; what phrase is this; he hears with ear? why it is affectations.

Fal. Pifflol, 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 shoovelboards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece, of Yead Miller; by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pifflol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Piffl. 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'lt.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym.
Kyn. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you run the bale humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. 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 afo.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why Sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the Ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, Sir, was, as they say, ca-thier'd; and so conclusions past the car-eires.

Slen. 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.

Slen. Oh heav'n! this is mistress Anne Page.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.


Fal. Mistres 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 pasty to dinner; come gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindnesses.

[Ex. Fal, Page, &c.
SCENE IV.

Mention 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 Aeholowmas 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
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, Gent's lords and his ladies, you must
speak possible, if you can carry her your desires to-
wards 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 please 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 decreafe 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 disolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion answer; 'tave 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;

SCENE 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 plesed will, I will not be absence at the
Grace.  

[Ex. Shallow and Evans.]
Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, Sir?
Slen. No, I thank you forsooth heartily; I am very well.
Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.
Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you forsooth. Go Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow: 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 bruised my finthother day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneyes for a dill 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 Sackeran loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have to cry'd and shriek't at it, that it past: but women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favoured 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.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.
Page. Come on, Sir.
Slen. Mistres 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 mistres 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 'oman that altogether acquaintance with mistres Anne Page, and the letter is to desire and require her to sollicit your master's desires to mistres 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, Hoist, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the garter.
Hoist. What says my bully rock? speak schollarly, and wifely.
Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.
Hoist. Discard, bully Hercules, cashier; let them wag; not, trot.

Fal.
Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.
Hoft. Thou'rt an Emperor, Cesar, Keisar and Phe-
azar. I will entertain Bardolph, he will draw, he
will tap; said I well, bully Hector?
Fal. Do so, good mine hoft.
Hoft. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see
thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow.

[Exit Hoft.
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.
Pisf. 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
thiefs were too open, his filching was like an unskil-
ful finger, he kept not time.
Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's
rest.
Pisf. Convey, the wife it call: steal? soh; a fico
for the phrase.
Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.
Pisf. Why then let kibes ensue.
Fal. There is no remedy: I must conycatch, I
must shift.
Pisf. Young ravens must have food.
Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?
Pisf. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.
Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am a-
bout.
Pisf. Two yards and more.
Fal. No quips now, Pisfol: 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

N 3
the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd right, is, I am Sir John Falstaff's.

Pist. He hath study'd her 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, examining my parts with most judicious t'ill-lids; 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 Pandarous 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 havour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you these letters rightly, Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. Rogues, hence avault, 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.

\[\text{a will, and translated her will.}\]

\[\text{† eyelids, or oiclades, glances. Fr.}\]
SCENE VIII.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts; for gourd, and 
Fullam holds;
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Tarter I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Bale Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be hu-
mours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?
Nym. By welkin and her star.
Pist. With wit, or steel?
Nym. With both the humours, I s
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 se-
cond thee; troop on. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Changes to Dr. Caius's house.

Enter mistress Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Qui. WhaT, John Rugby! I pray thee go to
the casement, and see if you can see my
master, master doctor Caius, coming; if he do, faith,
and find any body in the house, here will be old a-
busling of God's patience, and the King's English.

N 4. Rug.

[discuss. yellowness]
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 no body 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-sprightly 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 first 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 will-

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; [flits 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
SCENE 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.

Qvic. 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 vais a la Cour —— la grande Affaire.

Qvic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. Ouy, mette le au mon pocket, Depêch quickly; ver is dat knave Rugby?

Qvic. 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.

Qvic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O Diable, Diable! vat is in my closet? villain, Larron! Rugby, my rapier.

Qvic. Good master be content.

Caius. Wherefore should I be content-a?

Qvic. 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.

Qvic. I beseech you be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Well.

Simp. Ay forsooth, to desire her to ———

N 5  Qvic.
Quic. Peace, I pray you.
Caius. Peace-a your tongue, speak-a your tale.
Simp. 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, dret meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my felt.)
Simp. '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 ftones, 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 will kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jartere to measure our weapon; by gar I will myself have Anne Page.
Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well; we must give folks leave to prate; what the good-er.
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, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the house, I pray you.

SCENE 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 Nat; 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 musig; 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 say 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. Farewell to your worship. Truly an honest gentleman, but Anne loves him not; I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Our upon't, what have I forgot? [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's house.

Enter Mistress Page with a letter.

Mrs. PAGE.

W HA T, 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 precision, 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 affray 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.

**SCENE 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 counself.

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 fame, 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 bair-ed delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the garter.
Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him that may not fully 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 greatfe Knight. Come hither.

SCENE III.

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail-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 Atkison, 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; I love not the humour of bread and cheese; adieu.

[Exit Nym.

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'; here's a fellow's 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 Cymbeline, tho' the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

SCENE IV.

Page. How now, Meg?

[Page and Ford meeting their Wife.

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 pauly 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? Quickly. Ay, forsooth; and I pray how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.

SCENE 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 yoke of his discarded men,
very rogues now they be out of service.
Ford. Were they his men?
Page. Marry were they.
Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he
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 con-
fident; 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?

SCENE VI.

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully Rock? thou'ret a gentleman,
cavaliro-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, cavaliro-justice; tell him bully Rock.
Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir
Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French docto-
Ford. Good mine host o' th' garter, a word with
you.

Host. What say'lt 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, be-
lieve
lieve me, I hear the parson is no jestor. 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 bottle 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 passés, rocado'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 bestowed. [Exit.

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**SCENE 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 gaminy of baboons. I am damn’d in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows. And when mistres Bridget loft 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 precife. I my self sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am sain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you rogue will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lettre 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.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Mistres 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. 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 lay.
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 rustling, 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 sort as they say, but in the way of honesty; and I warrant you they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Pensioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.
Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good She-Mercruy.
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**Quic.** Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notifie, 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 jealoufie-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; mistres 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 mis's you morning and evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who'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 mistres 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 lift, rise when she lift, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, truly she is...
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.

Piff. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:

Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your suits;

Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all

[Exit Piffol.

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 expense of so much mony, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee; let them say 'tis grossly done, 'tis fairly done, no matter.

SCENE IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one matter: 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.
Ford. Bless you, Sir.
Fal. And you, Sir; would you speak with me?
Ford. I make bold to press with so little prepara-
tion 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 un-
season'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 trou-
bles 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 un-
folded, turn another into the register of your own,
that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sist 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 obsevance, ingross’d opportunities to meet her, fed 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 pursu’d her, as love hath pursu’d 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 per-
fon, 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, on-
ly 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? me-
thinks you prescribe to yourself 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
assitant, 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
Vol. I.
the jealous witlessly 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-fowl-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.

SCENE X.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who say's this is improvident jealousie? 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 gnaw'n 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 a's, a secure a's, 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 chees, an Irish-man with my Aqua-vite bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with her self: 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
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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.

Scene XI.

Windsor-Park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar he has fave his soul, dat he is not 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 will make him. Take your rapier, Jack, I will tell you how I will kill him.


Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Hoft, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Hoft. '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?

Hoft. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see

f Quarto Edit. 1619.
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see thee pass thy puncto, thy flock, 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.

Hoft. Thou art a Cæsalian-king-Urinal: Heætor of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witness, that me have play 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.

Shal. 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 falt 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 shewn himself a wise and patient church-man: you must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Hoft. Pardon, guest-justice; a monsieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-water? vat is dat?

Hoft. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-water as de Englishman, scurvy-jack-dog-priest; by gar, me will cut his ears.

Hoft. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?
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Hoř. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me will have it.

Hoř. And I will provoke him to’t, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hoř. And moreover, bully: but first, Mr. Gues, and Mr. Page, and eek Cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hoř. 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.

[Exeunt, Page, Shal. and Slen.

Caius. By gar, me will kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Hoř. 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 mistres Anne Page is, at a farm-houfe a feasting, and thou shalt † woo her. Cry’d game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me thank 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.

Hoř. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar, ’tis good; well said.

Hoř. Let us wag then.

Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

† thou shalt wear her cry’d Game. Said I well? [Exeunt; 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-uary, the Park-ward, every way, old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most vehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. Pless my soul, how full of chollars I am, and trembling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me; how melanchollies I am! I will knock 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 madrigals;
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 madrigals 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.

SCENE 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. 'Pleas 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. Gor's will and his passion of my heart! I had as liefe 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.

Sien. O sweet Anne Page!

SCENE III.

Enter Holt, 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.

Holt. 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 will 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 o-
other mens humours: I desire you in friendship, and
will one way or other make you amends; I will knock
your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb, for mil-
ing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable Jack Rugby, mine host de Garter,
have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not at
de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christians-soul, now look you,
this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine
host of the garter.

Holt. Peace, I say; Gallia and Gaul, French and
Welch, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay dat is very good, excellent.

Holt. 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

* 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!


Caïus. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a-de-lot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-flock. I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this fame scald-scurvy-cogging companion, the host of the garter.

Caïus. 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 fol-low.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The STREET.

Enter Miftress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, 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?

Ford. O 5
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.

SCENE 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 twelv 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 Afteen, 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.

SCENE
SCENE 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 muh.
Host. What say you to young Mr. Fenton? he capers, 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 gentleman 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.
SCENE VII.
Ford's House.

Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Ford. What John! what Robert!
Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.
Mrs. Ford. Here set it down.
Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard-by in the brew-house, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whiskers 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. 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 unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumtion, we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'ny jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liy'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 wifh. 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 haft 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 wouldn't make

b sire of Venetian admittance.
make an abso lute courtier, and the firm fix ure 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 prefently.

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.

SCENE IX.

Enter Mistress Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? you're shamed, 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 a-maz'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 whitening 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
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 linen.
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 landreys in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

SCENE 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 landreys, 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. [Except 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
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see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Ev. This is very fantastical humours and jealousies.

Ca. 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE XI.

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 distress.

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 tomorrow 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.
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 body 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 ashamed? what spirit, what devil suggetts this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.
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 lowlie knave, mine host.
Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.
Eva.
SCENE XII.

Changes to Page’s house.

Enter Fenton, and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father’s love;
    Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
Anne. Alas! how then?
Fent. Why, thou must be 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.

SCENE
SCENE XIII.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly:

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kind
man shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'd'slid tis
but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for
that, but I am affaerd.

Qui. 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?

Qui. 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 Gloucestershire.

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 him-
fself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for
that. Good comfort; she calls you, coz: I'll leave
you.

Anne. Now master Slender.

Slen. Now good mistress Anne.
Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's-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. You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house: I tell you, Sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton, come, master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[Exeunt Page, 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 bow'd to death with turneps.
Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not your self, good mas-ter 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. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell Nan.
Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will
you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?
Look on master Fenton: this is my doing.
Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.
[Ex. Exit.
Quic. Now heav'n send thee good fortune. A kind
hearth 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-
ciously 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.

SCENE XV.

The Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.
Bard. Here, Sir.
Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't.
Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket, like a barrow
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 flighted 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 fize, 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.

SCENE 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'lt 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.

SCENE 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 jealoufie, comes in the instant of our enc-
counter, after we had embrac'd, kifs'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 inflitigated by his distemper, and forsooth to search
his house for his wife's love.
Ford. What, while you were there?
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 mistres 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 greasy napkins, that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.
Ford. And how long lay you there?
Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have 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 mistres, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to Ducket-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, left 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 e-gregious 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 flot't in, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths that trett'd 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 that; it was a miracle to escape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half shew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd glowing hot, in that surge, Vol. I. like several.
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 appoint-
ment. 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.

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 let 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'rt thou?

Quic. Sure he is by this, or will be pretently; 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.

Ev. 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.

Ev. Come hither, William; hold up your head, come.

Mrs. Page. Come on Sirrah, hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Ev. 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.

Ev. Peace your tattleings. What is, Fair, William?
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Will. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcarts? there are fairer things than poul-
carts, fure.

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, hæc, hoc.

Eva. Nominativo, big, bag, hog; pray you mark;
genitive, hujus: well, what is your accusative cafe?

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 cafe, William?

Will. O, vocativo, O.

Eva. Remember William, focative is carer.

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. O' man, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your genitive cafe plural, William?

Will. Genitive cafe?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive, horum, harum, horum.

Quic. 'Vengeance of Gimyes cafe; fie on her; ne-
ever name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame o' man.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child such words; he
reaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fall
enough of themselves; and to call horum; fie upon
you.

Eva. O' man, art thou lunacies? hast thou no un-
der-
Scene II.

Ford's house.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hairsbreadth, not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir John.


Mrs. Ford. Step into th' chamber, Sir John.

[Exit Falstaff.

Enter
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, mistres 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 murther.
Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?
SCENE 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 thumb hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John, mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [Ex, Falstaff.]

P. 4

Mrs.
Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape, he cannot abide the old woman of Brainsford; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened 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 Brainsford.

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 IV.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfoil me again? set down the basket villain; somebody call my wife: youth in 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, mistresses, 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 jealousie is reasonable; pluck me out all the linnen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea’s death.

Page.
Page. Here's no man.

Shall. By my fidelity this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evw. 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 hoa, 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 Brainford.

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.

SCENE V.

Enter Falstaff in women's 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 poultcat, you runnion, out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.  

[Exit Fal.]

Mrs.
Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? 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 befee you follow; see but the issue of my jealousie; if I cry out thus upon no tryal, never trust me when I open a-

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 fear'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 you 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 is one of the best discretions of a 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 submision, 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,
Sometimes 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.
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 amazement, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane?

Mrs. Ford. And 'till he tell the truth
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,
Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleasures, and 
erry 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.

SCENE VIII.

The Garter-Inn.

Enter Hoist and Simple.

Hoist. WHAT wouldst 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.

Hoist. 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 anthropophaginian 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.

Hoist. 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 hoist,
thine Ephesian calls.

Enter
Fal. How now, mine host?

Hoft. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries 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 wife 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.

Hoft. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Hoft. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

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?

Hoft. Ay Sir; like who more bold.
Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my matfer 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.

SCENE 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 Colbrough, of horses and money. 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’ is mine Host de Jarteer?

Host. Here, master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caiu.
Cains. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke de Janany; by my trot, der is no Duke dat the court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu. [Ex. 
Hof]t. 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-fain as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore my self at Primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. Now, whence come you? 

SCENE 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.

b These words are from the old edition.
The Merry Wives of Windsor. 283

Quir. 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.

SCENE 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'ill 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 Herris'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 Sirs,

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.

_Hoft._ 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.

_Hoft._ 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;
Befide, I'll make a present recom pense. [Exeunt.

SCENE 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 num-
bers; away, go; they say there is divinity in odd
numbers, either in nativity, chance or death; away.

_Quiet._ 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 yesterdye, 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.

Exit.
ACT V.  SCENE I.

Windsor-Park.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender.

Page.

OME, come; we'll couch i'th' castell-ditch, 'till we see the light of our faeries. 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 Welsh devil Herne?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by
Herne's oak, with obscure'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.

Ev. 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.

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve, the mi-
ute draws on; now the hot-blooded gods assist me.
Remember Jove thou waft 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, 'Joye, a foul fault. When gods have hot
backs, what shall poor men do? for me. I am here.
Windsor stag, and the fatteff, I think, i' th' forest. Send
me a cool rut-time, 'Joye, or who can blame me to
piss my tallow? who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistrefs Ford and Mistrefs Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my
male-deer?

Fal. My doe with the black fcoat? 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 myself, my shoulders for the
fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your
husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne
the hunter? why, now is Cupid a child of conscience,
he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome,
[Noise within.

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?
Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our sins.
Fal. What should this be?
[The women run out.

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd,
left the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he
never would else cross me thus.

SCENE IV.

Enter Fairies.

Ouir. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Psit. Elves, lift your names; silence, you airy toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find’st unrank’d, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blew as bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates, flutt and flattery.

Fal. They’re fairies, he that speaks to them shall die.

I’ll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.

Lys 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 fantaste,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those that sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and thins.

Quit. 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 wholesome, as in state ’tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour,
With juice of balm and ev’ry precious flow’r;
Each fair installment, coat and sev’ral crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be blest.

And nightly-meadow-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, Hons Sits Qui Mal-y-Pense write,
In emerald-tuffs, flow’rs purple, blue and white,
Like sapphire pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hood’s bending knee;
Fairies use flow’rs for their character.

Vol. I.
Away, dispersè; but '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 servles in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be
To guide our measure about the tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that Welch fairy, let
he transform me to a piece of cheese.

Pist. Vild worm, thou wast o'er-look'd ev'n in thy
birth.

Quit. 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 trial, come.

[They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quit. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire;
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhime.
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 villainy:

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


**SCENE 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 cuckoldly knave, here are his horns, master Brook; and master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of 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 dear.

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 received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

Evw. Sir John Falstaff, serve got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pine you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evw. 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

Q 2 as
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._ Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

_Fal._ Seese 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 puff man?

_Page._ Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

_Ford._ And one that is as flanerous as Satan?

_Page._ And as poor as _Feb_?

_Ford._ And as wicked as his wife?

_Eva._ And given to fornications and to taverns, and facks and wines and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and flarings, pribbles and prabbles?

_Fal._ Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me, I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel, ignorance it self is a plummet o'yer 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 shou'd 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 poftset 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.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

SCENE VI.

Enter Slender.

Slender. What hoe! hoe! father Page!

Page. Son, how now? how now son, have you dispatch'd?

Slender. Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eaton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the 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.

Slender. 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?

Slender. 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.

SCENE VII.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mistress Page? by gar I am cozen'd; I ha' marry'd one garsoon, a boy; one pecant, by gar.
gar. A boy; it is not Anne Page, by gar I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raile all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange! who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me; here comes Mr. Fenton.

Anne. How now Mr. Fenton?

Page. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Anne. Now mistress, how chance you went not with Mr. Siender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fenton. You do amaze her. Hear the truth of it, you would have marry'd her most flamefully, 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 the doth evince 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'n's 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.

* Evia. [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 mufe no further. Mr. Fenton,

Heav'n

* This speech is taken from the edit. of 1619.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

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]
MEASURE

FOR

MEASURE.
Dramatis Personae.

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.
Provisor.
Thomas, ¦ two Friars.
Peter,
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.

Scene Vienna.

The story is taken from Cinthio's Novels,
Dec. 8. Nov. 5.
Measure for Measure.

**ACT I. SCENE I.**

**A PALACE.**

*Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.*

**DUKE.**

**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 lifts 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're as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission;
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither:
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, dreft him with our love;
And giv'n his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: say, what think you of it?
Escarl. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Scene 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 waite
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 Escaius,
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'd upon it.

Duke. Come, no more evasions:
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 befal 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 inforce, 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 Aue's vehement:
Nor do I think the man of same 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE III.

The Street.

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 wait 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, despight of all controverzie; as for example, thou thy self art a wicked villain, despight of all grace.

1 Gent. Well; there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lifts and the velvet. Thou art the lift.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'r
Measur'd for Measure. 303

thou'rt a three-pil'd piece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a lift 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 purchase'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 found.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so found, 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.
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?

**SCENE 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 wife 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. 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.


SCENE 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 freedom,
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 unscover'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

Fresher
Measure for Measure

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 figh 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 encourage-
ment of the like, which else would stand upon grie-
vous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who
I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost as 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. No; 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.

Fri"
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 witless 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 rests 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 permisive pas,
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 sight
To do in flander: 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 leasure 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]

SCENE VIII.

A NUNNERY.

Enter Isabella and Franciscia.

Isab. And have you Nuns no farther privileges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes truly, I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sister votaries of saint Clare.

Lucio within.

Lucio. Hoa! peace be in this place.
Isab. 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 Prioress;
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.
Isab. 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 lice, 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 fainted,
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
And to be talk’d with in sincerity,
As with a faint.

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.

† 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 sly-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 arreits 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. Aflay the power you have.
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
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.

ANGELO.

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, 'til 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 willing,
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 censurate 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 seizes on. What know the laws  
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,  
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,  
Because we see it; but what we do not see,  
We tread upon, and never think of it.  
You may not so extenuate his offence,  
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me  
When I, that censure him, do so offend,  
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
And nothing come in partial. 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.

Vol. I. R 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.

Escat. 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.

Escat. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest before heav'n and your honour.

Escat. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom I thank heav'n is an honest woman.

Escat. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest my self also, as well as the, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escat. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinaly given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escat. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay Sir, by mistress Over-don's means; but as the spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.
Fib. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving 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 remembred, cracking the stones of the foresaid prewns.

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembred, 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 come 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. Wasn’t not at Hallowmas, master Froth?
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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.

Scene 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 matter 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?

Lii. Fie, and it like you, the house is a respected house;
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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 wouldest discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, 'till thou know'lt 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?

R 3

Clown.

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 not 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 whatever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you: in plain dealing Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, 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.

SCENE 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 fix or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, Sir?
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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 itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet poor Claudio! there's no remedy.
Come, Sir. [Exit.

Scene 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 feats, 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. Left 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 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 condemnd,
Delivers 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 fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish means;
There shall be order for it.

SCENE 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 condemnd't to die;
I do beseech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemnd' in 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.
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 slip’t 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!
Wh’ry 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 kitchins
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:
Thofe 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 glafs that shews what future evils
Or d new, or by remissnes 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 dismis'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.

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Lucio.
Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. 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: most ignoble heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt
Stab 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 assured,
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.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our self:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less soul prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. 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?

Isab. 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 found 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.

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark hoy! 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.
Luc. 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.
Luc. Go to; ’tis well; away.
Isab. Heav’n keep your honour safe.
Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crost.
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time ’fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour. [Exit Lucio and Isabella.

SCENE 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 fouly, 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 fainted doth 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.

SCENE IX.

A PRISON.

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hall 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 fee 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 gentlemwoman 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, sentenced: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think to-morrow.
I have provided for you; stay 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 found,
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 offensive 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 towards 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 respires me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

_Prov._ 'Tis pity of him.

[Exit.]

**SCENE**
SCENE X.

The Palace.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. WHEN I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilst my intention hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isobel: 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 Isobel a sister asks access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'n's!
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 stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general subjects to a well-wifht 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 awry sweetness 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 uncleaneness
As he, 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 accompl.

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 gros;
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,
Who'd 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 flander'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 slinging 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 feeodynamic but only he
Owe and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasse 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 complexions 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;
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, Isobel, 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, Isobel?
My unsoufl'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' th' state,
Will so your acculation 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 lingering suff'rance. 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 falfe o'erweighs your true.
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 approbation;
Bidding the law make curst 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 abhorred pollution.
Then Isabel live chaste, and brother die;
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death for his soul's rest. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Prison.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provok.

Duke.

O, 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,
Servile to all the skiey influences;
That doth 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 toward 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 thyself;
For thou exists on many a thousand grains
Thatissue 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 not 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 palsyd↑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 Isabella.

Isab. What ho? peace here; grace and good company.

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duck. 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.

Duck. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duck. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,

Yet hear them. [Exeunt Duke and Provost.

Scene II.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good indeed:

Lord Angelo having affairs to heav'n,

Lures 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
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,
Left thou a fev'rous life should'ft entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ft 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 faulcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil:
His filth within being caft he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

 Claud. The Princely Angelo?

 Ifab. Oh 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ft body to invest and cover
In Princely guards. Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ft be freed?

 Claud. Oh heav'n's, it cannot be.

 Ifab. Yes, he would give'ft 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'ft 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 lie for the momentary trick
Be perdurably sin'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 dye 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 uncertain 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?
Heav'n grant my mother plaid my father fair:
For such a warped slip of wilderness
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, Isabella.

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'lt quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, Isabella.

SCENE 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 prate 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 satisifie 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 complexion, 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 trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. 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 soul 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 affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrack'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befall 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 combine-husband, this well-seeing 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, beat out her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is wash'd 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 keep 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 stead up your appointment,
pointment, go in your place; if the encounter ac-
knowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her
recompence; and here by this is your brother saved,
your honour untainted, the poor Mariana ad-
vantaged, and the corrupt deputy sealed. 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?

Ifab. The image of it gives me content already,
and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous per-
fection.

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 pre-
ently to St. Luke's; there at the moated grange re-
sides this dejected Mariana; at that place call upon
me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Ifab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well,
good father.

[Exit.

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**SCENE IV.**

**The Street.**

Enter Duke, Elbow, Clown and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that
you will needs buy and sell men and wo-
men like beasts, we shall have all the world drink
brown and white baftard.

Duke. Oh heav'ns! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world since of two ut-
suries the merriest was put down, and the worser al-
low'd by order of law. A furr'd gown to keep him
warm, and furr'd with fox and lambskins to, to
signifie, that craft being richer than innocency stands
for the facing.
342 Measure for Measure.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bless 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-ma-
ter; 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!

Scene IV.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waste, a cord,
Sir.

Clown. I spy comfort; I cry bail: here’s a gentle-
mand, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? what, at the
wheels of Caesar? 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? the 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 morse, thy mistres? procures the 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. Farewell, 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.*

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**Scene**
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 will 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 extirpate 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 pleasent, 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 nurling a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke.
Duke. I neyer 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 duckett in her clack-dish; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.


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 wife.

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 businesse 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 speake 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 spoke you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.
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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,
Frier. 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 leacherous. 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 untrusting. Farewel, good Frier, 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' he smelt of brown bread and garlic: 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 fand'rous tongue?
But who comes here?

Scene VII.

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Bawd.

Escalus. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your hon-our is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still for-fict in the same kind? this would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.
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 promised 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.] Provost, 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. Bliss 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 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'n's your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extreme 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.

SCENE 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,
Tha' angel on the outward side?

[Exit.
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 lye
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So disguise shall by th' disguis'd
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.  

[A Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mariana, and boy singing.

SONG.

AKE, oh take those lips away;
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
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.

**SCENE 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 planched 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 poss'ted 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 hoa! within! come forth!

**SCENE**
SCENE III.

Enter Mariana.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I 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 Isab.

Duke. Oh place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are fixed 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.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father;
If you advise it.

Duke. 'Tis not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low.
Remember now my brother.

Mari. 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
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go,
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tythe's to sow. [Exe.

SCENE 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 afflict him, it shall redeem you from your g y v e s: 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.

Prov. 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. g y v e s, sh a c k l e s.
Measure for Measure. 359

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? I see 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-clock.

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 murtherer, 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? Claudio. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour When it lyes starkly in the traveller's bones: He'll not awake.


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'ft spirits of the night Invellop you, good Provost: who call'd here of late? Prov. None since the curphew rung.

Duke. Not Isabella?

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 stroot and line of his great justice; He doth with holy abstinance subdue That in himself which he spurs on his pow'r To qualifie in others. Were he mea'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 pooflet with haste That wounds th' unresisting postern with these strokes. Prov.
Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Aris'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
Proseft 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 sverve not from the
smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or o-
other 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' offendor friended.
Now, Sir, what news?
Prov. I told you: lord Angelo, be-like thinking me
remifs 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 reads the letter.

Whatever 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 mustst 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 undoubted 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: careles, reckles, and fearles 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 a-wak’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 sentence'd him. To make you understand this in a manifest 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 express command under penalty to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide: let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head 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 anything 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
of the Duke; you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. 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 thrift, 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, nine score 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 fattin, which now reaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Mr. Deep-vow, and Mr. Copper-spur, and master Starvelaky the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-beire that kill'd lufty Pudding, and Mr. Forthlight the tilter, and brave Mr. Shooty the great traveller, and wild Hal-Canne that stabb'd Puss, and I think forty more;
more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in
for the Lord's sake.

Enter Abhorson.

\textit{Abhor.} Sirrah, bring \textit{Barnardine} hither.

\textit{Clown.} Master \textit{Barnardine}, you must rise and be
hang'd, master \textit{Barnardine}.

\textit{Abhor.} What hoa, \textit{Barnardine}!

\textit{Barnardine within.}

\textit{Barnar.} A pox o' your throats; who makes that
noise there? what are you?

\textit{Clown.} Your friend, Sir, the hangman: you must
be fo good, Sir, to rise, and be put to death.

\textit{Barnar.} Away, you rogue away, I am sleepy.

\textit{Abhor.} Tell him he must awake, and that quickly
too.

\textit{Clown.} Pray, master \textit{Barnardine}, awake 'till you are
executed, and sleep afterwards.

\textit{Abhor.} Go in to him, and fetch him out.

\textit{Clown.} He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear
the straw ruffle.

Enter \textit{Barnardine}.

\textit{Abhor.} Is the ax upon the block, sirrah?

\textit{Clown.} Very ready, Sir.

\textit{Barnar.} How now \textit{Abhorson}? what's the news with
you?

\textit{Abhor.} Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into
your prayers: for look you, the warrant's come.

\textit{Barnar.} You rogue, I have been drinking all night,
I am not fitted for't.

\textit{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.

SCENE 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 unprepare'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 Ragoon, 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 satisfie the Deputy with the vilage,

Of Ragoon, more like to Claudio?

_Duke._ O, 'tis an accident that heav'n provides:

Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on

Pre.
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Prefxt 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 Angelo. [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 myself.

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
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 with it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'r'al 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
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?

SCENE 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
sain 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'ft 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 alread-
ly, 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.
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.

SCENE XII.

The Palace.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. EVERY letter he hath writ hath disvouched 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 entering, 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 proclaimed be times i' th' morn; I'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of fort 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 los's, 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.]

SCENE XIII.

The Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These 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 Graffius,
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.]
366 Measure for Measure.

Scene 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 sounded: The generous and gravelest citizens Have bent the gates, and very near upon The Duke is entering: therefore hence away. [Exeunt.
ACT V. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, and Citizens at several doors.

Duke.

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 forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure 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.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

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'thath 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'r'er: is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violater:
Is it not strange and 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.
Ifab. Oh I conjure thee, Prince, as thou believ'lt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglext me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike; 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'ft 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 badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddeft frame of tenfe;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

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;

T 5

Pray
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 needless 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?
Ifab. 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 woe;
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 blustering and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? this must be a practice:
Who knew of our intent, and coming hither?

Ifab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick;
Duke. A ghastly father belike:
Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; ’tis a medling 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, moost villanously; believe it!

Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Measure for Measure.

Of a strange fever. On his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither
To speak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and 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 confess 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?}

Scene 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 went
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'lt 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

In
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 affiancé'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 sit not you, 'till you have
Well determin'd upon these flanderers.  [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. 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 enforce them against him; we shall find this Friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabella 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 confess; perchance publickly she'd be ashamed.

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 let these women on to flander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal.
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 unrest and unhallow'd Friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
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 looker-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 countenanced, 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 you know me?


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 abusive.

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 thole giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a while.


Lucio. Come Sir, come Sir, come Sir; fo, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying rascal; you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a box 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:

Haft
Haft thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou haft,
Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltinesse,
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; wait 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.

[Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

SCENE V.

Estai. 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 Soveraignty.

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 kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with flower 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 falt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour; you must pardon
For Mariana's fake: but as he adjudget 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 wouldst 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,
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 Isobel, 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._ Isobel,

Sweet Isobel, 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 Isobel; 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'er take his bad intent,
And must be bury'd but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects:
Intents, 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?
Measure for Measure. 381

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private me-
sage.

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 hadst done so by Claudio;
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

Eustal. 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.

Scene 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'lt 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
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 as, 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.

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 finisht,
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 recom pense me
in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour thou shalt marry her:
Thy fancies 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. Slan'dring a Prince deserves it.
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.

Joy
Joy to you, Mariana; love her Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind that is more grateulate.
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and fercesie;
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragazine 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 shew
What's yet behind that's meet you all should know.

[Exeunt.

The End of the First Volume.