

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME *the* SECOND.



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PLAYS contain'd in this Volume.

The *COMEDY* of *ERRORS*.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

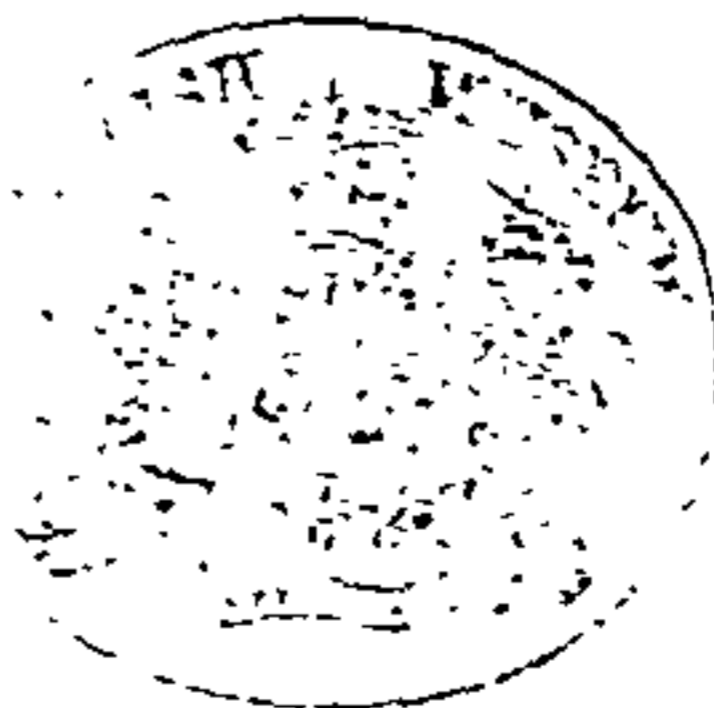
The *MERCHANT* of *VENICE*.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

46

200





THE
COMEDY
OF
ERRORS.

A 2

Dramatis Personæ.

SALINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Ægeon, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

Antipholis of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to Æ-*
Antipholis of Syracuse, } *geon and Æmilia, but un-*
 } *known to each other.*

Dromio of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Slaves to*
Dromio of Syracuse, } *the two Antipholis's.*

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*

Angelo, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.

Dr. Pinch, *a School-master, and a Conjuror.*

Æmilia, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

Adriana, *Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.*

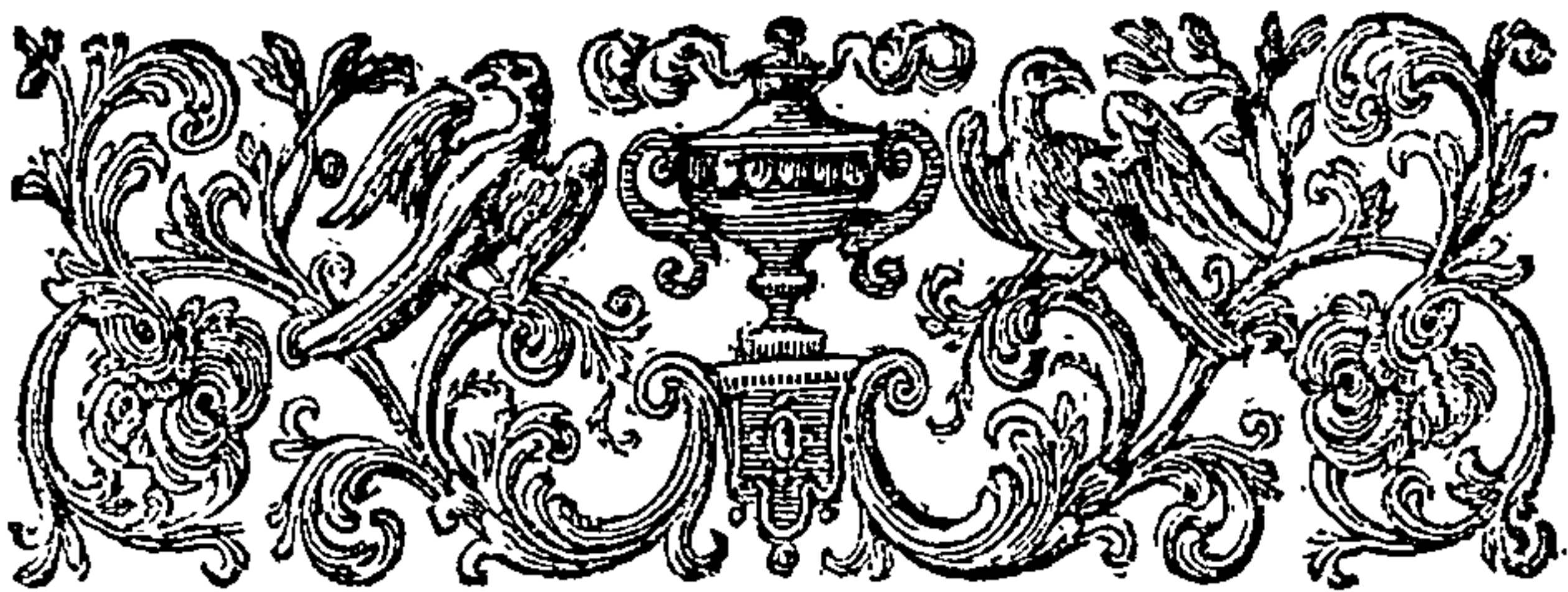
Luciana, *Sister to Adriana.*

Luce, *Servant to Adriana.*

Failor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Ephesus.*

The Plot taken from the Menæchmi of Plautus.



THE
COMEDY *of* ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor, and other attendants.

ÆGEON.



Proceed, *Salinus*, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and
all.

Duke. Merchant of *Syracusa*, plead no
more;

I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracusans* and our selves,
T'admit no traffick to our adverse towns.

A 3

Nay,

6 *The Comedy of ERRORS.*

Nay, more; if any born at *Ephesus*
 Be seen at *Syracusan* marts and fairs;
 Again, if any *Syracusan* born
 Come to the bay of *Ephesus*, he dies;
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
 Unless a thousand marks be levied
 To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are
 done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, *Syracusan*, say in brief the cause,
 Why thou departed'st from thy native home;
 And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd;
 Than I to speak my grief unspeakable:
 Yet that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In *Syracusa* was I born, and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
 With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increas'd
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To *Epidamnium*, 'till my factor's death;
 And he great store of goods at random leaving,
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
 From whom my absence was not six months old,
 Before her self (almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear)
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon and safe arrived where I was.
 There she had not been long, but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
 A poor mean woman was delivered

Of such a burthen, male-twins both alike :
Those (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return :
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon!
We came aboard.
A league from *Epidamnium* had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope :
For what obscured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which tho' my self would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me :
And this it was, (for other means were none.)
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship then sinking-ripe to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fasten'd our selves at either end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the sun gazing upon the earth
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And by the benefit of his wish'd light
The seas wax calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
But ere they came———oh let me say no more;

8 *The Comedy of ERRORS.*

Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us;
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock;
Which being violently born upon,
Our helpless ship was splitted in the midst:
So that in this unjust divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser wo,
Was carry'd with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwrackt guests,
And would have rest the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blifs,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And for the sakes of them thou sorrow'st for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee 'till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:

Hopeless

Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unfought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless *Ægeon*, whom the fates have markt
To bear th' extremity of dire mishap;
Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would, they may not disanul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die
Jailor, take him to thy custody.

Fail. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his liveless end. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

The STREET.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. **T**herefore give out, you are of *Epidamnium*,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a *Syracusan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west:
There is your mony that I had to keep:

Λ 5

Ant.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we host,
 And stay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee:
 'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return and sleep within mine inn;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
 And go indeed, having so good a means. [*Exit Dromio.*]

Ant. A trusty villain, Sir, that very oft,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy,
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to the inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
 I crave your pardon. Soon at five a clock,
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
 And afterward consort you 'till bed-time:
 My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewel 'till then; I will go lose my self,
 And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Ex. Mer.*]

S C E N E III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
 Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
 I to the world am like a drop of water,
 That in the ocean seeks another drop,
 Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
 So I, to find a mother and a brother,
 In quest of them, unhappy, lose my self.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.

What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock has strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach having broke your fast:
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this I pray,
Where you have left the mony that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh, six pence that I had a *Wednesday* last,
To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper?
The sadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me and dally not, where is the mony?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dro. I pray you jest, Sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post,
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate:
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come, *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of
season;

Reserve them 'till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge?

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the *Phoenix*, Sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. Now as I am a christian answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my mony;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where are the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate ;
Some of my mistrefs' marks upon my shoulders ;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistrefs' marks ? what mistrefs, slave, hast thou ?

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistrefs at the
Phœnix ;

She that doth fast 'till you come home to dinner ;
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid ? there take you that, Sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, Sir ? for God sake hold
your hands ;

Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Ex. Dromio.*]

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-wrought of all my mony.

They say, this town is full of couzenage ;

‘ As, nimble juglers, that deceive the eye ;

‘ Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind ;

‘ Soul-killing witches, that deform the body ;

‘ Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

‘ And many such like liberties of sin :

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the *Centaur*, to go seek this slave ;

I greatly fear my mony is not safe.

[*Exit.*]



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

A D R I A N A.



Either my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his
master!

Sure, *Luciana*, it is two a clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath in-
vited him,

And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.

A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master, and when they see time

They'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lyes out a-door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, head-strong liberty is lasht with wo.

There's nothing situate under heav'n's eye,

But hath its bound in earth, in sea, and sky:

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their male's subjects, and at their controuls:

Man more divine, the master of all these.

Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry seas,

Indu'd with intellectual sense and soul,

Of more preheminance than fish and fowl,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. 'Till he come home again I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause:
A wretched soul bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more we should our selves complain;
So thou that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

S C E N E II.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear, Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel his meaning?

F. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad ; but sure he's stark mad :

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold :
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I ; my gold, quoth he :
Your meat doth burn, quoth I ; my gold, quoth he :
Will you come, quoth I ? my gold, quoth he :
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd ; my gold, quoth he.
My mistress, Sir, quoth I ; hang up thy mistress ;
I know not thy mistress ; out on thy mistress :

Luc. Quoth who ?

E. Dro. Quoth my master :

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress ;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders :
For in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home ?
For god's sake send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating :
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus ?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face !

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look :
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blots it more than marble hard.

Do

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
 That's not my fault: he's master of my state."
 What ruins are in me that can be found,
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
 A sunny look of his would soon repair.
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy; fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense:
 I know his eye doth homage other-where;
 Or else what lets it but he would be here?
 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain,
 Would that alone, alone he would detain,
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
 I see the jewel best enameled
 Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still
 That others touch, and often touching will:
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

The STREET.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

Ant. THE gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
 Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedful slave
 Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
 By computation, and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with *Dromio*, since at first
 I sent him from the mart. See here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love stroaks, so jest with me again.

YOR

You know no *Centaur*? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the *Phoenix*? wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, Sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which I hope thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me?

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? hold, take thou that, and that.

[Beats *Dro.*

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's sake, now your jest is
earnest;

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sawciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams:
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
But soft; who wafts us yonder? *

SCENE

* ——— wafts us yonder?

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave
battering, I had rather have it a head; an you use
these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head,
and insconce it too, or else I shall seek my wit in
my shoulders: but I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

S C E N E V.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay *Antipholis*, look strange and frown;
Some other mistress hath some sweet aspects,

I

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for they say, every
why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, first for flouting me; and then where-
fore, for urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of
season?

When in the why and wherefore is neither rhyme nor
reason?

Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry Sir, for this something that you gave
me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you no-
thing for something. But say, Sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat not of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me
another dry basting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jest in good time; there's
a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that, before you were
so cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain
bald pate of father *Time* himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro.

I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'dst wouldst vow,

That never words were musick to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. Why is *Time* such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scant'd men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two, and sound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not sound ones, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant.

' That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
 ' That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
 ' Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
 How comes it now, my husband, oh how comes it,
 That thou art thus estranged from thy self?
 Thy self I call it, being strange to me:
 That undividable incorporate
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.
 Ah do not tear away thy self from me:
 For know, my love, as easie may'st thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thy self; and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot-brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
 I know thou can'st; and therefore see thou do it,
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For if we two be one and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of my flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
 I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why there
 is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: time himself is bald, and
 therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew 'twou'd be a bald conclusion.

S C E N E V. &c.

In *Ephesus* I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk.*

Luc. Fie, brother, how the world is chang'd with you;
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio*?

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee; and in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, Sir? I never saw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never spoke with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine:
Whose weakness marry'd to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate;
If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
theam;

What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?

Or

* ——— as to your talk.

Who every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother, &c.

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.*

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye and weep,
 Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
 Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
 And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks;
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
 Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
 Come, sister; *Dromio*, play the porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heav'n, or in hell?
 Sleeping or waking, mad or well advis'd?
 Known unto these, and to my self disguis'd?
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so;
 And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro.

*—————servants spread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I cross me for a sinner;
 This is the *Fairy* land: oh spight of spights;
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights;
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,
 They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy self,
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, snail, thou slug, thou sot.

S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine own form.

S. Dro. No; I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an afs.

S. Dro. 'Tis true, she rides me, and I long for grafs.
 'Tis so, I am an afs; else it could never be,
 But I shou'd know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, &c.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
 Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.
 Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late. }
 [Exeunt.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before Antipholis's House.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus,
 Angelo, and Balthazar.

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD Signior *Angelo*, you must excuse us;
 My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours;
 Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop
 To see the making of her † carkanet,
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
 But here's a villain that would face me down
 He met me on the mart, and that I beat him;
 And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
 And that I did deny my wife and house:
 Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou mean by this? *
 † carkanet, a sort of Bracelet: I

* ————didst thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, Sir, but I know what I know,

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show;
 If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave
 were ink,

Your hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think, &c.

24 *The Comedy of ERRORS.*

I think thou art an afs.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear;
I should kick being kickt; and being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an afs.

E. Ant. Y'are sad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God
our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome.*
But soft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. *Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cisty, Gillian!*

S. Dro. within. Mome, malt-horse, capon, cox-
comb, idiot, patch,

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such
store,

When one is one too many? go, get thee from the
door.* *Adr.*

*_____and your good welcome.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your wel-
come dear

E. Ant. Ah Signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good Sir, is common that every churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's
nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and good welcome, makes a mer-
ry feast.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing
guest:

But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft; my door is lockt; &c.

*_____get thee from the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my
master stays in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he
catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant.

Adr. within. Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise ?

S. Dro. By my troth your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife ? you might have come before. *Adr.*

E. Ant. Who talks within there ? ho, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore ? for my dinner : I have not din'd to-day.

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you must not : come again when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe ?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stoll'n both mine office and my name.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame ;
If thou had'st been *Dromio* to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or
thy name for an ass.

Luce. within. What a coile is there, *Dromio* ? who are those at the gate ?

E. Dro. Let my master in, *Luce*.

Luce. Faith, no ; he comes too late ;

And so tell your master.

E. Dro. O lord, I must laugh ;

Have at you with a *Proverb*. Shall I set in my staff ?

Luce. Have at you with another ; that's when ? can you tell ?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce*, *Luce*, thou hast answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I hope ?

Luc. I thought to have askt you.

S. Dro. And you said, no.

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B

E. Dro.

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave ! go get you from the gate.*

E. Ant.

E. Dro. So, come, help, well struck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake ?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town ?

Adr. within. Who is that, &c.

* ——— go get you from the gate.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's something in the wind that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within: you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man as mad as buck to be so bought and sold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir; oh let it not be thus.

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this; your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doots are barr'd against you;
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner,
And about evening come your self alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint;
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout,
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever hous'd where it once gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And in despite of mirth mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too, gentle;

B 2

There

S. Dro. It seems thou wantest breaking; out upon thee, hind.

E. Dro. Here's too much: out upon thee; I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, master, mean you so? For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather: If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together,

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, &c.

There will we dine : this woman that I mean,
 My wife (but I protest without desert)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal ;
 To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
 And fetch the chain ; by this I know 'tis made ;
 Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine* ;
 For there's the house : that chain I will bestow,
 (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife,)
 Upon mine hostess there. Good Sir, make haste :
 Since my own doors refuse to entertain me,
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, Sir,
 hence.

E. Ant. Do so ; this jest shall cost me some expence.
 [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Syracuse.

Luc. **A**ND may it be, that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office ? shall, *Antipholis*,
 Ev'n in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?
 Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate ?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then for her wealth's-sake use her with more kind-
 nefs ;
 Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth,
 Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness ;
 Let not my sister read it in your eye ;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;
 Look sweet, speak fair ; become disloyalty :
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger ;
 Bear a fair presence, tho' your heart be tainted ;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;
 Be secret false : what need she be acquainted ?
 What simple thief brags of his own attain ?

'Tis

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at board :

Shame hath a bastard-fame, well managed ;

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word :

Alas poor women, make us but believe

(Being compact of credit) that you love us ;

Tho' others have the arm, shew us the sleeve :

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife ;

'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

S. Ant. Sweet mistress ; what your name is else

I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine :

Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not,

Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The foulded meaning of your words deceit ;

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field ?

Are you a God ? would you create me new ?

Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed a homage do I owe ;

Far more, far more to you do I decline :

Oh train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears ;

Sing *Sirens* for thy self, and I will dote ;

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lye :

And in that glorious supposition think

He gains by death that hath such means to die ;

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink.

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair sun being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me, love? call my sister so.

S. Ant. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

S. Ant. No;

It is thy self, mine own self's better part:

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

S. Ant. Call thy self sister, sweet; for I mean thee;

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life.

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife;

Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh soft, Sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit *Luc.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Ant. Why how now, *Dromio*, where runn'st thou so fast?

S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio*? am I your man? am I my self?

S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy self.

S. Dro. I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides my self.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how besides thy self?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, besides my self, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, such claim as you would lay to your
your

your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that I being a beast she would have me, but that she being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is she?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, Sir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is she a wond'rous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease, and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a *Poland* winter: if she lives 'till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complection is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why? she sweats, a man may go over-shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; *Noah's* flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. *Nell*, Sir; but her name is three quarters; that is, an ell and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland*?

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenness, hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. Where *France*?

S. Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

S. Ant. Where *England*?

B 4.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain*?

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

S. Dro. Oh Sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who sent whole armadoes of carracts to be ballast at her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a cursal dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go hie thee presently; post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart;

Where I will walk 'till thou return to me:

If every one knows us, and we know none,

'Tis time I think to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

Hath

Hath almost made me traitor to my self:
But lest my self be guilty of self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song,

Enter Angelo with a chain.

Ang. Master *Antipholis*.

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir, lo, here is the chain;
I thought t' have tane you at the *Porcupine*;
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please your self, Sir; I have made it for
you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you
have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my mony for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the mony now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts:
I'll to the mart, and there for *Dromio* stay;
If any ship put out, then strait away.

[*Exit.*





ACT IV. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

MERCHANT.



YOU know since *Pentecost* the sum is due ;
 And since I have not much importun'd
 you ;
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To *Persia*, and want gilders for my
 voyage :

Therefore make present satisfaction ;
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Ev'n just the sum that I do owe to you,
 Is owing to me by *Antipholis* ;
 And in the instant that I met with you,
 He had of me a chain : at five a clock
 I shall receive the mony for the same :
 Please you but walk with me down to his house,
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antiph. Ephe. and Drom. Ephe. as from the Courtezans.

Off. That labour you may save : see where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
 And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow
 Among my wife and her confederates,
 For locking me out of my doors by day.
 But soft ; I see the goldsmith : get thee gone,
 Buy thou a rope ; and bring it home to me.

E. Drc. I buy a thousand pound a year ; I buy a rope !

[*Exit Dromio.*

E. Ant.

E. Ant. A man is well help up that trusts to you :
I promised your presence, and the chain :
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me :
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together ; therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, the chargeful fashion,
Which do amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman ;
I pray you see him presently discharg'd ;
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present mony,
Besides I have some business in the town ;
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ant. Then you will bring the chain to her your self.

E. Ant. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not time
enough.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will : have you the chain about you ?

E. Ant. And if I have not, Sir, I hope you have :
Or else you may return without your mony.

Ang. Nay come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain,
Both wind and tide stay for the gentleman ;
And I to blame have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Porcupine* :
I should have chid you for not bringing it ;
But like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on ; I pray you, Sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me ; the chain.

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you ev'n now.
Or send the chain, or send me by some token.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath :
Come, where's the chain ? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance :
Good Sir, say, if you'll answer me, or no ;

IF

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you? why should I answer you?

Ang. The mony that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none 'till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it; Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation. Either consent to pay the sum for me, Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had! Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer; I would not spare my brother in this case, If he should scorn me so apparently.

Offi. I do arrest you, Sir; you hear the suit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee 'till I give thee bail. But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, Sir, I shall have law in *Ephesus*, To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

S C E N E II.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the bay.

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of *Epidamnium*, That stays but till her owner comes aboard; Then, Sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir, I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought The Oyl, the *Balsamum*, and *Aqua-vita*. The ship is in her trim; the merry wind Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all, But for their owner, master, and your self.

E. Ant. How now! a mad man! why, thou peevish
sheep, What

What ship of *Epidamnum* stays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

E. Dro. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee strait,
Give her this key, and tell her in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with *Turkish* tapestry
There is a purse of ducats, let her send it:

Tell her I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me; hie thee, slave; be gone:

On officer, to prison 'till it come. [Exeunt.]

S. Dro. To *Adriana!* that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowfabel* did claim me for her husband;
She is too big I hope for me to compass.

Thither I must, altho' against my will,

For servants must their masters minds fulfil. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

E. Antipholis's House.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. **A**H *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case,

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him a right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he
were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot nor I will not hold me still ;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have it's will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where ;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one ?
No evil lost, is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others eyes were worse,
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away ;

My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curse.

S C E N E IV.

Enter S. Dromio.

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now
make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath ?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, *Dromio*? is he well ?

S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worse than hell;
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel :
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough,
A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
mands

The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that before the judgment carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter ?

S. Dro.

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested; but he's in a suit of buff which rested him, that I can tell. Will you send him, mistress redemption, the mony in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at,
[Exit Luc.]

That he unknown to me should be in debt!
Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but a stronger thing,
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.*

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the mony, bear it strait,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister, I am prest down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [Exeunt.]

* ——— that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes
One.

Adr. The hour's come back, that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, it
turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt, how fondly dost
thou reason?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more
than he's worth.

Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?

If Time be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter, &c.

S C E N E V.

*The STREET.**Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.*

S. Ant. **T**Here's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
 As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
 And every one doth call me by my name.
 Some tender mony to me, some invite me;
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesse;
 Some offer me commodities to buy.
 Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his shop,
 And shew'd me silks that he had bought for me,
 And therewithal took measure of my body.
 Sure these are but imaginary wiles,
 And *Lapland* forcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for;
 What, have you got the picture of old *Adam* new
 apparel'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? what *Adam* dost thou
 mean?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the paradise, but
 that *Adam* that keeps the prison; he that goes in the
 calves-skin, that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that
 came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid
 you forsake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plain case; he that went
 like a base-viol in a case of leather; the man, Sir,
 that when gentlemen are tired gives them a fob, and
 rests them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men,
 and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his
 rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a moris
 pike.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the serjeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and faith, God give you good rest.

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to-night, and then were you hinder'd by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy *Delay*; here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.

S C E N E VI.

Enter a Curtezan.

Cur. Well met, well met, master *Antipholis*.
I see, Sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

S. Ant. Satan avoid, I charge thee tempt me not. *

* ——— tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this mistress *Satan*?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay she is worse, she's the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes that the wenches say, God dam me, that's as much as to say, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; come not near her.

Cur. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir. Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.

S. Ant.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of one's
nail, a rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,
a cherry stone; but the more covetous would have a
chain. Master be wise, and if you give it her, the
devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you Sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

S. Ant. Avant, thou witch! come *Dromio*, let us go.*
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholis* is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon that
must eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid thou fiend, what tell'st thou me of
supping?

Thou art (as you are all) a forcerefs:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cur. Give me, &c.

* ——— let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock; mistress that
you know.

SCENE VII. &c.

On

On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife; that being lunatick,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest chuse,
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[Exit.]

S C E N E VIII.

The STREET.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus with a Tailor.

E. Ant. FEAR me not man, I will not break away,
I'll give thee ere I leave thee so much
mony,

To warrant thee, as I am rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,
I tell you 'twill found harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man, I think he brings the mony.
How now, Sir, have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the mony?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the mony for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes-end, Sir, and to that end am I
return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.
[Beats Dro.]

Offi. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in ad-
versity.

Offi.

Off. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whorson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dro. I am an ass indeed, you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it when I sleep, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return; nay I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and I think when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Curtezan and Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather prophesie like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats Dro.]

Cur. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good doctor *Pinch*, you are a conjurer,

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cur. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasie!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darknes hie thee strait,

I conjure thee by all the saints in heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace, I am not mad.

Adr.

Adr. Oh that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I deny'd to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame.

E. Ant. Din'd at home? thou villain, what say'st thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut
out.

E. Ant. And did not she her self revile me there?

E. Dro. *Sans fable*, she her self revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and
scorn me?

E. Dro. *Certes* she did, the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity you did, my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you mony to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Mony by me? heart and good-will you might,
But surely master not a rag of mony.

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are possess'd,
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-
day,

And

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth;

E. Dro. And gentle master I receiv'd no gold,
But I confes, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he strives.

Adr. Oh bind him, bind him, let him not come
near me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within
him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

E. Ant. What, will you murder me? thou jailor
thou,

I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Offi. Masters; let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Offi. He is my prisoner, if I let him go
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

[They bind Ant. and Dro.]

And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.

Good master doctor see him safe convey'd

Home to my house. Oh most unhappy day!

E. Ant. Oh most unhappy strumpet!

E. Dro. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou
mad me?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master, cry the devil.

Luc. God help poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence; sister, stay you with me. Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

[*Exeunt Pinch, Ant. and Dro.*]

S C E N E X.

Manent Officer, Adri. Luci. and Curtezan.

Offi. One *Angelo*, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man; what is the sum he owes?

Offi. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say how grows it due?

Offi. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cur. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)
Strait after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

S C E N E XI.

*Enter Antipholis Syracusan with his rapier drawn,
and Dromio Syrac.*

Luc. God for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords;

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Offi. Away, they'll kill us. [They run out.]

Manent Ant. and Dro.

S. Ant. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur*, fetch our stuff from thence:

I long that we were safe and found aboard.

S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they spake us fair, gave us gold; methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town, Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

ANGELO.



Am sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you,
But I protest he had the chain of me,
Tho' most dishonestly he did deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in
the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good Sir draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,

And

And not without some scandal to your self,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly;
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our controversie
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think I had, I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir, and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine thou knowest did hear thee:

Fie on thee, wretch, 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus,
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defie thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Curtezan and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God's sake, he is mad;
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run, master, run, for God's sake take a
house;
This is some Priory; in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the Priory.*]

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I'm sorry now that I did draw on him.

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Abb.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sower, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But 'till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.

In bed he slept not for my urging it;
At board he fed not for my urging it;
Alone it was the subject of my theam;
In company I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad.
The venom'd clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings,
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Whereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd with thy brawls.

‘ Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

‘ But muddy and dull melancholy,

‘ Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,

‘ And at her heels a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly;
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but my self,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him stir,
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Mer. By this I think the dial points at five:
Anon I'm sure the Duke himself in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale ;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Mer. To see a reverend *Syracusan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come, we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

S C E N E III.

*Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bare-headed, with the
Headsmen, and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him
He shall not die, so much we tender him.'

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady ;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters, this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desp'rately he hurry'd through the street,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses ; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed :
Again, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords
Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away ; 'till raising of more aid

We

We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them,
And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and born hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee ingag'd a Prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you knock at the abbey gate,
And bid the lady Abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save your self;
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace fool, thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He crys for you, and vows if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come stand by me, fear nothing: guard with-
halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband; witness you,
That he is born about invisible.

54. *The Comedy of ERRORS.*

Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

S C E N E V.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Eph.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious Duke, oh grant me justice.

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life, even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son *Antipholis*, and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman
there;

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;

That hath abused and dishonour'd me,

Ev'n in the strength and height of injury:

Beyond imagination is the wrong

That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors
upon me;

Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault; say woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: my self, he and my sister,
To-day did dine together: so befal my soul,
As this is false he burthens me withal.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth.

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the mad-man justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised what I say.

Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,

Nor heady-rash provok'd with raging ire,

Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;

That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,

Could witness it; for he was with me then,

Who

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
 Promising to bring it to the *Porcupine*
 Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to seek him; in the street I met him,
 And in his company that gentleman.
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
 That I this day from him receiv'd the chain,
 Which God he knows I saw not; for the which
 He did arrest me with an officer.
 I did obey, and sent my peasant home
 For certain ducats; he with none return'd,
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer
 To go in person with me to my house.
 By th'way we met my wife, her sister, and
 A rabble more of vile confederates;
 They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
 ' A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
 ' A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune teller,
 ' A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking-wretch,
 ' A living dead man. This pernicious slave
 Forsooth took on him as a conjurer;
 And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
 Cries out I was possess'd. Then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together;
 'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds asunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth thus far I witness with him;
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
 These People saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides I will be sworn these ears of mine
 Heard you confess you had the chain of him,

After you first forswore it on the mart,
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you ;
 And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence I think you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me ;
 I never saw the chain, so help me heav'n ;
 And this is false you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this ?
 I think you all have drunk of *Circe's* cup :
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been,
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :
 You say he din'd at home, the goldsmith here
 Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you ?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcupine*.

Cur. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

Cur. As sure, my Liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why this is strange ; go call the Abbess hither ;

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Ex. one to the Abbess.*]

S C E N E VI.

Ægeon. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word :

Haply I see a friend will save my life,
 And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, *Syracusan*, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis* ?
 And is not that your bond-man *Dromio* ?

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,
 But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords,
 Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am sure both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Our selves we do remember, Sir, by you ;
 For lately we were bound as you are now.

You

You are not *Pinch's* patient, are you, Sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,

And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face;
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. *Dromio*, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure thou dost.

E. Dro. I, Sir? but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
' Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
' In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,
' And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
' Yet hath my night of life some memory,
' My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left.
' My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
' All these old witnesses, I cannot err,
' Tell me thou art my son *Antipholis*.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in *Syracusa* bay,
Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps my son,
Thou sham'st t'acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw *Syracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracusan*; twenty years
Have I been patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er saw *Syracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

S C E N E VII.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan and Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. *[All gather to see him.]*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is *Genius* to the other; And so of these which is the natural man, And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.

S. Ant. *Ægeon*, art thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds, And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'st the man.

That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,

That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons?

Oh if thou be'st the same *Ægeon*, speak;

And speak unto the same *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why here begins the morning story right: These two *Antipholis's*, these two so like, And those two *Dromio's*, one in semblance; Besides her urging of her wrack at sea, These plainly are the parents to these children, Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*; If thou art she, tell me where is that son That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I, And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up; But by and by rude fishermen of *Corinth* By force took *Dromio* and my son from them, And me they left with those of *Epidamnum*. What then became of them I cannot tell; I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. *Antipholis*, thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. No, Sir, not I, I came from *Syracuse*.

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my most gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman here

Did call me brother. What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good,

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, Sir, I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you mony, Sir, to be your bail

By *Dromio*, but I think he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:

I see we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors all arose.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here;

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cur. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my
good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathized one day's error

Have

Have suffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye shall have full satisfaction.

Thirty three years have I been gone in travel
Of you my sons, and 'till this present hour
My heavy burthens are delivered:

The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the kalenders of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast and go with me,
After so long grief such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart I'll gossip at this feast.

S C E N E VIII.

Manent the two Antiph. and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou im-bark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host, Sir, in the *Centaur*.

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master, *Dromio*.
Come go with us, we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him. [*Exit.*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you I am a sweet fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I Sir; you're my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question:

How shall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the senior:
'Till then, lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus—— [*Embracing.*
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before ano-
ther. [*Exeunt.*

MUCH



M U C H A D O

A B O U T

N O T H I N G.

Dramatis Personæ.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*

Leonato, *Governor of Messina.*

Don John, *Bastard-Brother to Don Pedro.*

Claudio, *a young Lord of Florence, Favorite to Don Pedro.*

Benedick, *a young Lord of Padua, favour'd likewise by Don Pedro.*

Balthasar, *Servant to Don Pedro.*

Antonio, *Brother to Leonato.*

Borachio, *Confident to Don John.*

Conrade, *Friend to Borachio.*

Dogberry, }
Verges, } *two foolish Officers.*

Innogen, *Wife to Leonato.*

Hero, *Daughter to Leonato and Innogen.*

Beatrice, *Neice to Leonato.*

Margaret, }
Ursula, } *two Gentlewomen attending on Hero.*

*A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton,
and Attendants.*

S C E N E *Messina.*

The Story from Ariosto, Orl. Fur. l. 5.

Much



Much Ado *about* Nothing.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Court before Leonato's House.

*Enter Leonato, Innogen, Hero and Beatrice, with
a Messenger.*

L E O N A T O.

Learn in this letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Messina*.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

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

Leon. A victory is twice it self, when the atchiever brings home full numbers; I find here that Don *Pedro* hath bestowed much honour on a young *Florentine*, call'd *Claudio*.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don *Pedro*: he hath born himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

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Leon. He hath an uncle here in *Messina* will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much, that joy could not shew it self modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness; there are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd; how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior *Montanto* return'd from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, neice?

Hero. My cousin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua*.

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in *Messina*, and challeng'd *Cupid* at the flight; and my uncle's fool reading the challenge, subscrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? but how many hath he kill'd? for indeed I promise to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, neice, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, Lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victuals, and he hath help to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stuf with all honourable virtues.

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

Leon.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 65

Leon. You must not, Sir, mistake my neice; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her; they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse, for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible; he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, Lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; if he were I would burn my study. But I pray you who is his companion? is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O lord, he will hang upon him like a disease; he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*, it will cost him a thousand pound ere it be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady,

Beat. Do good friend,

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

Beat. No, not 'till a hot *January*.

Mess. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.



SCENE

S C E N E II.

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

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge most willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, that you askt her?

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

Pedro. You have it full *Benedick*, you may guess by this what you are, being a man: truly the lady fathers her self; be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all *Messina*, as like him as she is.

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

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

Beat. Is it possible *disdain* should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick*? courtesie it self must convert to *disdain*, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesie a turn-coat; but it is certain I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women, they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that;

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 67

that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind, so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worfe, if 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well you are a rare parrot teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

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

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

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

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

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

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

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

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

S C E N E III.

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

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

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud.

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

Bene. Why i'faith methinks she is too low for an high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into; but speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting jack, to tell us *Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter? come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter; there's her cousin, if she were not possess'd with such a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of *May* doth the last of *December*: but I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust my self, tho' I had sworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? shall I never see a batchelor of threescore again? go to i'faith, if thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away *Sundays*: look, *Don Pedro* is return'd to seek you.

S C E N E IV.

Re-enter Don Pedro and Don John.

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

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

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene.

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Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I cannot be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance, he is in love; with whom? now that is your Grace's part: mark how short his answer is, with *Hero*, *Leonato's* short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but indeed, God forbid it should be so.

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

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

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

Pedro. By my troth I speak my thought.

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

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

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me; because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer; I will live a bachelor.

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

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking,
pick

70 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind *Cupid*.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd *Adam*.

Pedro. Well, as time shall try; in time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's-horns, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good Horse to hire*, let them signifie under my sign, *Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man*.

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

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

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

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

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

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

Pedro. The sixth of *July*, your loving friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. [Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E V.

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

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, she's his only heir:
Dost thou affect her, *Claudio*?

Claud. O my lord,

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

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair *Hero*, cherish it,
And I'll break with her: was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

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

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than
the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity;
Look what will serve, is fit; 'tis once thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night,
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then

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Then after to her father will I break,
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine;
In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leon. How now brother, where is my cousin your son? hath he provided this musick?

Ant. He is very busie about it; but brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them, but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The Prince and Count *Claudio*, walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the Prince discover'd to *Claudio* that he lov'd my neice your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow. I will send for him, and question him your self.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear it self: but I will acquaint my daughter with all, that she may be the better prepared for answer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it: cousins, you know what you have to do. O, cry you mercy, friend, go you with me and I will use your skill; good cousin have a care this busie time. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

SCENE *changes.*

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Conr. **W**Hat the good year my lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

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

Conr. You should hear reason.

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

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

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

Conr. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, 'till you may do it without controlement; you have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make your self; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am trusted with a muzzel, and enfranchis'd with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent?

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

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by *Leo-*

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nato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

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

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

John. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bora. Even he.

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

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

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

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

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

Conr. To the death, my lord.

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

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exit.]



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Innogen, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret and Ursula.

L E O N A T O.

AS not Count *John* here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and *Benedick*; the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick*'s tongue in Count *John*'s mouth, and half Count *John*'s melancholy in Signior *Benedick*'s face ———

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst, I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, God sends a curst cow short horns, but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

D 2

Beat.

76 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lye in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take six pence in earnest of the bearherd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me like an old cuckold, with his horns on his head, and say, get you to heaven, *Beatrice*, get you to heav'n, here's no place for you maids: so deliver I up my apes, and away to *St. Peter*, for the heav'ns; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

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

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

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

Beat. Not 'till God make men of some other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, uncie, I'll none; *Adam's* sons are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you; if the Prince do sollicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 77

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time; if the Prince be too importunate, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the Answer; for hear me, *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is a *Scotch* jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and anchentry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, 'till he sinks into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

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

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

S C E N E II.

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

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

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

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

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

Pedro. My visor is *Philemon's* roof, within the house is a *Jove*.

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

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

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

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my Prayers aloud.

D 3

Bene.

Love.

78 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Bene. I love you the better, the hearers may cry
Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer.

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when
the dance is done: answer clerk.

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

Ursu. I know you well enough, you are Signior *An-
tonio.*

Ant. At a word, I am not.

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

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill, well, unless you
were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down;
you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you
by your excellent wit? can virtue hide it self? go to,
mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's
an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Eene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good
wit out of the hundred merry tales; well, this was
Signior *Benedick* that said so.

Eene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jester, a very dull fool,
only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none
but libertines delight in him, and the commendation
is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both
pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh
at him, and beat him; I am sure he is in the fleet,
I would he had boarded me.

Bene.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 79

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

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

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Musick for the Dance.

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

Bora. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior *Benedick*?

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on *Hero*, I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

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

John. Come let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt *John* and *Bor.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*.

'Tis certain so, the prince wooes for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things,

Save in the office and affairs of love;

Therefore all hearts in love use their one tongues,

Let every eye negotiate for it self,

And trust no agent; beauty is a witch,

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

80 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewel then, *Here!*

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count *Claudio*?

Claud. Yea the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, Count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an Usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a Lieutenant's scarf? you must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Here.*

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks: but did you think the Prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas poor hurt a fowle, now will he creep into sedges. But that my lady *Beatrice* should know me, and not know me! the Prince's fool! ha? it may be I go under that title, because I am merry; yea, but so I am apt to do my self wrong: I am not so reputed. It is the base (tho' bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Don Pedro.

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

Bene. Troth my lord, I have play'd the part of la-
dr

^a *Soul.*

dy Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the will of this young lady, and I offer'd him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bene. O she misus'd me past the indurance of a block; an oak but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her; she told me, not thinking I had been my self, that I was the Prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; hudling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me; she speaks Ponyards, and every word stabs; if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the North-Star; I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgress'd; she would have made *Hercules* have turn'd spit, yea and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you shall find her the infer-

82 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

nal *Atè* in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her, for certainly while she is here a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

SCENE V.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato and Hero.

Ped. Look here she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the *Antipodes* that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of *Asia*; bring you the length of *Prestor John's* foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham's* beard; do you any ambassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy; you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot indure this Lady's tongue. [*Exit.*

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

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

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seek.

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

Claud. Not sad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor mer-

ry, nor well; but civil Count, civil as an orange, and something of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak Count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away my self for you, and doat upon the exchange.

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

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

Beat. Yea my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care; my cousin tells him in his ear that he is in my heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too costly to wear every day: but I beseech your Grace pardon me, I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for out of question you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No sure my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then
there

84 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

there was a star danc'd, and under that I was born.
Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Neice, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle : by your Grace's pardon.
[*Exit Beatrice.*]

SCENE VI.

Pedro. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness, and wak'd her self with laughing.

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

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

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

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

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

Claud. To-morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not 'till *Monday*, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not go dully by us; I will in the *Interim* undertake one of *Hercules's* labours, which is to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

Claud.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle *Hero*?

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

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

S C E N E VII.

S C E N E *changes.*

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. **I**T is so, the Count *Claudio* shall marry the Daughter of *Leonato*.

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

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly my Lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

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

John. I remember.

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

I

John.

86 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

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

Bora. The poison of that lyes in you to temper ; go you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd *Claudio*, (whose estimation you do mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero*.

John. What proof shall I make of that ?

Bora. Proof enough, to misuse the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato* ; look you for any other issue ?

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

Bora. Go then find me a meet hour, to draw on *Pedro*, and the Count *Claudio*, alone ; tell them that you know *Hero* loves me ; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, as in a love of your brother's honour who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discover'd thus ; they will hardly believe this without tryal : offer them instances which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber window, hear me call *Margaret, Hero* ; hear *Margaret* term me *Borachio*, and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding ; for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truths of *Hero's* disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice : be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

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

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

{*Exeunt.*



S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and a Boy.

Bene. B O Y.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir. *[Exit Boy.]*

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love! and such a man is *Claudio*. I have known when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier, and now is he turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; † "wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her;" mild, or come not near

† *These words added out of the edition of 1623.*

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near me; noble, or not for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord; how still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony.

Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well, my lord; the musick ended, We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

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

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

Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection; I pray thee sing, and let me woo no more.*

The

* ——— woo no more.

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

Pedro. Nay, pray thee come, Or if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes, There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks, Note notes forsooth, and nothing.

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

The Song, &c.

The S O N G.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nony, noxy.*

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

Pedro By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

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

Bene. If he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief ; I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea marry, dost thou hear *Balthazar* ? I pray thee get us some excellent musick ; for to-morrow we would have it at the lady *Hero's* chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [*Exit Balthazar.*

Pedro. Do so : farewell. Come hither *Leonato* ; what was it you told me of to-day, that your niece *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedick* ?

Claud. O ay, stalk on ; stalk on, the fowl fits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

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

Bene.

90 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

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

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an intraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

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

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

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

Leon. What effects, my lord? she will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

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

Leon. I would I were sworn it had, my lord, especially against *Benedick*.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot sure hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th'infection; hold it up.

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to *Benedick*?

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

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter says: shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a-night, and there will she sit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of paper; my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the sheet.

Claud. That.

Leon.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 91

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

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

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

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

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

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

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving *Benedick*.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

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

Leon. Were it good, think you?

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

Pedro. She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro.

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Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

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

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

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As *Hector*, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like fear. * Well, I am sorry for your neice: shall we go see *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord, let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible, she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love *Benedick* well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

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

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry; the sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be meerly a dumb shew; let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

* ——— a christian-like fear.

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

Pedro. And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make.

Well, &c.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Bene. This can be no trick, the conference was sadly born; they have the truth of this from *Hero*, they seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have the full bent. Love me! why it must be requited: I hear how I am censur'd; they say I will bear my self proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection — I did never think to marry — I must not seem proud — happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me — by my troth it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her, — I may chance to have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage; but doth' not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. — Shall quipps and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no: the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batchelor, I did not think I should live 'till I were marry'd. Here comes *Beatrice*: by this day she's a fair lady, I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a
knife's

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knife's point, and choak a daw withall: you have no stomach, Signior; fare you well. [Exit.

Bene. Ha! against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner: there's a double meaning in that, I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me; that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easie as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a *Jew*; I will go get her picture. [Exit.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in the Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret and Ursula.

HERO.



GOOD *Margaret* run thee into the parlour,
There shalt thou find my cousin *Beatrice*,
Proposing with the prince and *Claudio*;
Whisper her ear, and tell her I and *Ursula*

Walk in the orchard, and our whole
discourse

Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us,
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles ripen'd by the sun
Forbid the sun to enter; like to favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: there will she hide
her,

To listen to our purpose; this is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come I warrant presently. [Exit.

Hero. Now *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,

As

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

Enter Beatrice.

For look where *Beatrice* like a lapwing runs
 Close by the ground to hear our conference.

Ursu. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
 Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
 And greedily devour the treacherous bait ;
 So angle we for *Beatrice*, who e'en now
 Is couched in the woodbine coverture ;
 Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
 Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.
 No truly *Ursula* she's too disdainful,
 I know her spirits are as coy and wild,
 As † haggerds of the rock.

Ursu. But are you sure
 That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* so intirely ?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new trothed lord.

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

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

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

Hero. O God of love ! I know he doth deserve
 As much as may be yielded to a man :
 But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
 Of prouder stuff than that of *Beatrice*.

Disdain

† *wild hawks.*

96 MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Mis-prizing what they look on, and her wit
 Values it self so highly, that to her
 All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
 Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
 She is so self-indeared.

Ursu. Sure I think so;
 And therefore certainly it were not good
 She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
 How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
 But she would spell him backward; ' if fair-fac'd,
 ' She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
 ' If black, why nature drawing of an antick,
 ' Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
 ' If low, an agat very vilely cut;
 ' If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds;
 ' If silent, why a block moved with none.
 So turns she every man the wrong side out,
 And never gives to truth and virtue that
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Ursu. Sure, sure such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, for to be so odd, and from all fashions,
 As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.

But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,
 She'd mock me into air, O she would laugh me
 Out of my self, press me to death with wit.
 Therefore let *Benedick*, like covered fire,
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;
 It were a bitter death to die with mocks,
 Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

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

Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
 And counsel him to fight against his passion.
 And truly I'll devise some honest slanders
 To stain my cousin with; one doth not know
 How much an ill word may im-poison liking.

Ursu. O do not do your cousin such a wrong.
 She cannot be so much without true judgment,
 (Having so sweet and excellent a wit,

As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as *Benedick*.

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

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

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

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

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

Ursu. She's ta'en, I warrant you; we have caught
her, Madam.

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

[*Exeunt*.

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

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt farewell, and maiden pride adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

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

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band.

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly.

[*Exit*.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick and Leonato:

Pedro. I Do but stay 'till your marriage be consum-
mate, and then I go toward *Arragon*.

Claud. I'll bring you thither my lord, if you'll
vouchsafe me.

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Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a foil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his company, for from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid's* bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

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

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he is in love.

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

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

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

Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach!

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

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

Claud. Yet say I he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to be a *Dutch* man to-day, a *French* man to-morrow. † Or in the shape of two countries at once, a *German* from the waste downward, all flops, and a *Spaniard* from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

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

Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud.

† *Edit.* 1600.

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuf't tennis balls.

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

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

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

Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

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

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops-----

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

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all, dies for him.

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

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

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

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

S C E N E III.

Enter Don John.

John. My Lord and brother, God save you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

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

Pedro. In private?

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

Pedro. What's the matter?

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

Pedro. You know he does.

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

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

John. You may think I love you not, let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest; for my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestow'd.

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

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

Claud. Who? *Hero*?

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

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not 'till further warrant; go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber window enter'd, even the night before her wedding-day; if you love her, then to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know; if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro,

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. IOF

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

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

Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!
So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The STREET.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the watch.

Dogb. **A**RE you good men and true?

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

Dogb. Nay that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

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

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

Dogb. Come hither neighbour *Seacoal*: God hath blest you with a good name; to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable ———

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, Sir, why give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity: you are thought here to be the most

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senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's subjects.

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

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

Dogb. Why you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your bills be not stolen: well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

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

2 Watch. Well, Sir.

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

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

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

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

Dogb.

Dogb. Truly I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

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

Dogb. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge: you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person, if you meet the Prince in the night you may stay him.

Verg. Nay birlady, that I think he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for indeed the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. Birlady, I think it be so.

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

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

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you watch about Signior *Leonato's* door, for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night; adieu; be vigilant; I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogb. and Verg.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, *Conrade*.

Watch. Peace, stir not.

Bora. *Conrade*, I say.

[*Aside.*]

E 4

Conr.

Conr. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

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

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treasons, masters; yet stand close.

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

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

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

Conr. I wonder at it.

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

Conr. Yes it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Conr. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

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

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

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body?

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

Bora. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is, how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharao's* soldiers in the † rechy painting, sometimes like the God *Bell's* priests in the old church-window, sometimes like the shaven *Hercules* in the smutch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massie as his club.

Conr.

† *rechie*, valuable.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING: 105

Conr. All this I see, and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know that I have to-night wooed *Margaret*, the lady *Hero's* gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night:— I tell this tale vildly — I should first tell thee how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my master planted and placed, and possessed by my master *Don John*, saw far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the devil my master knew she was *Margaret*; and partly by his oaths which first possess them, partly by the dark night which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that *Don John* had made; away went *Claudio* enraged, swore he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the temple, and there before the whole congregation shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

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

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

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

Conr. Masters, masters.

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

Conr. Masters, never speak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

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

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

S C E N E VI.

Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret and Ursula.

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

Ursu. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Ursu. Well.

Marg. Troth I think your other rebato were better.

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

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

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

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion i'faith. I saw the Dutchess of *Milan*'s gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls down-sleeves, side-sleeves and skirts, round, underborn with a blueish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say (saving your reverence) a husband. If bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend

no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a husband? none I think, if it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy; ask my lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet *Hero*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

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

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

Beat. I am stuf't, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid and stuf't! there's a goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O God help me, God help me, how long have you profest apprehension?

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

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg.

108 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart, it is the only thing for a qualm.

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

Beat. *Benedictus*? why *Benedictus*? you have some moral in this *Benedictus*.

Marg. Moral? no by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thistle; you may think perchance that I think you are in love, nay, birlady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man; he swore he would never marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Ursa. Madam withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Here. Help to dress me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. **W**HAT would you with me, honest neighbour?

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

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

Dogb. Marry this it is, Sir.

Ver. Yes in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 109

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

Verg. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man and no honestier than I.

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

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

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

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha?

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

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry Sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in *Messina*.

Dogb. A good old man, Sir, he will be talking as they say; when the age is in the wit is out, God help us, it is a world to see: well said i' faith, neighbour *Verges*, well, he's a good man; an two men ride an horse, one must ride behind; an honest soul i' faith Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worship'd; all men are not alike, alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

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

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

Dogb.

110 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Ex. Leon.*

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

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

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



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

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

LEONATO.



COME, friar *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

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

Hero.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. III,

Hero. I do.

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

Claud. Know you any, *Hero*?

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, *Count*?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do!
what men daily do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? why then some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave!
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose
worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:

There *Leonato*, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover it self withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shews? but she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own proof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity——

Claud

112 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Claud. I know what you would say : if I have known her;

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband;
And so extenuate the forehead sin.

No, *Leonato*,

I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister, shew'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

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

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

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

Leon. Sweet Prince, why speak not you?

Pedro. What should I speak?

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

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

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

Eene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. *Leonato*, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face *Hero's*? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter,

And by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beset!

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Leon. To make you answer truly to your name,

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry that can *Hero*;

Hero

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 113

Hero her self can blot out *Hero's* vittue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one ?

Now if you are a maid answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.

Pedro. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato,*
I am sorry you must hear; upon mine honour,
My self, my brother, and this grieved Count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

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

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

Claud. O *Hero!* what a *Hero* hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart ?
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair ! farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity !
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me ?

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

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

[*Exe. D. Pedro, D. John and Claud.*]

S C E N E II.

Bene. How doth the lady ?

Beat. Dead I think ; help, uncle.

Hero! why *Hero!* uncle ! Signior *Benedick!* friar !

Leon.

114 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand,
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin *Hero*?

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? why doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
My self would on the rereward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had not I, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who smcered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, no part of it is mine,
This shame derives it self from unknown loins:
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much,
That I my self was to my self not mine,
Valuing of her; why she, O she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh.

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

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

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No truly, not; altho' until last night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.

Would

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 115

Would the Prince lie? and *Claudio* would he lie,
Who lov'd her so, that speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little,
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes,
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenure of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here,
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be;
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury, she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse,
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

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

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the
Princes.

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

Leon.

116 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

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

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

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

Friar. Marry, this well carry'd, shall on her behalf
 Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,
 But on this travel look for greater birth:
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
 Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
 Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
 Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth;
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why then we rack the value, then we find
 The virtue that possession would not shew us
 Whilst it was ours; so will it fare with *Claudio*:
 ' When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
 ' Th' idea of her love shall sweetly creep
 ' Into his study of imagination,
 ' And every lovely organ of her life
 ' Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit;

• *life.*

• *More*

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 117.

« More moving, delicate, and full of life,
« Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
« Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented, presently away;
For to strange fores, strangely they strain the cure.
Come lady, die to live; this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and en-
dure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manent Benedick and Beatrice.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

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

Bene.

118 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

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

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not; it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lye not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

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

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, sweet *Beatrice*?

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

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you let me go.

Bene. *Beatrice*.

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman!

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 119

man! O that I were a man! what bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with publick accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour—O God that I were a man, I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice*.

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

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice*.

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

Bene. But —

Beat. Princes and Counts! surely a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect, a sweet gallant surely! O that I were a man for his sake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! but manhood is melted into curtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and swears it; I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good *Beatrice*; by this hand I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

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

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

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

SCENE IV.

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

To. Cl. | S our whole dissembly appear'd?

Dog. O, a stool and cushion for the sexton!

Sexton.

120 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors ?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my partner.

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

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

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

Bora. *Borachio.*

To. Cl. Pray write down, *Borachio.* Yours *Sirrah?*

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

To. Cl. Write down master gentleman *Conrade* ; masters, do you serve God ? masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly ; how answer you for your selves ?

Conr. Marry, Sir, we say we are none.

To. Cl. A marvellous witty fellow I assure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, *sirrah*, a word in your ear, Sir ; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

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

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

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

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

Enter Watchmen.

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

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

Bora. Master town-clerk.

To. Cl.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 121

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

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

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

To. Cl. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Dob. Yea by th' mass that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

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

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

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

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

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sexton. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcomb*. [*Exit.*

Dog. God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb*: come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Conr. Away, you are an afs, you are an afs.

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

[*Exeunt.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

ANTONIO.



If you go on thus, you will kill yourself,
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief,
Against your self.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless.
As water in a sieve; give not me counsel,
Nor let no comfort else delight mine ear,

But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain:
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form;
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And a hallow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan,
' Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
' With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
' And I of him will gather patience.
' But there is no such man; for brother, men
' Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
' Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
' Their counsel turns to passion, which before
' Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
' Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,

' Charm:

^a *forrow.*

Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
 No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
 But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself; therefore give me no counsel,
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

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

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

Leon. There thou speak'st reason; nay I will do so:
 My soul doth tell me *Hero* is bely'd,
 And that shall *Claudia* know; so shall the Prince,
 And all of them that thus dishonour her.

S C E N E II.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* hastily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords?

Pedro. We have some haste; *Leonato*.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well,
 my lord.

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

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

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling;
 Some of us would lye low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler
 thou.

Nay never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
 I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,

124 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

If it should give your age such cause of fear;
In faith my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never flee and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And with grey hairs and bruise of many days
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man;
I say, thou hast bely'd my innocent child,
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lyes bury'd with her ancestors,
O in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine *Claudio*, thine I say.

Pedro. You say not right, old man.

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

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

Leon. Canst thou so † daffe me? thou hast kill'd
my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter, let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me, let him answer me;
Come, follow me, boy, come, boy, follow me,
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your ‡ foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Ant. Content your self; God knows I lov'd my neice,
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed,

As

† daffe, a country word, for daunt.

‡ foining. pushing, or making a pass in fencing.

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As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.

Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkfops!

Leon. Brother *Anthony*.

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

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show an outward hideousness,
And speak of half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies if they durst;
And this is all.

Leon. But brother *Anthony*.

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your pa-
tience.

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

Leon. My lord, my lord —

Pedro. I will not hear you.

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

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

[*Exe. ambo.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Benedick.

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

Claud. Now Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

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

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

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

F 3

Bene.

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

Claud. We have been up-and-down to seek thee, for we are high-proof melancholly, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw to pleasure us.

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

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

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

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

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

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

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

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

Pedro. What, a feast?

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

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit; right, says she, a fine little one; no, said I, a great wit; just, said she,

she, a great gross one; nay said I, a good wit; just, said she, it hurts nobody; nay said I, the gentleman is wise; certain, said she, a wise gentleman; nay said I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, said she, for he swore a thing to me on *Monday* night which he forswore on *Tuesday* morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did she an hour together trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in *Italy*.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she car'd not.

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

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

Pedro. But when shall we set the salvage bull's horns on the sensible *Benedick's* head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the married man.

Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind, I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggards do their blades, which God be thank'd hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company; your brother the bastard is fled from *Messina*; you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I shall meet, and 'till then peace be with him. [Exit Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earnest.

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

Pedro. And hath calleng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

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

S C E N E IV.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.

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

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

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

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

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

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

Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

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

Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Don *John* your brother incens'd me to slander the lady *Hero*, how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court *Margaret*

in

in *Hero's* garments, how you disgrac'd her when you should marry her; my villany they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame; the Lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Doeb. Come bring away the plaintiffs, by this time our sexton hath reform'd Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and masters, do not forget to specifie, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior *Leonato*, and the sexton too.

S C E N E V.

Enter Leonato.

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

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

Leon. Art thou, art thou the slave that with thy breath

Has kill'd mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so villain, thou bely'st thy self; Here stand a pair of honourable men, A third is fled that had a hand in it:

I thank you princes for my daughter's death;

Record it with your high and worthy deeds,

'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;

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Yet I must speak: chuse your revenge; your self,
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin; yet sin'd I not,
But in mistaking.

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

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

Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poor *Claudio*.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming,
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

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

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under
white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did
call me ass; I beseech you let it be remembered in
his punishment; and also the watch heard them talk of
one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear,
and

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and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

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

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation.

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

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

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, Lords farewell.

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

Pedro. We will not fail.

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

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

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Leonato's House.

Enter Benedick and Margaret.

Bene. P R A Y thee, sweet mistress *Margaret*, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of *Beatrice*.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene

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Bene. In so high a style, *Margaret*, that no man living shall come over it; for in most comely truth thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no Man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

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

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman; and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*; I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I think hath legs. [Exit Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come. [Sings.] *The God of love that sits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deserve, I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self in love; marry I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have try'd, I can find out no rhyme to lady but bady, an innocents rhyme; for scorn, horn, a hard rhyme; for school, fool, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'st thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but 'till then.

Beat.

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Beat. Then is spoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and *Claudio*.

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

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

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit; but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him or I will subscribe him a coward; and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet; I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas poor heart, if you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

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

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

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

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question? why an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rhewm; therefore it is most expedient for the wise, if Don worm (his conscience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to my self; so much for praising my self; who I my self will bear witness is praiseworthy; and now tell me how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene.

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Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Bene. Serve God, love me and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Ursu. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home; it is proved my lady *Hero* hath been falsely accus'd, the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd, and *Don John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E VIII.

A CHURCH.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants with tapers.

Claud. IS this the monument of *Leonato*?

Arten. It is, my lord.

E P I T A P H.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the *Hero* that here lyes:
Death, in gaerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that dy'd with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.

Claud. Now musick sound, and sing your solemne hymn.

SONG.

S O N G.

*Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew the virgin knight;
For the which with songs of woe,
Round-about her tomb they go.
Midnight assist our moan,
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily.
Graves yawn and yield your dead,
'Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.*

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night;
Yearly will I do this rite.

Pedro. Good-morrow masters, put your torches out,
The wolves have prey'd; and look the gentle-day
Before the wheels of *Phœbus*, round about
Dapples the drowsie east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good-morrow masters; each his feveral way.

Pedro. Come let us hence, and put on other weeds,
And then to *Leonato's* we will go.

Claud. And *Hymen* now with luckier issue speeds
Than this; for whom we render'd up this woe. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Leonato's House.

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

Friar. DID I not tell you she was innocent?

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

But

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But *Margaret* was in some fault for this;
Although against her will as it appears,
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selves,
And when I send for you come hither mask'd:
The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To visit me; you know your office brother,
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio*. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

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

Bene. Friar, I must intreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, Signior?

Bene. To bind me or undo me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your neice regards me with an eye of favour.

Ant. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I' th' state of honourable marriage,
In which, good Friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

S C E N E X.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio with Attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, Prince, good morrow *Claudio*,
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an *Ethiope*.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready.

Pedro.

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Pedro. Good morrow, *Benedick*; why what's the matter,

That you have such a *February* face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull:
Tush, fear not man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And so all *Europe* shall rejoice at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula.

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Leon. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why then she's mine; sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, 'till you take her hand
Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other wife.

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

Claud. Another *Hero*?

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One *Hero* dy'd, but I do live;
And surely as I live I am a maid.

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

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

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify.

When after that the holy rites are ended,

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

Mean time let wonder seem familiar,

And

And to the chappel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why then your uncle and the prince, and *Claudio* have been deceiv'd; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, *Margaret* and *Ursula* are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore you were almost sick for me.

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

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

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her, for here's a paper written in his hand, A halting sonnet of his own pure brain, Fashion'd to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And here's another, Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket, Containing her affection unto *Benedick*.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts; come I will have thee, but by this light I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you, but by this good day I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save your life; for as I was told, you were in a consumption.

Leon. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

Pedro. How dost thou, *Benedick* the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: dost thou think I care for a satyr, or an epigram? no: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him; in brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me, for what I have said against it; for

man

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man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion; for thy part, *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cousin.

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

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

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

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

Enter Messenger.

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

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

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*



T H E



THE
MERCHANT
OF
VENICE.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Venice.

Morochius, a Moorish Prince, } *Suiters to Portia.*
Prince of Arragon,

Antonio, the Merchant of Venice.

Bassanio, his Friend, in love with Portia.

Salanio,

Solarino, } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*

Gratiano,

Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.

Shylock, a Jew.

Tubal, a Jew; his Friend.

Launcelot, a Clown, Servant to the Jew.

Gobbo, an old Man, Father to Launcelot.

Portia, an Heiress of great Quality and Fortune.

Nerissa, Confident to Portia.

Jessica, Daughter to Shylock.

*Senators of Venice, Officers, Servants to Portia,
and other Attendants.*

SCENE partly at Venice, and partly at
Belmont, the Seat of Portia upon the
Continent.

THE



THE
MERCHANT *of* VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Antonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

ANTONIO.

IN sooth I know not why I am so sad :
It wearies me ; you say it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came
by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is
born,

I am to learn——

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know my self.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean.
There where your † Argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,
Do over-peer the ^a petty traffickers.
That curtsie to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woyen wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would

Be

† Argosie, a Ship, from Argo.

^a pretty.

Be with my hopes ^b aboard. I should be still
 Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
 Prying in maps for ports, and peers, and roads;
 And every object that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
 Would make me sad.

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

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

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in love neither! then let's say you're sad,
 Because you are not merry; 'twere as easy
 For you to laugh and leap, and say you're merry,
 Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
 And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
 And others of such vinegar aspect,

That

^b *abroad.*

That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo and Gratiano.

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

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

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

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

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

You grow exceeding strange; must it be so?

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

Sola. My lord *Bassanio*, since you've found *Antho-*
torio,

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

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

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

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

Gra. Let me play the fool
With mirth and laughter; let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandfire cut in *Alabaster*?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, *Antonio*,
(I love thee, and 'tis my love that speaks:)
There are a sort of men, whose vilages

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Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be drest in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
 As who should say, I am *Sir Oracle*,
 And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
 O my *Antonio*, I do know of those,
 That therefore only are reputed wise,
 For saying nothing; who I'm very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost † damn those ears,
 Which hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time:
 But fish not with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool's gudgeon, this Opinion.
 Come good *Lorenzo*, fare ye well a while,
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

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

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

Anth. Fare well; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks i'faith; for silence is only commendable

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

[Exit.

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Bass. *Gratiano* speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
 more than any man in all *Venice*: his reasons are as
 two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you
 shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you
 have them, they are not worth the search.

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

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,
 How much I have disabled mine estate,

By

† *daunt*, and *damn*, in other editions. It alludes to the saying
 in *St. Matth. v. 22*. Whoever shall say to his brother, Thou
 fool, shall be in danger of Hell-fire.

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

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

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

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

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

Bass. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,

Of wond'rous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
 I did receive fair speechless messages;
 Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
 To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus' Portia*:
 Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;
 For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
 Which makes her seat of *Belmont*, *Cholchos* strand,
 And many *Jasons* come in quest of her.
 O my *Antonio*, had I but the means
 To hold a rival-place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages me such † thrift,
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

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

S C E N E II.

BELMONT.

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

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

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

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your mis-
 ere in the same abundance as your good for-
 are; and yet, for ought I see, they are as sick
 that
 rift, for thriving.

that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing; therefore it is no small happiness to be feasted in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

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

Por. If to do, were as easie as to know what were good to do, chappels had been churches, and poor mens cottages Princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this^a reasoning is not in fashion to chuse me a husband: O me, the word chuse! I may never chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard, *Nerissa*, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

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

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

Ner. First there is the *Neapolitan* Prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoo himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then there is the *Count Palatine*.

^a reason.

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

Ner. How say you by the *French* Lord, Monsieur *Le Boum!*

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

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

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

Ner. What think you of the ^b *Scottish* lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the *English-man*, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the *French-man* became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner.

^a tassel. ^b other.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I think, he was so call'd.

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

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

Enter a Servant.

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

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

S C E N E III.

V E N I C E.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. T H R E E thousand ducats? well.

Bass. Ay Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months? well.

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

Shy. *Antonio* shall become bound? well.

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

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

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. *Antonio* is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no; my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an *Argosie* bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*;

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dies; I understand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures he hath squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, failers but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pyrates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is notwithstanding sufficient; three thousand ducats? I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assur'd you may.

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

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

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

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior *Antonio*.

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

Bass. *Shylock*, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store, And by the near guesses of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?

Tubal!, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,
Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
Do you desire? Rest you fair, good Signior, [*To Anth.*
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Anth. *Shylock*, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend
I'll break a custom. — Is he yet possess'd
How much he would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

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

Anth. I do never use it.

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

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

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

Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that *Jacob* serv'd
for;

A thing not in his pow'r to bring to pass,

But

^a ewelings. ^b pil'd.

But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heav'n.
Was this inserted to make int'rest good?

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

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

Anth. Mark you this, *Bassanio*?
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falshood hath!

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

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

Shy. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft
In the *Ryalto* you have rated me,
About my monies and my usances.
Still have I born it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my *Jewish* gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; you say so,
You that did void your rheume upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: mony is your suit,
What should I say to you? should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this: fair Sir, you spit on me last *Wednesday*,
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these curtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this mony, lend it not

As to thy friend, (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)

But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why how you storm?

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

Anth. This were kindness.

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

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

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

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

Shy. O father *Abraham*, what these christians are!
Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect
The thoughts of others! pray you tell me this,
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable or profitable,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,

To

a breed of metal, meaning money at usury, money that breeds more---The old editions (two of 'em) have it, A bribe of barren metal---

To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

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

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats strait,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I'll be with you. [*Exit.*

Anth. Hie thee, gentle *Jew*.

The *Hebrew* will turn christian, he grows kind.

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

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



ACT II. SCENE I.

BELMONT.

*Enter Morochius a Tawny-Moor all in white, and
three or four Followers accordingly, with Portia,
Nerissa, and her train. Flo. Cornets.*

MOROCHIUS.



IS LIKE me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd
sun,
To whom I, am a neighbour, and near
bred,
Bring me the fairest creature north-
ward born,

Where *Phœbus*' fire scarce thaws the isicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.

I tell

I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
 Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love I swear,
 The best regarded virgins of our clime
 Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.

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

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

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

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

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner

Your

^a *page.*

Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [Cornets.]
To make me blest or cursed't among men. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

V E N I C E.

Enter Launcelot alone.

LAUN. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this *Jew* my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.* My conscience says no; take heed honest *Launcelot, take heed honest Gobbo, or as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo, do not run, scorn running with thy heels.* Well, the most courageous fiend bids be pack, *via* says the fiend, away says the fiend, for the heav'n's rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, my honest friend *Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son* ——— for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to; he had a kind of taste. ——— well, my conscience says, budge not; budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience; conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel ill. To be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the *Jew* my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the *Jew* I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the *Jew* is the very devil incarnal; and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the *Jew*. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talk you of young master *Launcelot*?

Gob. Of *Launcelot*, an't please your mastership.

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

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

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

Gob.

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

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack Sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

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

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

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

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

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

Gob. Her name is *Margery* indeed. I'll be sworn if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art mine own flesh and blood: lord worship'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than *Dobbin* my Fill-horse has on his tail.

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

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

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

tune, here comes the man; to him father, for I am a *Jew* if I serve the *Jew* any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

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

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship.

Bass. Gramercy, would'st thou ought with me?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bass. One speak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

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

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

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

Bass.

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

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

[*Ex. Laun. and Gob.*

Bass. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this;
These things being bought and orderly bestowed,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

S C E N E III.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks,

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*.

Bass. *Gratiano*.

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

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

Bass. Why then you must: but hear thee, *Gratiano*,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they shew
Something too liberal; pray thee take pain

T' allay

F' allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

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

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

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

Bass. No, that were pity.

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

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

S C E N E IV.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

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

Laun. Adieu; tears exhibit my tongue, most beautiful Pagan, most sweet Jew! if a christian did not
play

play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adieu, these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu. [Exit.]

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

S C E N E V.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, and Salanio.

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

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

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

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

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

Enter Launcelot with a letter.

Laun. And it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signifie.

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

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

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

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

Go

Go Gentlemen, will you prepare for this mask to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer. [Exit Laun.

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

Sola. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and *Gratiano*

At *Gratiano's* lodging some hour hence.

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

Gra. Was not that letter from fair *Jessica*?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the *Jew* her father come to heav'n,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless *Jew*.
Come go with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Fair *Jessica* shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt,

S C E N E VI.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. **W**ELL, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy
judge,

The difference of old *Shylock* and *Bassanio*.

What *Jessica*! thou shalt not gormandize

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

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.

Why *Jessica*, I say.

Laun. Why *Jessica*!

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

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me I could
do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, *Jessica*,

There

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

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

Shy. So do I his.

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

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

Laun. I will go before, Sir.
Mistress, look out at a window for all this,
There will come a christian by,
Will be worth a *Jewess's* eye. [Exit *Laun.*]

Shy. What says that fool of *Hagar's* off-spring ? ha.

Jes. His words were farewell mistress, nothing else.

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

Perhaps

Perhaps I will return immediately ;
 Shut the doors after you, fast bind, fast find,
 A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.

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

S C E N E VII.

Enter Gratiano and Salanio in masquerade.

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

Sal. His hour is almost past.

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

Sal. O ten times faster *Venus'* pidgeons fly
 To a seal loves bonds new made, than they are wont
 To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast
 With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
 Where is the horse that doth untread again
 His tedious measures with th' unbated fire
 That he did pace them first : all things that are,
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
 How like a younker or a prodigal
 The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind ?
 How like the prodigal doth she return
 With ^b over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind ?

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo* : more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode,
 Not I, but my affairs have made you wait ;
 When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
 I'll watch as long for you then ; come approach ;
 Here dwells my father *Jew*. Ho, who's within ?
Jessica

^a steal.

^b over-wither'd.

Jessica above in boy's cloaths.

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

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

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

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

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

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

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

Lor. So are you sweet,
Ev'n in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once —

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

Jess. I will make fast the doors, and gild my self
With some more ducats, and be with you strait.

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

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

Re-enter Jessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away;
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit.*

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H

Enter

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there ?

Gra. Signior Anthonio,

Anth. Fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest ?
'Tis nine a-clock, our friends all stay for you ;
No mask to-night, the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard,
† I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

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

S C E N E VIII.

BELMONT.

Enter Portia with Morocchius and both their trains.

Por. GO, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The sev'ral caskets to this noble Prince.
Now make your choice. [*Three caskets are discover'd.*]

Mor. The first of gold, which this inscription bears,
Who chuseth me shall gain what many men desire.
The second silver, which this promise carries,
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do chuse the right ?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince,
If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some God direct my judgment: let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again ;
What says this leaden casket ?
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give, for what ? for lead ? hazard for lead.
This casket threateus. Men that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages :

Λ

† not in the old edition.

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross,
I'll then not give nor hazard ought for lead?
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves? pause there *Morocchio*,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation
Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of my self.
As much as I deserve? — why that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
Why that's the lady; all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
Th' *Hircanian* deserts and the vastie wilds
Of wide *Arabia* are as thorough-fares now,
For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come
As o'er a brook, to see fair *Portia*.
One of these three contains her heav'nly picture:
Is't like that lead contains her? 'twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her searcloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O sinful thought, never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold! they have in *England*
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculpt upon:
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the key;

Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it, Prince, and if my form lye there

Then I am yours. [Unlocking the gold casket.

Mor. O hell! what have we here, a carrion death,
Within whose empty eye there is a scrowl:
I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold.
Gilded wood may worms infold:
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscol'd,
Fare you well, your suit is cold.*

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour lost:
Then farewell heat, and welcome frost:
Portia adieu, I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtains, go,
Let all of his complexion chuse me so. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX.

V E N I C E.

Enter Solarino and Salanio.

Sal. **W**H Y man, I saw *Bassanio* under sail,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along,
And in their ship I'm sure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search *Bassanio's* ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the Duke was giv'n to understand
That in a *Gondalo* were seen together

Lorenzo

Lorenzo and his am'rous *Jessica* :

Besides, *Antonio* certify'd the Duke
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

Sola. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog *Jew* did utter in the streets ;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter !
Fied with a christian ? O my christian ducats !
Justice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter ?
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stoln from me by my daughter ?
And jewels, two stones, rich and precious stones,
Stoln by my daughter ! justice ! find the girl ;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boys in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sola. Let good *Antonio* look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remember'd.

I reason'd with a *Frenchman* yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The *French* and *English*, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught :
I thought upon *Antonio* when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Sola. You were best to tell *Antonio* what you hear,
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part.

Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return : he answer'd, do not so,
Shubber not business for my sake, *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time ;
And for the *Jew's* bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love :
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

H. 3 :

And

And with affection wond'rous sensible
He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

Sola. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

BELMONT.

Enter Nerissa with a Servant.

Ner. **Q**UICK, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of *Arragon* has ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Enter Arragon, his train, Portia. Flor. Cornets.
The Caskets are discover'd.*

Por. Behold there stand the caskets, noble Prince,
If you chuse that wherein I am contain'd,
Strait shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd :
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoyn'd by oath t'observe three things ;
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose ; next if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage :
Last, if I fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I addrest me, fortune now
To my heart's hope ; gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.

What

What says the golden chest? ha let me see;
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 What many men desire——that may be meant
 Of the full multitude that chuse by show,
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
 Which pry not to th' interior, but like the martlet
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
 Ev'n in the force and road of casualty.

I will not chuse what many men desire,
 Because I will not jump with common spirits,
 And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.
 Why then to thee thou silver treasure-house:
 Tell me once more, what title thou dost bear?
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
 And well said too, for who shall go about
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit? let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity:
 O that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover that stand bare?
 How many be commanded that command?
 How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
 From the true seed of honour? how much honour
 Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnish'd? well, but to my choice:
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
 I will assume desert; give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there?

[Unlocking the silver casket.

Ar. What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
 Presenting me a schedule? I will read it:
 How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?
 How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?
Who chuses me shall have as much as he deserves.
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
 Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,

And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fire sev'n times tried this,
 Sev'n times tried that judgment is
 That did never chuse amiss.
 Some there be that shadows kiss,
 Such have but a shadow's bliss:
 There be fools alive, I wis,
 Silver'd o'er, and so was this:
 Take what wife you will to bed,
 I will ever be your head:
 So be gone Sir, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear
 By the time I linger here:
 With one fool's head I came to woo,
 But I go away with two.
 Sweet adieu, I'll keep my oath,
 Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth:
 O these deliberate fools! when they do chuse,
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
 Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, *Nerissa.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here, what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
 A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
 To signify th'approaching of his lord,
 From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
 To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
 Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
 So likely an ambassador of love.
 A day in *April* never came so sweet,
 To show how costly summer was at hand,

As

As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am half afraid
Thou'lt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come, come, *Nerissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupid's* post, that comes so mannerly,

Ner. *Bassanio* lord, Love! if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

V E N I C E.

Enter Salanio and Solarino.

S O L A R I N O.



O W, what news on the *Ryalto*?

Sal. Why yet it lives there uncheckt,
that *Antonio* hath a ship of rich lading
wrackt on the narrow seas; the *Good-*
wins, I think they call the place; a ve-
ry dangerous flat and fatal, where the
carcasses of many a tall ship lye bury'd,
as they say, if my ^a gossip *Report* be an honest wo-
man of her word.

Sola. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as
ever knapt ginger, or made her neighbours believe she
wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,
without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain
high-way of talk, that the good *Antonio*, the honest
Antonio——O that I had a title good enough to
keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

H 5

Sola.

^a gossip's report.

Sola. Ha, what say'st thou? why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Sola. Let me say *Amen* betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a *Jew*. How now *Shylock*, what news among the merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew (none so well, none so well as you) of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I for my part knew the taylor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sola. And *Shylock* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the completion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at these
b years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish: but tell us, do you hear whether *Antonio* have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares scarce shew his head on the *Ryalto*, a beggar that us'd to come so smug upon the mart! let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a christian courtesie; let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why I am sure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd
der'd

b times.

der'd me half a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew* eyes ? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer as a christian is ? if you prick us, do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a christian, what is his humility ? Revenge. If a christian wrong a *Jew*, what should his sufferance be by christian example ? why Revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a servant from Anthonio.

Ser. Gentlemen, my master *Anthonio* is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tuball.

Sola. Here comes another of the tribe ; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn *Jew*.

[*Exeunt Sala. and Solar.*]

Shy. How now, *Tuball*, what news from *Genoua* ? hast thou found my daughter ?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there ! a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in *Frankfort* ! the curse never fell upon our nation 'till now, I never felt it 'till now ; two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels ! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ;

O would she were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them; why, so! and I know not what's spent in the search: why then loss upon loss; the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders, no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; *Antonio*, as I heard in *Genova*——

Shy. What, what, ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an *Argosie* cast away, coming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*; good news, good news; ha, ha, where? in *Genova*?

Tub. Your daughter spent in *Genova*, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me; I shall never see my gold again; fourscore ducats at a sitting, fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Antonio's* creditors in my company to *Venice*, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

Shy. I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shew'd me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her, thou torturest me, *Tuball*; it was my *Turquoise*, I had it of *Leah* when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But *Antonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: go: go

Tuball,

Tuball, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good *Tuball*; at our synagogue, *Tuball*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

BELMONT.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and attendants.
The Caskets are set out.

Por. I Pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for in chusing wrong
I lose your company; forbear a while.
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you; and you know your self,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn:
So will I never be, so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half
Mine own, I would say: but if mine, then yours;
And so all yours. Alas! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights:
And so tho' yours, not yours; prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long, but 'tis to preece the time,
To eche it out, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me chuse:
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, *Bassanio*? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love?

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life

'Tween

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.'

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess and love

Had been the very sum of my confession.

O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then. I am lockt in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa and the rest stand all aloof,

Let musick sound while he doth make his choice;

Then if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in musick. That the comparison

May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream

And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win,

And what is musick then? then musick is

Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow

To a new crowned monarch: such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes

With no less presence but with much more love,

Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem

The virgin-tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;

The rest aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,

With bleared visages came forth to view

The issue of th' exploit. Go *Hercules*,

Live thou, I live; with much, much more dismay

I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

[*Musick within.*]

A Song whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

*Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head;
How begot, how nourished?*

Reply.

Reply, reply.

*It is engender'd in the eye,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lyes :*

Let us all ring fancy's knell.

I'll begin it.

Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves :
The world is still deceiv'd with Ornament.

In law what plea so tainted and corrupt,

But being season'd with a gracious voice,

Obscures the show of evil ? in religion

What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it, and approve it with a text,

Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?

There is no vice so simple, but assumes

Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars* ;

Who inward searcht, have livers white as milk ?

And these assume but valour's excrement,

To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,

And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,

Which therein works a miracle in nature,

Making them lightest that wear most of it :

So are those crisped snaky golden locks

Which make such wanton gambols with the wind

Upon supposed fairness, often known

To be the dowry of a second head,

The skull that bred them, in the sepulcher.

Thus Ornament is but the gilded shore

To a most dang'rous sea ; the beauteous scarf

Veiling an *Indian* beauty ; in a word,

The seeming truth which cunning times put on

T' entrap the wisest. Then thou gaudy gold,

Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee :

Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

'Tween

'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatnest than dost promise ought;
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here chuse I, joy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.

O love be moderate, allay thy ecstasie;
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less
For fear I surfeit.

[Opening the leaden cask.]

Bass. What find I here?

Fair *Portia's* counterfeit? what Demy-god
Hath come so near creation? move these eyes?
Or whether riding on the balls of mine
Seem they in motion? here are fever'd lips
Parted with sugar'd breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have pow'r to steal both his,
And leave it self e' unfinished: yet how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprising it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scrowl,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that chuse not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuse as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scrowl; fair lady, by your leave, *[Kissing her.]*
I come by note to give, and to receive.

Like

e' unfurnish'd.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, gazing still in doubt,
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So (thrice fair lady) stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You see, my lord *Bassanio*, where I stand,
Such as I am; tho' for my self alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my self much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my self,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich, that to stand high in your account
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing, which to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; more happy then in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits it self to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her King:
My self, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. I but now was Lady
Of this fair mansion, mistress of my servants,
Queen o'er my self; and even now, but now
This house, these servants, and this same my self
Are yours my lord: I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my pow'rs,
As after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,

Where.

Where every something being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Express, and not express. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O then be bold to say, *Bassanio's* dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry good joy, good joy, my lord and lady.

Gra. My lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you
Ev'n at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd; I lov'd for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing 'till my very roof was dry,
With oaths of love at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, *Nerissa*?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord. [riage.]

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your mar-

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his infidel?

What, and my old *Venetian* friend, *Salanio*?

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.

Bass. *Lorenzo* and *Salanio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave
I bid my very friends and country-men,
(*Sweet Portia*) welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord; they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour: for my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,
He did intreat me past all saying nay
To come with him along.

Sal. I did my lord,
And I have reason for't; Signior *Antonio*
Commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind:
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will shew you his estate.

Bassanio opens the letter.

Gra. *Nerissa*, cheer yond stranger. Bid her welcome.
Your hand, *Salanio*; what's the news from *Venice*?
How doth that royal merchant, good *Antonio*?
I know he will be glad of our success:
We are the *Jasons*, we have won the fleece.

Sal. Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same
paper,
That steal the colour from *Bassanio's* cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, *Bassanio*, I am half your self,
And I must have the half of any thing

That

That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Fertia!*

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet dear lady,
Rating my self at nothing you shall see
How much I was a braggart: when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you,
That I was worse than nothing. For indeed
I have engag'd my self to a dear friend;
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper is the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio?*
Have all his ventures fail'd? what, not one hit
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India?*
And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.

Besides it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the *Jew*,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To *Tuball* and to *Chus* his country-men,
That he would rather have *Anthony's* flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum.

That

That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Antonio*.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unweary'd spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in *Italy*.

Por. What sum owes he the *Jew*?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my *Bassanio's* fault.
First go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend:
For never shall you lie by *Portia's* side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerissa* and my self mean time
Will live as maids and widows: come away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.*
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. reads. **S**weet *Bassanio*, my ships have all mis-
carry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my
estate is very low, my bond to the *Jew* is forfeit; and
since in paying it it is impossible I should live, all debts
are cleared between you and me, if I might but see you
at my death; notwithstanding use your pleasure: if your
love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

* — your wedding-day.

Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear, &c.

Por.

Por. O love! dispatch all business, and be gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but 'till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twaine. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

V E N I C E.

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, and the Goaler.

Shy. **G**oaler, look to him: tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.
Goaler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I've sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty goaler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond: I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more;
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh and yield
To christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Sola. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootless pray'rs:
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola.

Sol. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go,
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, goaler, on; pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

BELMONT.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and a servant of Portia's.

Lor. **M** Adam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity, which appears strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief to,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this *Antonio*,
Being the bosom-lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,

How little is the cost I have bestowed
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul
 From out the state of hellish cruelty?
 This comes too near the praising of my self;
 Therefore no more of it: here other things,
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands,
 The husbandry and manage of my house,
 Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
 I have tow'rd heaven breath'd a secret vow,
 To live in prayer and contemplation,
 Only attended by *Nerissa* here,
 Until her husband and my lord's return.
 There is a monastery two miles off,
 And there we will abide. I do desire you
 Not to deny this imposition,
 The which my love and some necessity
 Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart,
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
 And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
 In place of lord *Bassanio* and my self.
 So fare you well 'till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you.

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
 To wish it back on you: fare you well, *Jessica*.

[*Exeunt Jes. and Lor.*]

Now, *Balthazar*,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
 So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
 And use thou all th' endeavour of a man,
 In speed to *Mantua*; see thou render this
 Into my cousin's hand, doctor *Bellarario*,
 And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
 Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
 Which trades to *Venice*: waste no time in words,
 But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, *Nerissa*, I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, *Nerissa*; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
' And speak between the change of man and boy,
' With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
' Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
' Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
' How honourable ladies sought my love,
' Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd,
' I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
' And wish for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
' And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
' That men shall swear I've discontinued school
' Above a twelve-month. I have in my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly: for look you, the sins of the fa-
ther are to be laid upon the children; therefore I pro-
mise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you;
and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: there-
fore be of good cheer; for truly I think you are
damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you

any good, and that is but a kind of bastard-hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the *Jew's* daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard-hope indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother; thus when you shun *Scylla*, your father, you fall into *Charibdis*, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a christian.

Laun. Truly the more to blame he; we were christians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: this making of christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, *Launcelot*, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heav'n, because I am a *Jew's* daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the common-wealth; for in converting *Jews* to christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, *Launcelot*.

Laun. It is much that the *Moor* should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots. Go in, sirrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Good lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not so, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit Laun.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

‘ The fool hath planted in his memory
‘ An army of good words; and I do know
‘ A many fools that stand in better place,
‘ Garnish'd like him, that for a trickie word
‘ Defie the matter: how far'st thou, *Jessica*?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord *Bassanio*'s wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: it is very meet
The lord *Bassanio* live an upright life.
For having such a Blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And if on earth he do not ^a merit it,

^b In reason he should never come to heav'n.
Why, if two Gods should play some heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: first let us go to dinner.

I 2

Jes.

^a mean it, is

^b Is reason

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
 Then howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things,
 I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

V E N I C E.

*Enter the Duke, the Senators, Anthonio, Bassanio,
 and Gratiano.*

D U K E.



H A T, is *Anthonio* here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I'm sorry for thee, thou art
 come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
 Uncapable of pity, void and empty
 From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
 Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualifie
 His rig'rous course; but since he stands obdurate,
 And that no lawful means can carry me
 Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
 My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
 To suffer with a quietness of spirit
 The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the *Jew* into the court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

That

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.

And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses
That have of late so hudled on his back;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesie.

We all expect a gentle answer, *Jew*.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather chuse to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that;
But say it is my humour, is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it bane'd? what, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig,
Some that are mad if they behold a cat,
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Masterless passion sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he a harmless necessary cat,
Why he a woollen bag-pipe, but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,

As to offend, himself being offended ;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
 I bear *Anthony*, that I follow thus
 A losing suit against him. Are you answered ?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 T'excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love ?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

Bass. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee
 twice ?

Ant. I pray you think you question with a *Jew*.
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height.
 * You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ?
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heav'n.
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)
 His *Jewish* heart. Therefore I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no farther means,
 But with all brief and plain conveniency
 Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If ev'ry ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
 I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring
 none ?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
 You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
 Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish part,

Because

* You may as well use question with the wolf,
 The ewe bleat for the lamb, you may as well, &c.

Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their pallats
Be season'd with such viands: you will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law,
There is no force in the decrees of *Venice*:
I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my pow'r I may dismiss this court,
Unless *Bellarïo*, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sal. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from *Padua*.

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the messengers.

Bass. Good cheer, *Antonio*; what man, courage yet:
The *Jew* shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, *Bassanio*,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

S C E N E II.

Enter Nerissa dress'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.

Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellarïo*?

Ner. From both, my lord: *Bellarïo* greets your Grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy soul! but on thy soul, harsh *Jew*,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; for no metal can,
No not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
 And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
 To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
 That souls of animals infuse themselves
 Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,
 Ev'n from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
 And whil'st thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
 Infus'd it self in thee: for thy desires
 Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. 'Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
 To careless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
 A young and learned doctor in our court.
 Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
 To know your answer, whether you'll admit him?

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
 Go, give him courteous conduct to this place:
 Mean time the court shall hear *Bellario*'s letter.

YOUR Grace shall understand, that at the receipt
 of your letter, I am very sick: but at the instant
 that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with
 me a young doctor of Rome, his name is *Balthasar*: I
 acquainted him with the cause in controversie between
 the Jew and *Anthonio* the merchant. We turn'd o'er
 many books together: he is furnished with my opinion,
 which bettered with his own learning, (the greatness
 whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him at
 my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my
 stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impedi-
 ment to let him lack a reverend estimation: For I never
 knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him
 to your gracious acceptance, whose tryal shall better pub-
 lish his commendation.

Enter

Enter Portia, dress'd like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the doctor come:

Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellario*?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You're welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the case.

Which is the merchant here? and which the *Jew*?

Duke. *Antonio* and old *Shylock*, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylock*?

Shy. *Shylock* is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the *Venetian* law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not? [*To Anth.*]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the *Jew* be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

' *Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
' It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n
' Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd,
' It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
' 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
' The throned monarch better than his crown:
' His scepter shews the force of temporal pow'r,
' The attribute to awe and majesty,
' Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings;
' But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
' It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
' It is an attribute to God himself;
' And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
' When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, *Jew*,
' Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,
' That in the course of justice none of us

Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,
 And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of *Venice*
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.'

Shy. My deeds upon my head. I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Per. Is he not able to discharge the mony?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court,
 Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you
 Wrest once the law to your authority.
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Per. It must not be, there is no pow'r in *Venice*
 Can alter a decree established.

'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
 And many an error by the same example
 Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A *Daniel* come to judgment! yea, a *Daniel*.
 O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Per. I pray you let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most rev'rend doctor, here it is.

Per. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy mony offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heav'n.
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for *Venice*.

Per. Why, this bond is forfeit,
 And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
 Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
 Take thrice thy mony, bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenure,
 It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
 You know the law, your exposition
 Hath been most found. I charge you by the law,

Whereof

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then thus it is :
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay his breast,
So says the bond, doth it not, noble judge ?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there scales to weigh the flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it, 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

Ant. But little : I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, *Bassanio*, fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you :
For herein fortune shews her self more kind
Than is her custom. It is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From which ling'ring penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife ;
Tell her the process of *Antonio's* end ;
Say how I lov'd you ; speak me fair in death :
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether

Whether *Bassanio* had not once a love,
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. *Antonio*, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life it self;
But life it self, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
I would lose all, ay sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife whom I protest I love,
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Intreat some pow'r to change this curriish *Jew*.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the christian husbands. I've a daughter,
Would any of the stock of *Barrabas*
Had been her husband, rather than a christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine,
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Per. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! a sentence: come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,
The words expressly are a pound of flesh.

Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But in the cutting it if thou dost shed

One drop of christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of *Venice* confiscate

Unto the state of *Venice*.

Gra. O upright judge! mark *Jew*, O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy self shalt see the act:
For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd

Thou

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge! mark *Jew*, a learned judge!

Sby. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the christian go.

Bass. Here is the mony.

Por. The *Jew* shall have all justice, soft, no haste,
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O *Jew*! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, be't but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew*.

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the *Jew* pause? take the forfeiture:

Sby. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have meerly justice and his bond.

Gra. A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*!
I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.

Sby. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, *Jew*.

Sby. Why then the devil give him good of it;
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, *Jew*.

The law hath yet another hold on you:

It is enacted in the laws of *Venice*,

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize on half his goods, the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And

And the offender's life lyes in the mercy
 Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice :
 In which predicament I say thou stand'st.
 For it appears by manifest proceeding,
 That indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
 Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd
 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
 Down therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.'

Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thy
 self ;

And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
 Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou may'st see the diff'rence of our
 spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :

For half thy wealth, it is *Antonio's* ;

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay for the state, not for *Antonio*.

Sby. Nay take my life and all, pardon not that :

You take my house when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house : you take my life

When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, *Antonio* ?

Gra. A halter *gratis*, nothing else for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,

I am content ; so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it

Upon his death unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more, that for this favour

He presently become a christian ;

The other, that he do record a gift

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por.

Por. Art thou contented, *Jew*? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence;

I am not well; send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christ'ning thou shalt have two godfathers;

Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon;

I must away this night to *Padua*,

And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I'm sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,

For in my mind you are much bound to him.

[*Ex. Duke and his train.*]

S C E N E III.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman! I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted

Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof

Three thousand ducats due unto the *Jew*

We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted over and above

In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfy'd,

And I delivering you am satisfy'd,

And therein do account my self well paid;

My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you know me when we meet again,

I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you further;

Take some remembrance of us for a tribute,

Not as a fee: grant me two things; I pray you

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

Give

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake,
 And for your love I'll take this ring from you.
 Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more,
 And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good Sir, alas it is a trifle;
 I will not shame my self to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this,
 And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more than this depends upon the
 value.

The dearest ring in *Venice* will I give you,
 And find it out by proclamation;
 Only for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers;
 You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
 You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good Sir, this ring was giv'n me by my wife:
 And when she put it on, she made me vow
 That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their
 gifts;

And if your wife be not a mad woman,
 And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
 She wou'd not hold out enmity for ever
 For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you. [*Exit.*]

Anth. My lord *Bassanio* let him have the ring.
 Let his deservings and my love withal
 Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandement.

Bass. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
 Give him the ring, and bring him if thou can'st
 Unto *Antonio's* house: away, make haste. [*Exit Gra.*]
 Come, you and I will thither presently,
 And in the morning early will we both
 Fly toward *Belmont*; come, *Antonio*. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew's* house out, give him this
 deed,
 And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,

And

And be a day before our husbands home :
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en :
My lord *Bassanio*, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.

This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him : furthermore,
I pray you shew my Youth old *Shylock's* house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [To *Por.*
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st I warrant. We shall have old
swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we'll out-face them and out-swear them too :
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good Sir, will you shew me to this
house ? [Exit.



A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

BELMONT.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

L O R E N Z O.



HE moon shines bright : In such a night
as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss
the trees,
And they did make no noise ; in such a
night

Troilus methinks mounted the *Trojan* wall
And sigh'd his soul toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did *Ihisbe* fearfully o'er-trip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to *Carthage*.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old *Æson*.

Lor. In such a night,
Did *Jessica* steal from the wealthy *Jew*,
And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice*,
As far as *Belmont*.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,

And

And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty *Jessica* (like a little shrew)
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you did no body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Mes. A friend.

Lor. What friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Mes. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at *Belmont*: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him:
But go we in I pray thee, *Jessica*,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola; wo ha, ho, sola, sola.

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola, did you see master *Lorenzo* and mistress
Lorenza? sola, sola.

Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun. Sola, where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my ma-
ster, with his horn full of good news. My master will be
here ere morning.

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter: why should we go in?

My

My friend *Stephano*, signifie, I pray you,
 Within the house your mistress is at hand,
 And bring your musick forth into the air.

‘ How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank;
 ‘ Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
 ‘ Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night
 ‘ Become the touches of sweet harmony.

‘ Sit, *Jessica*; look how the floor of heav’n
 ‘ Is thick inlay’d with patterns of bright gold;
 ‘ There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st,
 ‘ But in his motion like an angel sings,
 ‘ Still quiring to the young-ey’d cherubims;
 ‘ Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 ‘ But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 ‘ Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

Come ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn,
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress’ ear,
 And draw her home with musick.

Jes. I’m never merry when I hear sweet musick.

Musick.

‘ *Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
 ‘ For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 ‘ Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 ‘ Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
 ‘ (Which is the hot condition of their blood)
 ‘ If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
 ‘ Or any air of musick touch their ears,
 ‘ You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
 ‘ Their savage eyes turn’d to a modest gaze
 ‘ By the sweet power of musick. Thus the Poet
 ‘ Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods;
 ‘ Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
 ‘ But musick for the time doth change his nature.
 ‘ The man that hath no musick in himself,
 ‘ And is not mov’d with concord of sweet sounds,
 ‘ Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 ‘ The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

‘ And

And his affections dark as *Erebus* :
Let no such man be trusted — Mark the musick.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall :
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the
candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less ;
A substitute shines brightly as a King
Until a King be by ; and then his state
Empties it self, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Musick, hark ! [*Musick.*]

Ner. It is the musick, madam, of your house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect :
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows the virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended ; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection ?
Peace ! how the moon sleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awaked !

Musick ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the
cuckow,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd ?

Lor.

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Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signifie their coming.

Por. Go *Nerissa*,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Jessica* nor you.

A tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam, fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the day-light sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be *Bassanio* so from me;
But God fort all: you're welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my
friend;

This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him;
For as I hear he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house;
It must appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesie.

Gra. By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith I gave it to the judge's clerk. [To *Nerissa*.
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, hoe, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose poesie was

For

For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poesie or the value?
You swore to me when I did give it you,
That you would wear it 'till your hour of death,
And that it should lye with you in your grave:
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a Judge's clerk! but well I know
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thy self, the Judge's clerk,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift,
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith, *Gratiano,*
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My lord *Bassanio* gave his ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, be begg'd mine,
And neither man nor master would take ought
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that I hope which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger

Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth,
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours 'till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet *Portia*,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe;

I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Ev'n he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesie;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
And by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me, to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house,
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me:
I will become as liberal as you,

I'll not deny him any thing I have,
 No, not my body, nor my husband's bed;
 Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
 Lye not a night from home; watch me like *Argus*:
 If you do not, if I be left alone,
 Now by mine honour, which is yet my own,
 I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd
 How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so; let me not take him then;
 For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong.
 And in the hearing of these many friends,
 I swear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,
 Wherein I see my self——

Por. Mark you but that!

In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself,
 In each eye one; swear by your double self,
 And there's an oath of credit!

Bass. Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
 I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
 Which but for him that had your husband's ring

[*To Portia.*

Had quite miscarry'd. I dare be bound again,
 My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
 Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety; give him this,
 And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here lord *Bassanio*, swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heav'n it is the same I gave the doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, *Bassanio*;
 For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,
 For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
 In lieu of this, last night did lye with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough :

What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it ?

Por. Speak not so grossly ; you are all amaz'd ;
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;

It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario* :

There you shall find that *Portia* was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk. *Lorenzo* here,

Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,

And even but now return'd : I have not yet

Enter'd my house. *Antonio*, you are welcome,

And I have better news in store for you

Than you expect ; unseal this letter soon,

There you shall find three of your *Argosies*

Are richly come to harbour suddenly.

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold ?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow ;
When I am absent, then lye with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have giv'n me life and living ;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, *Lorenzo* ?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.

There do I give to you and *Jessica*,

From the rich *Jew*, a special deed of gift,

After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop *Manna* in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,

And yet I'm sure you are not satisfy'd

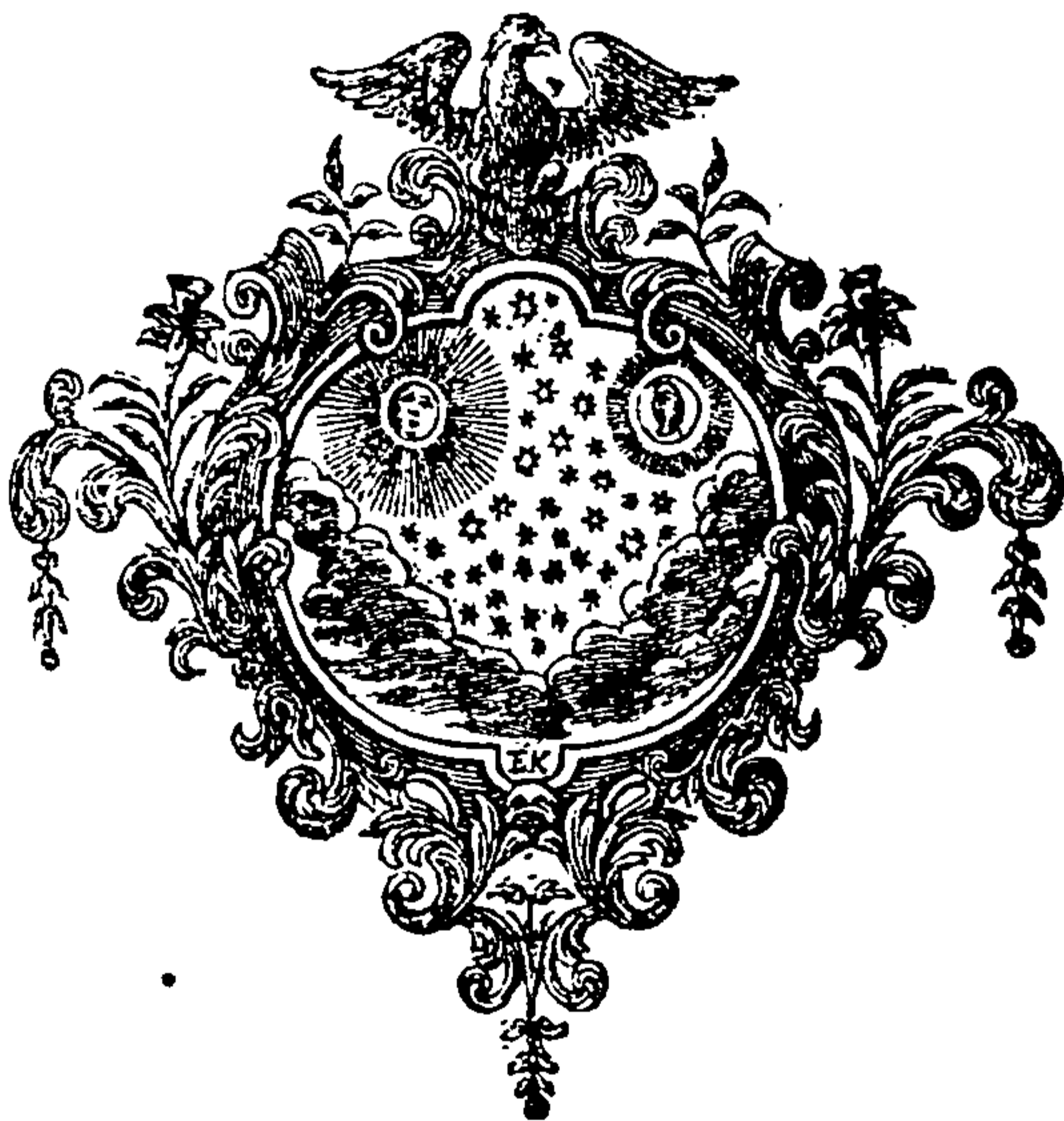
Of these events at full. Let us go in,

And charge us there on interrogatories,

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first interrogatory
That my *Nerissa* shall be sworn on, is,
Whether 'till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed, now being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
'Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerissa's* ring.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



K 2

LOVE'S



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

A

C O M E D Y.

K 3.

Dramatis Personæ.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

Biron,
Longaville,
Dumain, } *three Lords attending upon the King in his retirement.*

Boyet,
Macard, } *Lords attending upon the Princess of France;*

Don Adriana de Armado, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

Nathaniel, *a Curate.*

Dull, *a Constable.*

Holofernes, *a Schoolmaster.*

Costard, *a Clown.*

Moth, *Page to Don Adriana de Armado;*

Princess of France.

Rosaline,
Maria,
Catherine, } *Ladies attending on the Princess;*

Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers and others Attendants upon the King and Princess.

SCENE *the King of Navarre's Palace, and the Country near it.*

LOVE'S



LOVE'S LABOUR'S *Lost*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville and Dumain.

K I N G.



LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen tombs; *
When spight of cormorant devouring
time,
Th' endeavour of his present breath may
buy

That honour which shall bate his sythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors, for so you are,
That war against your own affections,

And the huge army of the world's desires,

Our late edict shall strongly stand in force;

Navarre shall be the wonder of the world,

Our court shall be a little academy,

Still and contemplative in living arts.

You three, *Biron, Dumain and Longaville,*

* ——— brazen tombs;

And then grace us in the disgrace of death:

When spight of *etc.*

Have sworn for three years term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here.

Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:

If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three year's fast:
The mind shall banquet, tho' the body pine;
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrout quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, *Dumain* is mortify'd:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much (dear liege) I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years;
But there are other strict observances;
As not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleep but three Hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, nor sleep.

King. Your oath is past to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, and if you please;
I only swore to study with your Grace,
And stay here in your court for three years space.

Long. You swore to that, *Biron*, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay Sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study? let me know?

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

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common sense.

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
 To know the thing I am forbid to know;
 As thus; to study where I well may dine,
 When I to fast expressly am forbid;
 Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
 When mistresses from common sense are hid:
 Or having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
 Study to break it, and not break my troth.
 If study's gain be this, and this be so,
 Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
 Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.



King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
 And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why all delights are vain, but that most vain:
 Which with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;
 As painfully to pore upon a book.

To seek the light of truth, while truth the while
 Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look:

Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile;
 So ere you find where light in darkness lies,
 Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
 Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
 Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
 And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the Heaven's glorious Sun,
 That will not be deep search'd with fawcy looks;
 Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save base authority from others books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixed star,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

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

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

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

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

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

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. *Biron* is like an envious † sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer
boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At *Christmas* I no more desire a rose,

Than with a snow in *May's* new-fangled shows:

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house t'unlock the little gate.

King. Well sit you out. Go home, *Biron*: Adieu.

Biron. No, my good lord, I've sworn to stay with you.

And though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,

And bide the penance of each three years day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same,

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

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. Item, That no woman shall come within a
mile of my court. [reading.]

Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.

On pain of losing her tongue!

[reading.]

Who

† *sneaping*: checking.

Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty;
A dangerous law against gentility.

Item, [reading.] If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.

Biron. This article, my liege, your self must break;
For well you know here comes in embassy
The *French* king's daughter, with your self to speak,
A maid of grace and compleat majesty,
About surrender up of *Aquitain*

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th'admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why this was quite forgot?

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

King. We must of force dispence with this decree,
She must lye here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three year's space:
For every man with his affects is born:

Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on meer necessity.

So to the laws at large I write my name,

And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions are to others as to me;
But I believe although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay that there is; our court you know is haunted
With a refined traveller of *Spain*,

A man in all the world's new fashions planted,
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
 One whom the musick of his own vain tongue,
 Doth ravish like enchanting harmony:

A man of complements, whom right and wrong
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.

This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,

For interim to our studies, shall relate

In high-born words the worth of many a Knight:

From tawny *Spain* lost in the world's debate,

How you delight my lords, I know not, I;

But I protest I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsie.

Biron. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own Knight.

Long. *Costard* the swain, and he, shall be our sport;

And so to study, three years are but short.

S C E N E II.

Enter Dull and Costard with a letter.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person?

Biron. This fellow; what wouldst?

Dull. I my self reprehend his own person, for I
 am his Grace's Tharborough: but I would see his
 own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior *Arme*, *Arme* commends you. There's
 villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.

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

King. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

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

Long. A high hope for a low heav'n; God grant
 us patience.

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately,
 or to forbear both.

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

Cost.

Cost. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning *Jacquenetta*.

The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form, following, Sir, all those three. I was seen with her in the Manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which put together, is in manner and form following. Now Sir, for the manner: It is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form, in some form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

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

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

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

King. **G**reat deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and sole reads. **G** dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron————

Cost. Not a word of *Costard* yet.

King. So it is————

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

King. Peace————

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

King. No words.

Cost. Of other men's secrets I beseech you.

King. So it is. Besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and as I am a gentleman, betook my self to walk: The time when? about the sixth hour, when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is call'd supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which: which I mean I walkt upon; it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where, where I mean I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event
that

that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place where, It standeth north north east and by east from the west corner of thy curious knotted garden. There did I see that low spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth, (Cost. Me?) that unletter'd small knowing soul, (Cost. Me?) that shallow vassal, (Cost. Still me?) which as I remember, hight Costard, (Cost. O me!) sorted and consorted contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon: which with———O with———but with this I passion to say wherewith:

Cost. With a wench.

King. With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or for thy more understanding, a woman; him, I (as my ever esteem'd duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel call'd) which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice bring her to tryal. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

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

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

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

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

King. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

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

King.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, Sir, she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

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

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

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, Sir.

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

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

King. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper. My lord *Biron*, see him deliver'd o'er,

And go we lords to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn. [*Exe.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth Sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Faquenetta*, and *Faquenetta* is a true girl; and therefore welcome the four cup of prosperity: affliction may one day smile again, and until then, sit thee down, sorrow. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Armado's House.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. B O Y, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, Sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why sadness is one and the self-same thing; dear imp.

Moth. No, no, O lord Sir, no.

[*Arm.*

Arm. How canst't thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender *Juvenile*?

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

Arm. Why tough Signior? why tough Signior?

Moth. Why tender *Juvenile*? why tender *Juvenile*?

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

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

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers. Thou heat'st my blood

Moth. I am answer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be crost.

Moth. He speaks the clean contrary, crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to study three years with the Duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester.

Arm. I confess both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Moth. Then I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why Sir, is this such a piece of study? now here's three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how easie it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure.

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confesse I am in love; and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any *French* courtier for a new devis'd curt'sie. I think it scorn to sigh, methinks I should out-swear *Cupid*. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. *Hercules*, master.

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

Moth. *Sampson*, master, he was a man of good carriage; great carriage; for he carried the town gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

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

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

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

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

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

Arm. Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks *Sampson* had small reason

reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, Sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown;
Then if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the beggar?

Moth. The world was guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but I think now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind *Costard*; she deserves well——

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing boy, my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say sing.

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company is past.



S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Enter Costard, Dull, Jaquenetta and Maid.

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

Arm. I do betray my self with blushing : maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard' you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Maid. Fair weather after you. Come *Jaquenetta*, away. *[Exeunt.*

Arm. Villain thou shalt fast for thy offence ere thou be pardoned.

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

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punish'd.

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

Arm. Take away this villain, shut him up.

Moth. Come you transgressing slave, away.

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

Moth. No, Sir, that were fast and loose; thou shalt to prison.

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

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost.

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

Arm. I do affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falshood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love, yet *Samson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was *Solomon* so seduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupid's* but-shaft is too hard for *Hercules's* club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard's* rapier; the first and second cause will not serve my turn; the *Passado* he respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu valour, rust rapier, be still drum, for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal God of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Ex.*]



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's palace.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Catherine, Boyet, Lords and other attendants.

BOYET.



O W, madam, summon up your dearest spirits,
 Consider whom the King your father sends;
 To whom he sends, and what's his embassy.

Your self, held precious in the world's esteem,

To parley with the sole inheritor
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchless *Navarre*; the plea of no less weight
 Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a Queen.
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
 As nature was in making graces dear,
 When she did starve the general world beside,
 And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
 Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
 Than you much willing to be counted wise,
 In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
 But now to task the tasker; good *Boyet*,
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
 Doth noise abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,

Till

'Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent court;
 Therefore to us seems it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you
 As our best moving fair solicitor.

Tell him the daughter of the King of *France*,
 On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his Grace.
 Haste, signifie so much, while we attend,
 Like humble-visag'd sutors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so;
 Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous Duke?

Lord. *Longaville* is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I knew him, madam, at a marriage feast,
 Between lord *Perigort* and the beauteous heir
 Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* solemnized.

In *Normandy* saw I this *Longaville*,

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
 Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
 Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,

(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)

Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
 It should spare none that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry-mocking lord belike, is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
 Who are the rest?

Cath. The young *Dumain*, a well-accomplish'd youth,
 Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

And shape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.

I saw him at the Duke *Alanzon's* once,

And

And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Rosa. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him: but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies, are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord?

Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all addrest to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came: marry, thus much I've learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes *Navarre*.

S C E N E II.

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the court of *Navarre*.

Prin. Fair I give you back again, and welcome I
have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to
be

be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, Madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear Lady, I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord, he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break its will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my Lord;
And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold :

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll provt perjurd if you make me stay.

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

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

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question?

Biron. You must not be so quick.

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

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

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

Biron. What time a day?

Rosa. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask.

Rosa. Fair fall the face it covers.

Biron. And send you many lovers.

Rosa. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but th' one half of an intire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say that he, or we, as neither have,
 Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
 A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
 One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
 Although not valu'd to the mony's worth:
 If then the King your father will restore
 But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,
 We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,
 And hold fair friendship with his majesty:
 But that it seems he little purposeth,
 For here he doth demand to have repaid
 An hundred thousand crowns, and not a demands
 One payment of an hundred thousand crowns,
 To have his title live in *Aquitain*;
 Which we much rather had depart withal,
 And have the mony by our father lent,
 Than *Aquitain* so gelded as it is.
 Dear Princess, were not his requests so far
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
 A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,
 And go well satisfied to *France* again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
 And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In so unseeming to confess receipt
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
 And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
 Or yield up *Aquitain*.

Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
 For such a sum, from special officers
 Of *Charles* his father.

King. Satisfie me so.

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

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
 All liberal reason I will yield unto:
 Mean time receive such welcome at my hand,

As honour without breach of honour may
 Make tender of, to thy true worthiness.
 You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates,
 But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
 As you shall deem your self lodg'd in my heart,
 Tho' so deny'd^b fair harbour in my house:
 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell;
 To-morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires comfort your Grace.

King. Thy own wish, with I thee, in every place.
 [Exit.

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

Rosa. I pray you do my commendations;
 I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.* [Exit.

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

Boyet. The heir of *Alanson*, *Rosaline* her name.

Dum. A gallant lady; Monsieur fare you well. [Exit.

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in white?*

Boyet.

* ——— heard it groan.

Rosa. Is the † fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Rosa. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Rosa. My physick says ay.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye.

Rosa. No poynt, with my knife.

Biron. Now God save thy life.

Rosa. And yours from long living.'

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving.

[Exit.

Dum. Sir, &c.

* ——— she in white?

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

Long.

^b farther.

† soul.

Boyet. She is an heir of *Faulconbridge*. *

Long. She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike Sir, that may be. * [Exit Long.
If

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

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

Long. Pray you Sir, whose daughter ?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard.

Boyet. Good Sir be not offended.

She is an, &c.

* ——— *Faulconbridge*,

Long. Nay, my choller is ended :

She is, &c.

* ——— that may be.

Biron. What's her name in the cap ?

Boyet. *Katherine* by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded or no ?

Boyet. To her will, Sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, Sir : adieu.

Boyet. Farewel to me Sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit *Biron*.]

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

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

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

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

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships ?

No sheep (sweet lamb) unless we feed on your lips.

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

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast ;

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom ?

If my observation (which very seldom lyes
By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes)
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.*

Rosa. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest
skilfully.

Mar.

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but gentles agree.
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On *Navarre* and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.

Boyet. If my, &c.

* ——— is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart like an agat with your print impressed;
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be:
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair;
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in chrystal for some Prince to buy;
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
glast,

Did point out to buy them, along as you past.
His face's own magent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
And you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come to our pavilion, *Boyet* is dispos'd.

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath
disclos'd;

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Rosa. Thou art, &c.

Mar. He is *Cupid's* grandfather, and learns news of him.

Rosa. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see ?

Rosa. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [Exeunt.



ACT III. SCENE I.

† † †

The PARK.

Enter Armado and Moth.

S O N G.

ARMADO.



W A R B L E child, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel——

Arm. Sweet air ; go tenderness of years ; take this key, give enlargement to the swain ; bring him festinately hither : I must employ him in a letter

to my love.

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

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

Moth. No my compleat master, but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids ; sigh a note and sing a note, sometimes through the throat : if you swallow'd love with singing, love sometime through the nose, as if you snuff up love by smelling love,

with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes, with your arms cross on your thinbelly doublet (like a rabbit on a spit) or your hands in your pockets like a man after the old painting, and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours, these betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without these, and make the men of note: do you note men that are most affected to these?

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my pen of observation.

Arm. But O, but O ———

Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Call'st thou my love hobby horse?

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

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart boy.

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

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live. (And this) *by*, *in*, and *out of*: upon the instant: *by* heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: *in* heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

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

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

Moth. A message well sympathiz'd; a horse to be embassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha; what say'st thou?

Moth. Marry Sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow gated: but I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth.

Moth. As swift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and slow?

Moth. *Minimè* honest master, or rather master no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift Sir, to say so.
Is that lead slow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoak of rhetorick?
He reputes me a cannon, and the bullet that's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly. [*Exi*

Arm. A most acute *Juvenile*, voluble and free of
grace;
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

S C E N E II.

Enter *Moth* and *Costard*. *

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, fet thee from durance,
and in lieu thereof impose on thee nothing but this;
bear

* ——— and *Costard*.

Moth. A wonder, master, here's a *Costard* broken
in a skin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *l'envoy*
begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*, no salve, in
the male, Sir. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no
l'envoy, no *l'envoy*, or salve, Sir, but plantan.

Arm. By vertue thou enforcest laughter, thy silly
thought, my spleen, the heaving of my lungs provokes
me to ridiculous smiling: O pardon me my stars, doth
the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word
l'envoy for a salve?

Moth. Doth the wise think them other, is not *l'en-
voy* a salve?

bear this significant to the country-maid *Jaquenetta*;
there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine ho-
nours

Arm. No page, it is an epilogue or discourse, to
make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said,
I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and
do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral, now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; would you de-
fire more?

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

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be fat,
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose,
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*, I that's a fat goose.

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

Moth. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin,
Then call'd you for a *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantan;
Thus came the argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

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

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*,
I will speak that *l'envoy*.
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm.

hours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow. —

[*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel I. Signior *Costard* adieu. [*Exit.*

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh, my in-cony Jew: now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration, O, that's the latin word for three farthings: three farthings remuneration: What's the price of this inle? a penny. No, I'll give you a remuneration: why? it carries its remuneration: why? it is a fairer name than a French-crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

S C E N E III.

Enter Biron.

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

Cost. Pray you Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry Sir, half-penny farthing.

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

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

Biron. O stay slave, I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall intreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, Sir?

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. 'Till there be more matter in the skin,

Arm. Sirrah, *Costard*, I will enfranchise thee.

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

Arm. By my sweet soul I mean setting thee at liberty. Enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immur'd, restrained, captivated, bound.

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

Arm. I give, &c.

L 5

Biron.

Biron. O this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it Sir: fare you well.

Biron. O thou knowest not what it is.

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

Biron. Why villain, thou must know first.

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

Biron. It must be done this afternoon.

Hark slave, it is but this:

The Princess comes to hunt here in the park:

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name;

And *Resaline* they call her; ask for her,

And to her sweet hand see thou do commend

This seal'd up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Cost. Guerdon, O sweet guerdon, better than remuneration, eleven pence farthing better: most sweet guerdon. I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, remuneration. [Exit.]

Biron. O! and I forsooth in love,

I that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh:

A critick; nay, a night-watch constable,

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal more magnificent.

This whimp'd, whining, purblind wayward boy,

This Signior *Junio*, giant dwarf, *Dan Cupid*,

Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms,

Th' anointed Sovereign of sighs and groans:

Leige of all loyterers and malecontents:

Dread Prince of plackets, King of codpieces.

Sole imperator, and great general

Of trotting parators (O my little heart!).

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop?

What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife,

A woman, that is like a *German* clock,

Still a repairing; ever out of frame,

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd, that it may still go right.

Nay to be perjur'd, which is worst of all:
 And among three, to love the worst of all,
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes,
 Ay, and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,
 Tho' *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard;
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! go too: it is a plague
 That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty, dreadful, little, might.
 Well I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
 Some men must love my lady, and some *Joan*. [Exit.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catherine, Lords,
 Attendants, and a Forester.*

PRINCESS.



AS that the King that spur'd his horse
 so hard
 Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not, but I think it was
 not he.
Prin. Who e'er he was, he shew'd a
 mounting mind.

Well lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch,
 On *Saturday* we will return to *France*.
 Then Forester, my friend, where is the bush
 That we must stand and play the murtherer in?
For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder coppice,

As

A stand where you may make the fairest shoot. *

* — the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, then again
say no.

O short-liv'd pride! not fair? alack for wo!

For. Yes madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now,
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresie in fair, fit for these days,
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot,
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And out of question, so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-soveraignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise, and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues her lord.

Enter Costard.

Enter Costard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.*

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

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

Stand aside, good bearer. *Boyet*, you can carve, Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here; It is writ to *Faquenetta*.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet reads.

BY heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true that thou art beauteous; truth it self that thou art lovely; more fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth it self; have commiseration on thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set eye upon the perni-

* ——— common-wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head lady?

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

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest? it is so, truth is truth.

An your waste, mistress, were as slender as my wit, One a these maids girdles for your waste should be fit. Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have, &c.

cious

cious and indubitate beggar *Zenelophon*; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw and overcame; he came one, saw two, overcame three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What saw he? the beggar. Who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose side? the King's; the captive is enrich'd: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the King's? no, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for so stands the comparison) thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thy self? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the dearest design of industry,

Don Adriana de Armado.

Thus dost thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar

'Gainst thee thou lamb, that standest as his prey?
Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A phantasme, a monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his book-mates.

Prin.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you, my lord.

Prin. To whom should'st thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my lord *Berown*, a good master of mine,
To a lady of *France* that he call'd *Rosaline*.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come lords away.
Here sweet, put up this, 'twill be thine another day.*

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

* — another day.

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Rosa. Why she that bears the bow. Finely put off.

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns, but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your Deer?

Rosa. If we chuse by horns, your self; come not
near.

Finely put on indeed.

Mar. You still wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she
strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she her self is hit lower. Have I hit
her now?

Rosa. Shall I come upon thee with an old say-
ing, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France*
was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old,
that was a woman when Queen *Guinover* of *Britain*
was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it.
Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. I cannot, cannot, cannot.

And I cannot, another can.

[*Exit Rosa.*]

SCENE II.

[Shoot within.]

Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Nathaniel.

Nath. **V**ERY reverent sport truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

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

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

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

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

Mar. Wide o' th' bow hand, i'faith your hand is out.

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

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

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

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

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

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good night, my good owl.

Cost. By my soul a swain, a most simple clown. Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down. O' my troth most sweet jests, most incony vulgar wit, When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armado o' th' one side, O a most dainty man. To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan. To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly he will swear;

Holo.

Hol. The deer was (as you know) *sanguis* in blood, ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *Carlo* the sky, the welkin, the heav'n, and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the foil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly master *Holsfernes*, the epithets are sweetly varied like a scholar at the least: but, Sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

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

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

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

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

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not replenished. He is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; and such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be; which we taste, and feeling, are for those parts that do fructifie in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool;

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school.

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit,
Ah heav'ns! it is a most pathological nit.

Sowla, sowla!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Bus

But *omne bene* say I, being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your
wit,

What was a month old at *Cain's* birth, that's not five
weeks old as yet?

Hol. *Distinna* good-man *Dull*, *Distinna* good-man
Dull.

Dull. What is *Distinna*?

Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon*.

Hol. The moon was a month old when *Adam* was
no more.

And rought not to five weeks when he came to fivescore.
Th'allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed, the collusion holds in the
exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say the allusion
holds in the exchange

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange;
for the moon is never but a month old; and I say
beside that 'twas a pricket that the Princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal e-
pitaph on the death of the deer, and to humour the
ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princess kill'd, a
pricket.

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

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

The praiseful Princess pierc'd and pricks

A pretty pleasing pricket.

Some say a sore, but not a sore,

'Till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell, put L to sore,

Then sorrel jumpt from thicket;

Or pricket-sore, or else sorel,

The people fall a hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore,

Make fifty sores, O sorel!

Of one sore I an hundred make,

By adding but one more L.

Nath.

Nath. A rare talent!

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

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

Nath. Sir, I praise the lord for you, and so may my parishioners, for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the common-wealth.

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

SCENE III.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master parson.* Good master parson be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*. I beseech you read it.

Nath. *Fauste precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*; Ve-

* ——— master parson.

Hol. Master parson, *quasi* person. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry master school-master, he that is likest to a hog'shead.

Hol. Of piercing a hog'shead, a good cluster of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good master, &c.

nechi,

nechi, venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piaech. Old Mantuan, old Mantuan. Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. *ut re sol la mi fa.*

Hol. Under pardon Sir, what are the contents? or rather, as *Horace* says in his: What! my soul! verses!

Nath. Ay Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Legge Domine.*

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

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
Though to my self forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove,
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers
bow'd.

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

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

All ignorant that Soul, that sees thee without wonder:
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;

Thy eye *Jove's* lightning bears, thy voice is dreadful thunder;

Which not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, Oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heav'n's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the *Apostrophes*, and so miss the accent. Let me supervise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are only numbers ratify'd, but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesie caret: *Ovidius Naso* was the man. And why indeed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention imitary is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tir'd horse his rider: But *Damosella Virgin*, was this directly to you?

Jaq. Ay Sir, from one *Monfieur Biron*, one of the strange Queen's lords.

Nath.

Nath. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing, to the person written unto.

Your Ladyship's in all desir'd employment, Biron.

Dull. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Biron* is one of the votaries with the King, and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queen's, which accidentally or by the way of progression hath miscarry'd. Trip and go my sweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much; stay not thy complement; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good *Costard* go with me. Sir, God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exe. Cost. and Jaq.*]

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

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *benvenuto*, where will I prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit or invention. I beseech your society.

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

Hol. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it, Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *Pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter Biron with a paper in his hand, alone.

Biron. The King is hunting the deer, I am coursing my self. They have pitcht a toil, I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile, a foul word: well, set thee down sorrow; for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord this love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep. Well prov'd again on my side. I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! by the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to groan. *[he stands aside.*

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. Shot, by heav'n! proceed, sweet *Cupid*; thou hast thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith secrets.

King. So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows;

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,

Through the transparent bosom of the deep,

As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;

No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,

So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.

Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will shew;

BUS

But do not love thy self, then thou wilt keep
 My tears from glasses, and still make me weep.
 O Queen of Queens, how far dost thou excel!
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.
 How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
 Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[*the King steps aside.*

Enter Longaville.

What! *Longaville!* and reading! listen ear.

Biron. Now in thy likeness one more fool appears.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn.

Biron. Why he comes in like a perjurd, wearing
 papers.

King. In love I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

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

Biron. I could put thee in comfort: not by two that
 I know;

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the three corner-cap of
 society,

The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:
 O sweet *Maria*, Empress of my love.

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O rhimes are guards on wanton *Cupid's* hose:
 Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go. [*he reads the sonnet.*

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

*Perswade my heart to this false perjury?
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment:*

*A woman I forswore, but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.*

*My vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly love:
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.*

*Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
 Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,*

*Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is;
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine;*

If

*If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?*

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity :

A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this! (company?) stay.

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play;
Like a demy God, here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools secrets headfully o'er-eye:
More sacks to the mill! O heav'ns I have my wish,
Dumain transform'd; four woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most divine *Kate*!

Biron. O most prophane coxcomb! [aside.

Dum. By heav'n the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth she is not; corporal, there you lie.
[aside.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [aside.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop I say, her shoulder is with child. [aside.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay as some days; but then no sun must shine.
[aside.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine. [aside.

King. And mine too, good Lord. [aside.

Biron. Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good
word? [aside.

Dum. I would forget her, but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remembered be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why then incision
Would let her out in sawcers, sweet misprision. [aside.

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
[aside.

Dumain

Dumain reads his sonnet.

On a day, alack the day!
 Love, whose month is ever May,
 Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air:
 Through the velvet leaves, the wind,
 All unseen, can passage find,
 That the lover sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heav'n's breath.
 Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow,
 Air, would I might triumph so.
 But alack my hand is sworn,
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
 Vow alack for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee.
 Thou for whom ev'n Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were,
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send, and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain:
 O would the King, Biron and Longaville,
 Were lovers too: ill to example ill
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
 That in love's grief desir'st society: [coming forward.
 You may look pale, but I should blush I know,
 To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, Sir, you blush; as his, your case is
 such, [coming forward.
 You chide at him, offending twice as much.
 You do not love Maria? Longaville
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile.
 Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart?

I have been closely shrowded in this bush
 And markt you both, and for you both did bluth.
 I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion;
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
 Ay me! says one; O *Jove!* the other cries;
 Her hairs were gold, chrystal the other's eyes.
 You would for paradise break faith and troth,
 And *Jove* for your love would infringe an oath.
 What will *Biron* say, when that he shall hear
 A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
 How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
 Ah good my Liege, I pray thee pardon me.

[*Coming forward.*

Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?
 You eyes do make no coaches in your tears,
 There is no certain Princess that appears?
 You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
 Tush; none but minstrels like of sonnetting.
 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not
 All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?
 You found his mote, the King your mote did see:
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen?
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a King transformed to a gnat?
 To see great *Hercules* whipping a gigg,
 And profound *Solomon* tuning a jygg?
 And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boys,
 And Critick *Timon* laugh at idle toys.
 Where lyes thy grief? O tell me good *Dumain*;
 And gentle *Longaville*, where lyes thy pain?
 And where my Liege's? all about the breast.
 A caudle hoa!

King.

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you.

I that am honest, I that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engaged in.

I am betray'd by keeping company

With men, like men of strange inconstancy.

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?

Or groan for *Joan*! or spend a minute's time

In pruning me? when shall you hear that I

Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,

A gate, a state, a brow, a breast, a waste,

A leg, a limb?

King. Soft, whither away so fast?

A true man or a thief, that gallops so.

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

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the King.

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read,
Our parson misdoubts it: it was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [*He reads the letter.*
Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of *Costard*.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

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

Biron. A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs
not fear it.

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

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

Biron. Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were born
to do me shame.

M 2

Guilty

Guilty my lord, guilty : I confefs, I confefs.

King. What ?

Biron. That you three fools lackt me fool to make
up the meff.

He, he and you : and you my Liege, and I
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O difmifs this audience, and I fhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true, we are four :

Will thefe turtles be gone ?

King. Hence Sirs, away.

Cof. Walk afide the true folk, and let the traitors ftay.

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us imbrace :

As true we are as flefh and blood can be.

The fea will ebb and flow, heav'n will fhew his face :

Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot cros the caufe why we were born :

Therefore of all hands muft we be forfworn.

King. What, did thefe rent lines fhew fome love
of thine ?

Biron. Did they, quoth you ? who fees the heavenly
Rofaline,

That (like a rude and favage man of *Inde,*

At the firft opening of the gorgeous eaft)

Bows not his vaffal head, and ftrucken blind,

Kiffes the bafe ground with obedient breaft ?

What pre-emptory eagle-fighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her Majefty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now ?

My love (her miftrefs) is a gracious moon,

She (an attending ftar) fcarce feen a light.

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

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

Of all complexions the cull'd Soveraignty,

Do meet as at a fair in her fair cheek ;

Where feveral worthies make one dignity,

Where nothing wants that want it felf doth feek.

Lend me the flourifh of all gentle tongues ;

Fie painted rhetorick, O fhe needs it not :

To things of sale, a feller's praise belongs :
 She passes praise, the praise too short doth blot.
 A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye ;
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new born,
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy,
 O 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her ? O word divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O who can give an oath ? where is a book ?

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
 If that she learn not of her eye to look :

No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox, black is the badge of hell :

The hue of dungeons, and the school of night ;
 And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of
 light :

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt :

It mourns, that painting and usurping hair
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect :

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now ;
 And therefore red that would avoid dispraise,
 Paints it self black to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time, are colliers counted
 bright.

King. And *Ethiops* of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

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

King. 'Twere good yours did : for, Sir, to tell you
 plain,

I'll find a fairer face not washt to-day :

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk 'till dooms-day here.

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

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

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

Biron. O if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walkt over head.

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

Biron. Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.

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

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

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

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

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O 'tis more than need.

Have at you then affections. Men at arms,
Consider what you first did swear unto:

To fast, to study, and to see no woman;

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young:
And abstinence ingenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study (Lords)
In that each of you hath forsworn his book.

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From womens eyes this doctrine I derive;

They are the ground, the book, the academies,

From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire:

Why, universal plodding poisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion and long during action tires

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes:

And study too, the causer of your vow.

For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

Learning

Learning is but an adjunct to our self,
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.
 Then when our selves we see in ladies eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books:
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 In leaden contemplation have found out
 Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
 Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
 And therefore finding barren practisers,
 Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil,
 ' But love first learned in a lady's eyes,
 ' Lives not alone immured in the brain:
 ' But with the motion of all elements,
 ' Courses as swift as thought in every power,
 ' And gives to every power a double power,
 ' Above their functions and their offices.
 ' It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
 ' A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind!
 ' A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 ' When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
 ' Love's feeling is more soft and sensible,
 ' Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
 Love's tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* grois in taste;
 For valour, is not love a *Hercules*?
 Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*.
 Subtle as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musical
 As bright *Apollo's* lute, strung with his hair:
 And when love speaks, the voice of all the Gods,
 Make heaven drowsie with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
 O then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility,
 From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire,
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;

Else none at all in ought proves excellent,
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear :
 Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools:
 For wisdom's sake (a word that all men love)
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
 Or for mens sake, the author of these women ;
 Or womens sake, by whom we men are men ;
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find our selves ;
 Or else we lose our selves, to keep our oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 For charity it self fulfils the law ;
 And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint *Cupid* then, and soldiers to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them,
 Lords ;

Pell mell, down with them : but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing, lay these glosses by,
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of *France* ?

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

Biron First from the park let us conduct them thither,
 Then homeward every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress ; in the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape :
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
 Forerun fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Alone, alone sowed cockrel, reap'd no corn,
 And justice always whirls in equal measure :
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel and Dull.

H O L O F E R N E S.



Atis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir, your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy: I did converse this *quondam*-day with a companion of the King's, who is entituled, nominated, or called *Don Adriano de Armado*.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te.* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nat. A most singular and choice epithet.

[draws out his table-book.]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantastical phantasies, such insociable and point-devise companions, such rackers of orthography, as do speak doubt fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which we would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of infamy: *Ne intelligis Domine*, to make frantick, lunatick?

Nat. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

M 5

Hol.

Hol. *Bome boen for boon prescian*; a little scratch, 'twill serve.

† † †

S C E N E II.

Enter Armado, Moth and Costard.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. *Quare Chirra, not Sirra?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encountred.

Hol. Most military Sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stole the scraps.

Cost. O they have liv'd long on the Alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallow'd than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book: What is A B spelt backward with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The last of the five vowels, if you repeat them, or the fifth if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a e I——

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it out.

Arm. Now by the salt wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a sweet touch, a quick renew of wit; snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

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

Moth. Horns.

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

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip

whip about your infamy *unum cita*, a gigg of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pidgeon-egg of discretion. O, that the heav'ns were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me? go too, thou hast it *ad dunghil*, at the finger's ends, as they say.

Hol. Oh, I smell false latin, *dunghil* for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man *preambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *Mons* the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do *sans question*.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The *posterior* of the day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choice, sweet, and apt, I do assure you Sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, my very good friend; for what is inward between us, let it pass——I do beseech thee, remember thy curtesie——I beseech thee apparel thy head, and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed too——but let that pass, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to *Armado* a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass——the very all of all is——but sweet heart, I do implore
secre.

secrecy—that the King would have me present the princess (sweet chuck) with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the *posterior* of this day, to be rendred by our assistants at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate and learned gentleman, before the princess: I say none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

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

Hol. *Joshua*, your self, this gallant man *Judas Maccabees*, this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass *Pompey* the great, and the page *Hercules*.

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

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minority: his *Enter* and *Exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device: for if any of the audience hiss, you may cry; well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho' few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?

Hol. I will play three my self.

Moth. Thrice worthy gentleman.

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you follow.

Hol. Via good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, Sir.

Hol. *Allons*, we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or fo: or I will play on the taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

† † † *Enter Princess and Ladies.*

Prin. S W E E T hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you, what I have here from the loving King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on *Cupid's* name.

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

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Rosa. You'll ne'er be friends with him, he kill'd your
sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad and heavy,
And so she died; had she been light like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd.
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Rosa. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this
light word?

Kath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.

Rosa. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll marr the light by taking it in snuff:
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Rosa. Look what you do, and do it still i'th' dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Rosa. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not, O that's, you care not
for me,

Rosa.

Rosa. Great reason; for past care is still past cure.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd,
But *Rosaline*, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Rosa. I would you knew.

And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great, be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank *Biron*.

The numbers true; and were the numbring too,
I were the fairest goddesses on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand a fairs.

O he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Rosa. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

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

Rosa. Ware pencils. How? let me not die your
debter,

My red dominical, my golden letter.

O that your face were not so full of Oes.

Prin. Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all shrews:

But *Katherine*, what was sent to you
From fair *Dumain*?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover.

A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent *Longaville*.
The letter is to long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Rosa. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same *Biron* I'll torture ere I go.

Or that I knew he were but in by th' week,

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and-seek,

And

▪ *fairies.*

And wait the season, and observe the times,
 And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes,
 And shape his service all to my behests,
 And make him proud to make me proud with jests;
 So pertaunt like would I o'erfway his state,
 That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are
 catch'd,
 As wit turn'd fool; folly in wisdom hatch'd
 Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
 And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Rosa. The blood of youth burns not in such excess;
 As gravities revolt to wantonness.

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

S C E N E IV.

Enter Boyet.

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

Boyet. O, I am stab'd with laughter, where's her
 Grace?

Prin. Thy news, *Boyet*?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare.
 Arm, wenches, arm, incounters mounted are
 Against your peace, love doth approach disguis'd,
 Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.
 Muster your wits, stand in your own defence,
 Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to faint *Cupid*; what are they
 That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
 I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
 When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
 Toward that shade, I might behold, address
 The King and his companions; warily
 I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And

And over-heard, what you shall over-hear :
 That by and by disguis'd they will be here.
 Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
 That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage.
 Action and accent did they teach him there ;
 Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear ;
 And ever and anon they made a doubt,
 Presence majestical would put him out :
 For, quoth the King, an angel shalt thou see,
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
 The boy reply'd, an angel is not evil ;
 I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.
 With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
 One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
 A better speech was never spoke before.
 Another with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd *via*, we will do't, come what will come.
 The third he caper'd and cry'd, all goes well :
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passions, solemn tears.

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

Boyet. They do, they do ; and are apparel'd thus,
 Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, as I guess.
 Their purpose is to parley, court and dance,
 And every one his love-feat will advance
 Unto his several mistress ; which they'll know
 By favours sev'ral, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so ? the gallants shall be taskt ;
 For, ladies, we will every one be maskt :
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,
 Despight of sute, to see a lady's face.
 Hold *Rosaline*, this favour thou shalt wear,
 And then the King will court thee for his dear :
 Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine,
 So shall *Biron* take me for *Rosaline*.

And

And change your favours too, so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Rosa. Come on then, wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs;
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several councils they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mockt withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet
With visages display'd to talk and greet.

Rosa. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why that ^b contempt will kill the ^c speaker's
heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
So shall we stay mocking intended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with shame. [*Sound.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds, be maskt, the maskers
come.

† † †

SCENE V.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, and at-
tendants, disguis'd like Muscovites. Moth with
Musick, as for a masquerade.*

Moth. All hail the richest beauties on the earth.

Biron. Beauties no richer than ich taffata.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames that ever
turn'd their backs to mortal views.

[The ladies turn their backs to him.]

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.

Out ———

Biron.

^b attempt.

^c keeper's.

Biron. True; out indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heav'nly spirit, vouchsafe not to behold.

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes —
With your sun-beamed eyes —

Biron. They will not answer to that epithete; You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Rosa. What would these strangers? know their minds,

Boyet.

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Rosa. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Rosa. Why that they have, and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on the grass.

Boyet. They say they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on the grass.

Rosa. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princess bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?

Biron. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears her self.

Rosa. How many weary steps
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,

That

That we (like savages) may worship it.

Rosa. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe, bright moon, on these thy stars to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Rosa. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;
Thou now requests but moon-shine in the water.

King. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change;
Thou bid'st me beg, this begging is not strange.

Rosa. Play musick then; nay you must do it soon.
Not yet? no dance? thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? how come you thus e-
strang'd?

Rosa. You took the moon at full, but now she's
chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

Rosa. The musick plays, vouchsafe some motion to it:
Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Rosa. Since you are strangers, and come here by
chance,

We'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

King. Why take you hands then!

Rosa. Only to part friends.

Curt'sie, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends,

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize your selves then; what buys your com-
pany?

Rosa. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Rosa. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Rosa. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with
thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Biron.

Biron. Nay then two treys; and if you grow so nice,
Methegline, wort, and malmsey; well run, dice:
There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet adieu,
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall, bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady.

Mar. Say you so? fair lord:
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you;

As much in private; and I'll bid adieu.

Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O for your reason, quickly Sir, I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the *Dutch* man; is not veal a
calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half;
Take all and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look how you butt your self in these sharp
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
Above the sense of sense, so sensible

Seemeth

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things.

Rosa. Not one word more, my maids; break off,
break off.

Biron. By heav'n all dry beaten with pure scoff.

King. Farewell, mad wenches, you have simple wits.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen *Muscovites*.
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
pufft out.

Rosa. Well-liking wits they have, gross, gross, fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly poor flout:
Will they not (think you) hang themselves to-night?
Or ever but in vizards shew their faces?

This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.

Rosa. O! they were all in lamentable cases.
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. *Biron* did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. *Dumain* was at my service, and his sword:
No point, quoth I; my servant strait was mute.

Kath. Lord *Longaville* said, I came o'er his heart,
And trow you what he call'd me!

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art.

Rosa. Well, better wits have worn plain statute caps,
But will you hear; the King is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And *Longaville* was for my service born.

Mar. *Dumain* is mine as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet.

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours, and when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies maskt, are roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt perplexity! what shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still as well known as disguis'd,
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like *Muscovites* in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vildly pen'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in
their own habits.*

King. Fair Sir, God save you. Where's the Princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent.

Please it your Majesty command me any service to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will, and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow picks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth please:

He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares

At wakes and wassals, meetings, markets, fairs:

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;

Had he been *Adam* he had tempted *Eve*.

He

He can carve too, and lisp: why this is he,
 That kist away his hand in courtesie.
 This is the ape of ^d form, Monsieur the nice,
 That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honourable terms: nay he can sing
 A mean most ^e mainly, and in ushering
 Mend him who can; the ladies call him sweet;
 The stairs as he treads on them kiss his feet.
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,
 To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone.
 And consciences that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the ^f due of honey-tongu'd Boyer.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart;
 That put *Armado's* page out of his part.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katherine, and attendants.*

King. We come to visit you, and purpose now
 To lead you to our court, vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
 Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
 The vertue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you should have
 spoke:

For virtue's office never breaks mens troth.

* ——— attendants.

Biron. See where it comes, behaviour what wert thou,
 Till this mad-man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day.

Prin. Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came, &c.

Now

^d fortune

^e manly

^f duty.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
 As the unfully'd lilly, I protest,
 A world of torments though I should endure,
 I would not yield to be your house's guest:
 So much I hate a breaking cause to be
 Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O you have liv'd in desolation here,
 Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so my lord, it is not so I swear,
 We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game:
 A mess of *Russians* left us but of late.

King. How, madam? *Russians*?

Prin. Ay in truth, my lord;
 Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Rosa. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
 My lady (to the manner of the days)
 In courtesie gives undeserving praise.

We four indeed confronted were with four,
 In *Russian* habit: here they stay'd an hour,
 And talk'd apace, and in that hour, my lord,
 They did not bless us with one happy word.
 I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
 When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair, gentle, sweet,
 Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
 With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
 By light we lose light; your capacity
 Is of that nature, as to your huge store,
 Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Rosa. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye--

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Rosa. But that you take what doth to you belong,
 It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Rosa. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Rosa. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why demand
 you this?

Rosa. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. We are descried, they'll mock us now down-
right.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your highness sad?

Rosa. Help, hold his brows, he'll swoon: why look
you pale?

Sea-sick I think, coming from *Muscovy*.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Here stand I, lady, dart thy skill at me,

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout,

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in *Russian* habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue,

Nor never come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rhyme like a blind harper's song;

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation.

Figures pedantical, these summer flies,

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I here protest,

By this white glove (how white the hand God
knows)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be exprest

In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes:

And to begin, wench, so God help me law,

My love to thee is sound, *sans* crack or flaw.

Rosa. *Sans, sans*, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick.

I'll leave it by degrees: soft, let us see,

Write *Lord have mercy on us*, and those three,

They are infected, in their hearts it lyes,

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

These lords are visited, you are not free ;
For the lord's tokens on you both I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Rosa. It is not so ; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Rosa. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for your selves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude trans-
gression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here but even now disguis'd ?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd ?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will re-
ject her.

King. Upon mine honour no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear :

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Rosaline,*
What did the *Russian* whisper in your ear ?

Rosa. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Above this world ; adding thereto moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him ; the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam ? by my life, my
troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Rosa. By heav'n you did ; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this : but take it, Sir, again.

King. My faith and this, to th' Princess I did give
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve. *Prin.*

Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did she wear :
And lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my dear.

What? will you have me? or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.

I see the trick on't; here was a consent,

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)

To dish it like a *Christmas* comedy,

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some *Dick*

That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,

Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,

The ladies did change favours, and then we

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she:

Now to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn in will and error.

Much upon this it is. And might not you [*To Boyet.*

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by th' a squier,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye,

And stand between her back, Sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: go, you are allow'd,

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Brave manager, hath this career been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting strait. Peace, I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome pure wit, thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O lord Sir, they would know

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No Sir, but it is very fine;

For every one presents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine?

Cost. Not so Sir, under correction Sir, I hope it is
not so. N 2 You

^a square.

You cannot beg us Sir, I can assure you Sir, we know what we know: I hope three times thrice, Sir---

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By *Jove* I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O lord Sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O lord Sir, the parties themselves, the actors Sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man, *Pompon* the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of *Pompon* the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take some care.

King. *Biron*, they will shame us; let them not approach. [*Exit.* *Cost.*

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the King and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now; That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents Dies in the zeal of that which it presents;

Their form confounded, makes most form in mirth, When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin.

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair sweet honey monarch; for I protest the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical: too too vain, too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna delaguar*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal cupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: he presents *Heclor* of Troy, the swain *Pompey* the Great, the parish-curate *Alexander*, *Armado's* page *Hercules*, the pedant *Judas Machabeus*;

And if these four worthies in their first shew thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There are five in the first shew.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,
the fool, and the boy.

A bare throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in's vein,

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes a-
main.

Enter Costard for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am.

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am.

Boyet. With *Libbard's* head on knee.

Biron. Well said old mocker,

I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big.

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is great, Sir; Pompey, surnam'd the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield,

Did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of
France.

If your ladyship would say thanks Pompey, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect.
I made a little fault in great.

N 5

Biron.

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, *Pompey* proves the best worthy.

Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.

By east, west, north and south, I spread my conquering might :

My escutcheon plain declares that I am *Alisander*.

Boyet. Your nose says no, you are not ; for it stands not right.

Biron. Your nose smells no, in this most tender smelling Knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismaid : proceed, good *Alexander*.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right ; you were so *Alisander*.

Biron. *Pompey* the Great.

Cost. Your servant and *Costard*.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away *Alisander*.

Cost. O Sir, you have overthrown *Alisander* the conqueror. [to *Nath*.] You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this ; your lion that holds the poll-ax sitting on a closestool, will be given to *Ajax* ; he will be then the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak ? run away for shame, *Alisander*. There, an't shall please you ; a foolish mild man, an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour insooth, and a very good bowler ; but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little o'erparted : but there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good *Pompey*.

Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

Hol. Great *Hercules* is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd *Cerberus* that three-headed canus ;

And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus :

Quoniam,

- Quoniam*, he seemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology.
 Keep some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish. [*Exit Moth*].
Hol. Judas I am.
Dum. A Judas.
Hol. Not *Isca*riot, Sir,
 Judas I am, ycleped *Machabeus*.
Dum. *Judas Machabeus* clipt, is plain *Judas*.
Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas*?
Hol. Judas I am.
Dum. The more shame for you, *Judas*.
Hol. What mean you, Sir?
Boyet. To make *Judas* hang himself.
Hol. Begin Sir, you are my elder.
Biron. Well follow'd, *Judas* was hang'd on an elder.
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A death's face in the ring.
Long. The face of an old *Roman* coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pummel of *Cæsar's* faulchion.
Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.
Biron. *St. George's* half cheek in a broch.
Dum. Ay, and in a broch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer;
 And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False, we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Biron. And thou wert a lion we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore as he is an ass, let him go.
 And so adieu sweet *Jude*; nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the *Ass* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Judas*
as away.
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for monsieur *Judas*, it grows dark, he
 may stumble.

Prin. Alas! poor *Machabeus*, how he hath been baited!

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in arms.

Dum. Tho' my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector*?

King. I think *Hector* was not so clean timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indu'd in the small.

Biron. This can't be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of launces the Almighty,
Gave *Hector* a gift.

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of launces the Almighty,
Gave *Hector* a gift, the heir of *Ilion*;
'A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye
From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower.

Dum. That mint.

Long. That cullambine.

Arm. Sweet lord *Longaville* rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against
Hector.

Dum. Ay, and *Hector*'s a grey-hound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten;
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd;
But I will forward with my device;
Sweet royalty bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak brave *Hector*; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal.

The party is gone.

Cost. Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

Cost. Faith unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away; she's quick, the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipt for Jaquenetta, that is quick by him; and hang'd for Pompey, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd, more Ates, more Ates, stir them on, stir them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north-pole I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do't by the fword: I pray you let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do't in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey.

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do ye not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat: what mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt, I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of linnen; since when, I'll be sworn he wore none, but a dish-clout of *Jaquenetta's*, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

S C E N E X.

Enter Macard.

Mac. God save you, madam.

Prin. Welcome *Macard*, but that thou interruptest our merriment,

Mac. I'm sorry madam, for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The King your father —

Prin. Dead for my life.

Mac. Even so: my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies away, the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For my own part, I breathe free breath; I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my self like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your Majesty?

Prin. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to-night.

King. Madam not so, I do beseech you stay.

Prin. Prepare I say. I thank you, gracious lords, for all your fair endeavours; and entreat, out of a new sad soul, that you vouchsafe in your rich wisdom to excuse or hide the liberal opposition of our spirits; if over-boldly we have born our selves in the converse of breath, your gentleness was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy lord; an heavy heart bears not an humble tongue: excuse me so, coming so short of thanks, for my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms all causes to the purpose of his speed, and often at his very loose decides that, which long process could not arbitrate.

And

And though the mourning brow of progeny
 Forbid the smiling courtesie of love,
 The holy suit which fain it would convince;
 Yet since love's argument was first on foot,
 Let not the cloud of sorrow juttle it
 From what it purpos'd. Since to wail friends lost
 Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ^b ear of grief;
 And by these badges understand the King.
 For your fair fakes have we neglected time,
 Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
 Even to th' opposed end of our intents;
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
 As love is full of unbecfitting strains,
 All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
 Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth rowl,
 To every varied object in his glance;
 Which party-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if in your heav'nly eyes,
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities;
 Those heav'nly eyes that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make them: therefore, ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours. We to our selves prove false,
 By being once false, for ever to be true
 To those that make us both, fair ladies you;
 And even that falshood, in it self a sin,
 Thus purifies it self, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love,
 Your favours, the embassadors of love:
 And in our maiden council rated them
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesie,
 As bumbast, and as lining to the time:
 But more devout than these are our respects.

Have

^b cares.

Have we not been (and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion) like a merriment?

Dum. Our letters, madam, shew'd much more than
jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Rosa. We did not coat them so.

King. Now at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time methinks too short,
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness, and therefore this:
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me;
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere infociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this tryal, and last love;
Then at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts;
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and 'till that instant shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest;
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye.

Hence ever then, my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Rosa. You must be purged too, your sins are rank,
You are attaint with fault and perjury;

Therefore

Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife, a beard, fair health and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelve-month and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my lady come;
Then if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says *Maria*?

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you, few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:
What humble suit attends thy answer there,
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Rosa. Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron*,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lye within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won;
You shall this twelve-month term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T' enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Rosa. Why that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,
Whose

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
 Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
 Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
 Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,
 Will hear your idle scorns; continue then,
 And I will have you, and that fault withal:
 But if they will not; throw away that spirit,
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,
 Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well, befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelve-month in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave.
[to the King.]

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not *Jill*; these ladies courtesie
 Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
 And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me.

Prin. Was not that *Hector*?

Dum. That worthy Knight of *Troy*.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave.
 I am a votary; I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold
 the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most
 esteem'd greatness, will you hear the dialogue that
 the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the
 owl and the cuckow? it should have follow'd in the end
 of our shew.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla, approach.

Enter

Enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, winter.

This *Ver*, the spring : the one maintain'd by the owl,

The other by the cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The S O N G.

*When daizies pied, and violets blue,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight ;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.*

*Cuckow, cuckow : O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !*

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmens clocks :
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.*

*Cuckow, cuckow : O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !*

W I N T E R.

*When isicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit, to-who ;*

*A merry note,
While greasie Jone doth keel the pot.*

Whara

LOVE'S Labour's lost.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw;
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit, to-who;
 A merry note,
 While greasie Jone doth keel the pot.

Ann. The words of Mercury
 Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:
 You that way, we this way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





As you Like it.

A

C O M E D Y.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE.

Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dukedom.*

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*
Jaques, }

Le Beau, *a courtier attending on Frederick.*

Oliver, *eldest son to Sir Rowland de Boys, who had formerly been a servant to the Duke.*

Jaques, } *Younger brothers to Oliver.*
Orlando, }

Adam, *an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys, now following the fortunes of Orlando.*

Dennis, *servant to Oliver.*

Charles, *a wrestler, and servant to the usurping Duke Frederick.*

Touchstone, *a clown attending on Celia and Rosalind.*

Corin, } *shepherds.*
Sylvius, }

A clown, in love with Audrey.

William, *another clown, in love with Audrey.*

Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a country curate.*

Rosalind, *daughter to the Duke.*

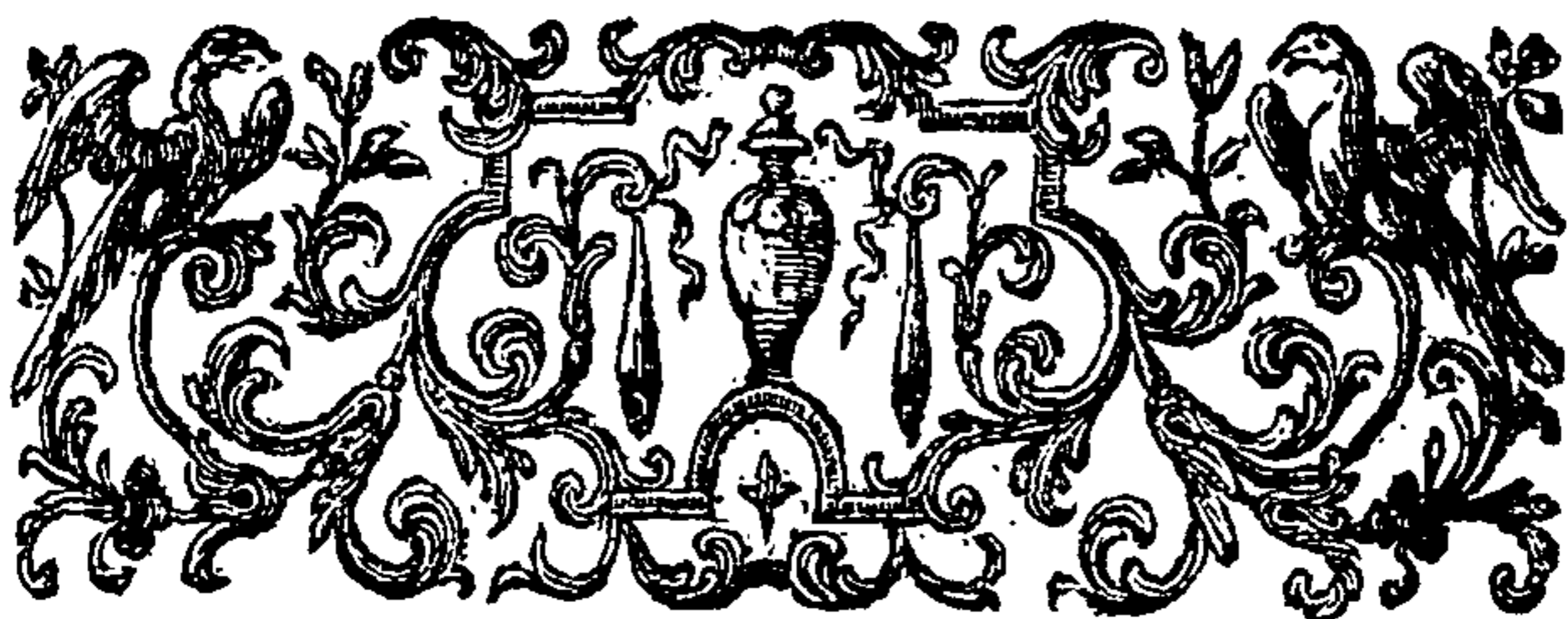
Celia, *daughter to Frederick.*

Phœbe, *a shepherdess.*

Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes, with pages, foresters, and other attendants.

The SCENE lyes first near Oliver's house, and afterwards partly in the Duke's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.



AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

OLIVER'S House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

O R L A N D O.



AS I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this fashion bequeath'd me by will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother *Jagues* he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? his horses are bred better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed
with

with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lyes, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure, it tho' yet I know no wise remedy how to avoït it.

S C E N E II.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orla. Marry Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry Sir, be better employ'd, and be naught a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? what prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orla. O Sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli,

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thy self.

Adam. Sweet masters be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not 'till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding me from all gentleman-like qualities; the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will. I pray you leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exe. Orlando and Adam.*]

S C E N E III.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den.

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in; 'twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new court?

Char. There's no news at the court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind*, the Duke's daughter, be banish'd with her father?

Cha. O no; for the Duke's daughter her cousin so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter, and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry do I, Sir, and I come to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall; to-morrow, Sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him, as I must
for

for mine own honour if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had my self notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by under-hand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the stubbornest young fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee 'till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with tears I speak it) there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so God keep your worship. [*Exit.*]

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never school'd, and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*The Duke's Palace.**Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

Cel. I Pray thee, *Rosalind*, sweet coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear *Celia*, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my unkle, thy banished father, had banished thy unkle the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temp'rd, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have, and truly when he dies thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour I will, and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet *Rose*, my dear *Rose*, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see, what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be the sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill favoured.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No; when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? tho' nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off this argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dullness of the fool, is the whetstone of the wits. How now, whither wander you?

Clo. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn, no more was this Knight swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'st?

Clo. One that old *Frederick* your father loves.

Ros. My father's love is enough to honour him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

Clo. The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenc'd, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great shew: here comes *Monfieur Le Beau*.

S C E N E V.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we shall be the more marketable. *Bonjour, Monsieur le Beau*, what news?

Le Beau. Fair Princess, you have lost much sport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, Madam? how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank ———

Ros. Thoa lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks: Be it known unto all men by these presents.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with *Charles* the Duke's wrestler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lye, the poor old man their father making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Clo. But what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this that I speak of.

Clo. Thus men grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder sure they are coming: let us now stay and see it.



S C E N E VI.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be entreated; his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Ben. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin; are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would feign dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur *Le Ben.*

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by.

Le Ben. Monsieur the challenger, the Princess calls for you.

Orla. I attend her with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the wrestler?

Orla. No, fair Princess; he is the general challenger: I come but as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: you have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw your self with your own eyes, or knew your self with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised; we will make it our suit to the Duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla.

Orla. I beseech you punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my tryal, wherein if I be foil'd there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

Ros. Fare you well; pray heav'n I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mockt before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now *Hercules* be thy speed, young man.

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*they wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*shout.*

Duke. No more, no more. [*Charles is thrown.*

Orla. Yes, I beseech your Grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, *Charles*?

Le Ben. He cannot speak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. *Orlando*, my liege, the youngest son of Sir *Rowland de Boys*. O ; *Duke.*

Duke. I would thou hadst been son to some man else;
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exit Duke.*

S C E N E VII.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Cris. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to *Frederick*.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have giv'n him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him;
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly as you have exceeded all in promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair gentleman.

Oria. Can I not say, I thank you? my better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintine, a meer lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my for-
tunes.

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you: fare you well.

[*Exe. Ros. and Cel.*]

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her; yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poor *Orlando!* thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is indeed
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet indeed the shorter is his daughter;
The other's daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle
To keep his daughter company, whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And on my life his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world than this
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*]

Orla. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant brother:

But heav'nly *Rosalind!*

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Re-enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why cousin, why *Rosalind*; *Cupid* have mercy; not a word!

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child. Oh how full of briers is this working-day-world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O they take the part of a better wrestler than my self.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you; you will try in time in despite of a fall; but turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir *Rowland's* youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? by this kind of chase I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle!

Duke. You, cousin.

Within these ten days if thou be'st found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with my self I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
As I do trust I am not, then dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors,
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace it self:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not,

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me wherein the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his Dukedom,
So was I when your Highness banish'd him;
Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then good my Liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Sovereign hear me speak.

Duke. Ay *Celia*, we but staid her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;

I was too young that time to value her,
 But now I know her; if she be a traitor,
 Why so am I; we still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
 And wheresoe'er we went, like *Juno's* swans,
 Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothness,
 Her very silence and her patience,
 Speak to the people, and they pity her:
 Thou art a fool, she robs thee of thy name,
 And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more vir-
 tuous

When she is gone; then open not thy lips:
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom,
 Which I have past upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my Liege,
 I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool: you neice provide your self;
 If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exe. Duke, &c.*]

S C E N E X.

Cel. O my poor *Rosalind*, where wilt thou go?
 Wilt thou change fathers! I will give thee mine:
 I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin,
 Pr'ythee be cheerful; know'st thou not the Duke
 Has banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? *Rosalind* lacks then the love
 Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
 Shall we be sundred? shall we part, sweet girl?
 No, let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us,
 And do not seek to take your a charge upon you,

a change.

To

To bear your griefs your self, and leave me out :
For by this heav'n, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou can'st, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of *Arden*.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put my self in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smutch my face,
The like do you, so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man ;
A gallant curtelax upon my thigh,
A bore-spear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man ?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than *Jove's* own page,
And therefore look you call me *Ganimed* ;
But what will you be call'd ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state :
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But cousin, what if we assaid to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court ?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him ; let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together ;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight : now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

A FOREST.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords like foresters.

DUKE Senior.



O W my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 ' Hath not old custom made this life
 ' more sweet
 ' Than that of painted pomp? are not
 ' these woods
 ' More free from peril than the envi-
 ' ous court?
 • Here feel we not the penalty of *Adam*,
 • The season's difference, as the icie phang,
 • And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 • Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
 • Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
 • This is no flattery: these are counsellors
 • That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 • Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 • Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 • Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 • And this our life exempt from publick haunt,
 • Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 • Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,

Being

Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches goar'd.

I Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Faques* grieves at that,
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To-day my Lord of *Amiens* and my self
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,
To the which place a poor sequestred stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Faques*,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what said *Faques*?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

I Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving the sum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company: anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: ay, quoth *Faques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greasie citizens,
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea and of this our life, swearing that we

Are

Are meer usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contem-
plation?

2 Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The PALACE again.

Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.

Duke. CAN it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be; some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing:

Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy *Charles*;
And she believes, where-ever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[Exit.]
SCENE

S C E N E III.

OLIVER'S House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orla. **W**Ho's there?

Adam. What my young master? oh my gentle master,

Oh my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny prifer of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no; no brother, yet the son,
Yet not the son, I will not call him son,
Of him I was about to call his father,)
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his practices:
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither *Adam* wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orla.

Orla. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,
 Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
 A thievish living on the common road?
 This I must do, or know not what to do:
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. ' But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
 ' The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
 ' Which I did store, to be my foster nurse
 ' When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 ' And unregarded age in corners thrown;
 ' Take that, and he that doth the ravens feed,
 ' Yea providently caters for the sparrow,
 ' Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
 ' All this I give you, let me be your servant;
 ' Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
 ' For in my youth I never did apply
 ' Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
 ' Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
 ' The means of weakness and debility:
 ' Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 ' Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you,
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

Orla. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world;
 When service sweat for duty, not for meede!
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat, but for promotion,
 And having that, do choak their service up
 Even with the having; it is not so with thee;
 But poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry;
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam.

Adam. Master go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years 'till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The FOREST.

*Enter Rosalind in Boys cloaths for Ganimed, Celia dress
like a Shepherdes for Aliena, and Clown.*

Ros. O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legs
were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's
apparel, and cry like a woman; but I must comfort
the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show
it self courageous to petticoat; therefore courage, good
Aliena.

Cel. I pray you bear with me, I can go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you than
bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you,
for I think you have no mony in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of *Arden*.

Clo. Ay, now I am in *Arden*, the more fool I,
when I was at home I was in a better place; but tra-
vellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good *Touchstone*; look you who
comes here, a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou can'st not guess,
 Tho' in thy youth thou wast as true a lover,
 As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow;
 But if thy love were ever like to mine,
 (As sure I think did never man love so)
 How many actions most ridiculous
 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. 'O thou didst then ne'er love so heartily;
 ' If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
 ' That ever love did make thee run into,
 ' Thou hast not lov'd,
 ' Or if thou hast not fate as I do now,
 ' Wearying the hearer in thy mistress' praise,
 ' Thou hast not lov'd.
 ' Or if thou hast not broke from company,
 ' Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
 ' Thou hast not lov'd.

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*! [Exit *Sil.*

Ros. Alas poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
 I have by hard adventure found my own.

Clo. And I mine; I remember when I was in love,
 I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that
 for coming a-nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember
 the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her
 pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the
 wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I
 took two cods, and giving her them again, said with
 weeping tears, wear these for my sake. We that are
 true lovers run into strange capers; but all is mortal
 in nature, so is all nature in love, mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit,
 'till I break my shins against it.

Ros. *Jove!* *Jove!* this shepherd's passion is much
 upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine, but it grows something stale with
 me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
 If he for gold will give us any food,
 I faint almost to death.

Clo:

Clo. Holla; you clown.

Ros. Peace fool, he's not thy kinsman,

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters, Sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace I say; good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest our selves, and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wrecks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his coat, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but ere
while,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Col. And we will mend thy wages.
I like this place, and willingly could waste
My time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold;
Go with me; if you like upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

S O N G.

*Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lye with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the sweet bird's throat;
Come hisher, come hisher, come hisher,
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur *Jaques*.

Jaq. I thank it; more, I pr'ythee, more; I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged, I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing; come, come, another stanza: call you 'em stanza's?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur *Jaques*.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please my self.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come sing, and you that will not, hold your tongues——

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

S O N G.

*Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lye i'th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

*If it do come to pass,
Than any man turn ass;
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd. [Exit.]



S C E N E VI.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O I die for food! here lye I down, and measure out my grave. Farewel, kind master.

Orla. Why how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in thee? live a little, comfort a little, cheer thy self a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee: thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said, thou look'st cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good *Adam.* [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Duke Sen. and Lords. [A table set out.]

Duke Sen. I think he is transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:
Go seek him, tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why how now, Monsieur, what a life is
this,

That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily.

Jaq.

Jaq. A fool, a fool; I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
' Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he;
' Call me not fool, 'till heaven hath sent me fortune;
' And then he drew a dial from his poak,
' And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
' Says, very wisely, it is ten a clock:
' Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
' 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
' And after one hour more 'twill be eleven,
' And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
' And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
' And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage, he hath strange places cram'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit,
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please, for so fools have;
And they that are most gauled with my folly,

They

They most must laugh : and why, Sir, must they so?
 The why is plain, as way to parish church;
 He whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth, very foolishly, although he smart,
 Seem senseless of the bob. If not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Even by the squandring glances of a fool.
 Invest me in my motley, give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
 For thou thy self hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting it self;
 And all th' embossed sores and headed evils,
 That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
 Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 Till that the very very means do ebb?
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say the city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That says his bravery is not on my cost,
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein sutes
 His folly to the mettle of my speech.
 There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
 Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies
 Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shalt not, 'till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distrefs ?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first, the thorny point
Of bare distrefs hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility ; yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nurture : but forbear, I say :
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. If you will not
Be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke Sen. What would you have ? Your gentleness
shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our
table.

Orla. Speak you so gently ? pardon me, I pray you ;
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
' That in this desert inaccessible,
' Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
' Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
' If ever you have look'd on better days ;
' If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church ;
' If ever sate at any good man's feast ;
' If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
' And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied ;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.

Duke Sen. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And fate at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste 'till you return.

Orla. I thank ye, and be bless'd for your good com-
fort. [Exit.

S C E N E IX.

Duke Sen. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play.

Jag. ' 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. At first the infant,
' Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
' And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
' And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
' Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
' Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
' Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
' Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
' Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
' Seeking the bubble reputation
' Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice

In

‘ 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 meer oblivion,
‘ Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

S C E N E X.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: set down your venerable burthen,

And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for my self.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some musick, and good cousin sing.

S O N G.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man’s ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Altho’ thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the green holly;

Most friendship is feigning; most loving meer folly:

Then heigh ho, the holly,

This life is most jolly.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh*

As benefits forgot :

Tho' thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remembred not.

Heigh ho, sing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's
son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is;
Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

D U K E.



NOT see him since? Sir, Sir, that cannot be :

But were I not the better part made mercy,

I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present : but look
to it,

Find out thy brother wheresoe'er he is,

Seek

Seek him with candle : bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
'Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. Oh that your highness knew my heart in this :
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors,
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands :
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

The FOREST.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. **H**Ang there my verse, in witness of my love ;
And thou thrice crowned Queen of night
survey,
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O *Rosalind*, these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, *Orlando*, carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Corin and Clown.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Mr.
Touchstone ?

Clo. Truly shepherd, in respect of it self, it is a
good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it

is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun: that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope ———

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchstone*: those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesie would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasie.

Clo.

Clo. Why, do not your courtiers hands sweat? and is not the grease of mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? shallow, shallow; a better instance, I say: come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: a sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgerie of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? the courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Most shallow man: thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed; learn of the wise and perpend; civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man; God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. ' Sir, I am a true labourer, I earn that I eat; ' get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's ' happiness; glad of other men's good, content with ' my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see ' my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Clo. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle, to be a bawd to a bell-weather, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth old to a crooked-pated old cuckold'y ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. *Ganimed*, my new mistress's brother.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Rosalind with a paper.

Ros. From the east to the western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.

*All the pictures fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind;
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.*

Cic. I'll rhyme you so eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out fool.

Cic. For a taste.

*If a hart doth lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest a nut hath sowrest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect your self with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medler; then it will be the earliest fruit i' th' country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

^a *meat.*



SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a desert be?*

*For it is unpeopled. No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some of violated vows,
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
This quintessence of every sprite,
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheeks, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts,
By heav'nly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heav'n would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, have patience, good people?

Cel. How now, back friends! shepherd go off a little: go with him, firrah.

Cio. Come shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat, tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.
[*Ex. Cor. and Clown.*]

† † †

S C E N E VI.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondring, how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: for look here what I found on a palm-tree; I was never so be-rhimed since *Pythagoras's* time, that I was an *Irish* rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping —

Ros. Good my complexion, dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and a hose

hose in my disposition? one inch of delay more, is a south-sea of discovery. I pr'ythee tell me, who is it, quickly, and speak apace; I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard?

Ros. Why God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that trip'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak, sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. *Orlando!*

Cel. *Orlando.*

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose? what did he, when thou saw'st him? what said he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes he here? did he ask for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me *Garagantua's* mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: to say ay and no to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easie to count atoms as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd *Jove's* tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Ros. Tho' it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous, he comes to kill my hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman, when I think I must speak: sweet, say on.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he, flink by, and note him.

Jac. I thank you for your company; but good faith, I had as lief have been my self alone.

Orla. And so had I; but yet for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jac. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jac. I pray you marr no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you marr no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jac. *Rosalind* is your love's name.

Orla. Yes, just.

Jac. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jac. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jac. You are full of pretty answers; have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jac.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of *Atalanta's* heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know no faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue; I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook, look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll stay no longer with you; farewell, good signior love. [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

Orla. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur melancholy.

Ros. I will speak to him like a sawcy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him: do you hear, forester?

Orla. Very well, what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orla. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, Sir: time travels in divers paces, with divers persons; I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd;

lemniz'd: if the interim be but a fennight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Whom stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdes, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is something finer, than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtship too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it. I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee recount some of them.

Ros.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind*. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not, but I pardon you for that, for simply your having no beard, is a younger brother's revenue; then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoo untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man, you are rather point device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love, as your rhimes speak?

Orla. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros.

Ros. Love is meerly a madnes, and I tell you deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as mad men do : and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too : yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any so ?

Ros. Yes one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress : and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles ; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour ; would now like him, now loath him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madnes, which was to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook meerly monastick ; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Ros. I would cure you if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now by the faith of my love I will ; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you ; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live : will you go ?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me *Rosalind* : come sister, will you go ?

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Clown, Audrey and Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey* ; and now, *Audrey*, am I the man yet ? doth my simple feature content you ?

Aud.

Aud. Your features, lord warrant us; what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet honest *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

Faq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse than *Jove* in a thatch'd house.

Clo. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding; it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room; truly I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honest in deed and word; is it a true thing?

Clo. No truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry, may be said as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clo. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Faq. A material fool.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods for thy foulness; sluttishness may come hereafter: but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Faq. I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy.

Clo.

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what tho' ? courage. As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns? even so — poor men alone — no, no, the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal: is the single man therefore blessed? no. As a wall'd town is worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes *Sir Oliver*: *Sir Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chappel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good master what ye call: how do you Sir, you are very well met: Godild you for your last company, I am very glad to see you, even a toy in hand here Sir: nay; pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley*?

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horse his curb, and the faulcon his bells, so man hath his desire; and as pidgeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot, then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be
married

married of him than of another ; for he is not like to marry me well ; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Clo. Come, sweet *Audrey*, we must be married, or we must live in bawdry : farewell good *Mr. Oliver* ; not O sweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee : but wind away, begone I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter ; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.]

S C E N E X.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do I pr'ythee, but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep ?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of a dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas's* : marry his kisses are *Judas's* own children.

Ros. I'faith his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour : your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity, as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of chaste lips of *Diana* ; a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

Cel. Nay, certainly there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so ?

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings; he attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O that's a brave man, he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely; quite travers athwart the heart of his lover, as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft enquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain;
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XI.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* do not scorn me, do not, *Phebe*;
Say that you love me not, but say not so

In

In bitterness ; the common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon : will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

Enter Rosalind, Celia and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eyes ;
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee ;
Now counterfeit to swoon, why now fall down ;
Or if thou can'st not, oh for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee ;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But 'till that time
Come not thou near me ; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As 'till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why I pray you ? who might be your mother,

That you insult, exult and all at once
Over the wretched ? what though you have no beauty,
(As,

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
 Why what means this? why do you look on me?
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work: odds my little life,
 I think she means to tangle mine eyes too:
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it,
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
 Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
 You are a thousand times a properer man
 Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;
 'Tis not her glass, but you that flatter her,
 And out of you she sees her self more proper
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.
 But mistress, know your self, down on your knees,
 And thank heav'n, fasting, for a good man's love;
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
 Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
 Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer,
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer:
 So take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
 I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll
 fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she
 answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with
 bitter words: Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill-will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falser than vows made in wine;
 Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:
 Will you go, sister? shepherd, ply her hard:
 Come sister; shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud; tho' all the world could see,

None

None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock.

[*Exit.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*!

Phe. Hah: what say'st thou, *Silvius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee, gentle *Silvius*.

Sil. Where-ever sorrow is, relief would be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief

Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;

And yet it is not that I bear thee love;

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:

But do not look for further recompence,

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,

And such a poverty of grace attends it,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-
while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,

And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds

That the old *Carlot* once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, tho' I ask for him;

'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well,

But what care I for words? yet words do well,

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear:

It is a pretty youth, not very pretty;

But sure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;

He'll make a proper man; the best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
 He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;
 His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well;
 ' There was a pretty redness in his lip,
 ' A little riper, and more lusty red
 ' Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
 ' Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
 There be some women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
 In parcels as I did, would have gone near
 To fall in love with him; but for my part
 I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
 For what had he to do to chide at me?
 He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
 And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me;
 I marvel why I answer'd not again,
 But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou *Silvius*?

Sil. *Phebe*, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
 Go with me, *Silvius*.

[*Exeunt*;



A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues in the FOREST.

Enter Rosalind, Celia and Jaques.

J A Q U E S.

Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad, and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politick ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these ; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often ruminati^on wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller ! by my faith you have great reason to be sad : I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other mens ; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad : I had rather

ther have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happiness, dear *Rosalind*.

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Ros. Farewel, monsieur traveller; look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a Gondola. Why how now *Orlando*, where have you been all this while? You a lover? an you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orla. My fair *Rosalind*, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? he that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Rosalind*.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orla. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for tho' he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head: a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman; besides he brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Ros. Why horns; which such as you, are fain to be beholden to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Rosalind* is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humour, and like enough to consent: what would

would you say to me now, an I were your very, very *Rosalind*?

Orla. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orla. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry that should you if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orla. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No faith, die by attorney; the poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love cause: *Troilus* had his brains dash'd out with a *Grecian* club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash in the *Hellepont*, and being taken with the cramp was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was *Hero* of *Sestos*. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand it will not kill a flie; but come; now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming-on

disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes faith will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand, *Orlando*: what do you say, Sister?

Orla. Pray thee marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, will you *Orlando* ———

Cel. Go to; will you *Orlando* have to wife this *Rosalind*?

Orla. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Orla. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission, but I do take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possess'd her.

Orla. For ever and a day.

Ros. ' Say a day without the ever: no, no, *Orlando*, men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: maids are *May* when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives; I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will
' laugh

laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to sleep.

Orla. But will my *Rosalind* do so?

Ros. By my life she will do as I do.

Orla. O but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors fast upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the sinoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whither wilt?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there: you shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman, that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child her self, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For these two hours, *Rosalind*, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a-clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less; that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o'th' clock is your hour!

Orla. Ay, sweet *Rosalind*.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*; so adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu. [*Exit Orla.*]

S C E N E III.

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of *Portugal*.

Cel. Or rather bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. ' No, that same wicked bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love; I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*, I'll go find a shadow, and sigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a *Roman* conqueror, and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Musick, Song.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear;

Then

*Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burthen ;
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn,
It was a crest ere thou wast born,
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two a-clock ?
I wonder much *Orlando* is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled
brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone
forth to sleep : look who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth,
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this :
I know not the contents, but as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenure ; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience her self would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix : 'od's my will,
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me ? well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,
A free-stone-coloured hand ; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;

She has a hufwife's hand, but that's no matter ;
I fay ſhe never did invent this letter,
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Rof. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers ; why, ſhe deſies me,
Like *Turk* to *Chriſtian* ; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude invention,
Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance ; will you hear the letter ?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet ;
Yet heard too much of *Phebe's* cruelty.

Rof. She *Phebe's* me, mark how the tyrant writes,
[Reads.] *Art thou God to ſhepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?
Can a woman rail thus ?

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Rof. [Reads.] *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'ſt thou with a woman's heart ?
Did you ever hear ſuch railing ?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me,
Meaning me a beaſt.

If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect ?
Whiles you chid me, I did love,
How then might your prayers move ?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me ;
And by him ſeal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make ;
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding ?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd !

Rof. Do you pity him ? no, he deſerves no pity :
wilt

wilt thou love such a woman? what, to make thee an instrument, and play false b strains upon thee? not to be endured! well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her, that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit Sil.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones : pray you, if you know, Where in the purlews of this forest stands A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place down in the neighbour bottom, The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place; But at this hour the house doth keep it self, There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then should I know you by description, Such garments, and such years: the boy is fair, Of female favour, and bestows himself Like a ripe Sister: but the woman low, And browner than her brother. Are not you The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both, And to that youth he calls his *Rosalind* He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am; what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me What man I am, and how, and why, and where This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the young *Orlando* parted from you, He left a promise to return again Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,

Q 5

Chewing

strings.

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
 Lo what befel! he threw his eye aside,
 And mark what object did present it self
 ‘ Under an oak, whose boughs were moss’d with age,
 ‘ And high top bald, of dry antiquity;
 ‘ A wretched ragged man, o’er-grown with hair,
 ‘ Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
 ‘ A green and gilded snake had wreath’d it self,
 ‘ Who with her head, nimble in threats approach’d
 ‘ The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
 ‘ Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink’d it self,
 ‘ And with indented glides did slip away
 ‘ Into a bush, under which bush’s shade
 ‘ A Lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 ‘ Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch
 ‘ When that the sleeping man should stir; for ’tis
 ‘ The royal disposition of that beast
 ‘ To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
 This seen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I have heard him speak of that same brother,
 And he did render him the most unnatural
 That liv’d ’mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do;
 For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But to *Orlando*; did he leave him there
 Food to the suck’d and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos’d so:
 But kindness nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness:
 Who quickly fell before him, in which † hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awak’d.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was’t you he rescu’d?

Cel. Was’t you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. ’Twas I; but ’tis not I; I do not shame
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros.

† hurtling. *skirmishing.*

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love,
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There strip'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lions had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd in fainting upon *Rosalind*.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why, how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*?

[*Ros. faints.*]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is no more in't: cousin *Ganimed*!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. Would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm.

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth; you a man? you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, Sir, a body would think this was well counterfeit. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeit: heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you draw homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I must bear answer back, How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Ros. I shall devise something; but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you go? [*Exe.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

The FOREST.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

C L O W N.



E shall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey*.

Aud. Faith the priest was good enough, for all the old Gentleman's saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey*, a most vile *Mar-text*! but *Audrey*, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown; by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William*.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Wast born i'th' forest here?

Will.

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God : a good answer : art rich ?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, so so.

Clo. So so, is good, very good, very excellent good ; and yet it is not ; it is but so, so. Art thou wise ?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou say'st well : I do now remember a saying, the fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth ; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid.

Will. I do Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand : art thou learned ?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me ; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he : now you are not *ipse* ; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir ?

Clo. He, Sir, that must marry this woman ; therefore you clown, abandon ; which is in the vulgar, leave the society ; which in the boorish, is company, of this female ; which in the common, is woman ; which together is, abandon the society of this female ; or clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage ; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction, I will o'er-run thee with policy, I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter *Corin*.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you ; come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audrey*, trip *Audrey* ; I attend, I attend.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orla. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love *Aliena*; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your good: for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland's*, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers: go you and prepare *Aliena*; for look you, here comes my *Rosalind*.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. Oh my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and *Cæsar's* thraasonical brag of I came, saw and overcame: for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason;

no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes; by so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for *Rosalind*.

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge; inasmuch, I say, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you to do your self good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things; I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalind* so near the heart, as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena* you shall marry her. I know into what streights of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow; human as she is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do, which I tender dearly, tho' I say I am a magician: therefore put you on your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to *Rosalind*, if you will.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have : it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you :
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd ;
Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

Phe. ' Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. ' It is to be made all of sighs and tears,
' And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. ' It is to be made all of faith and service ;
' And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. ' It is to be all made of fantasie,
' All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
' All adoration, duty and observance,
' All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
' All purity, all tryal, all observance ;
' And so am I for *Phebe*

Phe. And so am I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?
[To *Ros.*

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?
[To *Phe.*

Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Ros. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to
love you ?

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you no more of this ; 'tis like the how-
ling of *Irish* wolves against the moon ; I will help you
if

if I can ; I would love you if I could : to-morrow meet me all together : I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow ; [To Phe.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow ; [To Orl.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To Sil.] As you love *Rosalind* meet, as you love *Phebe* meet, and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well ; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I.

[*Exit*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Clo. To-morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey* : to-morrow we will be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart ; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two pages.

1 *Page.* Well met honest gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met : come, fit, fit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you, fit i'th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice.

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

S O N G.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time ; the pretty spring time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.

Sweet lovers love the spring.

And

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
In the spring time, &c.*

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country-folks would lye,
In the spring time, &c.*

*The carrol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
In the spring time, &c.*

Clo. Truly young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1 Page. You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your voices. Come, *Audrey*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke Sen. Dost thou believe, *Orlando*, that the boy can do all this that he hath promised?

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd: You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*, [To the Duke.] You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say you will have her when I bring her? [To Orlando.]

Orla.

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms King.

Ros. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing.

[*To Phebe.*]

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give your self to this most faithful shepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have *Phebe*, if she will ?

[*To Silvius.*]

Sil. Tho' to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I've promis'd to make all this matter even ;
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter ;
You, yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter :
Keep your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me ;
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd.
Keep your word, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me ; and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. [*Ex. Ros. and Celia*]

Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd boy,
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter ;
But, my good Lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Jaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these
couples are coming to the ark. Here come a pair of
very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is
the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met
in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Clo. ' If any man doubt that, let him put me to my
' purgation ; I have trod a measure, I have flatter'd a
' lady,

‘ lady, I have been politick with my friend, smooth
 ‘ with mine enemy, I have undone three taylors, I
 ‘ have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta’en up?

Clo. Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How the seventh cause? good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God’ild you, Sir, I desire you of the like: I press in here, Sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favour’d thing, Sir, but mine own, a poor humour of mine, Sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the fool’s bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lie seven times removed; (bear your body more seeming, *Audrey*) as thus, Sir; I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier’s beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call’d the retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself. This is call’d the quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is call’d the reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is call’d the reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is call’d the countercheck quarrelsome; and so the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo.

Clo. I durst go no further than the lie circumstantial; nor he durst not give me the lie direct, and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

Faq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Clo. O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*; as, if you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Faq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind in woman's cloaths, and Celia.

Still Musick.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heav'n,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.*

*Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heav'n brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.*

Ros. To you I give my self; for I am yours.

To you I give my self; for I am yours. [To the Duke.
[To Orlando.

Duke

Duke Sen. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in fight, you are my *Rosalind*.

Phe. If fight and shape be true,
Why then my love adieu.

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he ;
I'll have no husband, if you be not he ;
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace ho ; I bar confusion :
'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events :
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in *Hymen's* bands,

If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part ;
You and you are heart in heart ;
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather :
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed your selves with questioning :
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

S O N G.

Wedding is great Juno's crown,
O blessed bond of board and bed !
'Tis Hymen peoples every town,
High wedlock then be honoured :
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, God of every town.

Duke Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancy to thee doth combine.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two :
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power which were on foot
In his own conduct purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword :
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world ;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man :
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding ;
To one, his lands with-held ; and to the other,
A land it self at large, a potent Dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot :
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According the measure of their states.
Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustick revelry :
Play musick, and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience : if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

You to your former honour I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*
 Your patience and your virtue well deserve it :
 You to a love that your true faith doth merit ;

[*To Orla.*

You to your land, and love, and great allies ; [*To Oli.*
 You to a long and well-deserved bed ; [*To Silv.*
 And you to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage

[*To the Clown.*

Is but for two months victual'd : so to your pleasures :
 I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Jaqnes*, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I : what you would have
 I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed ; we will begin these
 rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue
 but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the
 prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*,
 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to
 good wine they do use good bushes ; and good plays
 prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What
 a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue,
 nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good
 play ? I am not furnish'd like a beggar ; therefore to
 beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you,
 and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O wo-
 men, for the love you bear to men, to like as much
 of this play as pleases you : and I charge you, O men,
 for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your
 simpring, none of you hate them) that between you and
 the women, the play may please. If I were a woman,
 I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd
 me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I
 defy'd not : and I am sure, as many as have good
 beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my
 kind offer, when I make cur'sie, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Second Volume.