

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
SHAKESPEAR.

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VOLUME *the* THIRD.

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MDCCXXVIII.

*PLAYS contain'd in this Volume.*

The *TAMING* of the *SHREW*.

*ALL'S WELL* that *ENDS WELL*.

*TWELFTH-NIGHT*; or, *WHAT YOU WILL*.

*THE WINTER'S TALE*.

*KING LEAR*;





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THE  
TAMMING  
OF THE  
SHREW.

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# Dramatis Personæ.

**A** Lord, before whom the Play is supposed to be play'd.  
Christopher Sly, a drunken Tinker.

Hostess.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

*The Persons of the Play itself are,*

Baptista, Father to Katharina and Bianca, very rich.

Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.

Lucentio, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

Petruchio, a Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.

Gremio, }  
Hortensio, } Pretenders to Bianca.

Tranio, }  
Biondello, } Servants to Lucentio.

Grumio, Servant to Petruchio.

Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

Katharina, the Shrew.

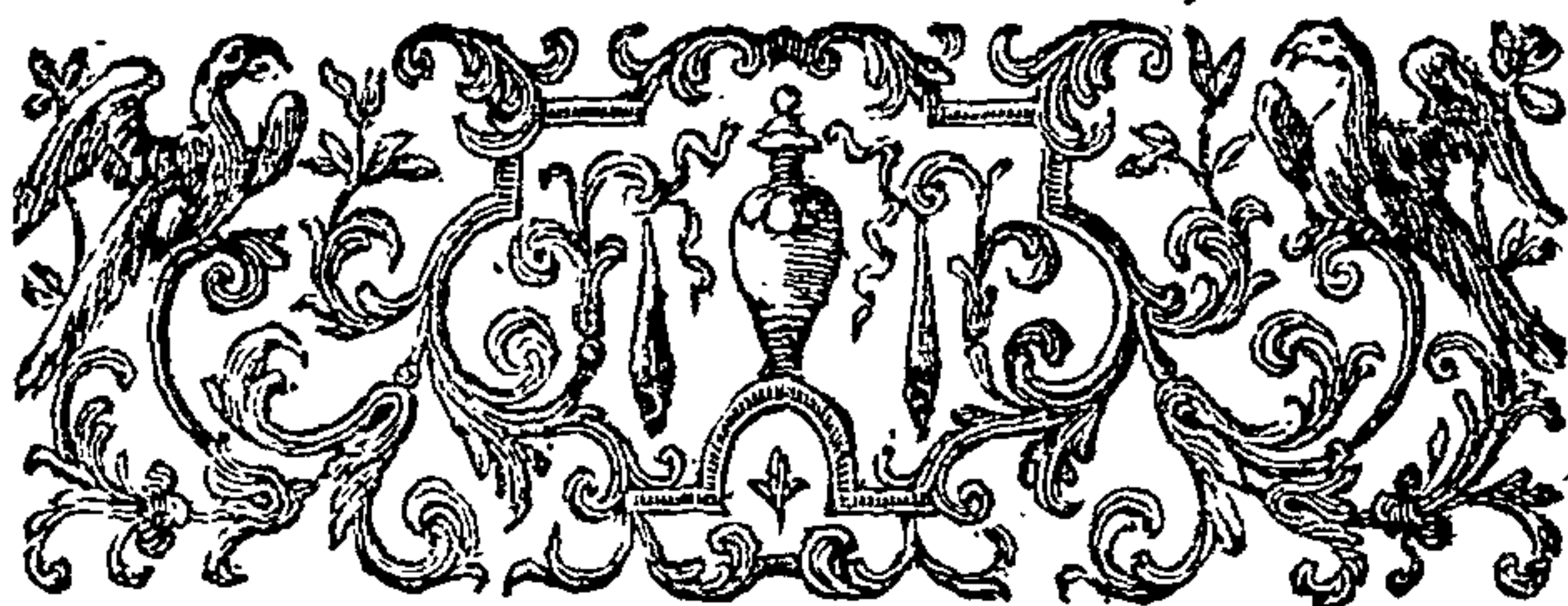
Bianca, her Sister.

Widow.

*Taylor, Haberdashers, with Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.*

**S C E N E,** sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

**T H E**



THE  
TAMING *of the* SHREW.

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INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

*Enter Hostess and Sly.*

S L Y.



'L L pheeze you, in faith.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue.

*Sly.* Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore *paucus pallabris*, let the world slide:

*Sessa.*

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

*Sly.* No, not a deniere: go by *S. Feronimy*, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

*Host.* I know my remedy; I must go fetch the  
a Third-borough.

[*Exit.*

A 3

a *Third-borough, or constable.*

*Sly.*

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*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.]

### S C E N E II.

*Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting with a Train.*

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds,

† *Brach Merriman*, the poor cur is imboast;  
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd *Brach*.  
Saw'st thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good  
At the hedge corner in the coldest fault?  
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

*Hun.* Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord;  
He cried upon it at the meekest loss,  
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:  
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool; if *Eccho* were as fleet,  
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
But sup them well, and look unto them all,  
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

*Hun.* I will, my Lord.

*Lord.* What's here? one dead, or drunk? see doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold, to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!  
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!  
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you if he were convey'd to bed,  
Wrapt in sweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;  
A most delicious banquet by his bed,  
And brave attendants near him when he wakes;  
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuse.

† *Brach, a hound.*

2 *Hun.*

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2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

*Lord.* Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless fancy.  
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:  
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,  
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;  
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,  
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.  
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,  
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly sound;  
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,  
And with a low submissive reverence,  
Say, what is it your honour will command;  
Let one attend him with a silver bason  
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers.  
Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper,  
And say, wilt please your lordship cool your hands?  
Some one be ready with a costly suit,  
And ask him what apparel he will wear;  
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,  
And that his Lady mourns at his disease;  
Perswade him that he hath been lunatick.  
And when he says he's poor, say that he dreams,  
For he is nothing but a mighty lord:  
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:  
It will be pastime passing excellent,  
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you we'll play our part,  
As he shall think by our true diligence,  
He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him;  
And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Sound Trumpets.*]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.  
Belike some noble gentleman that means,  
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.





# The TAMING of the SHREW.

## SCENE III.

*Enter Servant.*

How now? who is it?

*Ser.* Please your honour, players  
That offer service to your lordship.

*Lord.* Bid them come near:

*Enter Players.*

Now fellows, you are welcome.

*Play.* We thank your honour.

*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

*Lord.* With all my heart. This fellow I remember,  
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;  
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:  
I have forgot your name; but sure that part  
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

*Sim.* I think 'twas *Seto* that your honour means.

*Lord.* 'Tis very true, thou didst it excellent:

Well, you are come to me in happy time,  
The rather for I have some sport in hand,  
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.  
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;  
But I am doubtful of your modesties,  
Left over eying of his odd behaviour,  
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)  
You break into some merry passion,  
And so offend him: for I tell you, Sirs,  
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

*Play.* Fear not, my lord, we can contain our selves;  
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

† 2 *Player.* [to the other.] Go get a dishclout to  
make clean your shoes, and I'll speak for the proper-  
ties. [Exit player.

My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a  
property, and a little vinegar to make our devil roar.

*Lord.*

† *This speech is added from the old edition.*

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*Lord.* Go sirrah, take them to the buttery,  
Let them want nothing that the house affords.

[*Exit one with the players.*]

Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my page,  
And see him drest in all suits like a lady:  
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,  
And call him madam, do him all obeisance.  
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)  
He bear himself with honourable action,  
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies  
Unto their lords, by them accomplished;  
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,  
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesie;  
And say; what is't your honour will command,  
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,  
May shew her duty, and make known her love?  
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,  
And with declining head into his bosom,  
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd  
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,  
Who for these seven years hath esteem'd himself  
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:  
And if the boy have not a woman's gift  
To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
An onion will do well for such a shift,  
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,  
Shall in despite enforce a wat'ry eye.  
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst,  
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Servant.*]  
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,  
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.  
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband,  
And how my men will stay themselves from laught  
When they do homage to this simple peasant;  
I'll in to counsel them: haply my presence  
May well abate the over-merry spleen,  
Which otherwise would go into extreams.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Sly with attendants, some with apparel, bason and ewer, and other appurtenances.*

*Sly.* For God's sake a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

*Sly.* I am *Christophero Sly*, call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life: and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet, nay sometimes more feet than shooes, or such shooes as my toes look through the over-leather.

*Lord.* Heav'n cease this idle humour in your honour. Oh that a mighty man of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit.

*Sly.* What, would you make me mad? am not I *Christophero Sly*, old *Sly's* son of *Burton-heath*; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bearherd, and now by present profession a tinker? ask *Marian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Winest*, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What I am not † be-straught: here's---

1 *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your servants droop.

*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

Oh noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,

Call

† bestraught, *distracted.*

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,  
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.  
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,  
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark, *Apollo* plays, [*Musick.*  
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,  
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed  
On purpose trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.

Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrow the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,  
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar  
Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt,

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,  
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are  
as swift

As breathed stags; ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee  
strait

*Adonis* painted by a running brook,

And *Citherea* all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move; and wanton with her breath,  
Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll shew thee *Io*, as she was a maid,  
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,  
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny  
wood,

Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;  
And at the sight shall sad *Apollo* weep:

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:  
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful  
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Man.* And 'till the tears that she hath shed for thee,  
Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,  
She was the fairest creature in the world,  
And yet she is inferior to none.



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*Sly.* Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?  
Or do I dream? or have I dreamed 'till now?  
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;  
I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things:  
Upon my life I am a lord indeed,  
And not a tinker, nor *Christophero Sly*.  
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight,  
And once again a pot o'th' smallest ale.

2 *Man.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

Oh how we joy to see your wits restor'd,  
Oh that once more you knew but what you are!  
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,  
Or when you wak'd, you wak'd as if you slept.

*Sly.* These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:  
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Man.* Oh yes, my lord, but very idle words.  
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,  
And rail'd upon the hostess of the house,  
And say you would present her at the Leet,  
Because she bought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts:  
Sometimes you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Man.* Why Sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,  
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps of Greece*,  
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,  
And twenty more such names and men as these,  
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now lord be thanked for my good amends.

*All.* Amen.

*Sly.* † By th' mass I think I am a lord indeed.  
What is thy name?

*Man.* *Simon*, an't please your honour.

*Sly.* *Sim?* that's as much as to say *Simeon* or *Simon*;  
put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

S C E N E

† This and the two following speeches added from the old edition.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Lady with attendants.*

*Sly.* I thank thee, thou shalt not lose by it.

*Lady.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry I fare well, for here is cheer enough.  
Where is my wife?

*Lady.* Here noble lord, what is thy will with her?

*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?  
My men should call me lord, I am your good man.

*Lady.* My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,

I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well: what must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* Alce madam, or Joan madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else, so lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Come sit down on my knee. *Sim,* drink to her. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, and slept above some fifteen years and more.

*Lady.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,  
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much. Servants leave me and her alone:  
madam, undress you, and come now to bed. *Sim,*  
drink to her.

*Lady.* Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,  
To pardon me yet for a night or two:  
Or if not so, until the sun be set;  
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,  
In peril to incur your former malady,  
That I should yet absent me from your bed;  
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long;  
but I would be loath to fall into my dream again: I  
will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the  
blood.

S C E N E

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy ;  
 For so your doctors hold it very meet,  
 Seeing so much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,  
 And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,  
 Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,  
 And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
 Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry I will, let them play, is it not a commodity ? a *Christmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick ?

*Lady.* No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

*Sly.* What, household stuff ?

*Lady.* It is a kind of history.

*Sly.* Well, we'll see't : come, Madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger.

*The*



The TAMING of the SHREW.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

PADUA.

*Flourish.* Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

LUCENTIO.



*Tranio*, since for the great desire I had  
To see fair *Padua*, nursery of arts,  
I am arriv'd for fruitful *Lombardy*,  
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*.  
And by my father's love and leave am  
arm'd

With his good will, and thy good company.  
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all,  
Here let us breathe, and happily institute  
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.  
*Pisa*, renowned for grave citizens,  
Gave me my being, and my father first  
A merchant of great traffick through the world:  
*Vincentio's* come of the *Bentivolii*,  
*Vincentio* his son, brought up in *Florence*,  
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd  
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:  
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I study,  
Virtue and that part of philosophy  
Will I apply, that treats of happiness,

By



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By virtue specially to be atchiev'd.  
 Tell me thy mind, for I have *Pisa* left,  
 And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves  
 A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,  
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

*Tra.* *Me pardonato*, gentle master mine,  
 I am in all affected as your self:  
 Glad that you thus continue your resolye,  
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy:  
 Only, good master, while we do admire  
 This virtue, and this moral discipline,  
 Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;  
 Or, so devote to *Aristotle's* checks  
 As *Ovid* be an outcast quite abjur'd.  
 Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,  
 And practise rhetorick in your common talk;  
 Musick and poesie use to quicken you,  
 The mathematicks, and the metaphyicks,  
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:  
 No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:  
 In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

*Luc.* Gramercies, *Tranio*, well dost thou advise;  
 If, *Fiondello*, thou wert come ashore,  
 We could at once put us in readiness,  
 And take a lodging fit to entertain  
 Such friends, as time in *Padua* shall beget:  
 But stay a while, what company is this?

*Tra.* Master, some shew to welcome us to town.

S C E N E II.

*Enter* Baptista *with* Katharina *and* Bianca, *Gremio and*  
*Hortensio.* *Lucentio and* *Tranio stand by.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,  
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;  
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,  
 Before I have a husband for the elder:  
 If either of you both love *Katharina*,  
 Because I know you well, and love you well,  
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

*Gre.* To cart her rather. She's too rough for me.  
There, there, *Hortensio*, will you any wife?

*Kath.* I pray you, Sir, is it your will  
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

*Hor.* Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates  
for you;  
Unless you were of gentler milder mould.

*Kath.* I'faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear,  
I wis it is not half way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not, her care shall be  
To comb your nodde with a three-legg'd stool,  
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us.

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord.

*Tra.* Hush, master, here's some good pastime toward,  
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence I do see  
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, *Tranio*.

*Tra.* Well said, master, mum, and gaze your fill.

*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said, *Bianca* get you in,  
And let it not displease thee, good *Bianca*,  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Kath.* A pretty pet, it is best put finger in the eye,  
as she knew why.

*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.  
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:  
My books and instruments shall be my company,  
On them to look, and practise by my self.

*Luc.* Hark, *Tranio*, thou may'st hear *Minerva* speak.

*Hor.* Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange?  
Sorry am I that our good-will effects  
*Bianca's* grief.

*Gre.* Why will you mew her up,  
Signior *Baptista*, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:  
Go in, *Bianca*.

And for I know she taketh most delight

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In musick, instruments, and poetry,  
 School-masters will I keep within my house,  
 Fit to instruct her youth. If you, *Hortensio*,  
 Or Signior *Gremio*, you know any such,  
 Prefer them hither: for to cunning men  
 I will be very kind and liberal,  
 To mine own children, in good bringing up,  
 And so farewell. *Katharina*, you may stay,  
 For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. [Exit.]

*Kath.* Why, I trust I may go too, may I not?  
 what, shall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I  
 knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha! [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are  
 so good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not  
 so great, *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails toge-  
 gether, and fast it fairly out. Our cake's drow on both  
 sides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my sweet  
*Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man to  
 teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him  
 to her father.

*Hor.* So will I, Signior *Gremio*: but a word, I pray;  
 tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle,  
 know now upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we  
 may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be  
 happy rivals in *Bianca's* love, to labour and effect one  
 thing 'specially.

*Gre.* What's that, I pray?

*Hor.* Marry Sir, to get a husband for her sister.

*Gre.* A husband! a devil.

*Hor.* I say a husband.

*Gre.* I say a devil. Think'st thou, *Hortensio*, tho'  
 her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to  
 be married to hell?

*Hor.* Tush, *Gremio*; tho' it pass your patience and  
 mine to endure her a loud alarms, why, man, there  
 be good fellows in the world, an a man could light  
 on them, would take her with all her faults, and mo-  
 ny enough.

*a lewd.*

*Gre.*

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*Gre.* I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whip'd at the high-crofs every morning.

*Hor.* 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples: come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet *Bianca!* happy man be his dole; he that runs fastest gets the ring; how say you, Signior *Gremio?*

*Gre.* I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in *Padua* to begin the wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gre and Hor. Manent Tra. and Lucen.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Tra.* I pray, Sir, tell me, is it possible  
That love should on a sudden take such hold?

*Luc.* Oh *Tranio,* 'till I found it to be true,  
I never thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idly I stood looking on,  
I found th' effect of love in idleness.

And now in plainness do confesse to thee,  
That art to me as secret and as dear

As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was,

*Tranio,* I burn, I pine, I perish, *Tranio,*

If I atchieve not this young modest girl:

Counsel me, *Tranio,* for I know thou canst;

Assist me, *Tranio,* for I know thou wilt.

*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now;

Affection is not rated from the heart.

If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so,

*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*

*Luc.* Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents,

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

*Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

*LUC*



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*Luc.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,  
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,  
When with his knees he kiss'd the *Cretan* strand.

*Tra.* Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her  
sister

Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,  
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

*Luc.* *Tranio*, I saw her coral lips to move,  
And with her breath she did perfume the air;  
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her,

*Tra.* Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance:  
I pray awake, Sir; if you love the maid  
Bend thoughts and wit t' achieve her. Thus it stands:  
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd,  
That till the father rids his hands of her,  
Master, your love must live a maid at home,  
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,  
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

*Luc.* Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel father's he!  
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care  
To get her cunning school-masters to instruct her?

*Tra.* Ay marry am I, Sir, and now 'tis plotted.

*Luc.* I have it, *Tranio*.

*Tra.* Master, for my hand,  
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

*Luc.* Tell me thine first.

*Tra.* You will be school-master,  
And undertake the teaching of the maid:  
That's your device.

*Luc.* It is: may it be done?

*Tra.* Not possible: for who shall bear your part,  
And he in *Padua* here *Vincenzio's* son,  
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,  
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

*Luc.* *Bassa*, content thee, for I have it full.  
We have not yet been seen in any house,  
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,  
For man or master: then it follows thus.  
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio*, in my stead;

Keep

Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.  
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,  
Some *Neapolitan*,—or meaner man of *Pisa*.  
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio*, at once  
Uncase thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak.  
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee,  
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you need.

In brief, good Sir, sith it your pleasure is,  
And I am tied to be obedient,  
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;  
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,)  
Altho' I think 'twas in another sense,  
I am content to be *Lucentio*,  
Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

*Luc.* *Tranio*, be so; because *Lucentio* loves;  
And let me be a slave t'atchieve that maid,  
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

*Enter Biondello.*

Here comes the rogue, Sirrah, where have you been?

*Bion.* Where have I been? nay, how now, where  
are you? master, has my fellow *Tranio* stoll'n your  
cloaths, or you stoll'n his, or both? pray what's the  
news?

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,  
And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
Your fellow *Tranio* here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,  
And I for my escape have put on his:  
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,  
I kill'd a man, and fear I am descry'd:  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;  
While I make way from hence to save my life.  
You understand me?

*Bion.* Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.

*Luc.* And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,  
*Tranio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

*Bion.* The better for him, would I were so too.

*Tra.* So would I, 'faith boy, to have the next wish  
after,

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after, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptista's* youngest daughter. But sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise you use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: when I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*; but in all places else, your master *Lucentio*.

*Luc. Tranio*, let's go: one thing more rests, that thy self execute, to make one among these wooers; if thou ask me why, sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*Before Hortensio's house in Padua.*

*Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.*

*Pet.* **V***erona*, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
*Hortensio*; and I trow this is the house,  
Here sirrah, *Grumio*, knock I say. \*

*Enter*

\* ——— knock I say.

*Grum.* Knock, Sir? whom should I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worship?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

*Grum.* Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I, Sir, That I should knock you here Sir?

*Pet.* Villain, I say knock me at this gate,  
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

*Grum.* My master is grown quarrelsome:  
I should knock you first,

And then I know after, who comes by the worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it,  
I'll try how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*

*Grum.*

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto molto honorato Signior mio Petruchio.\**

And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale  
Blows

---

Gru. Help, mistress, help, my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: sirrah, villain.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio! how do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?  
*Con tutti le core bene trovato* may I say.

Enter, &c.

\* ——— *mio* Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, Sir: he bid me knock him, and rap him foundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for ought I see, two and thirty, a pip out?

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain. Good Hortensio, I bid the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! spake you not these words plain? sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me foundly? and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience, I am Grumio's pledge: Why this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient trusty pleasant servant GRUMIO; And tell me now, &c.



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Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona*?

*Pet.* Such winds as scatters young men through the world,  
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,  
Where small experience grows but in a few.  
*Signior Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,  
*Antonio* my father is deceas'd;  
And I<sup>b</sup> have thrust my self into this maze,  
Happily to wive and thrive, as best I may:  
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  
And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* *Petruchio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,  
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?  
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel,  
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,  
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,  
And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* *Signior Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as us  
Few words suffice; and therefore if you know  
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife;  
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)  
Be she as foul as was *Florentius' love*,  
As old as *Sybil*, and as curst and shrewd  
As *Socrates' Zantippe*, or a worse,  
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,  
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough  
As are the swelling *Adriatick* seas,  
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:  
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

*Gr.* Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what  
his mind is: why give him gold enough, and marry  
him to a puppet, or an † aglet baby, or an old trot  
with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' she have as many  
diseases as two and fifty horses, why nothing comes  
amiss, so many comes withal

*Hor.* *Petruchio*, since we are steep thus far in,  
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife

With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,

Brought

<sup>b</sup> must.    \* time.    † aglet, the tag of a point.

Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.  
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,  
Is, that she is intolerable curs'd,  
And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure,  
That were my state far worser than it is,  
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet. Hortensio*, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect;

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:  
For I will board her, tho' she chide as loud  
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is *Baptista Minola*,  
An affable and courteous gentleman;  
Her name is *Katharina Minola*,  
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, tho' I know not her,  
And he knew my deceased father well;  
I will not sleep, *Hortensio*, 'till I see her,  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,  
To give you over at this first encounter,  
Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gr.* I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. ~~She~~ may perhaps call him half a score knaves, or so: why that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: you know him not, Sir.

*Hor.* Tarry, *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,  
For in *Baptista's* house my treasure is:  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His youngest daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,  
And her with-holds he from me. Other more  
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:  
Supposing it a thing impossible,  
For those defects I have before rehears'd,

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That ever *Katharina* will be woo'd;  
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* ta'en,  
That none shall have access unto *Bianca*,  
'Till *Katharine* the curs'd have got a husband.

*Gr.* *Katharine* the curs'd,  
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

*Hor.* Now shall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,  
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes  
To old *Baptista* as a school-master  
Well seen in musick, to instruct *Bianca*,  
That so I may by this device, at least,  
Have leave and leisure to make love to her;  
And unsuspected court her by her self.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguis'd.*

*Gr.* Here's no knavery! see, to beguile the old  
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together.  
Master, look about you: who goes there? ha.

*Hor.* Peace, *Gremio*, 'tis the rival of my love.  
*Petruchio*, stand by a while.

*Gr.* A proper stripling, and an amorous.

*Gre.* O very well, I have perus'd the note.  
Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,  
All books of love, see that, at any hand;  
And see you read no other lectures to her:  
You understand me. Over and beside  
*Signior Baptista's* liberality,  
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too,  
And let me have them very well perfum'd,  
For she is sweeter than perfume it self  
To whom they go: what will you read to her?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,  
As for my patron, stand you so assured;  
As firmly as your self were still in place,  
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words  
Than you, unless you were a scholar, Sir.

*Gre.* Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

*Gr.* Oh this woodcock, what an ass it is!

*Pet.*

*Pet.* Peace, Sirrah.

*Hor.* *Grumio*, mum! God save you, Signior *Gremio*.

*Gre.* And you are well met, Signior *Hortensio*. Trow you whither I am going? to *Baptista Minola*; I promis'd to enquire carefully about a school-master for the fair *Bianca*, and by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man: for learning and behaviour fit for her turn, well read in poetry, and other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

*Hor.* 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman Hath promis'd me to help me to another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress, So shall I no whit be behind in duty To fair *Bianca*, so belov'd of me.

*Gre.* Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

*Grumio.* And that his bags shall prove.

*Hor.* *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our love. Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking, Will undertake to woo curs'd *Katherine*, Yea and to marry her, if her dowry please.

*Gre.* So said, so done, is well;

*Hortensio*, have you told him all her faults?

*Pet.* I know she is an irksome brawling scold; If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

*Gre.* No, sayest me so, friend? what countryman?

*Pet.* Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio's* son; My father's dead, my fortune lives for me, And I do hope, good days and long, to see.

*Gre.* Oh Sir, such a life with such a wife were strange;

But if you have a stomach, to't a God's name, You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat?

*Pet.* Will I live?

*Grumio.* Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

*Pet.* Why came I hither, but to that intent?  
' Think you a little din can daunt my ears?



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' Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?  
 ' Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,  
 ' Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?  
 ' Have I not heard great ordnance in the field ?  
 ' And heav'ns artillery thunder in the skies ?  
 ' Have I not in a pitched battel heard  
 ' Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue ?  
 ' And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,  
 ' That gives not half so great a blow to hear,  
 ' As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire ?  
 Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

*Grw.* For he fears none.

*Gre.* *Hortensio*, hark :

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,  
 My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

*Hor.* I promis'd we would be contributors,  
 And bear his charge of wooing whatsoe'er.

*Gre.* And so we will, provided that he win her.

*Grw.* I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

S C E N E VII.

*To them Tranio bravely apparell'd, and Biondello.*

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,  
 tell me, I beseech thee, which is the readiest way to  
 the house of Signior *Baptista Minola* ?

*Bion.* He that has the two fair daughters ? is't he  
 you mean ?

*Tra.* Even he, *Biondello*.

*Gre.* Hark you, Sir, you mean not her to —

*Tra.* Perhaps him and her, what have you to do ?

*Pet.* Nor her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

*Tra.* I love no chiders, Sir : *Biondello*, let's away.

*Luc.* Well begun, *Tranio*.

*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go :

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no ?

*Tra.* And if I be, Sir, is it any offence ?

*Gre.* No ; if without more words you will get you  
 hence.

*Tra.* Why, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as free  
 For me, as for you ?

*Gre.*

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason I beseech you?

*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know.

That she's the choice love of Signior *Gremio*.

*Hor.* That she's the chosen of Signior *Hortensio*.

*Tra.* Softly, my masters if you be gentlemen,  
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

*Baptista* is a noble gentleman,  
To whom my father is not all unknown,  
And were his daughter fairer than she is,  
She may more suitors have, and me for one:  
Fair *Leda's* daughter had a thousand wooers,  
Then well one more may fair *Bianca* have,  
And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,  
Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What, this gentleman will out-talk us all.

*Luc.* Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a jade.

*Pet.* *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,  
Did you yet ever see *Baptista's* daughter?

*Tra.* No, Sir; but hear I do that he hath two:  
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,  
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

*Pet.* Sir, Sir, the first's for me, let her go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,  
And let it be more than *Alcides'* twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, insooth:  
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,  
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,  
And will not promise her to any man,  
Until the eldest sister first be wed:  
The younger then is free, and not before.

*Tra.* If it be so, Sir, that you are the man  
Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest:  
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,  
Achieve the elder, set the younger free  
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her,  
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

*Hor.* Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:  
And since you do profess to be a suitor;

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You must, as we do, gratifie this gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,  
Please ye, we may contrive this afternoon,  
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,  
And do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Græ. Eion.* O excellent motion: fellows, let's be  
gone.

*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be it so,  
*Petruchio,* I shall be your *benvenuto*. . . . [*Exeunt.*

*1 Man.* My Lord, you nod, you do not mind the play.

*Sly.* Yea, by St. Ann do I: a good matter surely!  
*comes there any more of it?*

*Lady.* My Lord, 'tis but begun.

*Sly.* 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam *Lady.*  
*Would 'twere done!*



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Baptista's House in Padua.*

*Enter Katherina and Bianca.*

B I A N C A.



Ood sister, wrong me not, nor wrong  
your self,

To make a bond-maid and a slave of me;  
That I disdain: but for these other  
goods,

Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off  
my self,

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,  
Or what you will command me will I do;  
So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Kath.* Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell  
Whom

Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

*Bian.* Believe me sister, of all men alive  
I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other.

*Kath.* Minion, thou liest; is't not *Hortensio*?

*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear  
I'll plead for you my self, but you shall have him.

*Kath.* Oh then belike you fancy riches more,  
You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair.

*Bian.* Is it for him you do so envy me?  
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive  
You have but jested with me all this while;  
I pr'ythee, sister *Kate*, untie my hands.

*Kath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*

*Enter Baptista.*

*Bap.* Why how now dame, whence grows this insolence?

*Bianca*, stand aside; poor girl, she weeps;  
Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.  
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?  
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

*Kath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd,  
[*Flies after Bianca.*

*Bap.* What, in my sight? *Bianca*, get thee in.

[*Ex. Bianca.*

*Kath.* Will you not suffer me? nay, now I see  
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,  
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,  
And for your love to her lead apes in hell:  
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,  
'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit *Kath.*

*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?  
But who comes here?





2 The TAMING of the SHREW.

SCENE II.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man,  
Petruccio with Hortensio like a musician, Tranio  
and Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour *Baptista*.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio*: God save  
you gentlemen.

Pet. And you, good Sir; pray have you not a  
daughter call'd *Katharina*, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd *Katharina*.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave.  
I am a gentleman of *Verona*, Sir,  
That hearing of her beauty and her wit,  
Her affability and bashful modesty,  
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,  
Am bold to shew my self a forward guest  
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
Of that report, which I so oft have heard.  
And for an entrance to my entertainment,

{ Presenting Hor.

I do present you with a man of mine,  
Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,  
To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:  
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,  
His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

Bap. Y'are welcome, Sir, and he for your good  
fake.

But for my daughter *Katharina*, this I know,  
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,  
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.  
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. *Petruccio* is my name, *Antonio's* son,  
A man well known throughout all *Italy*.

Bap.

*Bap.* I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

*Gre.* Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are poor petitioners speak too. *Baccare*, you are marvellous forward.

*Pet.* Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing.

*Gre.* I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing neighbours. This is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness my self, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young scholar, that hath been long studying at *Reims*, [*Presenting Luc.*] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other languages; as the other in musick and mathematicks; his name is *Cambio*; pray accept his service.

*Bap.* A thousand thanks, Signior *Gremio*: welcome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir, methinks you walk like a stranger, [*To Franio.*] may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

*Tra.* Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own, That being a stranger in this city here, Do make my self a suitor to your daughter, Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous:

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,

That upon knowledge of my parentage,

I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

And free access and favour as the rest.

And toward the education of your daughters,

I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books:

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*Bap.* *Lucentio* is your name? of whence I pray?

*Tra.* Of *Pisa*, Sir, son to *Vincentio*.

*Bap.* A mighty man of *Pisa*; by report

I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.

Take you the lute, and you the set of books,

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You shall go see your pupils presently.  
Holla, within.

*Enter a servant.*

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen  
To my two daughters, and then tell them both  
These are their tutors, bid them use them well.  
We will go walk a little in the orchard,  
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,  
And so I pray you all to think your selves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,  
And every day I cannot come to woo.  
You knew my father well, and in him me,  
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd;  
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,  
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*Bap.* After my death, the one half of my lands,  
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,  
In all my lands and leases whatsoever;  
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,  
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Ea<sup>r</sup>.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why that is nothing: for I tell you, father,  
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded.  
And where two raging fires meet together  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.  
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extream gusts will blow out fire and all:  
So I to her, and so she yields to me,  
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed:  
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,  
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Hortensio with his head broke.*

*Bap.* How now my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

*Hor.* For fear I promise you, if I look pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

*Hor.* I think she'll sooner prove a soldier; Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why then, thou canst not break her to the lute?

*Hor.* Why no, for she hath broke the lute to me. I did but tell her she mistook her frets, And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering, When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, Frets call you them? quoth she: I'll fume with them: And with that word she struck me on the head, And through the instrument my pate made way, And there I stood amazed for a while, As on a pillory, looking through the lute: While she did call me rascal, fidler, And twangling jack, with twenty such vile terms, As she had studied to misuse me so.

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench, I love her ten times more than e'er I did; Oh how I long to have some chat with her!

*Bap.* Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited. Proceed in practice with my younger daughter, She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns; Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us, Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you?

*Pet.* I pray you do. I will attend her here,

[*Exit Bap.*

And woo her with some spirit when she comes. Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain She sings as sweetly as a nightingale: Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;

Say



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Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,  
 Then I'll commend her volubility,  
 And say she uttereth piercing eloquence :  
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
 As tho' she bid me stay by her a week ;  
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
 When I shall ask the banes, and when be married ?  
 But here she-comes, and now *Petruchio* speak.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Katharina.*

Good morrow *Kate*, for that's your name I hear.

*Kath.* Well have you heard, but something hard  
 of hearing.

They call me *Katharine*, that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,  
 And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst :

But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in christendom,  
*Kate* of *Kate-hall*, my super-dainty *Kate*,  
 (For dainties are all *Cates*) and therefore *Kate*  
 Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation !

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,  
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,  
 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs :

My self am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Kath.* Mov'd ! in good time ; let him that mov'd  
 you hither,

Remove you hence ; I knew you at the first  
 You were a moveable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable ?

*Kath.* A join'd stool.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it ; come, sit on me.

*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Kath.* No such jade, Sir, as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,  
 For knowing thee to be but young and light —

*Kath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;  
 And

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.\*

*Pet.*

---

\*————— weight should be

*Pet.* Should be! should! buz.

*Kath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* Oh slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

*Kath.* Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

*Pet.* Come, come you wasp, 't' faith you are too angry.

*Kath.* If I be waspish, 'best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then to pluck it out.

*Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lyes.

*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?

In his tail.

*Kath.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whose tongue?

*Kath.* Yours if you talk of tails, and so farewell.

*Pet.* What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,

Good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.

*Kath.* That I'll try. *[She strikes him.]*

*Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

*Kath.* So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me you are no gentleman,

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

*Pet.* A herald, *Kate*? oh put me in thy books.

*Kath.* What is your crest, a coxcomb?

*Pet.* A comble's cock, so *Kate* will be my hen.

*Kath.* No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

*Pet.* Nay, come *Kate*; come, you must not look so sower.

*Kath.* It is my fashion when I see a crab.

*Pet.* Why here's no crab, and therefore look not so sower.

*Kath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then shew it me.

*Kath.* Had I a glafs I would.

*Pet.* What, you mean my face?

*Kath.*

*Pet.* Nay, hear you *Kate*. Insooth you 'scape not so.

*Kath.* I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle:  
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,  
And now I find report a very liar,

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,  
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou can'st not frown, thou can'st not look ascance,  
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk:

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conf'rence, soft and affable.

Why doth the world report that *Kate* doth limp?

Oh slanderous world! *Kate*, like the hazle twig,

Is strait, and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

*Kath.* Go fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

*Pet.* Did ever *Dian* so become a grove,

As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gait?

O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportful.

*Kath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?

*Pet.* It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.

*Kath.* A witty mother, witless else her son.

*Pet.* Am I not wise?

*Kath.* Yes; keep you warm.

*Pet.* Why so I mean, sweet *Katharine*, in thy bed:

And therefore setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dow'ry 'greed on,

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn,

For

*Kath.* Well aim'd of such a young one.

*Pet.* Now, by St. *George* I am too young for you.

*Kath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.

*Kath.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay, &c.

For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,  
Thou must be married to no man but me.  
For I am he am born to tame you *Kate*,  
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,  
Conformable as other household *Kates*;  
Here comes your father, never make denial,  
I must and will have *Katharine* to my wife.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.*

*Bap.* Now, Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with  
my daughter?

*Pet.* How but well, Sir? how but well?  
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

*Bap.* Why how now daughter *Katharine*, in your  
dumps?

*Kath.* Call you me daughter? now I promise you  
You've shew'd a tender fatherly regard,  
To wish me wed to one half lunatick,  
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing jack,  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus; your self and all the world  
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;  
If she be curs'd, it is for policy,  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove:  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn,  
For patience she will prove a second *Grissel*,  
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chastity.  
And to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,  
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding day.

*Kath.* I'll see thee hang'd on *Sunday* first.

*Gre.* Hark: *Petruchio*! she says she'll see thee hang'd  
first.

*Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay then, good night  
our part!

*Pet.* Be patient, Sirs, I chuse her for my self,  
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis



'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
 That she shall still be curs'd in company.  
 I tell you 'tis incredible to believe  
 How much she loves me, oh the kindest *Kate!*  
 She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss  
 She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,  
 That in a twink she won me to her love.  
 Oh you are novices; 'tis a world to see,  
 How tame (when men and women are alone)  
 A † meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.  
 Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,  
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day;  
 Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests,  
 I will be sure my *Katharine* shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say, but give your hands.  
 God send you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

*Gre. Tra.* Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu,  
 I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,  
 We will have rings and things, and fine array,  
 And kiss me *Kate*, we will be married a *Sunday*.

[*Ex. Petruchio and Katharina.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

*Gre.* Was ever match clapt up so suddenly?

*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,  
 And venture madly on a desperate mart.

*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;  
 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

*Bap.* The gain I seek, is quiet in the match.

*Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:  
 But now *Baptista*, to your younger daughter,  
 Now is the day we long have looked for:  
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

*Tra.* And I am one that love *Biancha* more  
 Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

*Gre.* Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

*Tra.* Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

*Gre.*

† meacock or mew-cock, an effeminate fellow.

*Gre.* But thine doth fry.

*Skipper,* stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

*Tra.* But youth in ladies eyes that flourisheth.

*Bap.* Content you gentlemen, I will compound  
this strife;

'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,  
Shall have *Bianca's* love.

Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,  
Basons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:  
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapestry;  
In ivory coffers I have stuf't my crowns;  
In cypress chests my arras, counterpanes,  
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,  
Fine linnen, *Turkey* cushions boss'd with pearl;  
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work;  
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong  
To house, or house-keeping: then at my farm  
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls;  
And all things answerable to this portion.  
My self am struck in years, I must confess,  
And if I die to-morrow this is hers,  
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

*Tra.* That *only* came well in. Sir, list to me;  
I am my father's heir, and only son;  
If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one  
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;  
Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
Of fruitful land; all which shall be her jointure.  
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio*?

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land!  
My land amounts not to so much in all:  
That she shall have, besides an *Argosie*  
That now is lying in *Marseilles's* road.  
What, have I choakt you with an *Argosie*?

*Tra.*

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*Tra.* *Gremio*, 'tis known my father hath no less  
Than three great *Argosies*, besides two galliasses,  
And twelve tight gallies; these I will assure her,  
And twice as much, what e'er thou offer'st next.

*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;  
And she can have no more than all I have;  
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

*Tra.* Why then the maid is mine from all the world,  
By your firm promise; *Gremio* is out-vied

*Bap.* I must confess your offer is the best;  
And let your father make her the assurance,  
She is your own, else you must pardon me:  
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

*Tra.* That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die as well as old?

*Bap.* Well, gentlemen, then I am thus resolv'd:  
On *Sunday* next, you know,  
My daughter *Katharine* is to be married:  
Now on the *Sunday* following shall *Bianca*  
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;  
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour. Now I fear thee not:  
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool  
To give thee all; and in his waning age  
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!

An old *Italian* fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide,  
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:  
'Tis in my head to do my master good:  
I see no reason, but suppos'd *Lucentio*  
May get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*;  
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly  
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,  
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

[*Sly* speaks to one of the servants.

*Sly.* *Sim.* when will the fool come again?

*Sim.* Anon, my lord.

*Sly.* Give's some more drin': here---where's the tap-  
ster? here *Sim*, eat some of these things.

*Sim,*

Sim. So I do, my Lord.

Sly. Here Sim, I drink to thee.



ACT III. SCENE I.

*Continues in Padua.*

*Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.*

LUCENTIO.



Idler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:  
Have you so soon forgot the entertain-  
ment

Her sister Katharine welcom'd you with-  
al?

*Hor.* Wrangling pedant, this  
The patroness of heavenly harmony;

Then give me leave to have prerogative;  
And when in musick we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous a's, that never read so far  
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd;  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
After his studies, or his usual pain?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And while I pause serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine!

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:  
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;  
I'll not be tied to hours, nor pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please my self;  
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down,  
'Take you your instrument, play you the while,  
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

*Hor.*



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*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?  
[*Hortensio retires.*]

*Luc.* That will be never: tune your instrument.

*Bian.* Where left we last?

*Luc.* Here, Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,*

*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

*Bian.* Construe them.

*Luc.* *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, son unto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

*Hor.* Madam, my instrument's in-tune. [*Returning.*]

*Bian.* Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

*Bian.* Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.

*Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.

*Luc.* All but the base.

*Hor.* The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars.  
How fiery and how froward is our pedant!  
Now for my life that knave doth court my love;  
*Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet.

*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

*Luc.* Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*  
Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his grandfather.

*Bian.* I must believe my master, else I promise you,  
I should be arguing still upon that doubt;  
But let it rest. Now *Licio* to you:

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Hor.* You may go walk, and give me leave a while;  
My lessons make no musick in three parts.

*Luc.* Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait,  
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,  
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

*Hor.*

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
To learn the order of my fingering,  
I must begin with rudiments of art,  
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer sort,  
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,  
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;  
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

*Bian.* Why, I am past my *Gamut* long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortensio*.

*Bian.* [reading.] *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,

*Are*, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion,  
*E mi, Bianca*, take him for thy lord,  
*Cfaut*, that loves with all affection,  
*D sol re*, one cliff, but two notes have I,  
*Elami*, show pity, or I die.

Call you this *Gamut*? tut, I like it not;  
Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice  
To change true rules for new inventions.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your  
books,  
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;  
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*Bian.* Farewel sweet masters both; I must be gone.  
[Exit.]

*Luc.* Faith mistress, then I have no cause to stay.  
[Exit.]

*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant;  
Methinks he looks as tho' he were in love:  
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be so humble,  
To cast thy wandring eyes on every stale;  
Seize thee who list; if once I find thee ranging,  
*Hortensio* will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.]



## S C E N E II.

*Enter* Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Lucentio, Bianca, *and attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day  
That *Kath'rine* and *Petruchio* should be married;  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.  
What will be said? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?  
What says *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

*Kath.* No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be  
forc'd

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,  
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,  
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,  
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:  
And to be noted for a merry man,  
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,  
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;  
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.  
Now must the world point at poor *Katharine*,  
And say, lo there is mad *Petruchio's* wife,  
If it would please him come and marry her.

*Tra.* Patience, good *Katharine*, and *Baptista* too;  
Upon my life *Petruchio* means but well,  
What ever fortune stays him from his word.  
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise;  
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

*Kath.* Would *Katharine* had never seen him tho'!  
[*Exit weeping.*]

*Bap.* Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;  
For such an injury would vex a saint,  
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Master, Master; old news, and such news as you never heard of.

*Bap.* It is new and old too? how may that be?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news to hear of *Petruchio's* coming?

*Bap.* Is he come?

*Bion.* Why no, Sir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

*Tra.* But say, what to thine old news?

*Bion.* ' Why *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and an  
' old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair  
' of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled,  
' another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the  
' town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless,  
' with two broken points; his horse hip'd with an  
' old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; be-  
' sides possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in  
' the chine, troubled with the lampasse, infected with  
' the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins,  
' rai'd with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark  
' spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots,  
' waid in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd  
' before, and with a half checkt bit, and a headstall  
' of sheep's leather, which being restrain'd to keep  
' him from stumbling hath been often burst, and now  
' repair'd with knots; one girt six times piec'd, and  
' a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two let-  
' ters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here  
' and there piec'd with packthread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* ' Oh Sir, his lackey, for all the world capa-  
' rison'd like the horse, with a linnen stock on one  
leg.



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leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd  
with a red and blue list, an old hat, and the humour  
of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather: a mon-  
ster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a chri-  
stian footboy, or gentleman's lackey.

*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;  
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

*Bion.* Why Sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that *Petruchio* came?

*Bap.* Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

*Bion.* No, Sir; I say his horse comes with him on  
his back.

*Bap.* Why that's all one.

*Bion.* Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny  
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically habited.*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

*Bap.* You're welcome, Sir.

*Pet.* And yet I come not well.

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

*Tra.* Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you were.

*Pet.* Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

*Bap.* Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-fore to our solemn festival.

*Tra.* And tell us what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike your self?

*Pet*

*The TAMING of the SHREW.* 49

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:  
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,  
Tho' in some part enforced to digress,  
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her;  
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes;  
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

*Pet.* Not I; believe me, thus I'll visit her.

*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with  
words;

To me she's married, not unto my cloaths:  
Could I repair what she will wear in me,  
As I could change these poor accoutrements,  
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my self.  
But what a fool am I to chat with you,  
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a lovely kiss? [Exit.]

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire:  
We will persuade him, be it possible,  
To put on better ere he go to church.

*Bap.* I'll after him, and see the event of this. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

*Tra.* But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,  
As I before imparted to your worship,  
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be  
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn)  
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,  
And make assurance here in *Padua*  
Of greater sums than I have promised:  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow school-master  
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly,  
'Twere good methinks to steal our marriage;

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Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,  
I'll keep my own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,  
And watch our vantage in this business:  
We'll over-reach the gray-beard *Gremio*,  
The narrow-prying father *Minola*,  
The quaint musician amorous *Licio*;  
All for my master's sake *Lucentio*.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Gremio.*

Now, Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?

*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.

*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

*Gre.* A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,  
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*Tra.* Crufter than she? why 'tis impossible.

*Gre.* Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

*Tra.* Why she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

*Gre.* Tut she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:  
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*, when the priest  
Should ask if *Katharine* should be his wife?

Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he; and swore so loud,  
That all amaz'd the priest let fall the book;

And as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,  
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.  
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

*Tra.* What said the wench, when he rose up again?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and  
swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if

Had been aboard carowzing to his mates

After a storm; quast off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other cause, but that his beard

Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask

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His fops as he was drinking. This done, he took  
The bride about the neck, and kist her lips  
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting  
All the church eccho'd; and I seeing this,  
Came thence for very shame; and after me  
I know the rout is coming:  
Such a mad marriage never was before.  
Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play. [*Musick plays.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Hortensio,  
and Baptista.*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your  
pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day,  
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;  
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence;  
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

*Bap.* Is't possible you will away to-night?

*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night come.  
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,  
You would entreat me rather go than stay.  
And honest company, I thank you all,  
That have beheld me give away my self  
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife  
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,  
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

*Tra.* Let us intreat you stay 'till after dinner;

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me intreat you.

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Kath.* Let me intreat you.

*Pet.* I am content.

*Kath.* Are you content to stay?

*Pet.* I am content you shall intreat me stay;  
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

*Kath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* *Grumio*, my horses.



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*Gre.* Ay, Sir, they be ready : the oats have eaten the horses.

*Kath.* Nay then  
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;  
No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I please my self :  
The door is open, Sir, there lyes your way,  
You may be jogging while your boots are green,  
For me, I'll not go, 'till I please my self :  
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,  
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

*Pet.* O *Kate* content thee ; pr'ythee be not angry.

*Kath.* I will be angry ; what hast thou to do ?  
Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

*Gre.* Ay, marry Sir, now it begins to work.

*Kath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal-dinner.  
I see a woman may be made a fool,  
If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.  
Obey the bride, you that attend on her :  
Go to the feast, revel and domineer ;  
Carowle full measure to her maiden-head ;  
Be mad and merry, or go hang your selves ;  
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me.  
Nay look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,  
I will be master of what is mine own ;  
She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,  
My household stuff, my field, my barn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;  
And here she stands, touch her who ever dare ;  
I'll bring my action on the proudest he,  
That stops my way in *Padua* : *Grumio*,  
Draw forth thy weapon ; we're beset with thieves ;  
Rescue thy mistress if thou be a man :  
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, *Kate* ;  
I'll buckler thee against a million. [*Exe. Pet. and Kath.*]

*Lap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches, never was the like.

*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?

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*Bian.* That being mad her self, she's madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, tho' bride and bridegroom want

For to supply the places at the table;

You know there wants no junkets at the feast:

*Lucentio*, you supply the bridegroom's place,

And let *Bianca* take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

*Bap.* She shall, *Lucentio*: gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Petruchio's Country House.*

*Enter Grumio.*

G R U M I O.



*IE*, fie on all tired jades, and all mad masters, and all foul ways! was ever man so beaten? was ever man so raide? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them: now were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire shall warm my self; for considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, ho, *Curtis!*

*Enter Curtis.*

*Curt.* Who is it that calls so coldly?

*Grum.* A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st

C 3

slide.

slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis*.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, *Grumio*?

*Grum.* Oh ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

*Grum.* She was, good *Curtis*, before the frost; but thou know'st winter tames man, woman and beast, for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and my self, fellow *Curtis*.

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.

*Grum.* Am I but three inches? why thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

*Curt.* I pr'ythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

*Grum.* A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Curt.* There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

*Grum.* Why, *Jack* boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of conycatching.

*Grum.* Why therefore fire; for I have caught extrem cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

*Curt.* All ready: and therefore I pray thee what news?

*Grum.* First, know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fall'n out.

*Curt.* How?

*Grum.*

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*GRU.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

*CURT.* Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

*GRU.* Lend thine ear.

*CURT.* Here.

*GRU.* There. [Strikes him.]

*CURT.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*GRU.* And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listning. Now I begin: *imprimis* we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

*CURT.* Both on one horse?

*GRU.* What's that to thee?

*CURT.* Why a horse.

*GRU.* Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not crost me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou should'st have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

*CURT.* By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

*GRU.* Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugerfop*, and the rest: let their heads be sleeky comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'sie with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

*CURT.* They are.

*GRU.* Call them forth.

*CURT.* Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

C 4

*GRU.*



56 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

*Gru.* Why she hath a face of her own.

*Curt.* Who knows not that?

*Gru.* Thou it seems, that call'st for company to countenance her.

*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.

*Enter four or five Serving-men.*

*Gru.* Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Nat.* Welcome home, *Grumio*.

*Phil.* How now, *Grumio*?

*Jos.* What, *Grumio*!

*Nich.* Fellow *Grumio*!

*Nath.* How now, old lad.

*Gru.* Welcome you; how now you; what you; fellow you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

*Nat.* All things are ready; how near is our master?

*Gru.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not — cock's passion, silence, I hear my master.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Petruchio and Kate.*

*Pet.* Where be these knaves? what, no man at door to hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*?

*All Serv.* Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

*Pet.* Here Sir, here Sir, here Sir, here Sir? You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms: What? no attendance? no regard? no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

*Gru.* Here Sir, as foolish as I was before.

*Pet.* You pleasant swain, you whoreson, malt-horse-drudge, Did not I bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along the rascal knaves with thee?

*Gru.* *Nathaniel's* coat, Sir, was not fully made: And *Gabriel's* pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel: There was no link to colour *Peter's* hat,

And.

*The TAMING of the SHREW.* 57

And *Walter's* dagger was not come from sheathing :  
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*,  
The rest were ragged, old and beggarly,  
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

*Pet.* Go, rascals, go and fetch my supper in.

[*Ex. Serv*

Where is the life that late I led ?  
Where are those ? ——— sit down *Kate*,  
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

*Enter Servants with supper.*

Why when I say ? nay, good sweet. *Kate* be merry.  
Off with my boots, you rogue : you villains, when ?

[*Sings :*

*It was the friar of orders grey ;  
As he forth walked on his way.*

Out, out, you rogue, you pluck my foot awry.  
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, *Kate* : some water here ; what ho.

*Enter one with water.*

Where's my spaniel *Troilus* ? sirrah, get you hence,  
And bid my cousin *Ferdinand* come hither :  
One, *Kate*, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.  
Where are my slippers ? shall I have some water ?  
Come *Kate*, and wash, and welcome heartily :  
You whoreson villain, will you let it fall ?

*Kat.* Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

*Pet.* A whoreson, beetle-headed, flat-ear'd knave :  
Come *Kate*, sit down, I know you have a stomach.  
Will you give thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I ?  
What's this, mutton ?

*1 Ser.* Yes.

*Pet.* Who brought it ?

*Ser.* I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat :  
What dogs are these ? where is the rascal cook ?

## 58 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,  
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:

*[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]*

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves.

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

*Kat.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet,  
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:

For it engenders choler, planteth anger,

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,

Since of our selves, our selves are cholerick,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh:

Be patient, for to-morrow't shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Servants severally.*

*Nath.* *Peter*, didst ever see the like?

*Peter.* He kills her in her own humour.

*Grx.* Where is he?

*Enter Curtis, a Servant.*

*Curt.* In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her,

And rails, and swears, and rates; and she poor soul

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away, for he is coming hither. *[Exit.]*

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Petruchio.*

*Pet.* Thus have I politickly begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,

And till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

*And.*

Another way I have to man my haggard,  
To make her come, and know her keeper's call:  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,  
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.  
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat.  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall not:  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed.  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, that way the sheets;  
Ay, and amid this hurly I'll pretend  
That all is done in reverend care of her,  
And in conclusion, she shall watch all night:  
And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew. [Exit,

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Katharina and Grumio.*

*Grm.* No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

*Kath.* The more my wrong; the more his spite appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?  
Beggars that come unto my father's door,  
Upon intreaty, have a present alms;  
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:  
But I, who never knew how to intreat,  
Nor never needed that I should intreat,  
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;  
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;  
And that which spights me more than all these wants,  
He does it under name of perfect love:  
As who would say, if I should sleep or eat  
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death:  
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

*Grm*



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*Gru.* What say you to a neat's foot?

*Kath.* 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

*Gru.* I fear it is too flegmatick a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

*Kath.* I like it well; good *Grumio* fetch it me.

*Gru.* I cannot tell, I fear it's cholerick:

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

*Kath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.

*Gru.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

*Kath.* Why then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

*Gru.* Nay then I will not; you shall have the mustard,  
Or else you get no beef of *Grumio*.

*Kath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

*Gru.* Why then the mustard without the beef.

*Kath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,  
[beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you

That triumph thus upon my misery.

Go, get thee gone, I say.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.*

*Pet.* How fares my *Kate*? what, sweeting, all amort?

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer?

*Kath.* 'Faith as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me;  
Here love, thou seest how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat my self, and bring it thee:

I'm sure, sweet *Kate*, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'st it not:

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here take away the dish.

*Kath.* I pray you let it stand.

*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks,  
And so shall mine before you touch the meat.

*Kath.* I thank you, Sir.

*Hor.* Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are to blame:

Come,

Come, mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you company.

*Pet.* Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me,  
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;  
*Kate*, eat apace. And now my honey love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house,  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With filken coats, and caps, and golden rings,  
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things:  
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,  
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.  
What, hast thou din'd? the taylor stays thy leisure,  
To deck thy body with his <sup>a</sup> rustling treasure.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Taylor.*

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

*Enter Haberdasher.*

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?

*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

*Pet.* Why this was moulded on a porringer,  
A velvet dish; fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,  
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

*Kath.* I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  
And not 'till then.

*Hor.* That will not be in haste.

*Kath.* Why, Sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,  
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe,  
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;  
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,  
Or else my heart concealing it will break:  
And rather than it shall, I will be free,

Even

<sup>a</sup> rustling.

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Even to the utmost as I please in words.

*Pet.* Why thou say'st true, it is a paltry cap,  
A custard coffin, a bauble, a silken pie,  
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

*Kath.* Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,  
And I will have it, or I will have none.

*Pet.* Thy gown? why ay; come taylor, let us see't.  
O mercy heav'n, what masking stuff is here?  
What? this a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;  
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?  
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and flash,  
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:

Why what a devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this?

*Hor.* I see she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

*Tay.* You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion of the time.

*Pet.* Marry and did: but if you be remembered,  
I did not bid you marr it to the time.

Go hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:  
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

*Kath.* I never saw a better fashion'd gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:  
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

*Tay.* She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

*Pet.* Oh most monstrous arrogance!  
Thou lye'st, thou thread, thou thimble,  
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!  
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,  
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st:  
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*Tay.* Your worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction.

*Grumio* gave order how it should be done.

*Gr.* I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

*Tay.*

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men, brave not me, I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo* thou liest.

Tay. Why here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat if he say I said so.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sow me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a small compast cape.

Gru. I confes the cape.

Tay. With a trunk sleeve.

Gru. I confes two sleeves.

Tay. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'th' bill, Sir, error i'th' bill: I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again, and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true that I say, an I had thee in place where, thou shou'dst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy meet-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-amercy, *Grumio*, then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th' right, Sir, 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress's gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru.



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*Grü.* Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for;

Take up my mistress's gown unto his master's use?  
Oh fie, fie, fie.

*Pet. Hortensio,* say thou wilt see the taylor paid.  
[*Aside.*

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow,  
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away I say, commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tay.*

*Pet.* Well come my *Kate*, we will unto your father's,  
Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;  
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What; is the jay more precious than the lark,  
Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,  
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Oh no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worse  
For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;  
And therefore frolick; we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go call my men, and let us straight to him,

And bring our horses unto *Long-lane* end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven a-clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

*Kath.* I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two;  
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be seven ere I go to horse:  
Look what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it; Sirs, let't alone,

I will not go to-day, and ere I do,

It shall be what a clock I say it is.

*Hor.* Why so: this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exeunt Pet. Kath. and Hor.*

Lord.

The TAMING of the SHREW. 65

Lord. Who's within there?

[Sly sleeps.]

Enter Servants.

Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case.

Serv. It shall be done, my lord: come help to bear him hence. [They bear off Sly.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

PADUA.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

TRANIO.

S't possible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca* doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?

I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

*Hor.* To satisfy you, Sir, in what I said, stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

*Bian.* What master read you first, resolve me that?

*Luc.* I read that I profess, the art of love.

*Bian.* And may you prove, Sir, master of your art.

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

*Hor.* Quick proceeders! marry! now tell me I pray, you that durst swear that your mistress *Bianca* lov'd none in the world so well as *Lucentio*.

*Tra.* O despightful love, unconstant womankind! I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

*Hor.*

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*Hor.* Mistake no more, I am not *Licio*,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,  
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a God of such a cullion;  
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

*Tra.* Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard  
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,  
And since mine eyes are witnesses of her lightness,  
I will with you, if you be so contented,  
Forswear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

*Hor.* See how they kiss and court. Signior *Lucentio*,  
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow  
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her  
As one unworthy all the former favours  
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath,  
Never to marry her, tho' she intreat.  
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

*Hor.* Would all the world but he had quite forsworn  
her.

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow,  
Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,  
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.  
And so farewell, Signior *Lucentio*.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit *Hor.*

*Tra.* Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such grace,  
As longeth to a lover's blessed case:  
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,  
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.

*Bian.* *Tranio*, you jest: but have you both for-  
sworn me?

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of *Licio*.

*Tra.* I'faith he'll have a lusty widow now,  
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God give him joy.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.

*Bian.* He says so, *Tranio*.

*Tra.* 'Faith he's gone unto the taming school.

*Bian.* The taming school? what, is there such a place?

*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and *Petruchio* is the master,  
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,  
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long,  
That I'm dog weary; but at last I spied  
An ancient angel going down the hill  
Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, *Biondello*?

*Bion.* Master, a mercantant, or else a pedant;  
I know not what; but formal in apparel;  
In gate and countenance, surely like a father.

*Luc.* And what of him, *Tranio*?

*Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,  
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio*,  
And give assurance to *Baptista Minola*,  
As if he were the right *Vincentio*:  
Take me your love, and then let me alone.

[*Ex. Luc. & Bian.*]

*Enter a Pedant.*

*Ped.* God save you, Sir.

*Tra.* And you, Sir; you are welcome:  
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

*Ped.* Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;  
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome*;  
And so to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.

*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?

*Ped.* Of *Mantua*.

*Tra.* Of *Mantua*, Sir? God forbid;  
And come to *Padua*, careless of your Life?

*Ped.* My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

*Tra.*



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*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*  
To come to *Padua*; know you not the cause?  
Your ships are staid at *Venice*, and the Duke  
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)  
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:  
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

*Ped.* Alas, Sir, it is worse for me than so;  
For I have bills for mony by exchange  
From *Florence*, and must here deliver them.

*Tra.* Well, Sir, to do you courtesie,  
This will I do, and this will I advise you;  
First tell me, have you ever been at *Pisa*?

*Ped.* Ay, Sir, in *Pisa* have I often been;  
*Pisa* renowned for grave citizens.

*Tra.* Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tra.* He is my father, Sir; and sooth to say,  
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

*Bion.* As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.  
[*Aside.*]

*Tra.* To save your life in this extremity,  
This favour will I do you for his sake;  
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes  
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*:  
His name and credit shall you undertake,  
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:  
Look that you take upon you as you should.  
You understand me, Sir: so shall you stay  
'Till you have done your business in the city.  
If this be court'sie, Sir, accept of it.

*Ped.* Oh, Sir, I do, and will repute you ever  
The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tra.* Then go with me to make the matter good:  
This by the way I let you understand,  
My father is here look'd for every day,  
To pass assurance of a dowre in marriage  
'Twixt me and one *Baptista's* daughter here:

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:

Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

S C E N E III.

*Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.*

*Tra.* Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

*Ped.* Ay what else, and (but I be deceived,) Signior *Baptista* may remember me

Near twenty years ago in *Genoa*.

*Tra.* Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*:

'Tis well, and hold your own in any case

With such austerity as longeth to a father.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Ped.* I warrant you: but Sir, here comes your boy; 'Twere good he were school'd.

*Tra.* Fear you not him; firrah *Biondello*, Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you: Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

*Bion.* Tut, fear not me.

*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*?

*Bion.* I told him that your father was in *Venice*, And that you look'd for him in *Padua*.

*Tra.* Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink, Here comes *Baptista*; set your countenance, Sir.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio.*

*Tra.* Signior *Baptista*, you are happily met:

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;

I pray you stand, good father, to me now,

Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son. Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*

To

To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*  
 Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
 Of love between your daughter and himself:  
 And for the good report I hear of you,  
 And for the love he beareth to your daughter,  
 And she to him; to stay him not too long,  
 I am content in a good father's care  
 To have him match'd, and if you please to like  
 No worse than I, Sir, upon some agreement,  
 Me shall you find most ready and most willing  
 With one consent to have her so bestowed:  
 For curious I cannot be with you,  
 Signior *Baptista*, of whom I hear so well.

*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.  
 Your plainness and your shortness please me well:  
 Right true it is, your son *Lucentio* here  
 Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,  
 Or both dissemble deeply their affections;  
 And therefore if you say no more than this,  
 That like a father you will deal with him,  
 And pass my daughter a sufficient dowry,  
 The match is made, and all is done,  
 Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

*Tra.* I thank you, Sir. Where then do you know  
 best

Be we assid, and such assurance ta'en,  
 As shall with either part's agreement stand?

*Eap.* Not in my house, *Lucentio*, for you know  
 Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants;  
 Besides old *Gremio* is hearkning still,  
 And haply then we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, as it like you, Sir;  
 There doth my father lye; and there this night  
 We'll pass the business privately and well:  
 Send for your daughter by your servant here,  
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
 The worst is this, that at so slender warning  
 You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well. Go, *Cambio*, hie you home,  
 And bid *Bianca* make her ready straight:

And

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And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here;  
*Lucentio's* father is arriv'd in *Padua*,  
And how she's like to be *Lucentio's* wife.

*Luc.* I pray the gods she may with all my heart. [*Ex.*]

*Tra.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

*Enter Peter.*

*Signior Baptista*, shall I lead the way?  
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.  
Come, Sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

*Bap.* I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*Enter Lucentio and Biondello.*

*Bion. Cambio.*

*Luc.* What say'st thou, *Biondello*?

*Bion.* You saw my master wink and laugh upon you.

*Luc.* *Biondello*, what of that?

*Bion.* 'Faith nothing; but has left me here behind  
to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and  
tokens.

*Luc.* I pray thee moralize them.

*Bion.* Then thus, *Baptista* is safe, talking with the  
deceiving father of a deceitful son.

*Luc.* And what of him?

*Bion.* His daughter is to be brought by you to the  
supper.

*Luc.* And then?

*Bion.* The old priest at *St. Luke's* church is at your  
command at all hours.

*Luc.* And what of all this?

*Bion.* I cannot tell, except they are busied about a  
counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, *Cum*  
*privilegio ad imprimendum solum*; to th' church take  
the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:  
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to  
say,

But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

*Luc.* Hear'st thou, *Biondello*?



*Bion.* I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit, and so may you, Sir, and so adieu, Sir; my master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [Exit.

*Luc.* I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt her?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: It shall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. [Exit.

## S C E N E VI.

*The street before Lucentio's house.*

*Enter Petruchio, Katharina, and Hortensia.*

*Pet.* **C**OME on a god's name, once more tow'rd  
our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon.

*Kath.* The moon! the sun; it is not moon-light now.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

*Kath.* I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

*Pet.* Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your father's house:  
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost!

*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Kath.* Forward I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:  
And if you please to call it a rush candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon.

*Kath.* I know it is the moon.

*Pet.* Nay then you lye; it is the blessed sun.

*Kath.* Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun.  
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,

And

And the moon changes even as your mind.  
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,  
And so it shall be so for *Katherine*.

*Hor.* *Petruchio*, go thy way, the field is won.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl should  
run;

And not unluckily against the bias:  
But soft, some company is coming here.

## SCENE VII.

*Enter Vincentio.*

Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away? [*To Vin.*  
Tell me sweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman:  
Such war of white and red within her cheeks;  
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
As those two eyes becomé that heav'nly face?  
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:  
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's sake

*Hor.* He will make the man mad, to make a woman  
of him.

† *Kath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and  
sweet,

Whither

---

† *In the first sketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two speeches in this place worth preserving, and seeming to be of the hand of Shakespear, tho' the rest of that play is far inferior.*

Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,  
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful  
Than precious sardonix, or purple rocks  
Of amethysts, or glistening hyacinth——

——Sweet *Katharine*, this lovely woman——

*Kath.* Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystalline,  
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;  
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,

Whither away, or where is thy abroad?  
 Happy the parents of so fair a child;  
 Happier the man whom favourable stars  
 Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow.

*Pet.* Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope thou art not  
 mad!

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,  
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaken eyes,  
 That have been so bedazled with the sun,  
 That every thing I look on seemeth green.  
 Now I perceive thou art a reverend father:  
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old grandsir, and withal make known  
 Which way thou travellest; if along with us,  
 We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair Sir, and you my merry mistress,  
 That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me:  
 My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,  
 And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visit  
 A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name?

*Vin.* *Lucentio*, gentle Sir.

*Pet.* Happily met, the happier for thy son;  
 And now by law as well as reverend age,  
 I may entitle thee my loving father:  
 The sister of my wife, this gentlewoman,  
 Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,  
 Nor be not griev'd, she is of good esteem,  
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;  
 Beside, so qualified, as may beseem  
 The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
 Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,

And

---

Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,  
 And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.  
 Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,  
 Lest that thy beauty make this stately town  
 Unhabitable as the burning zone,  
 With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

And wander we to see thy honest son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,  
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake?

*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof.  
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Hor.* Well *Petruchio*, this hath put me in heart.  
Have to my widow, and if she be froward,  
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward. *Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

*Before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca; Gremio  
walking on one side.*

*Bion.* SOFTLY and swiftly, Sir, for the priest is  
ready.

*Luc.* I fly, *Biondello*; but they may chance to need  
thee at home, therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back,  
and then come back to my mistress as soon as I can.  
[*Exit.*]

*Gre.* I marvel *Cambio* comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio and  
Grumio, with attendants.*

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio's* house,  
My father's bears more towards the market-place,  
Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

*Vin.* You shall not chuse but drink before you go;  
I think I shall command your welcome here;  
And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. [*Knock.*]

*Gre.* They're busie within, you were best knock  
louder. [Pedant looks out of the window.



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*Ped.* What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

*Vin.* Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

*Ped.* He's within, Sir, but not to be spoken withal.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to your self, he shall need none as long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you your son was belov'd in *Padua*. Do you hear, Sir, to leave frivolous circumstances I pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his father is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the door to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest, his father is come to *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, Sir, so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* Why how now, gentleman! why this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain. I believe he means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old master *Vincentio*? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing Biondello.*

*Bion.* I hope I may chuse, Sir.

*Vin.* Come hither you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

*Bion.* Forgot you? no Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father *Vincentio*?

*Bion.* What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry Sir, see where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.*

*Vin.* Is't so indeed? [He beats Biondello.]

*Bion.* Help, help, help, here's a mad-man will murder me.

*Ped.* Help, son, help Signior *Baptista*.

*Pet.* Pry'thee, *Kate*, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversie.

*Enter Pedant with Servants, Baptista and Tranio.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

*Vin.* What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? oh immortal Gods! oh fine villain, a silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak and a † copatain hat: oh I am undone, I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servants spend all at the university.

*Tra.* How now, what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is this man lunatick?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy father! oh villain, he is a sail-maker in *Bergamo*.

*Bap.* You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir; pray what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio*.

*Ped.* Away, away mad afs, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio*.

*Vin.* *Lucentio*! oh he hath murdered his master; lay hold of him I charge you in the Duke's name; oh my son, my son, tell me, thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio*?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; father *Baptista*, I charge you see that he be forth-coming.

*Vin.* Carry me to jail?

D 3.

Gre.

† copped, or pointed.

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*Gre.* Stay, officer, he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, Signior *Gremio*: I say he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, Signior *Baptista*, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business; I dare swear this is the right *Vincentio*.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou dar'st.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

*Tran.* Then thou wert best say, that I am not *Lucentio*.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

*Bap.* Away with the dotard, to the jail with him.

*Enter Lucentio and Bianca.*

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh monstrous villain!

*Bian.* Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Ex. Biondello, Tranio and Pedant.*]

S C E N E X.

*Luc.* Pardon, sweet father. [Kneeling]

*Vin.* Lives my sweet son?

*Bian.* Pardon, dear father.

*Bap.* How hast thou offended? where is *Lucentio*?

*Luc.* Here's *Lucentio*, right son to the right *Vincentio*,  
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine:  
While counterfeit supposers bleer'd thine eyes.

*Gre.* Here's packing with a witness to deceive us all.

*Vin.* Where is that damn'd villain *Tranio*,  
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

*Bap.* Why tell me, is not this my *Cambio*?

*Bian.* *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. *Bianca's* love  
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,  
While he did bear my countenance in the town:  
And happily I have arriv'd at last  
Unto the wished haven of my blifs;  
What *Tranio* did, my self enforc'd him to;

The

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Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the jail.

*Bap.* But do you hear, Sir, have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

*Vin.* Fear not, *Baptista*, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain. [*Exit.*

*Bap.* And I to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

*Gre.* My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest, Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

*Kath.* Husband let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

*Pet.* First kifs me, *Kate*, and we will.

*Kath.* What, in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What, art thou ashamed of me?

*Kath.* No, Sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kifs.

*Pet.* Why then let's home again: come, firrah, let's away.

*Kath.* Nay, I will give thee a kifs; now pray thee, love, stay.

*Pet.* Is not this well? come, my sweet *Kate*; Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.* \*

S C E N E

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\* ——— too late. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* *Baptista*, *Vincentio*, *Gremio*, *Pedant*, *Lucentio*, *Bianca*, *Tranio*, *Biondello*, *Petruchio*, *Katharina*, *Grumio*, *Hortensio* and *widow*. *Tranio's* servants bringing in a banquet.

*Luc.* At last, tho' long, our jarring notes agree;  
And time it is when raging war is done,  
To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.  
My fair *Bianca*, bid my father welcome,  
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine;  
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katharine*,  
And thou *Hortensio*, with thy loving widow;

D 4

Feast



## S C E N E XI.

*Lucentio's house in Padua.*

*Enter Baptista, Petruchio, Hortensio, Lucentio,  
and the rest.*

*Bap.* **N**OW in good sadness, son *Petruchio*,  
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all,  
*Pet.* Well, I say no; and therefore for assurance,  
Let's each one send unto his wife, and he  
Whose wife is most obedient to come first,  
When he doth send for her, shall win the wager.

*Hor.*

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,  
My banquet is to close our stomachs up  
After our great good cheer: pray you sit down,  
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

*Pet.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

*Bap.* *Padua* affords this kindness, son *Petruchio*.

*Pet.* *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

*Hor.* For both our sakes I would that word were  
true.

*Pet.* Now for my life *Hortensio* fears his widow.

*Hor.* Then never trust me if I be afraid.

*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my  
sense:

I mean *Hortensio* is afraid of you.

*Wid.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

*Pet.* Roundly replied.

*Kath.* Mistress, how mean you that?

*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.

*Pet.* Conceives by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?

*Hor.* My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

*Pet.* Very well mended, kiss him for that good wi-  
dow.

*Kath.*

*Hor.* Content, what wager?

*Luc.* Twenty crowns.

*Pet.* Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

*Luc.*

---

*Kath.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round—

I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

*Wid.* Your husband being troubled with a shrew,  
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe;  
And now you know my meaning.

*Kath.* A very mean meaning.

*Wid.* Right, I mean you.

*Kath.* And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

*Pet.* To her, *Kate*.

*Hor.* To her, widow.

*Pet.* A hundred marks, my *Kate* do put her down.

*Hor.* That's my office.

*Pet.* Spoke like an officer; ha, to thee lad.

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

*Bap.* How likes *Gremio* these quick-witted folks?

*Gre.* Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well,

*Bian.* Head and but? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and but were head and horn.

*Vin.* Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

*Bian.* Ay, but not frightened me, therefore I'll sleep again.

*Pet.* Nay, that thou shalt not, since you have begun:

Have at you for a better jest or two.

*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush.

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all. [*Exe. Bianca, Kath. and Widow.*]

*Pet.* She hath prevented me. Here Signior *Tranio*,  
This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not,  
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

*Tra.* Oh Sir, *Lucentio* slip'd me like his gray-hound,

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*Luc.* A hundred then.

*Hor.* Content.

*Pet.* A match, 'tis done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin ?

*Luc.* That will I.

Go, *Biondello*, bid your mistress come to me.

*Bion.* I go.

[*Exit.*]

*Bap.* Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.

*Luc.* I'll have no halves : I'll bear it all my self.

*Re-enter Biondello.*

How now, what news ?

*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word  
That she is busie, and cannot come.

*Pet.* How ? she's busie and cannot come : is that an  
answer ?

*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too :

Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.

*Pet.* I hope better.

*Hor.* Sirrah *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to come  
to me forthwith.

[*Exit Biondello.*]

*Pet.* Oh ho ! intreat her ! nay then she needs must  
come.

*Hor.* I am afraid, Sir, do what you can,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good swift simile, but something currish.

*Tra.* 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your self :  
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

*Bap.* Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio*.

*Hor.* Confess, confess, hath he not hit you there ?

*Pet.* He has a little gall'd me, I confess ;  
And as the jest did glance away from me,  
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

S C E N E XI. &c.

*Enter.*

*Enter Biondello.*

Yours will not be intreated: now, where's my wife?

*Bion.* She says you have some goodly jest in hand,  
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

*Pet.* Worse and worse, she will not come!

Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:

*Sirrah Grumio*, go to your mistress,

Say I command her to come to me. [*Exit Gru.*]

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What?

*Hor.* She will not.

*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

## S C E N E XII.

*Enter Katharina.*

*Bap.* Now, by my hollidam, here comes *Katharine*?

*Kath.* What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?

*Pet.* Where is your sister, and *Hortensio's* wife?

*Kath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

*Pet.* Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,  
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:  
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Katharina.*]

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*Hor.* And so it is: I wonder what it boads.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,  
And awful rule, and right supremacy:

And to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

*Bap.* Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio*;

The wager thou hast won, and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd as she had never been.

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.



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*Enter Katharina, Bianca and Widow.*

See where she comes, and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion:

*Katharine*, that cap of yours becomes you not,  
Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot.

*[She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]*

*Wid.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,  
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

*Bian.* Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?

*Luc.* I would your duty were as foolish too:  
The wisdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,  
Cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time,

*Bian.* The more fool you for laying on my duty.

*Pet.* *Katharine*, I charge thee tell these head-  
strong women,  
What duty they owe to their lords and husbands.

*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking; we will have  
no telling.

*Pet.* Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

*Wid.* She shall not.

*Pet.* I say she shall, and first begin with her.

*Kath.* Fie, fie, unknit that threaten'g unkind brow,  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.  
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads,  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,  
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will dain to sip, or touch a drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee  
And for thy maintenance; commits his body  
To painful labour, both by sea and land;  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;  
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband:  
 And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sower,  
 And not obedient to his honest will;  
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?  
 I am asham'd that women are so simple,  
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace;  
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak and smooth,  
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
 Should well agree with our external parts?  
 Come, come, you're froward and unable worms;  
 My heart is great, my reason haply more,  
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;  
 But now I see our launces are but straws,  
 Our strength is weak, our weakness past compare,  
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.\*

*Enter*

\* ——— indeed least are:

Then vale your stomachs, for it is no boot,  
 And place your hands below your husband's foot:  
 In token of which duty, if he please,  
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiss me,

*Kate.*

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing when women are froward,

*Pet.* Come, *Kate*, we'll to-bed,

We two are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the white,

And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Ex. Petruchio and Kath.*]

*Hor.* Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst  
 shrew.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be  
 tam'd so.

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*Enter two servants bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leave him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster.*

*Sly awaking.]* Sim, give's some more wine — what, all the players gone? am not I a lord?

*Tap.* A lord with a murrain! come, art thou drunk still?

*Sly.* Who's this? Tapster! oh I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heardst in all thy life.

*Tap.* Yea marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will course you for dreaming here all night.

*Sly.* Will she? I know how to tame a shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me.









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ALL'S WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL.

---

# Dramatis Personæ.

*KING of France.*

*Duke of Florence.*

*Bertram, Count of Rouffillon.*

*Lafeu, an old Lord.*

*Parolles, a parasitical follower of Bertram, a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*

*Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.*

*Steward, }  
Clown, } Servants to the Countess of Rouffillon.*

*Countess of Rouffillon, mother to Bertram.*

*Helena, daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous physician, some time since dead.*

*An old widow of Florence.*

*Diana, daughter to the widow.*

*Violenta, }  
Mariana, } Neighbours and friends to the widow.*

*Lords attending on the King, Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

**SCENE,** *lies partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.*

*The plot taken from Boccace, Decam. 3. Nov. 9.*



*All's well that ENDS well.*

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Roussillon in France.

*Enter Bertram, the Countess of Roussillon, Helena, and Lafeu in mourning.*

C O U N T E S S.



**L**N delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And in going, madam, I weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

*Laf.* You shall find of the King a husband, madam; you, Sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

*Count.* What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

*Count.*

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father, (O that had! how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the King's sake, he were living, I think it would be the death of the King's disease.

*Laf.* How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

*Count.* He was famous, Sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.*

*Laf.* He was excellent indeed, madam; the King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the King languishes of?

*Laf.* A fistula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

*Count.* His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking, I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her; disposition she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness, she derives her honesty, and atchieves her goodness.

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get tears from her.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more, lest it be rather thought yet affect a sorrow, than to have ———

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Count.*



*Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How understand we that?

*Count.* Be thou blest, *Bertram*, and succeed thy father

In manners as in shape: thy blood and virtue  
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness  
Share with thy birth-right. Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend  
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,  
But never tax'd for speech. What heav'n more will,  
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,  
Fall on thy head. Farewel, my lord;  
'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord,  
Advise him,

*Laf.* He cannot want the best  
That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heav'n bless him. Farewel, *Bertram*,

[*Exit Count.*]

*Ber.* [to *Hel.*] The best wishes that can be forg'd  
in your thoughts be servants to you: be comfortable  
to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewel, pretty lady, you must hold the credit of your father. [Exeunt *Ber.* and *Laf.*]

## SCENE II.

*Hel.* Oh were that all — I think not on my father,  
And these great tears grace his remembrance more  
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?  
I have forgot him. My imagination  
Carries no favour in it, but my *Bertram's*.  
I am undone, there is no living, none,  
If *Bertram* be away. It were all one  
That I should love a bright partic'lar star,  
And think to wed it; he is so above me:  
In his bright radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

Th'ame

Th' ambition in my love thus plagues it self;  
 The hind that would be mated by the lion,  
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,  
 To see him every hour, to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls  
 In our heart's table: heart too capable  
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.  
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
 Must sanctifie his relicks. Who comes here?

*Enter Parolles.*

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,  
 And yet I know him a notorious liar;  
 Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;  
 Yet these fix'd evils fit so fit in him,  
 That they take place, when virtue's steely bones  
 Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we see  
 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

### S C E N E III.

*Par.* Save you, fair Queen.

*Hel.* And you, monarch.

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And no.

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity?

*Hel.* Ay: you have some stain of soldier in you;  
 let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virgini-  
 nity, how may we barricado it against him?

*Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he assails; and our virginity, though va-  
 liant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some  
 warlike resistance.

*Par.* There is none: man setting down before  
 you, will undermine you and blow you up.

*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from underminers and  
 blowers up. Is there no military policy how virgins  
 might blow up men?

*Par.* Virginity being blown down, man will quick-  
 lier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again,  
 with

with the breach your selves made, you lose your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational encrease, and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost; 'tis too cold a companion; away with't.

*Hel.* I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

*Par.* There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mother; which is most infallible disobedience. ' He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders it self, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offenders against nature. Virginity breeds mites; much like a cheese, consumes it self to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most prohibited sin in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuse but lose by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make it self two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal it self not much the worse. Away with't.

*Hel.* How might one do, Sir, to lose it to her own liking?

*Par.* Let me see. Marry ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying. The longer kept, the less worth: off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly futed, but unsuitable, just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear:  
it

it was formerly better, marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

*Hel.* Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,  
 a A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,

A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,

A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,

A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;

His humblest ambition, proud humility,

His jarring concord; and his discord dulcet,

His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world

Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms

That blinking *Cupid* gossips. Now shall he——

I know not what he shall—— God send him well——

The court's a learning place——and he is one——

*Par.* What one, i' faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well——'tis pity——

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in't,

Which might be felt, that we the poorer 'born,

Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,

Might with effects of them follow our friends,

And shew what we alone must think, which never

Returns us thanks.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Monsieur *Parolles*,  
 My lord calls for you.

*Par.* Little *Helen* farewell, if I can remember thee I will think of thee at court.

*Hel.* Monsieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable star.

*Par.* Under *Mars*, I.

*Hel.* I especially think, under *Mars*.

*Par.* Why under *Mars*?

*Hel.* The <sup>b</sup> wars have kept you so under, that you must needs be born under *Mars*.

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think rather.

*Par.* Why think you so?

*Hel.*

<sup>a</sup> another.

<sup>b</sup> waters.



*Hel.* You go so much backward when you fight.

*Par.* That's for advantage.

*Hel.* So is running away, when fear proposes safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

*Par.* I am so full of business, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier, in the which my <sup>c</sup> instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtiers counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends; get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in our selves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heav'n. The fated sky  
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull  
Our slow designs, when we our selves are dull.  
What power is it which mounts my love so high,  
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?  
The mightiest space in fortune, nature brings  
To join like likes, and kifs like native things.  
Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their pain in sense, and do suppose  
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever strove  
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?  
The King's disease — my project may deceive me,  
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Ex.

*c instrument.*



## S C E N E V.

*The Court of France.*

*Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France with letters, and divers attendants.*

*King.* **T**HE Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears,  
Have fought with equal fortune, and con-  
\ tinue

A braving war.

*1 Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

*King.* Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it,  
A certainty vouch'd from our cousin *Austria*;  
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us  
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend  
Prejudicates the business, and would seem  
To have us make denial.

*1 Lord.* His love and wisdom,  
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead  
For ample credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,  
And *Florence* is deny'd before he comes:  
Yet for our gentlemen that mean to see  
The *Tuscan* service, freely have they leave  
To stand on either part.

*2 Lord.* It may well serve  
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
For breathing and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes here?

*Enter Bertram, Lafeu and Parolles.*

*1 Lord.* It is the Count *Roussillon*, my good lord,  
Young *Bertram*.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.  
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,  
Compos'd thee well. Thy father's moral parts

May't

May'st thou inherit too. Welcome to *Paris*.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

*King.* I would I had that corporal soundness now,  
As when thy father and my self in friendship  
First try'd our soldiership: he did look far  
Into the service of the time, and was  
Discipl'd of the brav'st. He lasted long,  
But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me  
To talk of your good father; in his youth  
He had the wit, which I can well observe  
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,  
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,  
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:  
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterness  
Were in his pride, or sharpness; if they were,  
His equal had awak'd them, and his honour  
A Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speak; and at that time  
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him  
He us'd as creatures of another place,  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility,  
In their poor praise he humbled: such a man  
Might be a copy to these younger times;  
Which follow'd well, would now demonstrate them  
But goers backward.

*Ber.* His remembrance, Sir,  
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:  
So in approof lives not his epitaph,  
As in your royal speech.

*King.* Would I were with him; he would always say,  
(Methinks I hear him now) his plausible words  
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them  
To grow there and to bear; let me not live,  
(Thus his good melancholy oft began  
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime  
When it was out) let me not live, quoth he,

After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
 All but new things disdain; whose judgments are  
 Meer fathers of their garments; whose constancies  
 Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.  
 I after him, do after him wish too  
 (Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,  
 I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
 To give some labourers room.

*z Lord.* You're loved, Sir;  
 They that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

*King.* I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, Count,  
 Since the physician at your father's died?  
 He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six months since, my Lord.

*King.* If he were living, I would try him yet;  
 Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out  
 With several applications; nature and sickness  
 Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, Count,  
 My son's no dearer.

*Ber.* Thanks to your majesty. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E VI.

### R O U S I L L O N.

*Enter Countess, Steward and Clown.*

*Count.* I Will now hear, what say you of this gentle-  
 woman?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even your  
 content, I wish might be found in the calender of my  
 past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty,  
 and make e'foul the clearness of our deservings, when  
 of our selves we publish them.

*Count.* What does this knave here? get you gone,  
 sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not  
 all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not, for I know  
 you

*e out*



you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, Sir.

*Clo.* No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd; but if I have your ladyship's good will to go the world, *Isbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good will in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clo.* In *Isbel's* case and mine own; service is no heritage, and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, 'till I have issue o' my body; for they say bearns are blessings.

*Count.* Tell me the reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo.* Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and indeed I do marry that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage sooner than thy wickedness.

*Clo.* I am out of friends, madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clo.* Y'are shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of; he that †eres my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherisheth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that

E 2

loves

† to ere. from arare to plough.

loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyfam* the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joul horns together like any deer i'th' herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

*Clo.* A prophet, I madam, and I speak the truth the next way,  
For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true shall find,  
Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckow sings by kind.

*Count.* Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you, of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her, *Helen* I mean.

*Clo.* Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,  
Why the *Grecians* sacked *Troy*?  
Was this King *Priam's* joy?  
With that she sighed as she stood,  
And gave this sentence then;  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
There's yet one good in ten.

*Count.* What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o'th' song: would God would serve the world so all the year, we'd find no fault with the tithe woman if I were the parson; one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* That man that should be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! tho' honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplis of humility over the black gown of a big heart: I am going, forsooth, the business is for *Helen* to come hither. [*Exit.*

*Count.* Well now.

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

*Count.* Faith I do; her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds; there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wish'd me; alone she was, and did communicate to her self, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son; Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level: complain'd against the queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight to be surpriz'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in, which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

*Count.* You have discharg'd this honestly, keep it to your self; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the ballance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt: pray you leave me, stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care; I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Helena.*

*Count.* Ev'n so it was with me when I was young;  
 If we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn  
 Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong,  
 Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;  
 It is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
 Where love's strong passion is imprest in youth;  
 By our remembrances of days foregone,  
 Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.  
 Her eye is sick on't, I observe her now.

*Hel.* What is your pleasure, madam?

*Count.* Helen, you know, I am a mother to you.

*Hel.* Mine honourable mistress.

*Count.* Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? when I said a mother,  
 Methought you saw a serpent; what's in mother,  
 That you start at it? I say, I'm your mother,  
 And put you in the catalogue of those  
 That were enwombed mine; 'tis often seen  
 Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds  
 A native slip to us from foreign seeds.  
 You ne'er oppress me with a mother's groan,  
 Yet I express to you a mother's care:  
 God's mercy, maiden, do's it curd thy blood,  
 To say I am thy mother? what's the matter,  
 That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
 The many colour'd *Iris* rounds thine eyes?  
 Why——that you are my daughter?

*Hel.* That I am not.

*Count.* I say I am your mother.

*Hel.* Pardon, madam.

The *Count Roussillon* cannot be my brother;  
 I am from humble, he from honour'd name;  
 No note upon my parents, his all noble.  
 My master, my dear lord he is, and I  
 His servant live, and will his vassal die:  
 He must not be my brother.

*Count.*



*Count.* Nor I your mother?

*Hel.* You are my mother, madam; would you were  
(So that my lord your son were not my brother)  
Indeed my mother — or were you both our mothers  
I care no more for, than I do for heav'n,  
So I were not his sister: can't no other?  
But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

*Count.* Yes *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law,  
God shield you mean it not, daughter and mother  
So strive upon your pulse; what, pale again?  
My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now I see  
The myst'ry of your loveliness, and find  
Your salt tears head; now to all sense 'tis gross,  
You love my son; invention is asham'd  
Against the proclamation of thy passion,  
To say thou dost not; therefore tell me true,  
But tell me then 'tis so. For look, thy cheeks  
Confess it one to th' other, and thine eyes  
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviour,  
That in their kind they speak it: only sin  
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,  
That truth should be suspected; speak, is't so?  
If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew:  
If it be not, forswear't; howe'er I charge thee,  
As heav'n shall work in me for thine avail,  
To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me.

*Count.* Do you love my son?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress.

*Count.* Love you my son?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam?

*Count.* Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,  
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose  
The state of your affection, for your passions  
Have to the full appeach'd.

*Hel.* Then I confess  
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,  
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,  
I love your son:  
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love;

Be not offended, for it hurts not him  
 That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not  
 By any token of presumptuous suit,  
 Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him,  
 Yet never know how that desert shall be:  
 I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
 Yet in this captious and intenable sive,  
 I still pour in the water of my love,  
 And lack not to lose still; thus *Indian* like,  
 Religious in mine error, I adore  
 The sun that looks upon his worshipper,  
 But know of him no more. My dearest madam,  
 Let not your hate incounter with my love,  
 For loving where you do; but if your self,  
 Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,  
 Did ever in so true a flame of liking  
 Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*  
 Was both her self and love; O then give pity  
 To her whose state is such, that cannot chuse  
 But lend and give where she is sure to lose;  
 That seeks not to find that which search implies,  
 But riddle like, lives sweetly where she dies.

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,  
 To go to *Paris*?

*Hel.* Madam, I had.

*Count.* Wherefore? tell true.

*Hel.* I will tell truth, by grace it self I swear;  
 You know my father left me some prescriptions  
 Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading  
 And manifest experience had collected  
 For general sov'reignty; and that he will'd me  
 In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,  
 As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,  
 More than they were in note: amongst the rest,  
 There is a remedy, approv'd set down,  
 To cure the desperate languishings, whereof,  
 The King is render'd lost.

*Count.* This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, speak?

*Hel.* My lord your son made me to think of this;  
 Else *Paris*, and the medicine and the King,

Had

Had from the conversation of my thoughts  
Haply been absent then.

*Count.* But think you, *Helen*,  
If you should tender your supposed aid,  
He would receive it? he and his physicians  
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him:  
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit  
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,  
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off  
The danger to it self?

*Hel.* There's something in't  
More than my father's skill, which was the great'st  
Of his profession, that his good receipt  
Shall for my legacy be sanctified  
By th' luckiest stars in heav'n; and would your honour  
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture  
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,  
By such a day and hour.

*Count.* Do'st thou believe't?

*Hel.* Ay, madam, knowingly.

*Count.* Why, *Helen*, thou shalt have my leave and  
love,  
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings  
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,  
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:  
Begone to-morrow, and besure of this,  
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*]



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ACT



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Court of France.*

*Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war. Bertram and Parolles. Flourish Cornets.*

KING.



FAREWEL, young lords: these warlike principles

Do not throw from you: you, my lords, farewell;

Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain,

The gift doth stretch it self as 'tis receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.

*1 Lord.* 'Tis our hope, Sir,  
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return  
And find your Grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart  
Will not confess it owns the malady  
That doth my life besiege; farewell, young lords,  
Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy *French* men; let higher *Italy*,  
(Those bated that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy) see that you come  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when  
The bravest a questant shrinks, find what you seek,  
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

*2 Lord.* Health at your bidding serve your majesty.

*King.*

*a question.*



*King.* Those girls of *Italy*, take heed of them;  
They say our *French* lack language to deny  
If they demand: beware of being captives  
Before you serve.

*Both.* Our hearts receive your warnings.

*King.* Farewel. Come hither to me. [To Bert.]

[Exit.]

1 *Lord.* Oh, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us.

*Par.* 'Tis not his fault, the spark————

2 *Lord.* Oh 'tis brave wars.

*Par.* Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

*Ber.* I am commanded here, and kept a coil with  
*Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.*

*Par.* And thy mind——stand to it, boy; steal away bravely.

*Ber.* Shall I stay here the forehorse to a smock,  
Creeking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
'Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn  
But one to dance with? by heav'n I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

*Par.* Commit it, Count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessory, and so farewell.

*Ber.* I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1 *Lord.* Farewel, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monsieur *Parolles*.

*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin;  
good sparks and lustrous. A word, good metals.  
You shall find in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one captain *Spurio* his cicatrice, with an emblem of war here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it; say to him, I live, and observe his reports of me.

1 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

*Par.* *Mars* doat on you for his novices; what will ye do?

*Ber.* Stay; the King———— [Ex. Lords.]

*Par.* Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd your self within the list of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them, for they

they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gate, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and tho' the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so.

*Par.* Worthy fellows, and like to prove most  
finewy sword-men. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter the King and Lafeu.*

*Laf.* Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll see thee to stand up.

*Laf.* Then here's a man stands that hath brought  
his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,  
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,  
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

*Laf.* Goodfaith across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus;  
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?  
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, and if  
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a med'cine  
That's able to <sup>b</sup>breathe life into a stone,  
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary!  
With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch  
Is powerful to raise King *Pippen*, nay  
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand  
And write to her a love-line.

*King.* What her is this?

*Laf.* Why doctor she: my lord, there's one arriv'd,  
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,  
If seriously I may convey my thoughts  
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke  
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,  
Wisdom

<sup>b</sup> break

Wisdom and constancy, hath amaz'd me more  
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,  
For that is her demand, and know her business?  
That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good *Lafeu*,  
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee  
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,  
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,  
And not be all day neither.

*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways. [*Bringing in Helena.*]

*King.* This haste hath wings indeed.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways,  
This is his majesty, say your mind to him;  
A traitor you do look like, but such traitors  
His majesty seldom fears; I'm *Cressid's* uncle  
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

### S C E N E III.

*King.* Now, fair one, do's your business follow us?

*Hel.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gerard de Narbon* was my father,  
In what he did profess, well found.

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praise tow'rd's him,  
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death  
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,  
Which as the dearest issue of his practice,  
And of his old experience, th'only darling,  
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,  
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have so;  
And hearing your high majesty is touch'd  
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,  
I come to tender it, and my appliance,  
With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden;  
But may not be so credulous of cure,

When

When our most learned doctors leave us, and  
 The congregated college have concluded,  
 That labouring art can never ransom nature  
 From her unaidable estate: we must not  
 So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
 To prostitute our past-cure malady.  
 To empericks, or to dissever so  
 Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
 A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

*Hel.* My duty then shall pay me for my pains;  
 I will no more enforce my office on you,  
 Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts  
 A modest one to bear me back again.

*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful;  
 Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give,  
 As one near death to those that with him live;  
 But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,  
 I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do, can do no hurt to try,  
 Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:  
 He that of greatest works is finisher,  
 Oft does them by the weakest minister:  
 So holy writ, in babes hath judgment shown,  
 When judges have been babes; great floods have flown,  
 From simple sources; and great seas have dry'd,  
 When miracles have by th' great'st been deny'd.  
 Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
 Where most it promises: and oft it hits  
 Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

*King.* I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind  
 maid,  
 Thy pains not us'd, must by thy self be paid.  
 Proffers not took, reap thanks for their reward.

*Hel.* Inspir'd merit so by breath is bar'd:  
 It is not so with him that all things knows  
 As 'tis with us that square our guesses by shows:  
 But most it is presumption in us, when  
 The help of heav'n we count the act of men.  
 Dear Sir, to my endeavours give consent,  
 Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.



I am not an impostor that proclaim  
My self against the level of mine aim,  
But know I think, and think I know: most sure,  
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident? within what space  
Hop'st thou my cure?

*Hel.* The Greatest lending grace,  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring:  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring.  
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp.  
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;  
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,  
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence,  
What dar'st thou venture?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,  
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame  
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name  
Sear'd otherwise, no worse of worst extended,  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

*King.* Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth  
speak

His powerful sound, within an organ weak;  
And what impossibility would slay  
In common sense, sense saves another way.  
Thy life is dear, for all that life can rate  
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:  
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all  
That happiness and prime can happy call;  
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.  
Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try,  
That ministers thine own death if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property  
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,  
And well deserv'd: not helping, death's my fee;  
But if I help, what do you promise me?

*King.* Make thy demand.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* But will you make it even?

*King.* Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of help.

*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,  
What husband in thy power I will command.

Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To chuse from forth the royal blood of *France*,  
My low and humble name to propagate  
With any branch or image of thy state:  
But such a one thy vassal, whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand, the premises observ'd,  
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:  
To make the choice of thine own time, for I,  
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.  
More should I question thee, and more I must,  
Tho' more to know could not be more to trust:  
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest  
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.  
Give me some help here ho! if thou proceed  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

R O U S I L L O N.

*Enter Countess and Clown.*

*Count.* COME on, Sir, I shall now put you to the  
height of your breeding.

*Clown.* I will shew my self highly fed, and lowly  
taught; I know my business is but to the court.

*Count.* To the court? why what place make you  
special, when you put off that with such contempt?  
but to the court!

*Clow.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any  
manners he may easily put it off at court: he that  
cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kifs his hand, and  
say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip; nor cap; and  
in-

indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin buttock, the quatch buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffaty punk, as *Tib's* rush for *Tom's* fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tuesday*, a morris for *May-day*, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

*Clo.* From below your Duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier, it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in a question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

*Clo.* O lord, Sir — there's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clo.* O lord, Sir — thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clo.* O lord, Sir — nay put me to't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whip'd, Sir, as I think.

*Clo.* O lord, Sir — spare not me.

*Count.*

*Count.* Do you cry, O lord, Sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? indeed, your O lord, Sir, is very fequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping if you were but bound to't.

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my O lord Sir; I see things may serve long, and not serve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* O lord, Sir — why there't serves well again.

*Count.* An end, Sir; to your businefs: give *Helen* this,

And urge her to a present answer back.

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son:

This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them.

*Count.* Not much inployment for you, you understand me.

*Clo.* Most fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E V.

### *The Court of France.*

*Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.*

*Laf.* **T**HEY say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing our selves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selves to an unknown fear.

*Par.* Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our later times.

*Ber.* And so 'tis.

*Laf.* To be relinquish'd of the artists.

*Par.* So I say, both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentick fellows.

*Par.*



*Par.* Right, so I say.

*Laf.* That gave him out incurable.

*Par.* Why there 'tis, so say I too.

*Laf.* Not to be help'd.

*Par.* Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of an—

*Laf.* Uncertain life; and sure death.

*Par.* Just, you say well: so would I have said.

*Laf.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is indeed, if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in what do you call there—

*Laf.* A shewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.

*Par.* That's it, I would have said the very same.

*Laf.* Why your dolphin is not lustier: for me, I speak in respect—

*Par.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

*Laf.* Very hand of heav'n.

*Par.* Ay, so I say.

*Laf.* In a most weak—

*Par.* And debile minister, great power, great transcendence, which should indeed give us a further use to be made than only the recov'ry of the King, as to be—

*Laf.* Generally thankful.

## SCENE VI.

*Enter King, Helena, and attendants.*

*Par.* I would have said it, you said well: here comes the King

*Laf.* Lustick, as the *Dutchman* says: I'll like a maid the better while I have a tooth in my head: why he's able to lead her a corrant.

*Par.* *Mort du Vinaigre*, is not this *Helena*?

*Laf.* 'Fore God I think so,

*King.* Go call before me all the lords in court.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side,

And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter three or four Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye; this youthful parcel  
Of noble batchelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sov'reign power and father's voice  
I have to use; thy frank election make,  
Thou hast power to chuse, and they none to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you, one fair and virtuous mistress  
Fall, when love please: marry, to each but one.

*Laf.* I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,  
And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well:  
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

*[She addresses her self to a lord.]*

*Hel.* Gentlemen, heav'n hath, through me, restor'd  
the King to health.

*All.* We understand it, and thank heav'n for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,  
That I protest I simply am a maid—  
Please it your majesty, I have done already:  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,  
We blush that thou should'st chuse; but be refus'd;  
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,  
We'll ne'er come there again.

*King.* Make choice and see,  
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me:

*Hel.* Now *Dian* from thy altar do I fly,  
And to *c imperial Love*, that God most high,  
Do my sighs stream: Sir, will you hear my suit?

*1 Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, Sir; all the rest are mute.

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice, than throw  
Ames-ace for my life.

*Hel.* The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,  
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:

Love.

*c impartial Jove*

Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes, and her humble love.

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive,

Which great *Love* grant, and so I take my leave.

*Laf.* Do all they deny her? if they were sons of  
mine, I'd have them whip'd, or I would send them  
to the *Turk* to make eunuchs of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid that I your hand should take,  
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:  
Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed.

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of  
her: sure they are bastards to the *English*, the *French*  
ne'er got 'em.

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too good  
To make your self a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

*Laf.* There's one grape yet, I am sure my father  
drunk wine; but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a  
youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say I take you, but I give  
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,  
Into your guiding power: this is the man. [*To Bertram.*

*King.* Why then young *Bertram* take her, she's thy  
wife.

*Ber.* My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your high-  
ness

In such a business give me leave to use  
The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not, *Bertram*,  
What she hath done for me?

*Ber.* Yes, my good lord,  
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

*King.* Thou know'st she rais'd me from my sickly  
bed.

*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me down  
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:  
She had her breeding at my father's charge:  
A poor physician's daughter my wife! disdain  
Rather corrupt me ever.

*King.*

*King.* 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the  
which

I can build up : strange is it that our bloods  
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,  
Would quite confound distinction ; yet stand off  
In differences so mighty. If she be  
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,)  
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st  
Of virtue for the name : but do not so.  
From lowest place, whence virtuous things proceed,  
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.  
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,  
It is a dropstied honour ; good alone,  
Is good without a name. Vileness is so :  
The property by what it is should go,  
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair,  
In these, to nature she's immediate heir ;  
And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn,  
Which challenges it self as honour's born,  
And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,  
When rather from our acts we them derive  
Than our fore-goers : the meer Word's a slave  
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave ;  
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,  
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb.  
Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be said ?  
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
I can create the rest : virtue and she,  
Is her own dow'r ; honour and wealth from me.

*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thy self, if thou should'st strive  
to chuse.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd, my Lord, I'm glad :  
Let the rest go.

*King.* My honour's at the stake, which to defeat  
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,  
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,  
That dost in vile misprision shackle up  
My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,  
We poizing us in her defective scale,



Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,  
It is in us to plant thine honour where  
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:  
Obey our will, which travels in thy good,  
Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right  
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims:  
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever  
Into the staggers and the careless lapse  
Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate  
Let loose upon thee in the name of justice,  
Without all terms of pity. Speak thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit  
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider  
What great creation, and what dole of honour  
Flies where you bid: I find that she which late  
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
The praised of the King; who so ennobled,  
Is as 'twere born so.

*King.* Take her by the hand,  
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise  
A counterpoize; if not in thy estate,  
A ballance more repleat.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the favour of the King  
Smile upon the contract; whose ceremony  
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,  
And be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast  
Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,  
Thy love's to me religious; else does err. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Manent Parolles and Lafeu.*

*Laf.* Do you hear, Monsieur? a word with you. ?

*Par.* Your pleasure, Sir.

*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation? my lord? my master?

*Laf.*

*Laf.* Ay, is it not a language I speak?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

*Laf.* Are you companion to the count *Roussillon*?

*Par.* To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is count's man; count's master is of another title.

*Par.* You are too old, Sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee, firrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did think thee for two ordinaries to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel, it might pass; yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee ———

*Laf.* Do not plunge thy self too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy tryal; which is, Lord have mercy on thee for a hen; so, my good window of lattice, fare thee well, thy casement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser ———

*Laf.* Ev'n as soon as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smack o'th' contrary. If ever thou beest bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

*Par.*

*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[*Exit.*]

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord: well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of--- I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*Enter Lafeu.*

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He, my good lord, whom I serve above is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God?

*Par.* Ay, Sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more sawcy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you,

[*Exit.*]

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Bertram.*

*Par.* Good, very good, it is so then. Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*Par.* What is the matter, sweet heart?

*Ber.* Although before the solemn priest I've sworn, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what, sweet heart?

*Ber.* O my *Parolles*, they have married me: I'll to the *Tuscan* wars, and never bed her.

*Par.* *France* is a dog hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

*Ber.* There's letters from m., mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known: to th' wars my boy, to th' wars.

He wears his honour in a box unseen,  
That hugs his kicksy wicksy here at home,  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of *Mars's* fiery steed: to other regions

*France* is a stable, we that dwell in't jades,

Therefore to th' war.

*Ber.* It shall be so, I'll send her to my house,  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King  
That which I durst not speak. His present gift  
Shall furnish me to those *Italian* fields  
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife  
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

*Par.* Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.  
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow  
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why these balls bound, there's noise in it.  
'Tis hard

A young man married, is a man that's marr'd:

Therefore



Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,  
The King has done you wrong: but hush, 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Helena and Clown.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

*Col.* She is not well, but yet she has her health; she's very merry, but yet she is not well: but thanks be given she's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world; but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

*Col.* Truly she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things?

*Col.* One, that she's not in heav'n, whither God send her quickly; the other, that she's in earth, whence God send her quickly.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* Bless you, my fortunate lady.

*Hel.* I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O my knave, how does my old lady?

*Col.* So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why I say nothing.

*Col.* Marry you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, thou'rt a knave.

*Col.* You should have said, Sir, before a knave, th'art a knave; that's before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

*Cle.* Did you find me in your self, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the search, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave i'faith, and well fed.  
Madam, my lord will go away to-night,  
A very serious business calls on him.  
The great prerogative and rite of love,  
Which as your due time claims, he does acknowledge,  
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint:  
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets  
Which they distil now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,  
And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o'th'  
King,  
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,  
Strengthen'd with what apology you think  
May make it probable need.

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That having this obtain'd, you presently  
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In every thing I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

[Exit Par.]

*Hel.* I pray you come, Sirrah.

[Exit Hel.]

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Lafeu and Bertram.*

*Laf.* But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true, I took this lark for a bunting.

*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I have then sinned against his experience, and  
trans-

transgress'd against his valour, and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes, I pray you make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* These things shall be done, Sir.

*Laf.* I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O I know him well, I, Sir, he fits a good workman, a very good taylor.

*Ber.* Is she gone to the King? [*Aside to Parolles.*

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to-night?

*Par.* As you'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, given order for our horses; and to-night, when I should take possession of the bride ----- and ere I do begin-----

*Laf.* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lyes three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten----- God save you captain.

*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, Monsieur?

*Par.* I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

*Laf.* You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

*Ber.* It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monsieur, I have spo-

ken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

*Par.* An idle lord, I swear.

*Ber.* I think so.

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well, and common speech gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

## S C E N E XI.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only he desires Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, *Helena*, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For such a business; and am therefore found So much unsettled: this drives me to intreat you, That presently you take your way for home, And rather muse, than ask why I intreat you; For my respects are better than they seem, And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shews it self at the first view, To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[Giving a letter.

'Twill be, two days ere I shall see you, so I leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out that Wherein tow'rd me my homely stars have fail'd To equal my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that go:

My haste is very great. Farewel; lie home.

*Hel.*



*Hel.* Pray, Sir, your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,  
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;  
But, like a tim'rous thief, most fain would steal  
What law does vouch mine own.

*Ber.* What would you have?

*Hel.* Something, and scarce so much-----nothing in-  
deed-----

I would not tell you what I would, my lord-----'faith  
yes-----

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kifs.

*Ber.* I pray you stay not, but in haste to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good my lord:  
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell. [*Exit.*

*Ber.* Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,  
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:  
Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Bravely, Couragio!

*Exeunt*



## ACT III. SCENE I.

### FLORENCE.

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, two  
French-Lords, with Soldiers.

D U K E.



O that from point to point now have  
you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war,  
Whose great decision hath much blood  
let forth,

And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel

F 4

Upon

Upon your grace's part; but black and fearful  
On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much, our cousin *France*  
Would in so just a business, shut his bosom  
Against our borrowing prayers.

*2 Lord.* Good my Lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-unable motion, therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it, since I have found  
My self in my incertain grounds to fail  
As often as I gueſt.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

*2 Lord.* But I am ſure the younger of our nation,  
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will day by day  
Come here for phyſick.

*Duke.* Welcome ſhall they be:  
And all the honours that can fly from us,  
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well.  
When better fall, for your avails they fell,  
To morrow to the field. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to Rouſillon in France.*

*Enter Counteſs and Clown.*

*Count.* **I**T hath happen'd all as I would have had it,  
I ſave that he comes not along with her.

*Clo.* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a  
very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what obſervance, I pray you?

*Clo.* Why he will look upon his boot, and ſing;  
mend his ruff, and ſing; ask queſtions, and ſing; pick  
his teeth, and ſing. I knew a man that had this trick  
of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong.

*Count.*

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.

*Clo.* I have no mind to *Isbel* since I was at court. Our old ling, and our *Isbels* o'th' country, are nothing like your old ling, and your *Isbels* o'th' court: the brain of my *Cupid*'s knock'd out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here?

*Clo.* In that you have there.

[*Exit.*]

*Countess* reads a letter.

*I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate son,*

*Bertram.*

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,  
To fly the favours of so good a King,  
To pluck his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprising of a maid, too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady.

*Count.* What is the matter? \*

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort, your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

*Count.* Why should he be kill'd?

*Clo.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your son was run away.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.*

1 Gen. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Gen. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience: 'pray you, gentlemen, I've felt so many quirks of joy and grief, That the first face of neither on the start Can woman me unto't. Where is my son?

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence.

We met him thitherward, from thence we came; And after some dispatch in hand at court, Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam, here's my passport.

*When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a Then I write a Never.*

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gen. Ay, madam, and, for the contents sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'vthee, lady, have a better cheer. If thou engross'est all the griefs as thine, Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son, But I do wash his name out of my blood, And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose; and believe't The Duke will lay upon him all the honour That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*  
*'Tis bitter,*

[Reading.

Count.



*Count.* Find you that there?

*Hel.* Yes, madam.

*1 Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand happily which his heart was not consenting to.

*Count.* Nothing in France until he have no wife? There's nothing here that is too good for him But only she, and she deserves a lord, That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

*1 Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have some time known.

*Count.* Paroltes, was't not?

*1 Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

*Count.* A very tainted fellow, full of wickedness: My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

*1 Gen.* Indeed, good lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.

*Count.* You're welcome, gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you see my son, to tell him that his sword can never win the honour that he loses: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

*2 Gen.* We serve you, madam, in that and all your worthiest affairs.

*Count.* Not so, but as we change our courtesies. Will you draw near? [*Ex. Count. and gentlemen.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Hel.* 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France. Nothing in France until he has no wife! Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France, Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I That chase thee from thy country, and expose Those tender limbs of thine to the event Of the none-sparing war? and is it I, That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of smoaky muskets? O you leaden messengers, That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim, move the still-piercing air  
 That <sup>d</sup>stings with piercing, do not touch my lord:  
 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.  
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,  
 I am the caitiff that do hold him to it,  
 And tho' I kill him not, I am the cause  
 His death was so effected. Better 'twere  
 I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd  
 With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere  
 That all the miseries which nature owes  
 Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Roussillon*,  
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,  
 As oft it looses all. I will be gone:  
 My being here it is that holds thee hence.  
 Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although  
 The air of paradise did fan the house,  
 And angels offic'd all; I will be gone,  
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight  
 To console thine ear. Come night, end day,  
 For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

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S C E N E V.

F L O R E N C E.

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, drum  
 and trumpets, soldiers, Parolles.

*Duke.* **T**HE general of our horse thou art, and we  
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and  
 credence

Upon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet  
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,  
 To th' extream edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then go forth,  
 And fortune play upon thy prosp'rous helm,  
 As thy auspicious mistress.

*Ber.*

<sup>d</sup> *stings*

*Ber.* This very day,  
Great *Mars*, I put my self into thy file;  
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove  
A lover of thy drum; hater of love. *[Exeunt.]*

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## S C E N E VI.

*Rouffillon in France.**Enter Countess and Steward.*

*Count.* **A** Las! and would you take the letter of her?  
Might you not know she would do, as she  
has done,  
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

## L E T T E R.

*I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;  
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,  
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.  
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war,  
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie;  
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far  
His name with zealous fervour sanctifie.  
His taken labours bid him me forgive;  
I his despightful Juno sent him forth  
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,  
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.  
He is too good and fair for death and me,  
Whom I my self embrace, to set him free.*

Ah what sharp stings are in her mildest words?  
*Rynaldo*, you did never lack advice so much,  
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,  
I could have well diverted her intents,  
Which thus she hath prevented.

*Stew.* Pardon, madam,  
If I had given you this at over-night

She

She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes  
Pursuit would be but vain.

*Count.* What angel shall  
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,  
Unless her prayers, whom heav'n delights to hear,  
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath  
Of greatest justice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,  
To this unworthy husband of his wife;  
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,  
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,  
Tho' little do he feel it, set down sharply.  
Dispatch the most convenient messenger;  
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,  
He will return, and hope I may that she,  
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both  
Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense  
To make distinction; provide this messenger;  
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak,  
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

*[Exit.]*

## S C E N E VII.

FLORENCE.

*A Tucket afar off.*

*Enter an old widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and  
Mariana, with other citizens.*

*Wid.* **N**AY come. For if they do approach the city,  
we shall lose all the fight.

*Dia.* They say the *French Count* has done most ho-  
nourable service.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has ta'en their greatest  
commander, and that with his own hand he slew the  
Duke's brother. We have lost our labour, they are  
gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their  
trumpets.

*Mar.*



*Mar.* Come let's return again, and suffice our selves with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French Earl*; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*Wid.* I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

*Mar.* I know that knave, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earl; beware of them, *Diana*; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust are not the things they go under; many a maid hath been seduced by them, and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further, but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Enter Helena disguised like a Pilgrim.*

*Wid.* I hope so. Look here comes a pilgrim; I know she will lye at my house; thither they send one another; I'll question her: God save you pilgrim, whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To *S. Jaques Le Grand*. Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the *St. Francis* here beside the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*]

*Wid.* Ay marry is't. Hark you, they come this way. If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;  
The rather, for I think I know your hostess  
As ample as my self.

*Hel.* Is it your self?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

*Wid.* You came, I think, from *France*?

*Hel.*

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Here you shall see a country-man of yours,  
That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you?

*Dia.* The Count *Roussillon*: know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the ear that hears most nobly of him;  
His face I know not.

*Dia.* Whatsoe'er he is,  
He's bravely taken here. He stole from *France*,  
As 'tis reported; for the King had married him  
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

*Hel.* Ay surely, meer the truth, I know his lady.

*Dia.* There is a gentleman that serves the Count  
Reports but courselly of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?

*Dia.* Monsieur *Parolles*.

*Hel.* Oh I believe with him,  
In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated; all her deserving  
Is a reserved honesty, and that  
I have not heard examin'd.

*Dia.* Ah poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

*Wid.* Ah! right good creature! wheresoe'er she is,  
Her heart weighs sadly; this young maid might do her  
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you mean?

May be, the am'rous Count sollicites her  
In the unlawful purpose.

*Wid.* He does indeed,  
And e brokes with all than can in such a suit  
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:  
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard  
In honestest defence.

S C E N E

e brooks.

S C E N E VIII.

*Drum and Colours.*

*Enter Bertram, Parolles, Officers and Soldiers attending.*

*Mar.* The Gods forbid else.

*Wid.* So now they come :  
That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldest son ;  
That *Escalus*.

*Hel.* Which is the *Frenchman* ?

*Dia.* He ;  
That with the plume ; 'tis a most gallant fellow,  
I would he lov'd his wife : if he were honest  
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome gen-  
tleman ?

*Hel.* I like him well.

*Dia.* 'Tis pity he is not honest : yond's that same  
knave  
That leads him to these places ; were I his lady,  
I'd poison that vile rascal.

*Hel.* Which is he ?

*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he me-  
lancholy ?

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i' th' battel.

*Par.* Lose our drum ! well.

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look he  
has spied us.

*Wid.* Marry, hang you. [*Exeunt Ber. Par. &c.*]

*Mar.* And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier.

*Wid.* The troop is past : come pilgrim, I will bring  
you

Where you shall host : of injoyn'd penitents  
There's four or five, to great *St. Jaques* bound,  
Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you :  
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid  
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking  
Shall be for me : and to requite you further,

I will bestow some precepts on this virgin  
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.*

*1 Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put to him to't: let him have his way.

*2 Lord.* If your lordship find him not a † hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

*1 Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think I am so far deceiv'd in him?

*1 Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman; he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

*2 Lord.* It were fit you knew him, lest reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

*2 Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum; which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

*1 Lord.* I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will suddenly surprize him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the  
divine

† hilding. *degenerate.*



divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't; when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ours will be melted, if you give him not *John Drum's* entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

*Ber.* How now Monsieur? this drumsticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

*Par.* But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum so lost! there was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that *Cæsar* himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

*Par.* It might have been recover'd.

*Ber.* It might, but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach to't, Monsieur; if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on, I will  
grace

grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand a soldier I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening, and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage my self in my certainty, put my self into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know th'art valiant, and to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee; farewell.

*Par.* I love not many words. [Exit.

## S C E N E XI.

*1 Lord.* No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do it, and dares better be damn'd than do't.

*2 Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

*Ber.* Why do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

*2 Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almost † imboft him, you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

*1 Lord.*

† *imboft.* a deer is said to be imboft when he is near run down.

*1 Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we catch him. He was first smok'd by the old lord *Lafew*; when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

*2 Lord.* I must go and look my twigs; he shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother he shall go along with me.

*2 Lord.* As't please your lordship. I'll leave you.

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and shew

you

The lals I spoke of.

*1 Lord.* But you say she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i'th' wind, Tokens and letters, which she did resend; And this is all I've done: she's a fair creature, Will you go see her?

*1 Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E XII.

*Enter Helena and Widow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

*Wid.* Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these businesses, And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you. First give me trust, the Count he is my husband, And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken, Is so from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should believe you, For you have shew'd me that which well approves

Y'are great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
Which I will over-pay, and pay again  
When I have found it. The Count woos your  
daughter;

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,  
Resolves to carry her; let her consent;  
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.  
Now his importunate blood will nought deny:  
That she'll demand: a ring the Count does wear  
That downward hath succeeded in his house  
From son to son, some four or five descents,  
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds  
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,  
How'er repented after.

*Wid.* Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawful then. It is no more,  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,  
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;  
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
Her self most chastly absent: after this,  
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns  
To what is past already.

*Wid.* I have yielded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,  
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musick of all sorts, and songs compos'd  
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us  
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,  
As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.* Why then to-night

Let us assay our plot, which if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;  
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:  
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT






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

*Continues in Florence.*

*Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.*

L O R D.

 He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner; when you fall upon him, speak what terrible language you will, though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one amongst us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

*Sol.* Good captain, let me be th' interpreter.

*Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

*Sol.* No, Sir, I warrant you.

*Lord.* But what linzie-woolzie hast thou to speak to us again?

*Sol.* Ev'n such as you speak to me.

*Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i'th' adversaries' entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch ho, here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

*Enter*

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* Ten a clock; within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? it must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smother me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find my tongue is too fool-hardy, but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

*Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my self some hurts, and say I got them in exploit; yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the instance? tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy my self another of *Bajazet's* mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

*Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*

*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spanish* sword.

*Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

*Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*

*Par.* Or to drown my cloaths, and say I was stript.

*Lord.* Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

*Par.* Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the cittadel.

*Lord.* How deep? [*Aside.*

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

*Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

*Par.* I would I had any drum of the enemies, I would swear I recover'd it.

*Lord.*

Lord. You shall hear one anon. [Aside.

Par. A drum now of the enemies. [Alarum within.

Lord. *Throco movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ransom, ransom: do not hide mine eyes.

[They seize him and blindfold him.]

Inter. *Baskos thromaldo beskos.*

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* regiment,  
And I shall lose my life for want of language.

If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,

*Italian*, or *French*, let him speak to me,

I'll discover that which shall undo the *Florentine*.

Inter. *Baskos vauvado*, I understand thee, and can  
speak thy tongue, *Kerezybonto*, Sir, betake thee to thy  
faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

Int. Oh pray, pray, pray,

*Mancha ravancha dulce.*

Lord. *Osceoribi dulchos volivorco.*

Int. The general is content to spare thee yet,  
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on  
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'st inform  
Something to save thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,  
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew;  
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that  
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Int. *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space. [Exit.]

[A short alarum within.]

Lord. Go, tell the Count *Roussillon* and my brother,  
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him  
muffled

'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto our selves,  
Inform 'em that.

*Sol.* So I will, Sir.

*Lord.* 'Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lockt,  
[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Bertram and Diana.*

*Ber.* **T**HEY told me that your name was *Fontibelli*.

*Dia.* No, my good lord, *Diana*.

*Ber.* Titled goddess,  
And worth it with addition! but, fair soul,  
In your fine frame hath love no quality?  
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
You are no maiden, but a monument:  
When you are dead you should be such a one  
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;  
And now you should be as your mother was  
When your sweet self was got.

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No.

My mother did but duty, such, my lord,  
As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more o' that!

I pr'ythee do not strive against my vows:  
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee  
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever  
Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us  
'Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to prick our selves,  
And mock us with our bareness.

*Ber.* How have I sworn!

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,  
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true;  
What is not holy that we swear not by.  
But take the high'st to witness: then pray tell me,  
If

<sup>a</sup> *basely*



If I should swear by *Jove's* great attribute  
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
When I did love you ill? this has no holding  
To swear by him whom I protest to love,  
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths  
Are words and poor conditions but unseal'd,  
At least in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it:  
Be not so holy cruel. Love is holy,  
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts  
That you do charge men with: stand no more off,  
But give thy self unto my sick desires,  
Which then recover. Say thou art mine, and ever  
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

*Dia.* I see that men make hopes in such affairs  
That we'll forsake our selves. Give me that ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power  
To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my lord?

*Ber.* It is an honour 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th' world  
In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine honour's such a ring,  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th' world  
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion honour on my part,  
Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring.  
My house, my honour, yea, my life be thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee.

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber  
window;

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,  
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:  
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;  
 And on your finger, in the night, I'll put  
 Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,  
 May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu 'till then, then fail not: you have won  
 A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

*Ber.* A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee.  
[Exit.]

*Dia.* For which live long to thank both heav'n and  
 me.

You may so in the end,

My mother told me just how he would woo,  
 As if she fate in's heart; she says, all men  
 Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me  
 When his wife's dead: therefore I'll lye with him  
 When I am buried. Since *Frenchmen* are so braid,  
 Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid;  
 Only in this disguise, I think't no sin  
 To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

*Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

*1 Lord.* YOU have not given him his mother's  
 letter?

*2 Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since; there is  
 something in't that stings his nature, for on the read-  
 ing it he chang'd almost into another man.

*1 Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him  
 for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

*2 Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting  
 displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his  
 bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a  
 thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

*1 Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I  
 am the grave of it.

*2 Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman  
 here in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, and this  
night

night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchast composition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are our selves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Meerly our own traitors; and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility in his proper stream, o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so <sup>b</sup> curiously he had set his counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count *Roussillon* do then? will he travel higher, or return again into *France*?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir, so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to *St. Jaques le grand*; which holy undertaking, with a most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd; and there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

G 3

1 *Lord.*

<sup>b</sup> *seriously.*

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death; her death it self (which could not be her office to say is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

*Enter a Servant.*

How now? where's your master?

*Ser.* He met the Duke in the street, Sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Bertram.*

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness: here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his



his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

*Ber.* I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? come, bring forth this counterfeit module; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophet.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as fate in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber.* No matter, his heels have deserv'd it in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordship already: the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk, he hath confess'd himself to *Morgan*, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th' stocks; and what think you he hath confess'd?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Parolles with his interpreter.*

*Ber.* A plague upon him, muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush.

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa.*

*Int.* He calls for the tortures; what will you say without 'em?

*Par.* I will confess what I know without con-

strait; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

*Int.* *Bosko Chimurcho.*

*2 Lord.* *Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

*Int.* You are a merciful general: our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

*Int.* First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

*Par.* Five or six thousand, but very weak and un-  
serviceable; the troops are all scatter'd, and the com-  
manders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and  
credit, and as I hope to live.

*Int.* Shall I set down your answer so?

*Par.* Do, I'll take the sacrament on't, how and  
which way you will: all's one to me.

*Ber.* What a past-saving slave is this?

*1 Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monsieur  
*Parolles*, the gallant militarist, that was his own phrase,  
that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his  
scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

*2 Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping  
his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing  
in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

*Int.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse I said, I will say  
true, or thereabouts set down, for I'll speak truth.

*1 Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature  
he delivers it.

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you say.

*Int.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, Sir, a truth's a truth,  
the rogues are marvellous poor.

*Int.* Demand of him of what strength they are a-  
foot. What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this pre-  
sent hour I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hun-  
dred and fifty, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many,  
*Faques* so many; *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowick*, and  
*Gratii*,

*Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each; so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand pole, half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

*1 Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

*Int.* Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one captain *Dumain* be i'th' camp, a *Frenchman*; what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them singly.

*Int.* Do you know this captain *Dumain*?

*Par.* I know him, he was a botcher's prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the sheriff's fool with child, a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave hold your hands, tho' I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

*Int.* Well, is this captain in the Duke of *Florence's* camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

*1 Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your lordship anon.

*Int.* What is his reputation with the Duke?

*Par.* The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o'th' band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

*Int.* Marry we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadness I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

*Int.* Here 'tis, here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it or no.

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

*1 Lord.* Excellently.

*Int.* Dian; *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

*Par.* That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Roussillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

*Int.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable! both sides rogue.

*Interpreter reads the letter.*

*When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.*

*After he scores, he never pays the score:*

*Half won is match well made, match and well make it:*

*He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before.*

*And say a soldier (Dian) told thee this:*

*Men are to † mell with, boys are but to kiss.*

*For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it.*

*Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.*

*Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,*

#### PAROLIA

*Ber.* He shall be whipt through the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

*2 Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

*Int.* I perceive, Sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

*Par.*

† mell, from *mêler*, to mingle.



*Par.* My life, Sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a dungeon, i'th' stocks, any where, so I may live.

*Int.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore once more to this captain *Dumain*: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

*Par.* He will steal, Sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels *Nessus*. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than *Hercules*. He will lie, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, Sir, of his honesty, he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

*1 Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

*Int.* What say you to his expertness in war?

*Par.* Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the *English* tragedians: to belie him I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not, except in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

*1 Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy so far that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him, he's a cat still.

*Int.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

*Par.* Sir, for a *Quart-d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

*Int.*

*Int.* What's his brother, the other captain *Dumain*?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

*Int.* What's he?

*Par.* E'en a crow o'th' same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry in coming on he has the cramp.

*Int.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine*?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count *Roussillon*.

*Int.* I'll whisper with the general and know his pleasure.

*Par.* I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums; only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into danger; yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

*Int.* There is no remedy, Sir, but you must die; the general says, you that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

*Par.* O lord, Sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

*Int.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*

So, look about you; know you any here?

*Ber.* Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain *Parolles*.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France*.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of that same sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Roussillon*? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

*Int.*

*Int.* You are undone, captain, all but your scarf that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

*Int.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had receiv'd so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speak of you there.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

*Par.* Yet I am thankful: if my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more, But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall. Simply the thing I am Shall make me live: who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust sword, cool blushes, and *Parolles* live Safest in shame; being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive; There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them.

[*Exit.*

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S C E N E VII.

*The Widow's House at Florence.*

*Enter Helena, Widow and Diana.*

*Hel.* **T**HAT you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you, One of the greatest in the christian world Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful, Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel. Time was I did him a desired office Dear almost as his life, which gratitude Through flinty *Tartars* bosom would peep forth, And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd, His Grace is at *Marseilles*, to which place We have convenient convoy; you must know

I am supposed dead; the army breaking,  
My husband hies him home, where heaven aiding,  
And by the leave of my good lord the King,  
We'll be before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle madam,  
You never had a servant to whose trust  
Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor you, mistress,  
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour  
To recompence your love: doubt not but heav'n  
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dowre,  
As it hath fated her to be my motive  
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!  
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
When faucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play  
With what it loaths, for that which is away.  
But more of this hereafter. You *Diana*,  
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty  
Go with your impositions, I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet I pray you:  
But with the word the time will bring on summer,  
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp: we must away,  
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;  
*All's well that ends well*, still that finds the crown;  
Whate'er the <sup>b</sup> course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to Roussillon in France.*

*Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.*

*Laf.* **N**O, no, no, your son was mis-led with a snipt  
taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron  
would

<sup>b</sup> *course,*



would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

*Count.* I would I had not known him, it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating; if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand fallets ere we light on such another herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, Sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the fallet, or rather the herb of grace.

*Laf.* They are not fallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

*Clo.* I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much skill in grafs.

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thy self, a knave or a fool?

*Clo.* A fool, Sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction?

*Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service indeed.

*Clo.* And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her service.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

*Clo.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why, Sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a Prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that, a *Frenchman*?

*Clo.* Faith, Sir, he has an *English* name, but his phisnomy is more hotter in *France* than there.

*Laf.* What Prince is that?

*Clo.* The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of darkness, *alias* the devil,

*Laf.*

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse; I give thee not this to seduce thee from thy master thou talk'st of, serve him still.

*Clo.* I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire, and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, they shall be jades tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

*Laf.* A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

*Count.* So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sawciness; and indeed he has no pace, but runs where he will.

*Laf.* I like him well, 'tis not amiss; and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which in the minority of them both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose; his Highness hath promis'd me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your son, there is no fitter matter. How do's your ladyship like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His Highness comes post from *Marseilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will  
be

be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

*Count.* It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me 'till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under't or no the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Count.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So belike is that.

*Clo.* But it is your carbinado'd face.

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.* 'Faith there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*



ACT



## ACT V. SCENE I.

### *The Court of France.*

*Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two attendants.*

HELENA.



UT this exceeding posting day and night  
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot  
help it.  
But since you've made the days and  
nights as one  
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,  
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital  
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power. God save you, Sir.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of *France*.

*Gent.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, Sir, that you are not fallen  
From the report that goes upon your goodness;  
And therefore goaded with most sharp occasions  
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to  
The use of your own virtues, for the which  
I shall continue thankful.

*Gent.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the King,  
And aid me with that store of power you have,  
To come into his presence.

*Gent.*



*Gent.* The King's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, Sir?

*Gent.* Not indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste  
Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!

*Hel.* All's well that ends well yet,  
Tho' time seem so adverse, and means unfit:  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to *Rousillon*,  
Whither I'm going.

*Hel.* I beseech you, Sir,  
Since you are like to see the King before me,  
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,  
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,  
But rather make you thank your pains for it.  
I will come after you with what good speed  
Our means will make us means.

*Gent.* This I'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find your self to be well thank'd,  
What-e'er falls more. We must to horse again.  
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

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S C E N E II.

R O U S I L L O N.

*Enter Clown and Parolles.*

*Par.* **G**OOD Mr. *Levatch*, give my lord *Lafeu* this  
letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better  
known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresh-  
er cloaths; but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's  
mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong dis-  
pleasure.

*Clo.* Truly fortune's displeasure is but stuttish, if it  
smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will hence-  
forth eat no fish of fortune's butt'ring. Pry'thee, al-  
low the wind.

*Par.*

*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, Sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

*Cl.* Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose against any man's metaphor. Pry'thee get thee further.

*Par.* Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

*Cl.* Foh! pr'ythee stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool, to give to a nobleman! look here he comes himself.

*Enter Lafeu.*

*Cl.* Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a muscat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my siniles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of her self is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more: come you shall ha't, save your word.

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is *Parolles*.

*Laf.* You beg more than one word then. Cox my passion, give me your hand: how does your drum?

*Par.* O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

*Laf.* Was I, insooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lyes in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* Out upon thee knave, dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The King's coming, I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you last night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*Flourish.* Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with attendants.

*King.* We lost a jewel of her, our esteem Was made much poorer by it; but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

*Count.* 'Tis past, my Liege; And I beseech your Majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i'th' blade of youth, When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

*King.* My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

*Laf.* This I must say, But first I beg my pardon; the young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive; Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve, Humbly call'd mistrefs.

*King.* Praising what is lost, Makes the remembrance dear. Well---call him hither, We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition: let him not ask our pardon. The nature of his great offence is dead,

And

And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
Th' incensing relicks of it. Let him approach  
A stranger, no offender; and inform him  
So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my Liege.

*King.* What says he to your daughter?  
Have you spoke?

*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your Highness.

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters  
sent me  
That set him high in fame.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Bertram.*

*Laf.* He looks well on't.

*King.* I'm not a day of season,  
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail  
In me at once; but to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way, so stand thou forth,  
The time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high-repented blames,  
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole,  
Not one word more of the consumed time,  
Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember  
The daughter of this lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege. At first  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:  
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favour,  
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stoll'n,  
Extended or contracted all proportions  
To a most hideous object: thence it came,  
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my self,  
Since



Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd:

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away  
From the great 'compt; but love that comes too late,  
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
To the great sencer, turns a sowre offence,  
Crying, that's good that is gone: our rash faults  
Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them, until we know their grave,  
Oft our displeasures to our selves unjust,  
Destroy our Friends, and after weep their dust:  
Our own love waking, cries to see what's done,  
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.  
Be this sweet *Helen's* knell, and now forget her.  
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,  
The main consents are had, and here we'll stay  
To see our widower's second marriage day:  
Which better than the first, O dear heav'n bless,  
Or, ere they meet, in me O nature, cease.

*Laf.* Come on my son, in whom my house's name  
Must be digested: give a favour from you  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,  
And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen* that's dead  
Was a sweer creature: such a ring as this,  
The last that e'er she took her leave at court,  
I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Her's it was not.

*King.* Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't:  
This ring was mine, and when I gave it *Helen*,  
I bad her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessited to help, that by this token  
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her  
Of what should stead her most?

*Ber.* My gracious sovereign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never her's.

*Count.* Son, on my life

I've

I've seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it  
At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I'm sure I saw her wear it.

*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it,  
In *Florence* was it from a casement thrown me,  
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought  
I stood engag'd, but when I had subscrib'd  
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,  
I could not answer in that course of honour  
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd  
In heavy satisfaction, and would never  
Receive the ring again.

*King.* *Plutus* himself,  
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,  
Hath not in nature's mystery more science  
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen's*,  
Whoever gave it you: then if you know  
That you are well acquainted with your self,  
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,  
That she would never put it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to your self in bed,  
(Where you have never come) or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She never saw it.

*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;  
And mak'st conject'ral fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out; if it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman---'twill not prove so---  
And yet I know not---thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead, which nothing but to close  
Her eyes my self, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring. Take him away.

[*Guards seize Bertram.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,  
We'll sift this matter further.

*Ber.* If you shall prove

This ring was ever hers, you shall as easie  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,  
Where yet she never was. [Exit Bertram guarded.]

S C E N E V.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*King.* I'm wrap'd in dismal thinking.

*Gent.* Gracious sovereign,  
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:  
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*,  
Who hath for four or five removes come short  
To tender it her self. I undertook it,  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know  
Is here attending: her business looks in her  
With an importing visage, and she told me  
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
Your highness with her self.

The King reads a letter.

*Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rouffillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for justice: grant it me, O King, in you it best lyes, otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

Diana Capulet.

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this. I'll none of him.

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafes*,  
To bring forth this discov'ry. Seek these suitors:  
Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

*Enter Bertram.*

I am afraid the life of *Helen* (lady)  
Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now justice on the doers.

*King.* I wonder, Sir, wives are so monstrous to you,  
And that you fly them as you swear to them;  
Yet you desire to wed. What woman's that!

*Enter Widow and Diana.*

*Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched *Florentine*,  
Derived from the ancient *Capulet*;  
My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, Sir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, Count; do you know these wo-  
men?

*Ber.* My lord, I neither can nor will deny  
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

*Ber.* She's none of mine, my lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
You give away heav'n's vows, and those are mine;  
You give away my self, which is known mine;  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she which marries you must marry me,  
Either both or none.

*Laf.* Your reputation comes too short for my daugh-  
ter, you are no husband for her. [To Bertram.

*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,  
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your high-  
ness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour  
Than e'er to think that I would sink it here.

*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to  
friend,

Till your deeds gain them fairer: prove your honour  
Than in my thought it lies.

*Dia.* Good my lord,  
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think  
He had not my virginity.



*King.* What say'st thou to her ?

*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord,  
And was a common gamester to the camp.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord ; if I were so  
He might have bought me at a common price.  
Do not believe him. O behold this ring,  
Whose high respect and rich validity  
Did lack a parallel : yet for all that  
He gave it to a commoner o'th' camp,  
If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis his :  
Of six preceding ancestors, that gemm  
Conferr'd by testament to th' subsequent issue,  
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,  
That ring's a thousand proofs.

*King.* Methought you said  
You saw one here in court could witness it.

*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loth am to produce  
So bad an instrument ; his name's *Parolles*.

*Laf.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

*Ber.* What of him ?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,  
With all the spots o'th' world, tax'd and debosh'd,  
Which nature sickens with : but to speak truth,  
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,  
That will speak any thing ?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think she has ; certain it is I lik'd her,  
And boarded her i'th' wanton way of youth :  
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint ;  
As all impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy, and in fine,  
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,  
Subdu'd me to her rate : she got the ring,  
And I had that which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.

*Dia.* I must be patient :  
You that turn'd off a first so noble wife,

May justly diet me. I pray you yet,  
 Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,  
 Send for your ring, I will return it home,  
 And give me mine again.

*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you?

*Dia.* Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

*King.* Know you this ring, this ring was his of late.

*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

*King.* The story then goes false, you threw it him  
 Out of a casement.

*Dia.* I have spoke the truth.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Ber.* My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

*King.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you:  
 Is this the man you speak of?

*Dia.* It is, my lord.

*King.* Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,  
 Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
 Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off;  
 By him and by this woman here, what know you?

*Par.* So please your Majesty, my master hath been  
 an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him,  
 which gentlemen have.

*King.* Come, come, to the purpose; did he love  
 this woman?

*Par.* Faith, Sir, he did love her, but how!

*King.* How, I pray you?

*Par.* He did love her, Sir, as a gentleman loves a  
 woman.

*King.* How is that?

*Par.* He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an  
 equivocal companion is this?

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your majesty's com-  
 mand.

*Laf.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

*Dia.*

*Dia.* Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

*Par.* 'Faith I know more than I'll speak.

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

*Par.* Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her: for indeed he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord,

*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him.

*Laf.* This woman's an easie glove, my lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife,

*Dia.* It might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.

*King.* Take her away, I do not like her now, To prison with her: and away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my Liege.

*King.* I think thee now some common customer.

*Dia.* By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;  
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;  
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.  
Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life;  
I'm either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to Lafeu.*

*King.* She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir,

[*Ex. Widow.*

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,  
And he shall surety me. But for this lord, [To *Bert.*  
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,  
'Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.  
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,  
And at that time he got his wife with child;  
Dead tho' she be, she feels her young one kick:  
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick.  
And now behold the meaning.

*Enter Helena and Widow.*

*King.* Is there no exorcist  
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?  
Is't real that I see?

*Hel.* No, my good lord,  
'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,  
The name, and not the thing.

*Ber.* Both, both, oh pardon!

*Hel.* Oh, my good lord, when I was like this maid,  
I found you wond'rous kind; there is your ring,  
And look you, here's your letter: this it says,  
*When from my finger you can get this ring,  
And are by me with child, &c.* This is done.  
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

*Ber.* If she, my Liege, can make me know this  
clearly,  
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,  
Deadly divorce step between me and you.  
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

[*To the Countess.*

*Laf.*

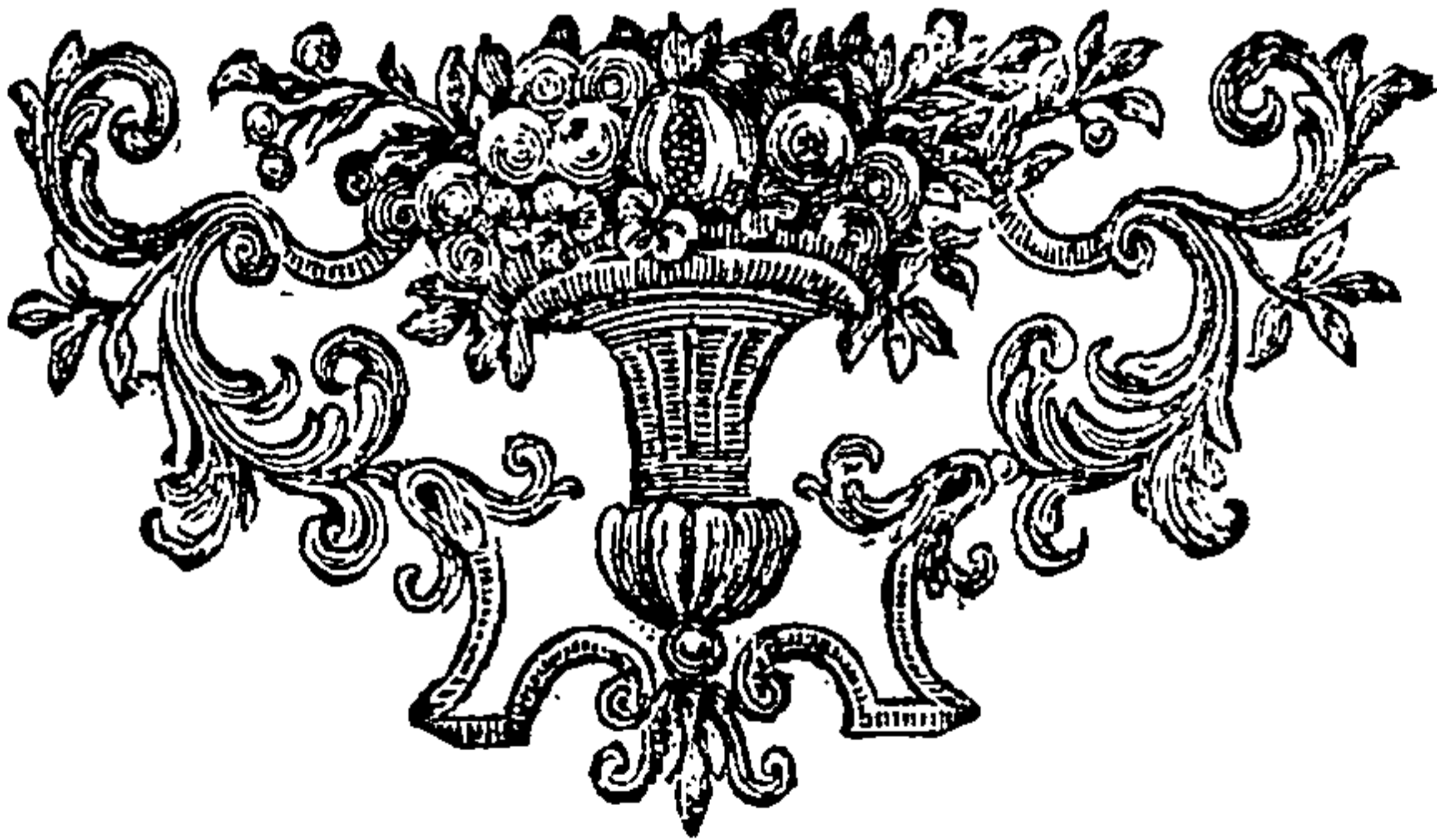


*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon :  
Good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief,

[*To Parolles.*

So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make sport  
with thee : let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy  
ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,  
To make the even truth in pleasure flow :  
If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To Diana.*  
Chuse thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;  
For I can guess, that by thy honest aid,  
Thou kept'st a wife her self, thy self a maid.  
Of that and all the progress more or less,  
Resolvedly more leisure shall express :  
All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Exeunt.*





# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the KING.

**T**HE King's a beggar, now the play is done:  
All is well ended, if this suit be won,  
That you express content; which we will pay,  
With strife to please you, day exceeding day;  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,  
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.







---

*TWELFTH-NIGHT:*

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

---



# Dramatis Personæ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young gentleman, brother to Viola.*

Antonio, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*

Valentine, }  
Curio, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a foolish Knight, pretending to Olivia.*

*A sea-captain, friend to Viola.*

Fabian, *servant to Olivia.*

Malvolio, *a fantastical steward to Olivia.*

Clown, *servant to Olivia.*

Olivia, *a lady of great beauty and fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*

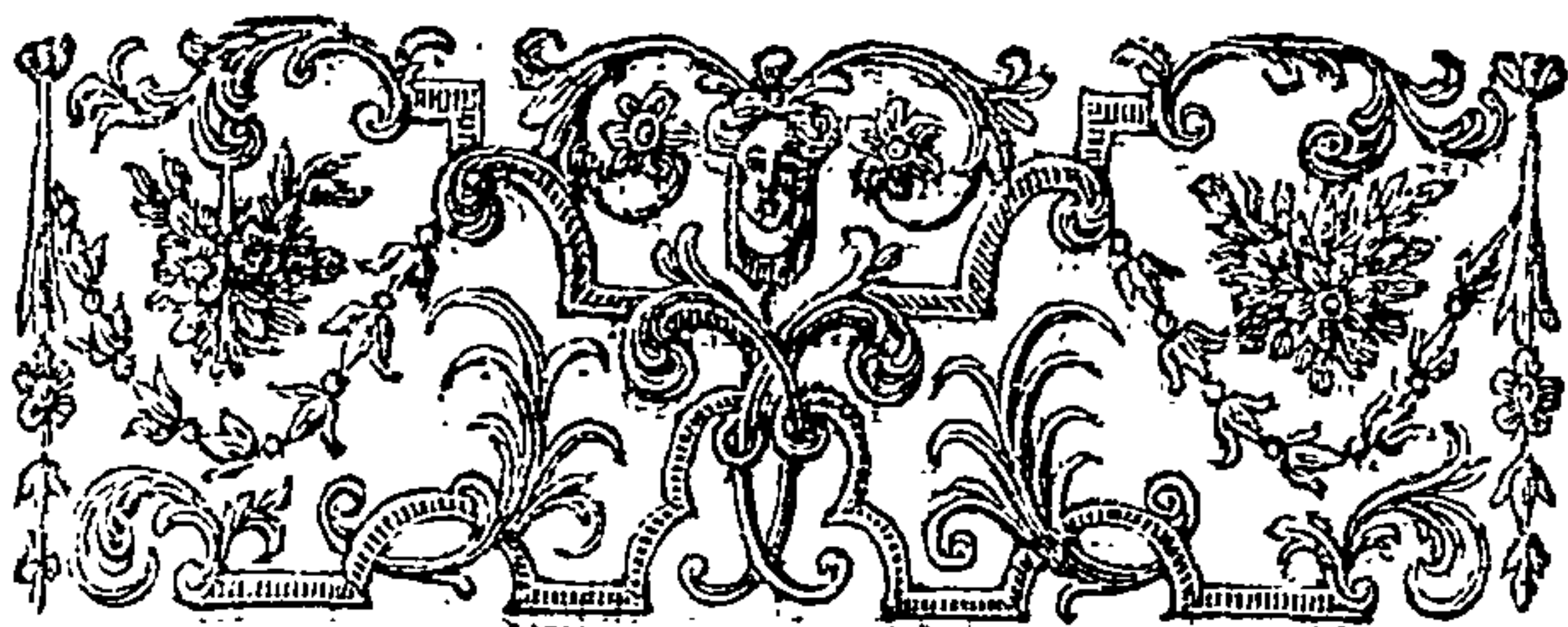
Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's woman.*

*Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other attendants.*

SCENE, *a City on the Coast of Illyria.*

TWELFTH.



# TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

---

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The PALACE.*

*Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.*

D U K E.

**I**F musick be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again, it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet  
    \* fouth

That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing, and giving odour. Hush! no more;  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there  
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,

*\* sound*

*Buss*

But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute; so full of shapes is fancy,  
That it alone is high fantastical.

*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my lord?

*Duke.* What, *Curio*?

*Cur.* The hart.

*Duke.* Why so I do, the noblest that I have:  
O when my eyes did see *Olivia* first,  
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;  
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,  
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
E'er since pursue me. How now, what news from  
her?

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be admitted,  
But from her hand-maid do return this answer:  
The element it self, 'till seven years hence,  
Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
But like a cloystress she will veiled walk,  
And water once a day her chambers round  
With eye-offending brine: all this to season  
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
And lasting in her sad remembrance still.

*Duke.* O she that hath a heart of that fine frame,  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart,  
These sov'rain thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,  
Her sweet perfections, with one self-same King!  
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers,  
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exit.*]



SCENE

S C E N E II.

*The STREET.*

*Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors.*

*Vio.* **W**HAT country, friends, is this?

*Cap.* *Illyria*, lady.

*Vio.* And what should I do in *Illyria*?

My brother he is in *Elysium*.

Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?

*Cap.* It is perchance that you your self were sav'd.

*Vio.* O my poor brother! so perchance may he be.

*Cap.* True, madam: and to comfort you with chance,  
Assure your self, after our ship did split,  
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,  
Hung on our driving boat: I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself  
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)  
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;  
Where like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,  
I see him hold acquaintance with the waves,  
So long as I could see.

*Vio.* There's gold for saying so.  
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

*Cap.* Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born  
Not three hours travel from this very place.

*Vio.* Who governs here?

*Cap.* A noble Duke in nature as in name.

*Vio.* What is his name?

*Cap.* *Orsino*.

*Vio.* *Orsino*! I have heard my father name him.  
He was a batchelor then.

*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late;  
For but a month ago I went from hence,  
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know

*What*



182 TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or,

What great ones do, the less will prattle of)  
That he did seek the love of fair *Olivia*.

*Vio.* What's she?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,  
That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving her  
In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also dy'd; for whose dear love,  
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight  
And company of men.

*Vio.* O that I serv'd that lady,  
And might not be deliver'd to the world,  
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow  
What my estate is!

*Cap.* That were hard to compass,  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the Duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;  
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee,  
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character:  
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,  
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke,  
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,  
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,  
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,  
That will allow me very worth his service.  
What else may hap, to time I will commit,  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

*Vio.* I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE

## S C E N E III.

*Olivia's House.*

*Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.*

*Sir To.* **W**HAT a plague means my neice to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth, *Sir Toby*, you must come in earlier a-nights; your neice, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

*Sir To.* Why let her except, before excepted.

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine your self within the modest limits of order.

*Sir To.* Confine? I'll confine my self no finer than I am; these cloaths are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; if they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer?

*Sir To.* Who, *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall a man as any in *Illyria*.

*Mar.* What's that to th' purpose?

*Sir To.* Why he has three thousand ducats a year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath indeed, almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath

in

in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

*Mar.* They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my neice: I'll drink to her as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*. He's a coward and a † coystril that will not drink to my neice 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a parish top. What wench? *Castiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-face*.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* Sir *Toby Belch*! how now, Sir *Toby Belch*?

*Sir To.* Sweet Sir *Andrew*!

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair *Shrew*.

*Mar.* And you too, Sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, Sir *Andrew*, accost.

*Sir And.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My neice's chamber-maid.

*Sir And.* Good mistress *Accost*, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is *Mary*, Sir.

*Sir And.* Good mistress *Mary Accost*.

*Sir To.* You mistake, Knight: accost is, front her, board her, wooe her, assail her.

*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* If thou let her part so, Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

*Sir And.* If you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

*Mar.* Sir, ' have not you by th' hand.

† *A coystril, a young lad.*

*Sir And.* Marry but you shall have, and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to th' buttery bar, and let it drink.

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

*Mar.* It's dry, Sir.

*Sir And.* Why, I think so: I am not such an afs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Mar.* A dry jest, Sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit Maria.*]

*Sir To.* O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

*Sir And.* Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down: methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

*Sir To.* No question.

*Sir And.* If I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, *Sir Toby.*

*Sir To.* *Pourquoy*, my dear Knight?

*Sir And.* What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O had I but follow'd the arts!

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question, for thou seest it will not cool my nature.

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

*Sir To.* Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a house-wife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

*Sir And.*



*Sir And.* Faith I'll home to-morrow, *Sir Toby*, your neice will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Duke himself here hard by woos her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o'th' Duke, she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear. Tut, there's life in't man.

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' strangest mind i'th' world: I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kick-shaws, Knight?

*Sir And.* As any man in *Illyria* whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

*Sir And.* Faith, I can cut a caper,

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't.

*Sir And.* And I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in *Illyria*.

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like mistress *Mali's* picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig! I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace: what dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

*Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

*Sir To.* What shall we do else? were we not born under *Taurus*?

*Sir And.* *Taurus*? that's sides and heart.

*Sir To.* No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent.      [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

## S C E N E V.

*The PALACE.*

*Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.*

*Val.* IF the Duke continue these favours towards you, *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Enter Duke, Curio, and attendants.*

*Vio.* I thank you: here comes the Duke.

*Duke.* Who saw *Cesario*, ho?

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord, here.

*Duke.* Stand you a while aloof. *Cesario*, Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul. Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her, Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow 'Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Duke.* Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofited return.

*Vio.* Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

*Duke.* O then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith; It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Then in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it:

For they shall yet belie thy happy years,  
That say thou art a man: *Diana's* lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,  
And all is semblative a woman's part.  
I know thy constellation is right apt  
For this affair: some four or five attend him,  
All if you will; for I my self am best  
When least in company. Prosper well in this,  
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
To call his fortunes thine.

*Vio.* I'll do my best

To woo your lady; yet, O baneful strife!  
Who-e'er I woo, my self would be his wife. [Exit]

## S C E N E VI.

### OLIVIA'S House.

*Enter Maria and Clown.*

*Mar.* **N**AY, either tell me where thou hast been, or  
I will not open my lips so wide as a brittle  
may enter in way of thy excuse; my lady will hang  
thee for thy absence.

*Cl.* Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in  
this world needs fear no colours.

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Cl.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mar.* A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where  
that saying was born, of I fear no colours.

*Cl.* Where, good mistress *Mary*?

*Mar.* In the wars, and that may you be bold to say  
in your foolery.

*Cl.* Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and  
those that are fools let them use their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hang'd for being so long ab-  
sent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hang-  
ing to you? *Cl.*

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute then?

*Clo.* Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two points.

*Mar.* That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskings fall.

*Clo.* Apt in good faith, very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve's* flesh as any in *Illyria*.

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my lady; make your excuse wisely you were best. [*Exit.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Olivia and Malvolio.*

*Clo.* Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling; these wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says *Quinapalus*, better a witty fool than a foolish wit. God bless thee, lady.

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows, take away the lady.

*Oli.* Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest, if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd; virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin, and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple fillogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: the lady bad take away the fool, therefore I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bad them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus*



*cullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexterously, good *Madona*.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechize you for it, *Madona*; good my mouse of virtue answer me.

*Oli.* Well, Sir, for want of other idlenefs, I'll bide your proof.

*Clo.* Good *Madona*, why mourn'st thou?

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think his soul is in hell, *Madona*.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heav'n, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heav'n: take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes, and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

*Clo.* God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brains than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools *Zanies*.

*Oli.* O you are sick of self-love, *Malvolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but

but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

*Clo.* Now *Mercury* indue thee with <sup>b</sup> learning, for thou speak'st well of fools.

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the Count *Orsino* is it?

*Mar.* I know not, madam, 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar.* Sir *Toby*, Madam, your uncle.

*Oli.* Fetch him off I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him. Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home. What you will to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *Pia mater*.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Sir Toby.*

*Oli.* By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, uncle?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman? what gentleman?

*Sir To.* 'Tis a gentleman here. A plague o' these pickle herring: how now, sot?

*Clo.* Good Sir *Toby*.

*Oli.* Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

*Sir To.* Letchery, I defie letchery: there's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ay marry, what is he?

<sup>b</sup> learning

*Sir*

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Ex.*

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Cl.* Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go look after him.

*Cl.* He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Ex. Clown.*

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep, he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* He has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.* What kind o'man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of mankind.

*Oli.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of very ill manners; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage and years is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peal-cod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

*Oli.* Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Maria.*

*Oli.* Give me my vail : come, throw it o'er my face ;  
We'll once more hear *Orsino's* embassy.

*Enter Viola.*

*Vio.* The honourable lady of the house, which is she ?

*Oli.* Speak to me, I shall answer for her : your will ?

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty — I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loth to cast away my speech ; for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn ; I am very comp-  
tible, even to the least sinister usage.

*Oli.* Whence came you, Sir ?

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

*Oli.* Are you a comedian ?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart ; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house ?

*Oli.* If I do not usurp my self, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp your self ; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve ; but this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in't : I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you



than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, Sir? here lyes your way.

*Vio.* No, good swabber, I am to hull a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady: tell me your mind, I am a messenger.

*Oli.* Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the curtesie of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

*Vio.* The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

*Oli.* Give us the place alone. [*Exit Maria.*] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet lady.

*Oli.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lyes the text?

*Vio.* In *Orsino's* bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

*Oli.* O, I have read it; it is heresie. Have you no more to say?

*Vio.* Good madam let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well-done? [*Unveiling.*]

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in grain, Sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:  
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave,  
And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will  
give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be  
inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd  
to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*,  
two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck,  
one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to  
praise me?

*Vio.* I see you what you are, you are too proud;  
But if you were the devil, you are fair.  
My lord and master loves you: O such love  
Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd  
The non-pareil of beauty.

*Oli.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adorations, with fertile tears,  
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

*Oli.* Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love  
him;

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,  
And in dimension and the shape of nature  
A gracious person; yet I cannot love him;  
He might have took his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's flame,  
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,  
In your denial I would find no sense:  
I would not understand it.

*Oli.* Why, what would you do?

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house;  
Write loyal cantos of contemned love,  
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills,  
And make the babling gossip of the air  
Cry out, *Olivia*: O you should not rest

196 TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or,

Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me.

*Oli.* You might do much:  
What is your parentage?

*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman.

*Oli.* Get you to your lord;  
I cannot love him: let him send no more,  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:  
I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.

*Vio.* I am no feed-post, lady; keep your purse:  
My master, not my self, lacks recompence.  
Love, make his heart of flint, that you shall love,  
And let your fervour like my master's be,  
Plac'd in contempt: farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

*Oli.* What is your parentage?  
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman ——— I'll be sworn thou art.  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon — not too fast —  
soft, soft,

Unless the master were the man. How now?  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,  
With an invisible and subtile stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be —  
What ho, *Malvolio*.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.

*Oli.* Run after that same peevish messenger,  
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him  
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:  
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
I'll give him reason for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio*.

*Mal.* Madam, I will.

[Exit.  
*Oli.*

*Oli.* I do I know not what, and fear to find  
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:  
Fate, shew thy force; our selves we do not owe;  
What is decreed must be; and be this so. [Exit.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

### *The STREET.*

*Enter Antonio and Sebastian.*

A N T O N I O.



WILL you stay no longer? nor will you  
not that I go with you?

*Seb.* By your patience, no: my stars  
shine darkly over me; the malignancy  
of my fate might perhaps distemper  
yours; therefore I crave of you your  
leave, that I may bear my evils alone.

It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any  
of them on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you, whither you are  
bound.

*Seb.* No sooth, Sir, my determinate voyage is in  
extravagancy: but I perceive in you so excellent a  
touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me  
what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me  
in manners the rather to express my self: you must  
know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian*, which  
I call'd *Rodorigo*; my father was that *Sebastian* of  
*Messaline*, whom I know you have heard of. He left  
behind him, my self, and a sister, both born in one  
hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had  
so ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that, for some hours  
before you took me from the breach of the sea, was  
my sister drown'd.

I :

*Ant.*



*Ant.* Alas the day!

*Seb.* A lady, Sir, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with such estimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water, tho' I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

*Ant.* If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orsino's* court; farewell. [Exit.

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee. I have made enemies in *Orsino's* court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Viola and Malvolio at several doors.*

*Mal.* Were not you e'en now with the Countess *Olivia*?

*Vio.* Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this: receive it so.

*Vio.*

*Vio.* She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

*Vio.* I left no ring with her; what means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me, indeed so much, That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly: She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring? why, he sent her none. I am the man—— If it be so as 'tis, Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easie is it, for the proper false In womens waxen hearts to set their forms! Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we, For such as we are made, if such we be. How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly, And I poor monster, fond as much on him; And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me: What will become of this? as I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love; As I am woman, now alas the day, What thriftless sighs shall poor *Olivia* breathe? O time, thou must untangle this, not I, It is too hard a knot for me t'unty. [*Exit.*

### S C E N E III.

#### *OLIVIA's house.*

*Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*

*Sir To.* **A**pproach *Sir Andrew*: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Dilu- culo surgere*, thou know'st.

*Sir And.* Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfill'd can; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

*Sir And.* 'Faith so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Th'art a scholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria* I say, a stoop of wine.

*Enter Clown.*

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i' faith.

*Clo.* How now, my hearts? did you never see the picture of we three?

*Sir To.* Welcome afs, now let's have a catch.

*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the equinoctial of *Queubus*? 'twas very good i'faith: I sent thee six pence for thy lemon, hadst it?

*Clo.* I did impeticos thy gratillity; for *Malucio's* nose is no whip-stock. My lady has a white hand, and the *Mirmidons* are no bottle-ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent: why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

*Sir To.* Come on, there's six pence for you. Let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril of me too; if one Knight give a ———

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

*Clown*

*Clown sings.*

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low,  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,  
Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

*Sir And.* Excellent good, 'faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* What is love? 'tis not hereafter:  
Present mirth hath present laughter:  
What's to come, is still unsure.  
In delay there lyes no plenty,  
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed; shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

*Clo.* Byr lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain; let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

*Clo.* Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins; *Hold thy peace.*

*Clo.* I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good i'faith: come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*



## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* What a catterwalling do you keep here? if my lady have not call'd up her steward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

*Sir To.* My lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolio's* a *Peg-a-Ramsfey*, and *Three merry men be we*. Am not I consanguinous? am not I of her blood? *Tilly valley, lady! there dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.* [Singing.]

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* O *twelfth day of December,* [Singing.]

*Mar.* For the love o'God, peace.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

*Sir To.* We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Strike up.

*Mal.* Sir *Toby*, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that she harbours you as her uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your self and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

*Mal.* Nay, good Sir *Toby*.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To.* But I will never die.

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To.* Shall I bid him go?

[Singing.

*Clo.* What and if you do?

*Sir To.* Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

*Clo.* O no, no, no, you dare not.

*Sir To.* Out o'tune, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by faint *Anne*; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoop of wine, *Maria*.

*Mal.* Mistress *Mary*, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

*Mar.* Go shake your ears.

*Sir And.* 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

*Sir To.* Do't Knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

*Sir To.* Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

*Mar.* Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a puritan.

*Sir*

*Sir And.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like dog.

*Sir To.* What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight.

*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

*Mar.* The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd ass, that constate without book, and utters it by great swarths. The best persuaded of himself: So cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresse of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir To.* Excellent, I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

*Sir And.* And your horse now would make him an ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O 'twill be admirable.

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.

*Sir To.* Good night, *Penthesilea*.

*Sir And.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

*Sir And.* I was ador'd once too.

*Sir To.* Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadst need send for more mony.

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover your neice, I am a foul way out.

*Sir To.* Send for mony, Knight; if thou hast her not i'th'end, call me Cut.

*Sir And.* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*Sir To.* Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come Knight, come Knight. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

### *The PALACE.*

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.*

*Duke.* **G**I V E me some musick; now good-morrow, friends:

Now good *Cesario*, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song we heard last night;  
Methought it did relieve my passion much,  
More than light airs, and recollected terms  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.  
Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* *Feste* the jester, my lord, a fool that the lady *Olivia*'s father took much delight in. He is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Ex. Curio.*      [*Musick.*]

Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,  
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;  
For such as I am, all true lovers are,  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save in the constant image of the creature

That



That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

*Vio.* It gives a very eccho to the feat  
Where love is thron'd.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly.  
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye  
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves:  
Hath it not, boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee then. What years i'faith?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by heav'n; let still the woman takes  
An elder than her self, so wears she to him;  
So sways she level in her husband's heart.  
For, boy, however we do praise our selves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,  
Than womens are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thy self,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:  
For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Vio.* And so they are: alas, that they are so,  
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

*Enter Curio and Clown.*

*Duke.* O fellow come, the song we had last night.  
Mark it, *Cesario*, it is old and plain;  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,  
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.

*Cio.* Are you ready Sir?

*Duke.* I pr'ythee sing,

[*Musick.*

S O N G,

## S O N G.

*Come away, come away, death,  
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
 Fly away, fly away, breath,  
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
 Prepare it.  
 My part of death no one so true  
 Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
 On my black Coffin let there be strown:  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet  
 My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown.  
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
 Lay me where  
 True lover never find my grave,  
 To weep there.*

*Duke.* There's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains, Sir; I take pleasure in finging, Sir.

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure then.

*Clo.* Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or other.

*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.

*Clo.* Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very † opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [*Exit.*

## S C E N E VI.

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place. Once more *Cesario*,  
 Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:  
 Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,  
 Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;  
 The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell

† opal. a precious stone of almost all colours.

Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune :  
 But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems  
 That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

*Vio.* But if she cannot love you, Sir ?

*Duke.* It cannot be so answer'd.

*Vio.* Sooth but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,  
 Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
 As you have for *Olivia* : you cannot love her ;  
 You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides  
 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,  
 As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart  
 So big to hold so much ; they lack retention.  
 Alas, their love may be call'd appetite :  
 No motion of the liver, but the pallat,  
 That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;  
 But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
 And can digest as much ; make no compare  
 Between that love a woman can bear me,  
 And that I owe *Olivia*.

*Vio.* Ay but I know——

*Duke.* What dost thou know ?

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may owe ;  
 In faith they are as true of heart, as we.  
 My father had a daughter lov'd a man,  
 As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
 I should your lordship.

*Duke.* What's her history ?

‘ *Vio.* A blank, my Lord : she never told her love,  
 ‘ But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,  
 ‘ Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought,  
 ‘ And with a green and yellow melancholly,  
 ‘ She sat like *Patience* on a monument,  
 ‘ Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?  
 We men may say more, swear more, but indeed  
 Our shews are more than will ; for still we prove  
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke.* But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy ?

*Vio.* I'm all the daughters of my father's house,

And

And all the brothers too——and yet I know not——  
Sir, shall I to this lady?

*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.  
To her in haste; give her this jewel: say,  
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*]

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S C E N E VII.

*Olivia's Garden.*

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*Sir To.* Come thy ways, Signior *Fabian*.

*Fab.* Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple  
of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

*Sir To.* Would'st thou not be glad to have the nig-  
gardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable  
shame?

*Fab.* I would exult, man; you know he brought  
me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting  
here.

*Sir To.* To anger him we'll have the bear again, and  
we will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir  
*Andrew*?

*Sir And.* An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

*Enter Maria.*

*Sir To.* Here comes the little villain: how now, my  
nettle of *India*?

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box-tree; *Malvolio's*  
coming down this walk, he has been yonder i'th' sun  
practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour.  
Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know  
this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him.  
Close, in the name of jesting, lye thou there; for  
here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE



## SCENE VIII.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me; and I have heard her self come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

*Sir To.* Here's an over-weaning rogue.

*Fab.* Oh peace: contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes.

*Sir And.* 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

*Sir To.* Peace, I say.

*Mal.* To be Count *Malvolio*.

*Sir To.* Ah rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace, peace.

*Mal.* There is example for't: the lady of the *Strachy* married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, *Jezebel*.

*Fab.* O-peace, now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state——

*Sir To.* O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* O peace, peace.

*Mal.* And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs——to ask for my uncle *Toby*——

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

*Fab.* Oh peace, peace, peace; now, now.

*Mal.* Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance  
wind

wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. *To* by approaches, curtsies to me.

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares, yet peace.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

*Sir To.* And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th' lips then?

*Mal.* Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your neice, give me this prerogative of speech----

*Sir To.* What, what?

*Mal.* You must amend your drunkenness.

*Sir To.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* Besides you waste the treasure of your time, with a foolish Knight-----

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* One *Sir Andrew*.

*Sir And.* I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool!

*Mal.* What employment have we here?

[*Taking up a letter.*]

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.

*Sir To.* Oh peace! now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* By my life this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

*Mal.* To the unknown below'd, this, and my good wishes; her very phrases: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal; 'tis my lady: to whom should this be?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* Jove knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no man must know. No man must know — what follows? the number's alter'd----no man must know — if this should be thee, *Malvolio*?

*Sir To.* Marry hang thee, Brock!

*Mal.*

*Mal.* *I may command where I adore, but silence like  
a Lucrece knife,  
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I.  
doth sway my life.*

*Fab.* A fustian riddle.

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* *M. O. A. I.* doth sway my life——nay, but  
first let me see —— let me see ——

*Fab.* What a dish of poison has she dress'd him?

*Sir To.* And with what wing the stallion checks at it?

*Mal.* *I may command where I adore.* Why she may  
command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why this  
is evident to any formal capacity. There is no ob-  
struction in this——and the end——what should that al-  
phabetical position portend? if I could make that re-  
semble something in me? softly——*M. O. A. I.*——

*Sir To.* O, ay! make up that, he is now at a cold  
scent.

*Fab.* Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be  
as rank as a fox.

*Mal.* *M.* —— *Malvolio* —— *M.* —— why that be-  
gins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say he would work it out? the cur  
is excellent at faults.

*Mal.* *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the se-  
quel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow,  
but *O* does.

*Fab.* And *O* shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*.

*Mal.* And then *I* comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you  
might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes  
before you.

*Mal.* *M. O. A. I.* — this simulation is not as the  
former——and yet to crush this a little, it would bow  
to me, for every one of these letters is in my name.  
Soft, here follows prose——*If this fall into thy  
hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be  
not afraid of greatness; some are born great, some at-  
chieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon  
them.*

*them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thy self to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy self into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say remember; go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She that would alter services with thee. The fortunate and happy day-light and champion discovers no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do now fool my self, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests her self to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised. Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not chuse but know who I am; if thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee. Jove, I thank thee; I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.*

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device.

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.





## SCENE IX.

*Enter Maria.*

*Sir And.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

*Sir To.* Wilt thou fet thy foot o' my neck?

*Sir And.* Or o' mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

*Sir And.* I'faith, or I either?

*Sir To.* Why thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

*Mar.* Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

*Sir To.* Like *Aqua vite* with a midwife.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

*Sir To.* To the gates of *Tartar*; thou most excellent devil of wit.

*Sir And.* I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

† † † OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter Viola, and Clown.*

V I O L A.



SAVE thee, friend, and thy musick: dost thou live by the tabor?

*Clo.* No, Sir, I live by the church.

*Vio.* Art thou a churchman?

*Clo.* No such matter, Sir, I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

*Vio.* So thou may'st say the King lyes by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

*Clo.* You have said, Sir: to see this age! a sentence is but a † chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward?

*Vio.* Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

*Clo.* I would therefore my sister had no name, Sir.

*Vio.* Why, man?

*Clo.* Why, Sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton; but indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

*Vio.* The reason, man?

*Clo.* Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

*Vio.*

† *A glove made of a young Kid's skin, from Chevereul, Fr. Chiaverello, It. Caprillus, Lat.*

*Vio.* I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

*Clo.* Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you invisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the lady *Olivia*'s fool?

*Clo.* No indeed, Sir, the lady *Olivia* has no folly, she will keep no fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchers are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the Duke *Orsino*'s.

*Clo.* Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

*Clo.* Now *Joze*, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.

*Vio.* By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

*Clo.* Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

*Vio.* Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

*Clo.* I would play lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

*Vio.* I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

*Clo.* The matter I hope is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Cressida* was a beggar. My lady is within, Sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would is out of my welkin, I might say element, but the word is over-worn.

[Exit.

*Vio.* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,  
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:  
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
The quality of the persons, and the time;  
And like the haggard, check at every feather

That

That comes before his eye. This is a practice  
As full of labour as a wise-man's art:  
For folly that he wisely shews, is fit;  
But wise men's folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

*Sir To.* Save you, gentleman.

*Vio.* And you, Sir.

*Sir And.* Dieu vous garde Monsieur.

*Vio.* Et vous aussi, vostre serviteur.

*Sir And.* I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.

*Sir To.* Will you encounter the house, my neice is  
desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

*Vio.* I am bound to your neice, Sir; I mean, she  
is the list of my voyage.

*Sir To.* Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I  
understand what you mean by bidding me taste my  
legs.

*Sir To.* I mean to go, Sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gate and entrance, but  
we are prevented.

*Enter Olivia and Maria.*

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heav'n's rain  
odours on you.

*Sir And.* That youth's a rare courtier! rain odours?  
Well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your  
own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

*Sir And.* Odours, pregnant and vouchsafed: I'll get  
'em all three ready.

*Oli.* Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to  
my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*



## SCENE III.

Give me your hand, Sir.

*Vio.* My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

*Oli.* What is your name?

*Vio.* *Cesario* is your servant's name, fair princess.

*Oli.* My servant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world,  
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:  
Y'are servant to the Duke *Corsino*, youth.

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:  
Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

*Oli.* For him I think not on him: for his thoughts,  
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts  
On his behalf.

*Oli.* O, by your leave, I pray you;  
I bade you never speak again of him.  
But would you undertake another suit,  
I'd rather hear you to sollicit that  
Than musick from the spheres.

*Vio.* Dear lady.

*Oli.* Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,  
After the last enchantment you did hear,  
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse  
My self, my servant, and I fear me, you;  
Under your hard construction must I sit,  
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,  
Which you knew none of yours. What might you  
think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,  
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts  
That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your re-  
ceiving

Enough is shewn; a cypress, not a bosom,  
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak.

*Vio.* I pity you.

*Oli.* That's a degree to love.

*Vio.* No not a † grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof  
That very oft we pity enemies.

† or step.

*Oli.*

*Oli.* Why then methinks 'tis time to smile again;  
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud?  
If one should be a prey, how much the better  
To fall before the lion, than the wolf; [*Clock strikes.*  
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.  
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;  
And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,  
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:  
There lies your way, due west.

*Vio.* Then westward hoe:  
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship.  
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

*Oli.* Stay; pr'ythee tell me what thou think'st of me?

*Vio.* That you do think you are not what you are.

*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you.

*Vio.* Then think you right: I am not what I am.

*Oli.* I would you were as I would have you be.

*Vio.* Would it were better, Madam, than I am,  
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

*Oli.* O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt and anger of his lip!  
A murd'rous guilt shews not it self more soon  
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.  
*Cesario*, by the roses of the spring,  
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,  
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,  
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.  
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:  
But rather reason thus with reason fetter;  
Love sought is good; but given unsought is better.

*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,  
And that no woman has, nor never none  
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
And so adieu, good Madam; never more  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*Oli.* Yet come again; for thou perhaps may'st move  
That heart, which now abhors to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*  
SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

## OLIVIA'S House.

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*Sir And.* NO faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, *Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your neice do more favours to the Duke's serving-man than ever she bestow'd on me. I saw't i'th' orchard.

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

*Sir And.* 'Slight! will you make an afs o' me?

*Fab.* I prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

*Sir To.* And they have been grand Jury-men since before *Noah* was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did shew favour to the youth in your fight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a *Dutchman's* beard, unless you redeem it by some attempt, either of valour or policy.

*Sir And.* And't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Brownist*, as a politician.

*Sir To.*

*Sir To.* Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour, challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places, my neice shall take note of it; and assure thy self, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with women than report of valour.

*Fab.* There is no way but this, *Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the license of ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, set 'em down and go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write it with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Fab.* This is a dear manakin to you, *Sir Toby.*

*Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong or so.

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

*Sir To.* Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite the youth bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

*Enter Maria.*

*Sir To.* Look where the youngest wren of mine comes.

K 3,

*Mar.*



*Mar.* If you desire the spleen, and will laugh your selves into ftiches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

*Sir To.* And cross-garter'd?

*Mar.* Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'th' church: I have dogg'd him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropt to betray him; he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

### *The STREET.*

*Enter Sebastian and Antonio.*

*Seb.* † Would not by my will have troubled you.

But since you make your pleasure of your pains,  
I will no further chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you; my desire,  
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth,  
And not all love to see you, tho' so much  
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage.  
But jealousie what might befall your travel,  
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,  
Unguided and unfriended, often prove  
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind *Antonio*,  
I can no other answer make but thanks,

*Ant.*

And thanks: and ever-oft good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;  
But were my worth as is my conscience firm,  
You should find better dealing: what's to do?  
Shall we go see the relicks of this town?

*Ant.* To-morrow, Sir; best first go see your lodging.

*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night,  
I pray you let us satisfie our eyes  
With the memorials, and the things of fame  
That do renown this city.

*Ant.* Would you'd pardon me:  
I do not without danger walk these streets.  
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his gallies  
I did some service, of such note indeed,  
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

*Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his people.

*Ant.* Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,  
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel  
Might well have given us bloody argument:  
It might have since been answer'd in repaying  
What we took from them, which for traffick's sake  
Most of our city did. Only my self stood out,  
For which if I be lapsed in this place  
I shall pay dear.

*Seb.* Do not then walk too open.

*Ant.* It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purse.  
In the south suburbs at the *Elephant*  
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,  
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge  
With viewing of the town, there shall you have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse?

*Ant.* Haply your eye shall light upon some toy  
You have desire to purchase; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you  
For an hour.

*Ant.* To th' *Elephant*.

*Seb.* I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VII.

OLIVIA'S *House.*

*Enter Olivia and Maria.*

*Oli.* I Have sent after him; he says he'll come.  
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?  
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd,  
I speak too loud;  
Where is *Malvolio*? he is sad and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.  
Where is *Malvolio*?

*Mar.* He's coming, Madam: but in very strange manner.

He is sure possess'd, Madam.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

*Mar.* No, Madam, he does nothing but smile; your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither.

*Enter Malvolio.*

I'm as mad as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be.  
How now *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* Sweet lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

*Oli.* Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

*Mal.* Sad lady, I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood; this cross-gartering, but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

*Oli.* Why? how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know that sweet Roman hand.

*Oli.*

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee; why dost thou smile so, and kifs thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* At your request?

Yes, nightingales answer daws.

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

*Mal.* Be not afraid of greatness; 'twas well writ.

*Oli.* What meanest thou by that, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* Some are born great——

*Oli.* Ha?

*Mal.* Some atchieve greatness——

*Oli.* What say'st thou?

*Mal.* And some have greatness thrust upon them——

*Oli.* Heav'n restore thee.

*Mal.* Remember who commended thy yellow Stockings——

*Oli.* Thy yellow stockings?

*Mal.* And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd——

*Oli.* Cross-garter'd?

*Mal.* Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so——

*Oli.* Am I made?

*Mal.* If not, let me see thee a servant still.

*Oli.* Why this is very midsummer madness.

*Enter servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke *Orsino*'s is return'd, I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

*Oli.* I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle *Toby*? let some of my people have a special care of him, I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exit.*]





## SCENE VIII.

*Mal.* Oh ho, do you come near me now? no worse man than *Sir Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter, she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. Cast thy humble slough, says she; be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, put thy self into the trick of singularity; and consequently sets down the manner how; as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove's* doing, and *Jove* make me thankful; and when she went away now, let this fellow be look'd to: fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple; no obstacle; no incredulous or unsafe circumstance——what can be said? nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

## SCENE IX.

*Enter Sir Toby, Fabian and Maria.*

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and legion himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him; did not I tell you? *Sir Toby*, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah ha, does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let him alone. How do you,  
*Malvolio?*

*Malvolio?* how is't with you? what man, defie the devil; consider he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

*Fab.* Carry his water to th' wife woman.

*Mar.* Marry and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress?

*Mar.* O Lord.

*Sir To.* Pr'ythee hold thy peace, that is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

*Sir To.* Why how now my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir.

*Sir To.* Ay biddy, come with me. What man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with satan. Hang him, foul collier.

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers, good *Sir Toby*, get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, minx!

*Mar.* No I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

*Mal.* Go hang your selves all: you are idle shallow things, I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

*Sir To.* Is't possible?

*Fab.* If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

*Fab.* Why we shall make him mad indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound.

bound. My neice is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, 'till our very pastime tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen; but see, but see.

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*Fab.* More matter for a *May* morning.

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*Fab.* Is't so sawcy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. [*Sir Toby reads.*

*Youth,* whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

*Fab.* Good and valiant.

*Sir To.* Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

*Fab.* A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

*Sir To.* Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

*Fab.* Very brief, and exceeding good sense-les.

*Sir To.* I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me —

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

*Fab.* Still you keep o'th' windy side of the law: good.

*Sir To.* Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thy self. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek,

*Sir*

*Sir To.* If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

*Sir To.* Go, *Sir Andrew*, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly; so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and as thou draw'st, swear horribly; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.]

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find that it comes from a clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

## S C E N E XI.

*Enter Olivia and Viola.*

*Fab.* Here he comes with your niece; give them way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [Exit.]

*Oliv.* I've said too much unto a heart of stone,  
And laid mine honour too unchary on't.  
There's something in me that reproves my fault;  
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocketh reproof.

*Viola*



*Vio.* With the same haviour that your passion bears,  
Goes on my master's grief.

*Oli.* Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;  
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:  
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,  
That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

*Vio.* Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honour may I give him that,  
Which I have given to you?

*Vio.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.  
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.]

## S C E N E XII.

*Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee.

*Vio.* And you, Sir.

*Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee to't; of  
what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I  
know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloo-  
dy as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end;  
dismount thy tuck, be † yare in thy preparation, for  
thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake, Sir, I am sure no man hath any  
quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear  
from any image of offence done to any man.

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; there-  
fore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you  
to your guard; for your opposite hath in him, what  
youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish a man  
withal.

*Vio.* I pray you, Sir, what is he?

*Sir To.* He is Knight dubb'd with unhack'd rapier,  
and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in pri-  
vate brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three;  
and his incensement at this moment is so implacable,  
that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death  
and

† yare. *vimble.*

and sepulcher: hob, nod, is his word; give't or take't.

*Vio.* I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

*Sir To.* Sir, no: his indignation drives it self out of a very competent injury, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

*Vio.* This is as unevill as strange. I beseech you do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*Sir To.* I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [*Exit Sir Toby.*]

*Vio.* Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possible have found in any part of *Illyria*: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exit.*]



SCENE

## SCENE XIII.

*Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*

*Sir To.* Why man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago: I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all; and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified.

*Fabian* can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on't, if I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey *Capilet*.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion; stand here, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of souls; marry I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

*Enter Fabian and Viola.*

I have his horse to take up the quarrel, I have persuaded him the youth's a devil. [To Fabian,

*Fab.* He is horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

*Vis.* Pray God defend me; a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

*Fab.* Give ground if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, *Sir Andrew*, there's no remedy, the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he  
has

has promi.'d me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier,  
he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*  
*Sir And.* Pray God he keep his oath.

S C E N E XIV.

*Enter Antonio.*

*Vio.* I do assure you 'tis against my will.

*Ant.* Put up your sword; if this young gentleman  
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;  
If you offend him, I for him defie you. [*Drawing.*

*Sir To.* You, Sir? Why, what are you?

*Ant.* One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more  
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.  
[*Draws.*

*Enter Officers.*

*Fab.* O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the offi-  
cers.

*Sir To.* I'll be with you anon.

*Vio.* Pray, Sir, put your sword up if you please.  
[*To Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* Marry will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd  
you I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you  
easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man, do thy office.

2 *Off.* *Antonio,* I arrest thee at the suit of Duke  
*Orsino.*

*Ant.* You do mistake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well;  
Tho' now you have no sea-cap on your head.  
Take him away, he knows I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey. This comes with seeking you;  
But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.

What will you do? now my necessity  
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me  
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,  
Than what befalls my self: you stand amaz'd,  
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.*



234 TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or,

2 Off. Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that mony.

Vio. What mony, Sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,  
And part being prompted by your present trouble,  
Out of my lean and low ability  
I'll lend you something; my having is not much,  
I'll make division of my present with you:  
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you  
Can lack persuasion? do not tempt my misery,  
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,  
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses  
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,  
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.  
I hate ingratitude more in a man,  
Than lying, vainness, babling drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption  
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh heav'ns themselves!

2 Off. Come, Sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you  
see here,

I snatcht one half out of the jaws of death,  
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,  
And to his image, which methought did promise  
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? the time goes by; away!

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this God!  
Thou hast, *Sebastian*, done good feature shame.  
In nature there's no blemish but the mind:  
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.  
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad, away with him:  
Come come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[Exit  
Ant.]

*Vio.* Methinks his words do from such passion fly,  
That he believes himself; so do not I:  
Prove true, imagination, oh prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you.

*Sir To.* Come hither, Knight, come hither, *Fabian*;  
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage  
saws.

*Vio.* He nam'd *Sebastian*; I my brother know  
Yet living in my glass, even such, and so  
In favour was my brother, and he went  
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,  
For him I imitate: oh if it prove,  
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. [*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a  
coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving  
his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and  
for his cowardship ask *Fabian*.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, religious  
in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid I'll after him again, and beat him,

*Sir To.* Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy  
sword.

*Sir And.* If I do not.

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.  
[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The STREET.*

*Enter Sebastian and Clown.*

CLOWN.



WILL you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow,

Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out i' faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master *Cesario*, nor this is not my nose neither; nothing that is so is so.

*Seb.* I pr'ythee vent thy folly somewhere else, thou know'st not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pr'ythee now ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I pr'ythee foolish *Greek* depart from me, there's mony for thee. If you tarry longer I shall give worse payment.

*Clo.* By my troth thou hast an open hand; these wise men that give fools mony get themselves a good report after fourteen years purchase.

*Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.*

*Sir And.* Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

[*Striking Sebastian.*

*Seb.*

*Seb.* Why there's for thee, and there, and there:  
are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir Andrew.*]

*Sir To.* Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er  
the house.

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady strait: I would not  
be in some of your coats for two pence [*Exit Clown.*]

*Sir To.* Come on, Sir, hold. [*Holding Sebastian.*]

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way  
to work with him; I'll have an action of battery a-  
gainst him, if there be any law in *Illyria*; tho' I  
struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come  
my young foldier, put up your iron; you are well  
flesh'd: come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou  
thou now? if thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy  
sword.

*Sir To.* What, what? nay then I must have an  
ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Olivia.*

*Oli.* Hold, *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee, hold!

*Sir To.* Madam.

*Oli.* Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch;  
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,  
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my sight;  
Be not offended, dear *Cesario*.

*Rudesby*, be gone. I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go:

De



238 TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or,

Do not deny; beshrew his soul for me,  
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

*Seb.* What relish is in this? how runs the stream?  
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.  
Let fancy still my sense in *Lethe* steep,  
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

*Oli.* Nay come I pray: would thou'dst be rul'd by me,

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O say so, and so be.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

OLIVIA'S House.

*Enter Maria and Clown.*

*Mar.* **N**A Y, I pr'ythee put on this gown and this beard, make him believe thou art Sir *Topas* the Curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir *Toby* the whilst.

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my self in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

*Enter Sir Toby.*

*Sir To.* *Jove* bless thee, Mr. Parson.

*Clo.* *Bonus dies*, Sir *Toby*; for as the old hermit of *Prague*, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a neice of King *Gorboduck*, that that is, is: so I being Mr. Parson, am Mr. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

*Sir To.* To him, Sir *Topas*.

*Clo.* What ho, I say, peace in this prison.

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeitis well; a good knave.

[*Malvolio within.*]

*Mal.* Who calls there?

2

*Clo.*

*Clo.* Sir *Topas* the curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the lunatick.

*Mal.* Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas* go to my lady.

*Clo.* Out hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man?

Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

*Sir To.* Well said, master Parson.

*Mal.* Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd, good Sir *Topas* do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darknes.

*Clo.* Fie, thou dishonest sathan; I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with curtesie: say'st thou that house is dark?

*Mal.* As hell, Sir *Topas*.

*Clo.* Why it hath bay windows transparent as baricadoes, and the clear stones towards the South North are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

*Mal.* I am not mad, Sir *Topas*, I say to you this house is dark.

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest; I say there is no darknes but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

*Mal.* I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any constant question.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What think'st thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well: remain thou still in darknes; thou shalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the house of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.*

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas.

*Sir To.* My most exquisite Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters.

*Mar.* Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown, he sees thee not.

*Sir To.* To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my neice, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

*Clo.* Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my lady does. [Singing,

*Mal.* Fool.

*Clo.* My lady is unkind, perdie.

*Mal.* Fool.

*Clo.* Alas, why is she so?

*Mal.* Fool, I say.

*Clo.* She loves another——who calls, ha?

*Mal.* Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

*Clo.* Mr. Malvolio!

*Mal.* Ay, good fool.

*Clo.* Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

*Mal.* Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well! then thou art mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have propertied me; they keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say: the minister is here.

*Malvolio, Malvolio,* thy wits the heav'ns restore: endeavour thy self to sleep, and leave thy vain bible babble.

*Mal.*

*Mal.* Sir *Topas*.

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow:  
Who I, Sir, not I, Sir. God b'w' you, good Sir *Topas*.  
Marry, amen. I will, Sir, I will, Sir.

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say.

*Clo.* Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I  
am shent for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good fool, help me to some light, and some  
paper; I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any  
man in *Illyria*.

*Clo.* Well-a-day that you were, Sir.

*Mal.* By this hand I am: good fool, some ink, pa-  
per and light; and convey what I set down to my la-  
dy: It shall advantage thee more than ever the bear-  
ing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you  
not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man 'till I see  
his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

*Mal.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree;  
I pr'ythee be gone.

*Clo.* *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,* [Singing.  
*I'll be with you again*

*In a trice, like to the old vice,*

*Your need to sustain.*

*Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,*  
*Cries ah ha! to the devil:*

*Like a mad lad, pair thy nails, dad,*

*Adieu, good man drive!*

[Exit.]

## SCENE V.

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Seb.* This is the air, that is the glorious sun,  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's *Antonio* then?  
I could not find him at the *Elephant*,



## 242 TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or,

Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,  
 That he did range the town to seek me out.  
 His counsel now might do me golden service;  
 For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense,  
 That this may be some error, but no madness,  
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
 And wrangle with my reason that persuades me  
 To any other trust, but that I'm mad,  
 Or else the lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,  
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
 Take, and give back affairs, and their dispatch,  
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing  
 As I perceive she does: there's something in't  
 That is deceivable. But here she comes.

*Enter Olivia and Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well,  
 Now go with me and with this holy man  
 Into the chantry by; there before him,  
 And underneath that consecrated roof,  
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith,  
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it  
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,  
 What time we will our celebration keep  
 According to my birth. What do you say?

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you,  
 And having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father; heav'n's so  
 shine,  
 That they may fairly note this act of mine. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT V. SCÈNE I.

*The STREET.*

*Enter Clown and Fabian.*

FABIAN.



O W, as thou lov'st me, let me see this letter.

*Clo.* Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Any thing.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* This is to give a dog, and in recompence desire my dog again.

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and lords.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the lady *Olivia*, friends?

*Clo.* Ay, Sir, we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

*Clo.* Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, Sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an afs of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an afs: so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of my self, and by my friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why this is excellent.

L 2 .

*Clo.*

244 TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or,

*Clo.* By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of *St. Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Antonio and Officers.*

*Vic.* Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well;  
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
As black as *Vulcan*, in the smoak of war:  
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,  
With which such scathful grapple did he make  
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,  
That very envy and the tongue of loss  
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

*i Offi.* *Orsino*, this is that *Antonio*  
That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught from *Candy*;  
And

And this is he that did the *Tyger* board,  
When your young nephew *Titus* lost his leg :  
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,  
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side,  
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,  
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,  
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,  
Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear  
Hast made thine enemies ?

*Ant. Orsino :* noble Sir,  
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me :  
*Antonio* never yet was thief, or pirate ;  
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,  
*Orsino's* enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :  
That most ungrateful boy there by your side  
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth  
Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :  
His life I gave him, and did thereto add  
My love without retention or restraint ;  
All this in dedication. For his sake  
Did I expose my self (pure for his love)  
Into the danger of this adverse town,  
Drew to defend him, when he was beset ;  
Where being apprehended, his false cunning  
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)  
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
And grew a twenty years removed thing,  
While one would wink : deny'd me mine own purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be ?

*Duke.* When came he to this town ?

*Ant.* To-day, my lord ; and for three months before ;  
No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,  
Both day and night did we keep company,



## SCENE III.

*Enter Olivia and attendants.*

*Duke.* Here comes the countess; now heav'n walks  
on earth.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness;  
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;  
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

*Oli.* What would my lord, but that he may not have,  
Wherein *Olivia* may seem serviceable?

*Cesario,* you don't keep promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam.

*Duke.* Gracious *Olivia*.

*Oli.* What do you say, *Cesario*? Good my lord—

*Vio.* My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

*Oli.* If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,  
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,  
As howling after musick.

*Duke.* Still so cruel?

*Oli.* Still so constant, lord.

*Duke.* What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,  
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars  
My soul the faithfull'st offerings has breath'd out  
That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

*Oli.* Ev'n what it please my lord, that shall become  
him.

*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the heart to do't,  
Like to th' *Egyptian* thief, at point of death  
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,  
That sometimes favours nobly; but hear this:  
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your favour:  
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.  
But this your minion, whom I know you love,  
And whom, by heav'n, I swear, I tender dearly,  
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.  
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
To spight a raven's heart within a dove.

*Vio.* And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

*Oli.* Where goes *Cesario*?

*Vio.* After him I love,  
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
More by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.  
If I do feign, you witnesses above  
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

*Oli.* Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd?

*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thy self? Is it so long?  
Call for in the holy father.

*Duke.* Come, away.

*Oli.* Whither, my lord? *Cesario*, husband, stay.

*Duke.* Husband?

*Oli.* Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah?

*Vio.* No, my lord, not I.

*Oli.* Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,  
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:  
Fear not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up,  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art  
As great as that thou fear'st.

*Enter Priest.*

O welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence  
Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended  
To keep in darkness, what occasion now  
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know  
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

*Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,  
And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
Since when, my watch hath told me tow'rd my grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

*Duke.* O thou dissembling cub; what wilt thou be  
When time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy case?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewel, and take her, but direct thy feet,  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest ———

*Oli.* O do not swear;  
Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear!

### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Sir Andrew with his head broke.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God a surgeon, and send  
one presently to Sir Toby.

*Oli.* What's the matter?

*Sir And.* H'as broke my head a-cross, and given  
Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God  
your help. I had rather than forty pound I were at  
home.

*Oli.* Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* The Count's gentleman, one *Cesario*; we  
took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incar-  
nate.

*Duke.* My gentleman, *Cesario*?

*Sir And.* Od's lifelings, here he is: you broke my  
head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to  
do't by Sir Toby.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:  
You drew your sword upon me without cause,  
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

*Enter Sir Toby and Clown.*

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have  
hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody cox-  
comb. Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear  
more; but if he had not been in drink, he would  
have tickled you other-gates than he did.

*Duke.* How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

*Sir To.* That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; sot, didst see *Dick* surgeon, sot?

*Clo.* O he's drunk, Sir, above an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i'th' morning.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue, <sup>a</sup> and a past-measure *Painim*. I hate a drunken rogue.

*Oli.* Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, *Sir Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

*Sir To.* Will you help an afs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exe. Clo. To. and And.*

*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Seb.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your uncle: But had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety. You throw a strange regard on me, by which I do perceive it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other, but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,  
A nat'ral perspective, that is, and is not.

*Seb. Antonio,* O my dear *Antonio!*  
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,  
Since I have lost thee?

*Ant.* *Sebastian* are you?

*Seb.* Fear'd you that, *Antonio!*

*Ant.* How have you made division of your self?  
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin  
Than these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian?*

*Oli.* Most wonderful!

L 5

*Seb.*

<sup>a</sup> *After a passy measures pavim.*



250 TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or,

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother:  
Nor can there be a deity in my nature  
Of here and every where. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:  
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [To Viola]  
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

*Vio.* Of *Messaline*; *Sebastian* was my father,  
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too:  
So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb.  
If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed,  
But am in that dimension grossly clad,  
Which from the womb I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest go even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And dy'd that day when *Viola* from her birth  
Had numbred thirteen years.

*Seb.* O that record is lively in my soul,  
He finished indeed his mortal act  
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy both,  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire;  
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump  
That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,  
I'll bring you to a captain in this town  
Where lye my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help  
I was preserv'd to seave this noble Duke.  
All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

*Seb.* So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:  
[To Oli]

But nature to her bias drew in that.  
You would have been contracted to a maid,  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,  
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Duke*

*Duke.* Be not amaz'd: right noble is his blood:  
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,  
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.  
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times [To *Vio.*  
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-swear,  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,  
As doth that orb'd continent the fire  
That severs day from night.

*Duke.* Give me thy hand,  
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

*Vio.* The captain that did bring me first on shore,  
Hath my maids garments: he upon some action  
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suit,  
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither.  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter the Clown with a letter, and Fabian.*

A most <sup>b</sup> extracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.  
How does he, sirrah?

*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staves  
end as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here  
writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to  
day morning. But as a mad-man's epistles are no  
gospels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

*Oli.* Open't and read it.

*Clo.* Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool  
delivers the mad-man---By the lord, madam. [Reads.

*Oli.* How now, art mad?

*Clo.* No, madam, I do but read madness: an your  
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must al-  
low *Vox.*

*Oli.* Pr'ythee read it, i'thy right wits.

*Clo.* So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits,  
is

<sup>b</sup> *extracting*

is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess and give ear.

*Oli.* Read it you, sirrah. [To Fabian.]

*Fab.* [Reads.] By the lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken uncle rule over me, yet have I benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do my self much right, or you much shame: think of me as you please: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury,

The madly us'd *Malvolio*.

*Oli.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This favours not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, *Fabian*, bring him hither. My lord, so please you, these things further thought on, To think me as well a sister, as a wife, One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so please you; Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer. Your master quits you; and for your service done him, So much against the metal of your sex, [To *Viola*.] So far beneath your soft and tender breeding. And since you call'd me master for so long, Here is my hand, you shall from this time be Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister, you are she.

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Duke.* Is this the mad-man?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, this same: how now *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong, Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, *Malvolio*? no.

*Mal.* Lady, you have; pray you peruse that letter. You must not now deny it is your hand.

*Write*

Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase,  
 Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention;  
 You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,  
 And tell me in the modesty of honour,  
 Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,  
 Bad me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,  
 To put on yellow stockings, and to frown  
 Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people?  
 And acting this in an obedient hope,  
 Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
 And made the most notorious geck or gull  
 That e'er invention plaid on? tell me why?

*Oli.* Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,  
 Tho', I confess, much like the character:  
 But, out of question, 'tis *Maria's* hand.  
 And now I do bethink me, it was she  
 First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,  
 And in such forms which here were presuppos'd  
 Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee be content,  
 This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee;  
 But when we know the grounds and authors of it,  
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
 Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good madam, hear me speak,  
 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
 Taint the condition of this present hour,  
 Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,  
 Most freely I confess my self and *Toby*  
 Set this device against *Malvolio* here,  
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
 We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ  
 The letter, at Sir *Toby's* great importance,  
 In recompence whereof he hath married her.  
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,  
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,  
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,  
 That have on both sides past.

*Oli.* Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

*Clo.* Why some are born great, some atchieve great  
 nefs.



ness, and some have greatness thrown upon them. I was one, Sir, in this interlude, one Sir Topas, Sir, but that's all one: by the lord, fool; I am not mad; but do you remember, madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not he's gagg'd: and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges,  
*Mal.* I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[Exit.]

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace: He hath not told us of the captain yet; When that is known, and golden time convents, A solemn combination shall be made Of our dear souls. Mean time, sweet sister, We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come, (For so you shall be, while you are a man;) But when in other habits you are seen, *Orsino's* mistress, and his fancy's Queen.

[Exeunt.]

Clown sings.

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:  
 A foolish thing was but a toy,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.  
 But when I came to man's estate,  
 With hey, ho, &c.  
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,  
 For the rain, &c.  
 But when I came at last to wive,  
 With hey, ho, &c.  
 By swaggering could I never thrive,  
 For the rain, &c.  
 But when I came unto my beds,  
 With hey, ho, &c.  
 With tofs-pots still had drunken heads,  
 For the rain, &c.  
 A great while ago the world begun,  
 With hey, ho, &c.  
 But that's all one, our play is done  
 And we'll strive to please you every day.*

[Exit.]





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THE  
WINTER'S  
TALE.

---

# Dramatis Personæ.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

Polixenes, *King of Bohemia.*

Mamillus, *Young Prince of Sicilia.*

Florizel, *Prince of Bohemia.*

Camillo,

Antigonus,

Cleomines,

Dion,

}  
}  
}  
}

*Sicilian Lords.*

Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*

*Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.*

*Clown, his Son.*

*Autolicus, a Rogue.*

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*

Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*

Mopsa,

Dorcas,

}  
}

*Shepherdesses.*

*Goaler, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly in Sicilia, and partly  
in Bohemia.*

*The Plot taken from the old stor;-book of Dorastus  
and Faunia.*





THE  
*WINTER'S TALE.*

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

A PALACE.

*Enter Camillo, and Archidamus.*

ARCHIDAMUS.

**I**F you shall chance, *Camillo*, to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the visitation which he justly owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our loves; for indeed——

*Cam.* 'Beseech you——

*Arch.* Verily I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence---in so rare---I know not what to say---we will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses (unintelligent of our insufficiency)

science) may, tho' they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* *Sicilia* cannot shew himself over-kind to *Bohemia*; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society; their incounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, tho' absent; shook hands, as over a vast sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed winds. The heav'ns continue their loves.

*Arch.* I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillus*: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child, one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

*Cam.* Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter* Leontes, Hermione, Mamillus, Polixenes,  
and Camillo.

*Pol.* Nine changes of the watry star hath been

The

The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne  
Without a burthen, time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks,  
And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply  
With one *we thank you*, many thousands more  
That go before it.

*Leo.* Stay your thanks a while,  
And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow:  
I'm question'd by my fears of what may chance,  
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow  
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,  
This is put forth too truly: besides, I have stay'd  
To tire your royalty.

*Leo.* We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leo.* One sev'n-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leo.* We'll part the time between's then: and in  
that

I'll no gain-saying.

*Pol.* Prefs me not, 'beseech you, so;  
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th' world  
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now  
Were there necessity in your request, altho'  
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,  
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,  
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,  
Farewell, our brother.

*Leo.* Tongue-ty'd our Queen? speak you.

*Her.* I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until  
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay: you, Sir,  
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure  
All in *Bohemia's* well: this satisfaction  
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,  
He's beat from his best ward.

*Leo.*

*Leo.* Well said, *Hermione*.

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong;  
But let him say so then, and let him go;  
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

Yet of your royal presence, I'll adventure  
[To Polixenes.]

The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*  
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,  
To let him there a month, behind the guest  
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good heed, *Leontes*;  
I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind  
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

*Pol.* No, Madam.

*Her.* Nay, but you will.

*Pol.* I may not verily.

*Her.* Verily?

You put me off with limber vows; but I,  
Tho' you would seek t'unsphere the stars with oaths,  
Should yet say, Sir, no going: verily  
You shall not go; a lady's verily is  
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?  
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
Not like a guest? so you shall pay your fees  
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?  
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,  
One of them you shall be.

*Pol.* Your guest then, Madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending;  
Which is for me less easie to commit,  
Than you to punish.

*Her.* Not your goaler then,  
But your kind hostess; come, I'll question you  
Of my lord's tricks and yours, when you were boys:  
You were pretty lordings then?

*Pol.* We were, fair Queen,  
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.

*Her.* Was not my lord



The verier wag o'th' two?

*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th' fun,

And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,  
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd  
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven  
Boldly, *not guilty*; th'imposition clear'd,  
Hereditary ours.

*Her.* By this we gather  
You have tript since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to's; for  
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young play-fellow.

*Her.* Grace to boot:  
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say  
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet go on,  
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer,  
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not  
With any but with us.

*Leo.* Is he won yet?

*Her.* He'll stay, my lord.

*Leo.* At my request he would not:

*Hermione,* my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st  
To better purpose.

*Her.* Never?

*Leo.* Never, but once.

*Her.* What? have I twice said well? when was't  
before?

I pr'ythee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's  
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongue-  
less,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages. You may ride's  
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:  
 My last good deed was to intreat his stay;  
 What was my first? it has an elder sister,  
 Or I mistake you: O, would her name were *Grace*;  
 But once before I spake to th' purpose? when?  
 Nay, let me have't; I long.

*Leo.* Why, that was when  
 Three crabbed months had sower'd themselves to death,  
 Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
 And clepe thy self my love; then didst thou utter,  
 I am yours for ever.

*Her.* 'Tis grace indeed,  
 Why lo you now; I've spoke to th' purpose twice;  
 The one for ever earn'd a royal busband;  
 Th' other, for some while a friend.

*Leo.* Too hot, too hot — [*Aside.*  
 To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
 I have *tremor cordis* on me — my heart dances,  
 But not for joy — not joy — this entertainment  
 May a free face put on; derives a liberty  
 From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,  
 And well becomes the Agent? 't may, I grant;  
 But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,  
 As now they are, and making practis'd smiles  
 As in a looking-glass — and then to sigh, as 'twere  
 The mort o' th' deer; oh, that is entertainment  
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows — *Mamillus*,  
 Art thou my boy?

*Mam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* I' fecks!

Why that's my bawcock; what? has't smutch'd thy  
 nose?

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
 We must be neat; nor neat, but cleanly, captain;  
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
 Are all call'd neat. Still virginalling

[*Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*]  
 Upon his palm — how now, you wanton calf!  
 Art thou my calf?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Leo.* Thou want'st a rough path, and the shoots  
that I have,

To be full like me. Yet they say we are  
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,  
That will say any thing; but were they false,  
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false  
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,  
To say this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,  
Look on me with your welking eye, sweet villain.  
Most dear'st, my collop — can thy dam? may't be —  
Imagination! thou dost stab to th' center.  
Thou dost make possible things not be so held,  
Communicat'st with dreams — how can this be  
With what's unreal? thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent  
Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou dost,  
And that beyond commission, and I find it,  
And that to the infection of my brains,  
And hardning of my brows.

*Pol.* What means *Sicilia*?

*Her.* He something seems unsettled.

*Pol.* How? my lord?

*Leo.* What cheer? how is it with you, my best  
brother?

*Her.* You look as if you held a brow of much di-  
straction.

Are you mov'd, my lord?

*Leo.* No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!  
Its tenderness! and make it self a pastime  
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil  
Twenty three years, and saw my self unbreech'd,  
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,  
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,  
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;  
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,  
Will you take eggs for mony?

*MAM*

*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

*Leo.* You will! why happy man be's dole. My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

*Pol.* If at home, Sir,

' He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;  
' Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy;  
' My parasite, my soldier, states-man, all;  
' He makes a *July's* day short as *December*,  
' And with his varying childishness, cures in me  
' Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

*Leo.* So stands this Squire

Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione*,  
How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome:  
Let what is dear in *Sicily* be cheap:  
Next to thy self, and my young rover, he's  
Apparent to my heart.

*Her.* If you would seek us,

We are yours i'th' garden: shall's attend you there?

*Leo.* To your own bents dispose you; you'll be found,  
Be you beneath the sky: I am angling now,  
Tho' you perceive me not how I give line,  
Go to, go to. [Aside, observing *Her.*

How she holds up the net! the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exe. Polix. Her. and attendants. Manent Leo.  
Mam. and Cam.*

To her allowing husband. Gone already!

Inch thick, knee deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd  
one.

Go play, boy, play — thy mother plays, and I  
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour  
Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play — there  
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,

That



That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,  
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by  
*Sir Smile*, his neighbour: nay there's comfort in't,  
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,  
As mine, against their will. Should all despair  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none:  
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it.  
From east, west, north and south, be it concluded, <sup>4</sup>  
No barricado for a belly. Know't,  
It will let in and out the enemy,  
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of's  
Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy?

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leo.* Why that's some comfort.

What? *Camillo* there?

*Cam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leo.* Go play, *Mamillus* ——— thou'rt an honest  
man, [Ex. *Mamill.*

S C E N E III.

*Camillo*, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make his anchor hold;  
When you cast out, it still came home.

*Leo.* Didst note it?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions made;  
His business more material.

*Leo.* Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:  
*Sicilia* is a so-forth; 'tis far gone,  
When I shall gust it last. How came't, *Camillo*,  
That he did stay?

*Cam.* At the good Queen's entreaty.

*Leo.* At the Queen's be't; good should be perti-  
nent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine?  
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,  
 But of the finer natures? by some severals  
 Of head-piece extraordinary; lower messes  
 Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

*Cam.* Business, my lord? I think most understand  
*Bohemia* stays here longer.

*Leo.* Ha?

*Cam.* Stays here longer.

*Leo.* Ay, but why?

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness, and th' entreaties  
 Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leo.* Satisfie?

Th' entreaties of your mistress? satisfie? —  
 Let that suffice. I've trusted thee, *Camillo*,  
 With all the things nearest my heart, as well  
 My chamber-councils, wherein, priest like, thou  
 Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed  
 Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been  
 Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd  
 In that which seems so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord.

*Leo.* To bide upon't; thou art not honest; or,  
 If thou inclin'it that way, thou art a coward,  
 Which hoves honesty behind, restraining  
 From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted  
 A servant grafted in my serious trust,  
 And therein negligent; or else a fool,  
 That seest a game plaid home, the rich stake drawn,  
 And tak'it it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious lord;  
 I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;  
 In every one of these no man is free,  
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,  
 Sometime puts forth in your affairs, my lord.  
 If ever I were wilful negligent,  
 It was my folly; if industriously  
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,

. Whereof

Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,  
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty  
Is never free of. But beseech your grace  
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass  
By its own visage; if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

*Leo.* Ha'not you seen, *Camillo*?  
(But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard?  
(For to a vision so apparent, rumour  
Cannot be mute) or thought (for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that do's not think)  
My wife is slippery? if thou wilt, confess,  
Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought, then say  
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
Before her troth-plight: say't and justify't.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken; 'shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you less  
Than this, which to reiterate, were sin  
As deep as that, tho' true.

*Leo.* Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh? a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty: horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
Hours minutes? the noon midnight? and all eyes  
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,  
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?  
Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,  
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my lord, be cur'd

Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes,  
For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leo.* Say it be, 'tis true.

*Cam.* No, no, my lord.

*Leo.* It is; you lie, you lie:  
I say thou liest, *Camillo*, and I hate thee,  
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave,  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver  
Infected, as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.

*Cam.* Who do's infect her?

*Leo.* Why he that wears her like her medal, hanging  
About his neck, *Bohemia*; who, if I  
Had servants true about me, that bear eyes  
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,  
Their own particular thriffts, they would do that  
Which should undo more doing: I, and thou  
His cup-bearer, whom I from meaner form  
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship, who may'st see  
Plainly, as heav'n sees earth, and earth sees heav'n,  
How I am gall'd, thou might'st be-spice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,  
Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.* Sir, my lord,  
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,  
But with a lingring dram, that should not work,  
Maliciously, like poison: but I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.  
I have lov'd thee.

*Leo.* Make that thy question, and go rot:  
Do'st think I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint my self in this vexation?  
Sully the purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps:  
Give scandal to the blood o'th' prince, my son,  
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,

Without



Without ripe moving to't? would I do this?  
Could man so blench?

*Cam.* I must believe you, Sir,  
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:  
Provided that when he's remov'd, your highness  
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,  
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing  
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms  
Known and ally'd to yours.

*Leo.* Thou dost advise me,  
Even so as I mine own course have set down:  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*Cam.* My lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with *Bohemia*,  
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer,  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leo.* This is all.  
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

*Cam.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Leo.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.  
[Exit.

*Cam.* O miserable lady! but for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master, one,  
Who in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his, so too. To do this deed  
Promotion follows. If I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed Kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,  
Let villany it self forswear't. I must  
Forsake the court; to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now.  
Here comes *Bohemia*.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Polixenes.*

*Pol.* This is strange! methinks  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?  
Good day, *Camillo*.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal Sir.

*Pol.* What is the news i'th' court?

*Cam.* None rare, my lord.

*Pol.* The King hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had lost some province, and a region  
Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him  
With customary compliment, when he  
Wasting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and  
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,  
That changes thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Pol.* How, dare not? do not? do you know, and  
dare not?

Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:  
For to your self, what you do know, you must,  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,  
Which shews me mine chang'd too; for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
My self thus alter'd with it.

*Cam.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

*Pol.* How caught of me?

Make me not sighted like the basilisk.  
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better  
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,  
As you are certainly a gentleman,  
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns  
Our gentry, than our parents noble names,  
In whose success we are gentle: I beseech you,

If you know ought which does behove my knowledge  
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not  
In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?  
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, *Camillo*,  
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,  
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least  
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare  
What Incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near,  
Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.* Sir, I'll tell you,  
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him  
That I think honourable; therefore mark my counsel,  
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as  
I mean to utter it; or both your self and me  
Cry lost, and so good night.

*Pol.* On, good *Camillo*.

*Cam.* I am appointed to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, *Camillo*?

*Cam.* By the King.

*Pol.* For what?

*Cam.* He thinks, nay with all confidence he swears,  
As he had scen't, or been an instrument  
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen  
Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* Oh then, my best blood turn  
To an infected gelly, and my name  
Be yoak'd with his that did betray the best:  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,  
Nay hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard, or read.

*Cam.* Swear his thought over  
By each particular star in heav'n, and  
By all their influences; you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,

As or by oath remove, or counsel shake  
The fabrick of his folly, whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue  
The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How should this grow ?

*Cam.* I know not; but I'm sure 'tis safer to  
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born;  
if therefore you dare trust my honesty,  
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you  
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night;  
Your followers I will whisper to the business,  
And will by twoes, and threes, at several posterns,  
Clear them o'th' city. For my self, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain,  
For by the honour of my parents, I  
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth:  
'Thereon his execution sworn.

*Pol.* I do believe thee :

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;  
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and  
My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago. This jealousy  
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,  
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,  
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive  
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:  
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious Queen, part of his theme; but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion. Come, *Camillo*,  
I will respect thee as a father, if  
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

*Cam.* It is in mine authority to command  
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness  
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT



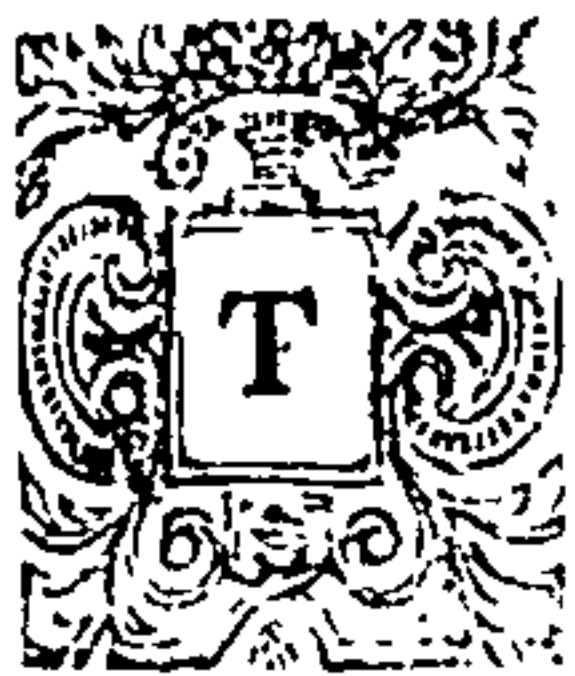


ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE Continues.

Enter Hermione, Mamillus, and Ladies.

HERMIONE.



TAKE the boy to you; he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if  
I were a baby still; I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best, so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now,  
What colour be your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose  
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 Lady. Hark ye,

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince  
One of these days, and then you'll wanton with us,  
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk, good time encounter her.

M 4

Her.

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you? come, Sir,  
 now  
 I am for you again. Pray you sit by us,  
 And tell's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shall't be?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale's best for winter.  
 I have one of sprights and goblins.

*Her.* Let's have that, good Sir.

Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best,  
 To fright me with your sprights: you're powerful at it.

*Mam.* There was a man-----

*Her.* Nay, come sit down; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a church-yard: I will tell it softly:  
 Yond crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Leontes, Antigonus, and Lords.*

*Leo.* Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with  
 him?

*Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never  
 Saw I men scowr so on their way: I ey'd them  
 Even to their ships.

*Leo.* How blest am I

In my just censure! in my true opinion!  
 Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd  
 In being so blest! there may be in the cup  
 A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,  
 And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge  
 Is not infected: but if one present  
 Th' abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides  
 With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.  
*Camillo* was his help in this, his pandar:  
 There is a plot against my life, my crown;  
 All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain,  
 Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:

*He*

He hath discover'd my design, and I  
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick  
For them to play at will: how came the posterns  
So easily open?

*Lord.* By his great authority,  
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so  
On your command.

*Leo.* I know't too well.  
Give me the boy, I'm glad you did not nurse him:  
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
Have too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this? sport?

*Leo.* Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;  
Away with him, and let her sport her self  
With that she's big with: 'tis *Polixenes*  
Has made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'd say he had not;  
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,  
How'er you lean to th' nayward.

*Leo.* You, my lords,  
Look on her, mark her well; be but about  
To say she is a goodly lady, and  
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,  
'Tis pity she's not honest: honourable:  
Praise her but for this her without-door form,  
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight  
The shrug, the hum, or ha, these petty-brands  
That calumny doth use: oh I am out,  
That mercy do's, for calumny will fear  
Virtue it self. These shrugs, these hums, and ha's  
When you have said she's goodly, come between  
Ere you can say she's honest: but be't known,  
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,  
She's an adulteress.

*Her.* Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.

*Leo.* You have mistook, my lady,

*Polixenes.*

*Polixenes* for *Leontes*. O thou thing,  
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
 Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
 Should a like language use to all degrees,  
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
 Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said  
 She's an adulteress, I have said with whom:  
 More; she's a traitor, and *Camillo* is  
 A federary with her, and one that knows  
 What she should shame to know her self,  
 But with her most vile principal; that she's  
 A bed-swerver, even as bad as those  
 That vulgar give bold'st titles; ay, and privy  
 To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,  
 Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,  
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
 You thus have publish'd me? gentle my lord,  
 You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say  
 You did mistake.

*Leo.* No, if I mistake  
 In these foundations which I build upon,  
 The center is not big enough to bear  
 A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison:  
 He who shall speak for her, is far off guilty  
 But that he speaks.

*Her.* There's some ill planet reigns;  
 I must be patient, 'till the heavens look  
 With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,  
 I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
 Commonly are, the want of which vain dew  
 Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have  
 That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns  
 Worse than tears drown: 'beseech you all, my lords,  
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
 Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
 The King's will be perform'd.

*Leo.* Shall I be heard?

*Her.* Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech you  
 highness



My women may be with me, for you see  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,  
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress  
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,  
As I come out; this action, I now go on,  
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,  
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now  
I trust I shall. My women come, you've leave.

*Leo.* Go, do our bidding; hence.

*Lord.* 'Beseech your highness call the Queen again.'

*Ant.* Be certain what you do, Sir, lest your justice  
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,  
Your self, your Queen, your son.

*Lord.* For her, my lord,  
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,  
Please you t' accept it, that the Queen is spotless  
I'th' eyes of heav'n, and to you, I mean  
In this which you accuse her.

*Ant.* If it prove  
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where  
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:  
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;  
For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,  
If she be.

*Leo.* Hold your peaces.

*Lord.* Good my lord.

*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for our selves:  
You are abused by some putter-on,  
'That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,  
I would land-damn him: be she honour-flaw'd,  
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;  
The second, and the third, nine; and sons five;  
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour  
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they shall not see  
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs,  
And I had rather glib my self, than they  
Should not produce fair issue.

*Leo.* Cease, no more:

You smell this business with a sense as cold

As is a dead man's nose; I see't and feel't,  
As you feel doing thus; and see withal  
The Instruments that feel.

*Ant.* If it be so,  
We need no grave to bury honesty,  
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

*Leo.* What? lack I credit?

*Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,  
Upon this ground; and more it would content me  
To have your honour true, than your suspicion;  
Be blam'd for't how you might.

*Leo.* Why what need we  
Commune with you for this? but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation? our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness  
Imparts this; which, if you, or stupified,  
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not  
Relish a truth like us: inform your selves,  
We need no more of your advice; the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't  
Is properly all ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,  
Without more overture.

*Leo.* How could that be?  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo's* flight  
Added to their familiarity,  
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation  
But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to th' deed) doth push on this proceeding;  
Yet for a greater confirmation,  
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere  
Most pitious to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post,  
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* temple,  
*Cleomines* and *Dion*, whom you know  
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now, from the oracle  
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had,

Shall

Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

*Lord.* Well done, my lord.

*Leo.* Tho' I am satisfy'd, and need no more  
Than what I know; yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to th' minds of others; such as he,  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to th' truth. So we have thought it good  
From our free person, she should be confin'd,  
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,  
We are to speak in publick; for this business  
Will raise us all.

*Ant.* To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A P R I S O N.

*Enter Paulina and a Gentleman.*

*Paul.* THE keeper of the prison, call to him:

[*Exit Gent.*]

Let him have knowledge whom I am. Good lady,  
No court in *Europe* is too good for thee;  
What dost thou then in prison? now, good Sir,  
You know me, do you not?

[*Re-enter Gentleman with the Goaler.*]

*Goa.* For a worthy lady,  
And one whom much I honour.

*Pau.* Pray you then  
Conduct me to the Queen.

*Goa.* I may not, madam,  
To the contrary I have express commandment.

*Pau.* Here's a-do to lock up honesty and honour from  
Th' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful pray you  
To see her women? any of them? *Emilia*?

*Goa.* So please you, madam,  
To put a-part these your attendants, I  
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

*Paul.*

*Pau.* I pray you now call her:  
Withdraw your selves.

*Goa.* And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.

*Pau.* Well; be it so pr'ythee.

*Enter Emilia.*

Here's such a-do to make no stain a stain,  
As passes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,  
How fares our gracious lady?

*Emil.* As well as one so great and so forlorn.  
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,  
Which never tender lady hath born greater,  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

*Pau.* A boy?

*Emil.* A daughter, and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives  
Much comfort in't. Says, my poor prisoner,  
I'm innocent as you.

*Pau.* I dare be sworn:  
These dangerous, unsafe lunes i'th' King! beshrew  
them,  
He must be told of it, and shall; the office  
Becomes a woman best. I'll take't upon me.  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more. Pray you *Emilia*,  
Commend my best obedience to the Queen,  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be  
Her advccate to th' loud'st. We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o'th' child:  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.

*Emil.* Most worthy madam,  
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue: there is no lady living  
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship  
To visit the next room, I'll presently

*Acquaint.*



Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer,  
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,  
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
Lest she should be deny'd.

*Pau.* Tell her, *Emilia*,  
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from't  
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted  
I shall do good.

*Emil.* Now be you blest for it:  
I'll to the Queen: please you come something nearer.

*Goa.* Madam, if't please the Queen to send the babe,  
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

*Pau.* You need not fear it, Sir;  
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is  
By law and process of great nature thence  
Free'd and enfranchis'd, not a party to  
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

*Goa.* I do believe it.

*Pau.* Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I  
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [Exit.]

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## SCENE IV.

### *The PALACE.*

*Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords and other attendants.*

*Leo.* **N**OR night, nor day, no rest; it is but weak-  
ness

To bear the matter thus; meer weakness, if  
The cause were not in being; part o'th' cause,  
She, the adulteress; for the harlot-King  
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank  
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but she  
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again. Who's there?

*Enter*

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Atten.* My lord:

*Leo.* How do's the boy?

*Atten.* He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd  
His sickness is discharg'd.

*Leo.* To see his nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,  
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself;  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely; go,  
See how he fares. Fie, fie, no thought of him,  
The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoyl upon me; in himself too mighty,  
† And in his parties, his alliance; let him be  
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance  
Take it on her. *Camillo and Polixenes*  
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow;  
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor  
Shall she, within my power.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Paulina with a child.*

*Lord.* You must not enter.

*Pau.* Nay rather, good my lords, be second to me:  
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,  
More free than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That's enough.

*Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-  
manded

None should come at him.

*Pau.* Not so hot, good Sir,  
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings; such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I

Do

† *This line added from the old edition.*

Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;  
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour  
That presses him from sleep.

*Leo.* What noise there, ho?

*Pau.* No noise, my lord, but needful conference,  
About some gossips for your highness.

*Leo.* How?

Away with that audacious lady. *Antigonus,*  
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me.  
I knew she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*Leo.* What? can't not rule her?

*Pau.* From all dishonesty he can; in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* Lo-you now, you hear,  
When she will take the rein, I let her run,  
But she'll not stumble.

*Pau.* Good my liege, I come——  
And I beseech you hear me, who profess  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor: yet that dares  
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,  
Than such as most seems yours. I say, I come  
From your good Queen.

*Leo.* Good Queen?

*Pau.* Good Queen, my lord,  
Good Queen, I say good Queen;  
And would by combat make her good so, were I  
A man, the worst about you.

*Leo.* Force her hence.

*Pau.* Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off,  
But first, I'll do my errand. The good Queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,  
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the child

*Leo.*

*Leo.* Out!

A mankind witch! hence with her out o' door:  
A most intelligencing bawd.

*Pau.* Not so,

I am as ignorant in that as you,  
In so intit'ling me; and no less honest  
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

*Leo.* Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard.

[To Ant.]

Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unrooted  
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the bastard,  
Take't up, I say, give't to thy croan.

*Pau.* For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Take'st up the princess, by that forced baseness  
Which he has put upon't.

*Leo.* He dreads his wife.

*Pau.* So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt  
You'd call your children yours.

*Leo.* A nest of traytors!

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Pau.* Nor I; nor any

But one that's here; and that's himself. For he,  
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not  
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,  
As ever oak or stone was found.

*Leo.* A † callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,  
And now baits me, This brat is none of mine,  
It is the issue of *Polixenes*.

Hence with it, and together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire.

*Pau.* It is yours;

And,

† callat. a scold.



And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,  
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay the valley,  
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles,  
The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger.  
And thou good goddess nature, which hast made it  
So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours  
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's.

*Leo.* A gross hag!

And, † lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
Thou wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands  
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave your self  
Hardly one subject.

*Leo.* Once more take her hence.

*Pau.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

*Leo.* I'll ha' thee burnt.

*Pau.* I care not;

It is an heretick that makes the fire,  
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,  
But this most cruel usage of your Queen  
(Not able to produce more accusation  
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something favours  
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
Yea scandalous to all the world.

*Leo.* On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her.

*Pau.* I pray you do not push me, I'll be gone.  
Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours; *Jove* send  
her

A better guiding spirit. What need these hands?  
You that are thus so tender o'er his follies,

Will

† lozel. a lazy lubber.

Will never do him good, not one of you.  
So, so: farewell, we are gone.

[Exit.]

## S C E N E VI.

*Leo.* Thou, traytor, hast set on thy wife to this:  
My child? away with't. Even thou that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:  
Within this hour bring me word it is done,  
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'it thine; if thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so:  
The bastard-brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out: go take it to the fire,  
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

*Ant.* I did not, Sir:  
The lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in't.

*Lord.* We can, my royal liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*Leo.* You're liars all.

*Lords.* 'Beseech your highness give us better credit.  
We've always truly serv'd you, and beseech you  
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg  
(As recompence of our dear services  
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel —

*Leo.* I am a<sup>a</sup> feather for each wind that blows:  
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father? better burn it now,  
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:  
It shall not neither. You Sir, come you hither;  
[To Antigonus.]

You that have been so tenderly officious  
With lady *Margery*, your midwife there,  
To save this bastard's life; (for 'tis a bastard),

{ <sup>a</sup> father.

So sure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure  
To save this brat's life?

*Ant.* Any thing, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose: at least thus much;  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,  
To save the innocent; any thing possible.

*Leo.* It shall be possible; swear by this sword  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Ant.* I will, my lord.

*Leo.* Mark and perform it; seest thou? for the fail  
Of any point in't shall not only be  
Death to thy self, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,  
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoyn thee,  
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desart place, quite out  
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,  
Without much mercy, to its own protection  
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,  
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,  
That thou commend it strangely to some place,  
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

*Ant.* I swear to do this: tho' a present death  
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe,  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens  
To be thy nurses. Wolves and bears, they say,  
(Casting their savageness aside) have done  
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed does require; and blessing,  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
Poor thing condemn'd to loss. [*Exit with the child.*]

*Leo.* No; I'll not rear  
Another's issue.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Please your highness, posts  
From those you sent to th' oracle, are come  
An hour since. *Cleomines and Dion*

Being

Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,  
Hasting to th' court.

*Lord.* So please you, Sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

*Leo.* Twenty three days  
They have been absent: this good speed foretels  
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you lords,  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady; for as she hath  
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have  
A just and open tryal. While she lives  
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,  
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*



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

*Enter Cleomines and Dion.*

C L E O M I N E S.



HE climate's delicate, the air most sweet,  
Fertile the isle, the temple much sur-  
passing

The common praise it bears.

*Dion.* I shall report,

For most it caught me, the celestial ha-  
bits,

Methinks I should so term them, and the reverence  
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice;  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i' th' offering!

*Cleo.* But of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafning voice o' th' oracle,  
Kin to *Jove's* thunder, so surpriz'd my sense  
That I was nothing.

*Dio.*



*Dio.* If th' event o' th' journey  
Prove as successful to the Queen (O be't so)  
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy;  
The time is worth the use on't.

*Cleo.* Great *Apollo*,  
Turn all to th' best! these proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,  
I little like.

*Dio.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear, or end the business, when the oracle,  
Thus by *Apollo's* great divine seal'd up,  
Shall the contents discover: something rare  
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go; fresh horses:  
And gracious be the issue. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E II.

### S I C I L Y.

*Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers, Hermione as to her  
tryal, with Paulina and ladies.*

*Leo.* **T**HIS sessions, to our great grief, we pro-  
nounce,  
Ev'n pulhes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,  
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one  
Of us too much belov'd; let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,  
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.  
Produce the prisoner.

*Offi.* It is his highness' pleasure, that the Queen  
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

*Leo.* Read the indictment.

*Offi.* *Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King  
of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high  
treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes King of  
Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away*

the life of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal husband; the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that  
 Which contradicts my accusation, and  
 Testimony on my part, no other  
 But what comes from my self, it shall scarce boot me  
 To say, not guilty: mine integrity  
 Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
 Be so receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine  
 Behold our human actions, as they do,  
 I doubt not then, but innocence shall make  
 False accusations blush, and tyranny  
 Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,  
 Who least will seem to do so, my past life  
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
 As I am now unhappy; which is more  
 Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd  
 And play'd to take spectators. For behold me  
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
 A moiety of the throne: a great King's daughter,  
 The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing  
 To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore  
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
 As I weigh grief which I would spare: for honour,  
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
 And only that I stand for. I appeal  
 To your own conscience, Sir, before *Polixenes*  
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
 How merited to be so; since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrant I  
 Have strain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond  
 The bounds of honour, or in act or will  
 That way enclining, heardned be the hearts  
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
 Cry sie upon my grave.

Ier. I ne'er heard yet  
 That any of those bolder vices wanted

Lets

Less impudence to gain-say what they did  
Than to perform it first.

*Her.* That's true enough,  
Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.

*Leo.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than mistress of  
What comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,  
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess  
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;  
With such a kind-of love, as might become  
A lady like me; with a love, even such,  
So and no other, as your self commanded:  
Which not to have done, I think had been in me  
Both disobedience and ingratitude  
To you, and towards your friends; whose love had  
Spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
That it was yours. Now for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd  
For me to try how; all I know of it,  
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;  
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

*Leo.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

*Her.* Sir,  
You speak a language that I understand not;  
My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.

*Leo.* Your actions are my dreams.  
You had a bastard by *Polixenes*,  
And I but dream'd it: as you were past all shame,  
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth;  
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as  
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to it self,  
No father owning it, (which is indeed  
More criminal in thee than it) so thou  
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage  
Look for no less than death.

*Her.* Sir, spare your threats;  
 The bug which you would fright me with I seek:  
 To me can life be no commodity,  
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
 I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,  
 But know not how it went. My second joy,  
 The first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
 I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,  
 Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast  
 (The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth)  
 Hal'd out to murder; my self on every post  
 Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred  
 The child-bed privilege deny'd which 'longs  
 To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried  
 Here to this place, i'th' open air, before  
 I have got strength of limbs. And now, my liege,  
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
 That I should fear to die? therefore proceed:  
 But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,  
 I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,  
 Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd  
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else,  
 But what your jealousies awake, I tell you  
 'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,  
 I do refer me to the Oracle:  
*Apollo* be my judge.

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Dion and Cleomines.*

*Lord.* This your request  
 Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,  
 And in *Apollo's* name, his oracle.

*Her.* The Emperor of *Russia* was my father,  
 Oh that he were alive, and here beholding  
 His daughter's tryal; that he did but see  
 The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes  
 Of pity, not revenge!

*Officer.*



*Officer.* You here shall swear upon the sword of justice,

That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have  
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought  
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great *Apollo's* priest; and that since then  
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in't.

*Cleo. Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leo.* Break up the seals, and read.

*Off.* *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten, and the King shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.

*Her.* Praised.

*Leo.* Hast thou read the truth?

*Off.* Ay, my lord, even so as it is here set down.

*Leo.* There is no truth at all i'th' oracle;  
The sessions shall proceed; this is meer falshood.

*Enter servant.*

*Ser.* My lord the King, the King.

*Leo.* What is the business?

*Ser.* O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.

The prince your son, with meer conceit and fear  
Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

*Leo.* How gone?

*Ser.* Is dead.

*Leo.* *Apollo's* angry, and the heav'ns themselves  
Do strike at my injustice. How now there?

[*Her. faints.*]

*Paul.* This news is mortal to the Queen: look down  
And see what death is doing.

*Leo.* Take her hence;

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt Paulina and ladies with Hermione.*]



## S C E N E IV.

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion :  
 'Beseech you tenderly apply to her  
 Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon  
 My great prophaneness 'gainst thine oracle.  
 I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,  
 New woo my Queen, recal the good *Camillo*  
 (Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy)  
 For being transported by my jealousies  
 To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
*Camillo* for the minister, to poison  
 My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,  
 But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied  
 My swift command; tho' I with death, and with  
 Reward did threaten and encourage him,  
 Not doing it, and being done; he (most humane,  
 And fill'd with honour) to my kingly guest  
 Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,  
 Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard  
 Of all incertainties himself commended,  
 No richer than his honour: how he glisters  
 Through my dark rust! and how his piety  
 Does my deeds make the blacker!

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Paulina.*

*Paul.* Woe the while:

O cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,  
 Break too.

*Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

*Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?  
 What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?  
 burning

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture  
 Must I receive? whose every word deserves  
 To taste of thy most worst. Thy tyranny  
 Together working with thy Jealousies,

*Paul.*

Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
 For girls of nine! O think what they have done,  
 And then run mad indeed; stark mad; for all.  
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
 That thou betray'dst *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,  
 That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,  
 And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,  
 Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo's* honour;  
 To have him kill a King: poor trespasses,  
 More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon  
 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,  
 To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil  
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:  
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
 Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts  
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart.  
 That could conceive a gross and foolish fire  
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
 Laid to thy answer; but the last: O lords,  
 When I have said, cry woe, the Queen, the Queen,  
 The sweetest dearest creature's dead; and vengeance  
 for't

Not dropt down yet.

*Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

*Pau.* I say she's dead: I'll swear't: if word or oath  
 Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
 Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye  
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you  
 As I would do the Gods. ' But, O thou tyrant!  
 ' Dost not repent these things, for they are heavier  
 ' Than all thy woes can stir? therefore betake thee  
 ' To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,  
 ' Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
 ' Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
 ' In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods  
 ' To look that way thou wert.

*Leo.* Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much, I have deserv'd  
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*Lord.* Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I'th' boldness of your speech.

*Par.* I am sorry for't.

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent: alas, I've shew'd too much  
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd  
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's past help  
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction  
At my petition, I beseech you; rather  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,  
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman.  
The love I bore your Queen — lo, fool again —  
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children:  
I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
Who is lost too. Take you your patience to you,  
And I'll say nothing.

*Leo.* Thou didst speak but well,  
When most the truth; which I receive much better  
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee bring me  
To the dead bodies of my Queen and son,  
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear unto  
Our shame perpetual; once a day I'll visit  
The chappel where they lye, and tears shed there  
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature  
Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me  
To these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Changes to Bohemia. A desert Country; the Sea  
at a little distance.*

*Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.*

*Ant.* **T**HOU art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd  
upon  
The desarts of *Bohemia*?

*Mar.*



*Mar.* Ay, my lord, and fear  
We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon's.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done; get thee aboard,  
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before  
I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste, and go not  
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey that keep upon't.

*Ant.* Go thou away.  
I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I'm glad at heart  
To be so rid o'th' business.

[Exit.]

*Ant.* Come, poor babe;  
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o'th' dead  
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow  
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,  
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,  
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe  
Is counted lost for ever and ever, *Perdita*  
I pr'ythee call't. For this ungentle business  
Put on thee, by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
Thy wife *Paulina* more. And so, with shrieks,  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect my self, and thought

This was so, and no slumber: dreams are toys,  
 Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,  
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe  
*Hermione* hath suffer'd death, and that  
*Apollo* would, this being indeed the issue  
 Of King *Polixenes*, it should here be laid,  
 Either for life or death, upon the earth  
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well,

[Laying down the child,

There lye, and there thy character: there these,  
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pret-  
 ty one,

And still rest thine. The storm begins; poor wretch,  
 That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd  
 To loss, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurst am I,  
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel.

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have  
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw  
 The heav'ns so dim by day. A savage clamour!  
 Well may I get aboard: this is the chace,  
 I am gone for ever. [Exit pursued by a bear.]

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter an old Shepherd.*

*Shep.* I would there were no age between ten and  
 three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the  
 rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting  
 wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing,  
 fighting---hark you now---would any but these boil'd  
 brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt this wea-  
 ther? they have scar'd away two of my best sheep,  
 which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master;  
 if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brou-  
 zing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will, what have  
 we here? [Taking up the child] Mercy on's, a barne!  
 a very pretty barne! a boy or a child, I wonder! a  
 pretty one, a very pretty one, sure some 'scape:  
 sho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentle-

woman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my son come: he hollow'd but even now, Whoa, ho-hoa.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa.

*Shep.* What, art so near? if thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land; but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shep.* Why boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore; but that's not to the point; oh the most piteous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. And then the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it. But first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

*Shep.* Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo.* Now, now, I have not winked since I saw these fights, the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

*Shep.* Would I had been by to have help'd the old man.

*Clo.* I would you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her, there your charity would have lack'd footing.

*Shep.* Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thy self; thou meet'st with things

things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; so, let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changling; open't; what's within, boy?

*Clo.* You're a mad old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all gold.

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecie. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

*Clo.* Marry will I, and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*



ACT





## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Time. The Chorus.*

T I M E.



That please some, try all, both joy and  
terror

Of good and bad, that make and un-  
fold error;

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide

O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd

Of that wide gap; since it is in my power

To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour

To plant and o'er-whelm custom. Let me pass

The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,

Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to

The times that brought them in, so shall I do

To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale

The glistering of this present, as my tale

Now seems to it: your patience this allowing,

I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing

As you had slept between. *Leontes* leaving

Th' effects of his fond jealousies so grieving

That he shuts up himself; imagine me,

Gentle spectators, that I now may be

In fair *Bohemia*, and remember well,

I mention here a son o'th' King's, whom *Florizel*

I now name to you, and with speed so pace

To speak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace

Equal with wondring. What of her ensues

I list not prophesie. But let Time's news

Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's  
daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
Is th' argument of time; of this allow,

If ever you have spent time worse ere now:

If never, yet that Time himself doth say,

He wishes earnestly you never may.

[Exit.]

## S C E N E II.

*Court of Bohemia.*

*Enter Polixenes and Camillo.*

*Pol.* I Pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

*Cam.* It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my master, hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

*Pol.* As thou lov'st me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thy self, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'ythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled King my brother, whose loss of his most precious Queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou

thou the prince *Florizel* my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (missingly) noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appear'd.

*Pol.* I have consider'd so much, *Camillo*, and with some care so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

*Cam.* I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selves;  
[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E III.

*The Country.*

*Enter Autolicus singing.*

*When daffadils begin to peere  
With heigh the doxy over the dale,*

*Why*

Why then comes in the sweet o'th' year:  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:  
Doth set my pugging tooth an edge.

For a quart of ale is a dish for a King.

The lark with tirra lyra chaunts,  
With hey, with hey the thrush and the jay:  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
While we lye tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and in my time wore  
three pile, but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do go most right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget,

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to  
lesser linnen. My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who  
being, as I am, litter'd under *Mercury*, was likewise  
a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: with die and drab,  
I purchas'd this caparison, and my revenue is the  
silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on  
the high-way, beating and hanging are terrors to me:  
for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.  
A prize! a prize!

*Enter Clown.*

*Cl.* Let me see, every eleven weather tods, every  
tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred  
shorn, what comes the wooll to?

*Ans.* If the sprindge hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

*Cl.* I cannot do't without compters. Let me see,  
what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? three  
pound of suggar, five pound of currants, rice——

what



what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the hearers; three-man song-men all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden-pies, mace——dates——none——that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o'th' sun.

*Aut.* Oh, that ever I was born.

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

*Clo.* I'th' name of me——

*Aut.* Oh help me, help me: pluck but off these rags, and then death, death——

*Clo.* Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* Oh, Sir, the loathsomness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

*Clo.* Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Aut.* I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my mony and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clo.* What, by a horse-man, or a footman?

*Aut.* A foot-man, sweet Sir, a footman.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

*Aut.* Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

*Clo.* Alas, poor soul.

*Aut.* O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now? canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* Dost lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have mony, or any thing I want: offer me no mony, I pray you, that kills my heart.

*Clo.* What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

*Aut.* A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

*Clo.* His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

*Aut.* Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lyes; and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue; some call him *Autolicus*.

*Clo.* Out upon him, prig! for my life prig; he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into his apparel.

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way, and that he knew I warrant him.

*Clo.* How do you do now?

*Aut.* Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on thy way?

*Aut.* No, good fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir.

*Clo.* Then farewell, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

[Exit.  
*Aut.*

*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet Sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrol'd, and my name put into the book of virtue.

S O N G.

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Florizel and Perdita.*

*Flo.* These your unusual weeds to each part of you  
Does give a life: no shepherdes but *Flora*,  
Peering in *April's* front. This your sheep-shearing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the Queen on't.

*Per.* Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extreams it not becomes me:  
Oh pardon, that I name them: your high self,  
The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscur'd  
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts  
In every mees have folly, and the feeders  
Digest it with a custom, I should blush  
To see you so attired; sworn I think,  
To shew my self a glafs.

*Flo.* I bless the time  
When my good falcon made her flight a-cross  
Thy father's ground.

*Per.* Now *Jove* afford you cause;  
To me the difference forges dread, your greatness  
Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble  
To think your father, by some accident,  
Should pass this way, as you did: oh the fates,

How

How would he look to see his work, so noble,  
Vildly bound up! what would he say! or how  
Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts behold  
The sternness of his presence?

*Flo.* Apprehend

Nothing but jollity: the Gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them. *Jupiter*  
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,  
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now. Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,  
Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires  
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

*Per.* O, but dear Sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' pow'r o' th' King.  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak, that you must change this pur-  
pose,  
Or I my life.

*Flo.* Thou dearest *Perdita*,

With these forc'd thoughts I pr'ythee darken not  
The mirth o' th' feast; or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's. For I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,  
Tho' destiny say no. Be merry, gentle,  
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:  
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial, which  
We two have sworn shall come.

*Per.* O lady fortune,

Stand you auspicious.

SCENE



## SCENE V.

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants;  
with Polixenes and Camillo disguis'd.*

*Flo.* See, your guests approach;  
Address your self to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*Shep.* Fie, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon  
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,  
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;  
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here  
At upper end o'th' table, now i'th' middle;  
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire  
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it  
She would to each one sip. You are retired,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting: pray you bid  
These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes, and present your self  
That which you are, mistress o'th' feast. Come on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.* Sirs, welcome. [To Pol. and Cam.]

It is my father's will, I should take on me  
The hostessship o' th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.  
Give me those flowers there, *Dorcas*, Reverend Sirs,  
For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep  
Seeming and favour all the winter long:  
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,  
And welcome to our shearing.

*Pol.* Shepherdes,

A fair one are you, well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient,  
Nor yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th' season  
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,  
Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind

Our

Our rustick garden's barren, and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

*Per.* For I have heard it said,  
There is an art, which in their pideness shares  
With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say there be,  
Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean; so over that art,  
Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes; you see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scyon to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race. This is an art  
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but  
The art it self is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,  
And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put  
The † dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:  
No more than were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say 'twere well; and only therefore  
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you;  
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,  
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' sun,  
And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age. Y'are welcome.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out alas;

You'd be so lean, that blasts of *January*  
Would blow you through and through. Now my  
fairest friends,  
I would I had some flowers o' th' spring, that might  
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet

You

† an instrument of gardening.

Your maiden-heads growing : O *Proserpina*,  
 For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
 From *Dis's* waggon ! daffadils,  
 That come before the swallow dares, and take  
 The winds of *March* with beauty ; violets dim,  
 But sweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes,  
 Or *Cytherea's* breath ; pale primroses,  
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
 Bright *Phœbus* in his strength, a malady  
 Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and  
 The crown-imperial ; lillies of all kinds,  
 The flower-de-lis being one. O these I lack  
 To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend  
 To strow him o'er and o'er.

*Flo.* What ? like a coarſe ?

*Per.* No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;  
 Not like a coarſe ; or if, not to be buried  
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers,  
 Methinks I play as I have ſeen them do  
 In *Whitſon* pastorals : ſure this robe of mine  
 Does change my diſpoſition.

*Flo.* What you do,  
 Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, ſweet,  
 I'd have you do it ever ; when you ſing,  
 I'd have you buy and ſell ſo ; ſo give alms ;  
 Pray ſo ; and for the ord'ring your affairs,  
 To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you  
 A wave o'th' ſea, that you might ever do  
 Nothing but that ; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,  
 And own no other function. Each your doing,  
 So ſingular in each particular,  
 Crowns what you're doing in the preſent deeds,  
 That all your acts are Queens.

*Per.* O *Doricles*,  
 Your praises are too large ; but that your youth  
 And the true blood which peeps forth fairly through it,  
 Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd,  
 With wiſdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,  
 You woo'd me the falſe way.

*Flo.* I think you have

As

As little skill to fear, as I have purpose  
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray;  
Your hand, my *Perdita*; so turtles pair  
That never mean to part.

*Per.* I'll swear for 'em.

*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever  
Ran on the green-ford; nothing she does, or seems,  
But smacks of something greater than her self,  
Too noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tells her something  
That makes her blood look out: good sooth she is  
The Queen of curds and cream.

*Cl.* Come on, strike up.

*Der.* *Mopsa* must be your mistress; marry garlick  
to mend her-kissing with.

*Mop.* Now in good time.

*Cl.* Not a word, a word, we stand upon our man-  
ners, come strike up.

*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this  
Who dances with your daughter?

*Shep.* They call him *Doricles*, and he boasts himself  
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it  
Upon his own report, and I believe it:  
He looks like sooth; he says he loves my daughter;  
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read  
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,  
I think there is not half a kiss to chuse  
Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances featly.

*Shep.* So she does any thing, tho' I report it,  
That should be silent; if young *Doricles*  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of.



SCENE



SCENE VI.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell mony; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens ears grow to his tunes.

*Clo.* He could never come better; he shall come in; I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

*Ser.* He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry, (which is strange) with such delicate burthens of dildos and fapings: jump her and thump her: and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whop, do me no harm, good man.*

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any unbraided wares?

*Ser.* He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than-all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, tho' they come to him by the gros; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns; why he sings 'em over, as they were gods and goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

*Clo.* Pr'ythee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

*Clo.* You have of these pedlers that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter Autolicus singing.*

*Lawn as white as driven snow,  
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;  
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,  
Masks for faces and for noses;  
Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber:  
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears:  
Pins, and poaking sticks of steel,  
What maids lack from head to heel:  
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,  
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry: come buy.*

*Clo.* If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou should'st take no mony of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

*Mop.* I was promis'd them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

*Dor.* He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

*Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tatling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispring: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

*Mop.* I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

*Clo.* Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my mony?

*Aut.* And indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clo.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Aut.*

*Aut.* I hope so, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

*Clo.* What hast here? ballads?

*Mop.* Pray now buy some, I love a ballad in print, or a life, for then we are sure they are true.

*Aut.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money bags at a burthen, and how she long'd to eat adders heads, and toads carbonado'd.

*Mop.* Is it true, think you?

*Aut.* Very true, and but a month old.

*Dor.* Bless me from marrying a usurer.

*Aut.* Here's the midwife's name to't; one mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

*Mop.* Pray you now buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

*Dor.* Is it true too, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices hands at it; and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by too: another.

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man; there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on't a month a-go.

*Aut.* I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

## S O N G.

*Aut.* Get you hence, for I must go,  
Where it fits not you to know.

*Dor.* Whither?

*Mop.* O whither?

*Dor.* Whither?

*Mop.* It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell,

*Dor.* Me too, let me go thither:

*Mop.* Or thou goest to th' grange, or mill,

*Dor.* If to either thou dost ill:

*Aut.* Neither.

*Dor.* What neither?

*Aut.* Neither.

*Dor.* Thou hast sworn my love to be,

*Mop.* Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then whither goest? say whither?

*Cl.* We'll have this song out anon by our selves:  
my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and  
we'll not trouble them: come bring away thy pack  
after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: pedlar,  
let's have the first choice; follow me girls.

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em.

## S O N G.

*Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my deer-a?*

*Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head  
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st ware-a?*

*Come to the pedler, mony's a medler,  
That doth utter all mens ware-a.*

[*Ex. Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Master, there are three carters, three shepherds,  
three neat-herds, and three swine-herds that have made  
them.



themselves all men of hair, they call themselves falliers, and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th' mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away; we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us: 'pray let's see these four-threes of herdsmen.

*Ser.* One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and half by th' square.

*Shep.* Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in, but quickly now.

*Here a dance of twelve Satyrs. †*

*Pol.* O father, you'll know more of that hereafter. Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them, He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd, Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your las's Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old Sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are; The gifts she looks from me, are packt and lockt Up in my heart, which I have given already, But not deliver'd. O hear me breathe my life Before this ancient Sir, who it should seem Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand, As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,

Or *Ethiopian's* tooth, or the fann'd snow  
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

*Pol.* What follows this?

How pretuly the young swain seems to wash  
The hand was fair before! I've put you out;  
But to your protestation: let me hear  
What you profess.

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too?

*Flo.* And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;  
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch  
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge  
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them  
Without her love; for her imploy them all,  
Commend them, and condemn them to her service,  
Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shews a sound affection.

*Shep.* But my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

*Per.* I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.  
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargain;  
And friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must be  
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,  
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnessess.

*Shep.* Come, your hand;  
And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft, swain, a-while; 'beseech you,  
Have you a father?

*Flo.* I have; but what of him?

*Pol.* Knows he of this?

*Flo.* He neither does nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks a father

Is at the nuptial of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table: 'pray you once more,

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he speak? hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?

Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing

But what he did, being childish?

*Flo.* No, good Sir;

He has his health, and ampler strength indeed

Than most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

Something unfilial: reason my son

Should chuse himself a wife, but as good reason

The father (all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity) should hold some counsel

In such a business.

*Flo.* I yield all this;

But for some other reasons, my grave Sir,

Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint

My father of this business.

*Pol.* Let him know't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Pr'ythee let him.

*Flo.* No; he must not.

*Shep.* Let him, my son, he shall not need to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not:

Mark our contract.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young Sir,

[*discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base

To be acknowledg'd. Thou a scepter's heir,

That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traytor,

I'm sorry that by hanging thee, I can

But shorten thy life one week. And thou fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know  
The royal fool thou coap'st with ———

*Shep.* Oh my heart!

*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and  
made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,  
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never  
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession,  
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,  
Far than *Deucalion* off: mark thou my words;  
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,  
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment,  
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea him too,  
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoope his body more with thy embraces,  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,  
As thou art tender to it. [Exit.

### S C E N E VIII.

*Per.* Even here undone:

I was not much afraid; for once or twice  
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,  
The self-same sun that shines upon his court,  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike. Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?

[To Flor.]

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you  
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine  
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,  
But milk my ewes, and weep.

*Cam.* Why how now, father?  
Speak ere thou diest.

*Shep.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir, [To Flor.]  
You have undone a man of fourscore three,

That



That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,  
 To die upon the bed my father dy'd,  
 To lye close by his honest bones; but now  
 Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me  
 Where no priest shovels in dust. Oh cursed wretch!

[To Perdita.

That knew't this was the prince, and would't adventure

To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!  
 If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd  
 To die when I desire.

[Exit.

SCENE IX.

*Flo.* Why look you so upon me?  
 I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,  
 But nothing alter'd: what I was I am;  
 More straining on for plucking back; not following  
 My leash unwillingly.

*Cam.* Gracious my lord,  
 You know your father's temper: at this time  
 He will allow no speech, which I do guess  
 You do not purpose to him; and as hardly  
 Will he endure your sight, as yet I fear;  
 Then, 'till the fury of his highness settle,  
 Come not before him.

*Flo.* I not purpose it,  
 I think, *Camillo*.

*Cam.* Even he, my lord:

*Per.* How often have I told you 'twould be thus?  
 How often said, my dignity would last  
 But 'till 'twere known?

*Flo.* It cannot fail, but by  
 The violation of my faith, and then  
 Let nature crush the sides o'th' earth together,  
 And mar the seeds within. Lift up thy looks!  
 From my succession wipe me, father, I  
 Am heir to my affection.

*Cam.* Be advis'd.

*Flo.* I am; and by my fancy, if my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;  
 If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,  
 Do bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate, Sir.

*Flo.* So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;  
 I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo,*  
 Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may  
 Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or  
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide  
 In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath  
 To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,  
 As you have ever been my father's friend,  
 When he shall miss me, (as in faith I mean not  
 To see him any more) cast your good counsels  
 Upon his passion; let my self and fortune  
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
 And so deliver, I am put to sea  
 With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
 And most opportune to her need, I have  
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
 For this design. What course I mean to hold  
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
 Concern me the reporting.

*Cam.* O my lord,  
 I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
 Or stronger for your need.

*Flo.* Hark, *Perdita*.  
 I'll hear you by and by.

*Cam.* He's irremoveable,  
 Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if  
 His going I could frame to serve my turn;  
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour,  
 Purchase the sight again of dear *Sicilia*,  
 And that unhappy King, my master, whom  
 I so much thirst to see.

[*Aside.*]

*Flo.* Now, good *Camillo*;  
 I am so fraught with curious business, that  
 I leave out ceremony.

*Cam.* Sir, I think  
 You have heard of my poor services, i' th' love

That

That I have born your father.

*Flo.* Very nobly  
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick  
To speak your deeds, not little of his care  
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

*Cam.* Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the King,  
And through him, what's nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,  
If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your highness, where you may  
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see  
There's no disjunction to be made, but by  
(As heav'ns forefend) your ruin. Marry her,  
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,  
Your discontented father I'll strive to qualifie  
And bring him up to liking.

*Flo.* How, *Camillo*,  
May this, almost a miracle, be done?  
That I may call thee something more than man,  
And after that trust to thee?

*Cam.* Have you thought on  
A place whereto you'll go?

*Flo.* Not any yet:  
But as th'unthought-on accident is guilty  
Of what we wildly do, so we profess  
Our selves to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* Then list to me:  
This follows, if you will not change your purpose,  
But undergo this flight; make for *Sicilia*,  
And there present your self, and your fair princess  
(For so I see she must be) 'fore *Leontes*;  
She shall be habited as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see  
*Leontes* opening his free arms, and weeping  
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,  
As 'were i'th' father's person; kisses the hands

Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him,  
'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness: th'one  
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow  
Faster than thought or time.

*Flo.* Worthy *Camillo*,  
What colour for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the King your father  
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,  
Things known betwixt us three I'll write you down:  
The which shall point you forth at every sitting,  
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,  
But that you have your father's bosom there,  
And speak his very heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you:  
There is some sap in this.

*Cam.* A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of your selves  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain;  
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,  
But as you shake off one, to take another:  
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who  
Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loth to be: besides, you know,  
Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.

*Per.* One of these is true:  
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

*Cam.* Yea, say you so?  
There shall not at your father's house, these seven  
years,  
Be born another such.

*Flo.* My good *Camillo*,  
She is as forward of her breeding, as  
She is i'th' rear o' our birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis pity

She



She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, Sir; for this.  
I'll blush you thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest *Perdita* —  
But oh, the thorns we stand upon! *Camillo*;  
Preserver of my father, now of me;  
The medicine of our house; how shall we do?  
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* son,  
Nor shall appear in *Sicily* —

*Cam.* My lord,  
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes  
Do all lye there: it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed, as if  
The scene you play were mine. For instance, Sir,  
That you may know you shall not want; one word.  
[*They talk aside.*]

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Autolicus.*

*Aut.* Ha, ha, what a fool honesty is! and trust;  
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have  
sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a  
ribbon, glass, pomander, browch, table-book, bal-  
lad, knife, tape, glove, shooe-tye, bracelet, horn-  
ring to keep my pack from fastning: they throng  
who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hal-  
lowed and brought a benediction to the buyer; by  
which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture;  
and what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My  
good clown (who wants but something to be a rea-  
sonable man) grew so in love with the wenches song,  
that he would not stir his pettitoes 'till he had both  
tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to  
me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; you might  
have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless, 'twas nothing  
to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed  
keys off that hung in chains; no hearing, no feeling,  
but

but my Sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the King's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

*Cam.* Nay; but my letters by this means being there, so soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

*Fior.* And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes* —

*Cam.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Per.* Happy be you:

All that you speak shews fair.

*Cam.* Who have we here?

We'll make an instrument of this; omit  
Nothing may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have over-heard me now: why hanging,

*Cam.* How now, good fellow,  
Why shak'st thou so? fear not, man,  
Here's no harm intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, Sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still: here's no body will steal that from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore discase thee instantly, (thou must think there's a necessity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the penny-worth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, Sir; I know ye well enough.

*Cam.* Nay, pr'ythee dispatch: the gentleman is half fled already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, Sir? I smell the trick on't.

*Flo.* Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

*Aut.* Indeed I have had earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy  
Come home to ye,) you must retire your self  
Into some covert; take your sweet-heart's hat

And

And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,  
Dismantle you, and as you can, disliken  
The truth of your own seeming, that you may  
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ship-board  
Get undescry'd.

*Per.* I see the play so lyes  
That I must bear a part.

*Cam.* No remedy ———  
Have you done there?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my father,  
He would not call me son.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have no hat:  
Come lady, come: farewell my friend.

*Aut.* Adieu, Sir.

*Flo.* O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?  
Pray you a word.

*Cam.* What I do next, shall be to tell the King  
[*Aside.*

Of this escape, and whither they are bound:  
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail  
To force him after; in whose company  
I shall review *Sicilia*; for whose sight  
I have a woman's longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed us,  
Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to th' sea side. [ *Ex. Flor. & Per.*

*Cam.* The swifter speed, the better. [ *Exit,*

## SCENE XI.

*Aut.* I understand the business, I hear it: to have  
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is ne-  
cessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also,  
to smell out work for th' other senses, I see this is  
the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an  
exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is  
here, with this exchange? sure the gods do this year  
connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*.  
The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, steal-  
ing away from his father, with his clog at his heels.  
If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint  
the

the King withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside, here's more matter for a hot brain; every lanes end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

*Clo.* See, see; what a man you are now: there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a changling, and none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shep.* Go to then.

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

*Clo.* Indeed brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

*Aut.* Very wisely, puppies. [*Aside.*

*Shep.* Well; let us to the King; there is that in this farthel will make him scratch his beard.

*Aut.* I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

*Clo.* 'Pray heartily he be at the palace.

*Aut.* Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. How now, rustiques, whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To th' palace, and it like your worship.

*Aut.* Your affairs there, what, with whom, the



condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover.

*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, Sir.

*Aut.* A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie, but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, therefore they do not give us the lie.

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your self with the manner.

*Shep.* Are you a courtier, and like you, Sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gate in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will either push on, or push back thy business there, whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, Sir, is to the King.

*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not, and't like you.

*Clo.* Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

*Shep.* None, Sir; I have no pheasant cock, nor hen.

*Aut.* How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

*Clo.* This cannot be but a great courtier.

*Shep.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomly.

*Clo.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

*Aut.* The farthel there; what's i'th' farthel? Wherefore that box?

*Shep.* Sir, there lyes such secrets in this farthel and  
box,

box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shep.* Why Sir?

*Aut.* The King is not at the palace, he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

*Shep.* So 'tis said, Sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Aut.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Clo.* Think you so, Sir?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are german to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which, tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie.

*Clo.* Has the old man e'er a son, Sir; do you hear, and't like you, Sir?

*Aut.* He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest, then stand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vite*, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims) shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly-rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the King; being something gently consider'd, I'll bring

bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalf, and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold; shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember ston'd and flay'd alive.

*Shep.* And't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promised?

*Shep.* Ay, Sir.

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

*Clo.* In some sort, Sir; but tho' my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

*Aut.* Oh that's the case of the shepherd's son; hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Clo.* Comfort, good comfort; we must to the King, and shew our strange sights; he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister, we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd, and remain, as he says, your pawn 'till it be brought you.

*Aut.* I will trust you, walk before toward the seaside, go on the right hand, I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

*Clo.* We are blest'd in this man, as I may say even blest'd.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [Exeunt *Shep.* and *Clown.*

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement?



ment? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones; aboard him; if he think it fit to shoar them again; and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious, for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: to him will I present them, there may be matter in it. *[Exit.*



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Changes to Sicilia.*

*Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.*

CLEOMINES.



SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd  
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down  
More penitence, than done trespass.  
At the last

Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;  
With them forgive your self.

*Leo.* Whilst I remember

Her and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them, and so still think of  
The wrong I did my self; which was so much  
That heir-less it hath made my kingdom, and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of, true.

*Pau.* Too true, my lord,  
If one by one you wedded all the world,

Or



Or from the all that are took something good,  
To make a perfect woman; she you kill'd  
Would be unparallel'd.

*Leo.* I think so. Kill'd?  
She I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me  
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,  
Say so but seldom.

*Cleo.* Not at all, good lady;  
You might have spoke a thousand things that would  
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
Your kindnefs better.

*Paul.* You are one of those  
Would have him wed again.

*Dio.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,  
What dangers (by his highnefs' fail of issue)  
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,  
Than to rejoice the former Queen is well?  
What holier, than for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort, and for future good,  
To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy,  
(Respecting her that's gone;) besides, the Gods  
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:  
For has not the divine *Apollo* said,  
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,  
That King *Leontes* shall not have an heir,  
'Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,  
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,  
As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,  
And come again to me; who, on my life,  
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,  
My lord should to the heav'ns be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills. Care not for issue,  
The crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*

Left

Left his to th' worthiest; so his successor  
Was like to be the best.

*Leo.* Good *Paulina*,  
Who hast the memory of *Hermione*  
I know in honour: O, that ever I  
Had squar'd me to thy counsel; then, even now  
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,  
Have taken treasure from her lips!

*Pau.* And left them  
More rich, for what they yielded.

*Leo.* Thou speak'st truth:  
No more such wives, therefore no wife; one worse  
And better us'd would make her fainted spirit  
Again possess her corps, and on this stage,  
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vext,  
And begin, why to me?

*Pau.* Had she such power,  
She had just cause.

*Leo.* She had, and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

*Pau.* I should so:  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark  
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't  
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
Shou'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd  
Should be, Remember mine.

*Leo.* Stars, stars,  
And all eyes else, dead coals: fear thou no wife:  
I'll have no wife, *Paulina*.

*Pau.* Will you swear  
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

*Leo.* Never, *Paulina*, so be blest'd my spirit.

*Pau.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him over-much.

*Pau.* Unless another,  
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,  
Affront his eye.

*Cleo.* Good madam, pray have done.

*Pau.* Yet, if my lord will marry; if you will, Sir;  
No remedy, but you will; give me the office

To

To chuse you a Queen; she shall not be so young  
As was your former; but she shall be such,  
As, walk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take joy  
To see her in your arms.

*Leo.* My true *Paulina*,  
We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us.

*Paul.* That  
Shall be, when your first Queen's again in breath:  
Never till then.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter a servant.*

*Ser.* One that gives himself out prince *Florizel*,  
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princess (she  
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access  
To your high presence.

*Leo.* What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness; his approach  
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us  
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
By need and accident. What train?

*Ser.* But few,  
And those but mean.

*Leo.* His princess, say you, with him?

*Ser.* Yes; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,  
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Paul.* Oh *Hermione*,  
As every present time doth boast it self  
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave  
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you your self  
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme; she had not been,  
Nor was she to be equall'd; thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once, 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say you've seen a better.

*Ser.* Pardon, Madam;  
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon)  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,

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Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else, make profelites  
Of who she but bid follow.

*Paul.* How? not women?

*Ser.* Women will love her, that she is a woman  
More worth than any man: men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*Leo.* Go, *Cleomines*;  
Your self (assisted with your honour'd friends)  
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange  
He thus should steal upon us. [*Exit Cleo.*

*Paul.* Had our Prince  
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this lord; there was not a full month  
Between their births.

*Leo.* Pr'ythee no more; cease; thou know'st  
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that which may  
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince,  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him, and speak of something wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,  
And your fair princess: Goddess, oh! alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth  
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as  
You gracious couple do; and then I lost  
(All mine own folly) the society,  
Amity too of your brave father, whom  
(Tho' bearing misery) I desire my life  
Once more to look on him.



*Flo.* By his command  
 Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him  
 Give you all greetings, that a King, as friend  
 Can send his brother; and but infirmity,  
 Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd  
 His wish'd ability, he had himself  
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
 Measur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves,  
 He bad me say so, more than all the scepters,  
 And those that bear them living.

*Leo.* Oh my brother!  
 Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee sit  
 Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
 Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,  
 As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too  
 Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage  
 (At least ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,  
 To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less  
 Th' adventure of her person?

*Flo.* Good my lord,  
 She came from *Libya*.

*Leo.* Where the warlike *Smalus*,  
 That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

*Flo.* Most royal Sir,  
 From thence; from him, whose daughter  
 His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence  
 (A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,  
 To execute the charge my father gave me,  
 For visiting your highness; my best train  
 I have from your *Sicilian* shores dismiss'd,  
 Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signify  
 Not only my success in *Libya*, Sir,  
 But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
 Here, where we are.

*Leo.* The blessed Gods  
 Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
 Do climate here; you have a holy father,  
 A graceful gentleman, against whose person,  
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin;

For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
 Have left me issue-less; and your father's blest'd,  
 As he from heaven merits it, with you,  
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
 Such goodly things as you?

### S C E N E IV.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most noble Sir,  
 That which I shall report will bear no credit,  
 Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great Sir,  
*Bohemia* greets you from himself, by me;  
 Desires you to attach his son, who has  
 His dignity and duty both cast off,  
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
 A shepherd's daughter.

*Leo.* Where's *Bohemia*? speak.

*Lord.* Here in your city; I now came from him.  
 I speak amazedly, and it becomes  
 My marvel, and my message: to your court  
 Whilst he was hastning, in the chase, it seems,  
 Of this fair couple, meets he on the way  
 The father of this seeming lady, and  
 Her brother, having both their country quitted  
 With this young prince.

*Etc.* *Camillo* has betray'd me,  
 Whose honour and whose honesty 'till now  
 Endur'd all weathers.

*Lord.* Lay't so to his charge;  
 He's with the King your father.

*Leo.* Who? *Camillo*?

*Lord.* *Camillo*, Sir, I spake with him, who now  
 Has these poor men in question. Never saw I  
 Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;  
 Forswear themselves as often as they speak:  
*Bohemia* stops his ears, and threatens them  
 With divers deaths, in death.

*Per.* Oh my poor father,

The heav'n which sets spies on us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

*Leo.* You are marry'd?

*Flo.* We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;  
The odds for high and low's alike.

*Leo.* My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a King?

*Flo.* She is,  
When once she is my wife.

*Leo.* That once, I see, by your good father's speed,  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry you have broken from his liking;  
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*Flo.* Dear, look up;  
Though *Fortune*, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot  
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, Sir,  
Remember since you ow'd no more to Time  
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,  
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

*Leo.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

*Paul.* Sir, my liege,  
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month  
'Fore your Queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes  
Than what you look on now.

*Leo.* I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made. But your petition  
Is yet unanswer'd; I will to your father;  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,  
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand  
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,  
And mark what way I make: come good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE V.

*Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* **B**Eseech you, Sir, were you present at this relation?

*1 Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, me-thought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*1 Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the King and *Cassillo*, were very notes of admiration; they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as if they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd; a notable passion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if th' importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more: the news, *Rogero*.

*2 Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes the lady *Paulina*'s steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news which is call'd true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion; has the King found his heir?

*3 Gent.*



3 *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance : that which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione* ; her jewel about the neck of it ; the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character ; the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother ; the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding ; and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings ?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother ! then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness ; then embraces his son-in-law ; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many Kings reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What pray you became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child ?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho' credit be asleep, and not an ear open ; he was torn to pieces with a bear ; this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers ?

3 *Gent.* Wrackt the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But oh the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water, though not the filth, was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveness wounded his daughter, 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas*, I would fain say, bleed tears; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed; if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare *Italian* master, *Julio Romano*, who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape. He so near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of *Hermione*, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.*

*Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

*Aut.* Now, had not I the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Shep.* Come boy, I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clo.* You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these cloaths? say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours,

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister call'd my father,



father, and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*Shep.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clo.* Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so posterous estate as we are.

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince, my master.

*Shep.* 'Pry'thee son do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* Ay, and it like your good worship.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand; I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

*Shep.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, son?

*Clo.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it, and I would thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*Aut.* I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

*Clo.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes our kindred are going to see the Queen's picture. Come follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE



S C E N E VII.

Paulina's House.

*Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords and Attendants.*

*Leo.* O Grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort  
That I have had of thee!

*Paul.* What, fovereign Sir,  
I did not well, I meant well; all my services  
You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd,  
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted  
Heirs of your Kingdoms, my poor house to visit,  
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

*Leo.* O *Paulina*,  
We honour you with trouble; but we came  
To see the statue of our Queen. Your gallery  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content,  
In many singularities; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

*Paul.* As she liv'd peerless,  
So her dead likeness I do well believe  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death; behold, and say 'tis well.

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione  
standing like a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shews off  
Your wonder; but yet speak, first you, my liege,  
Comes it not something near?

*Leo.* Her natural posture!  
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed

Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,  
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,  
*Hermione* was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So aged as this seems.

*Pol.* Oh, not by much.

*Pau.* So much the more our carver's excellence,  
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her  
As she liv'd now.

*Leo.* As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood;  
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,  
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her.  
I am ashamed; do's not the stone rebuke me,  
For being more stone than it? oh royal piece;  
There's magick in thy majesty, which has  
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee.

*Per.* And give me leave,  
And do not say 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. Lady,  
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

*Pau.* O, patience;  
The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's  
Not dry.

*Cam.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers dry scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,  
But kill'd it self much sooner.

*Pol.* Dear my brother,  
Let him that was the cause of this, have power  
To take off so much grief from you, as he  
Will piece up in himself.

*Pau.* Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,

I'd

I'd not have shew'd you it.

*Leo.* Do not draw the curtain.

*Pau.* No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy  
May think anon, it move.

*Leo.* Let be, let be;  
Would I were dead, but that methinks already—  
What was he that did make it? see, my lord,  
Would you not deem it breath'd; and that those veins  
Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done!  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leo.* The fixure of her eye has motion in't,  
As we were mock'd with art.

*Pau.* I'll draw the curtain.  
My lord's almost so far transported, that  
He'll think anon it lives.

*Leo.* O Sweet *Paulina*,  
Make me to think so twenty years together:  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

*Pau.* I'm sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but  
I could afflict you further.

*Leo.* Do *Paulina*;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort. Still methinks  
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel  
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*Pau.* Good my lord forbear;  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
You'll marr it, if you kiss it; stain your own  
With oily painting; shall I draw the curtain?

*Leo.* No, not these twenty years.

*Per.* So long could I  
Stand by a looker on.

*Pau.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chappel, or resolve you  
For more amazement; if you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,  
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,

Which

Which I protest against, I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*Leo.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on; what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easie  
To make her speak, as move.

*Pau.* It is requir'd  
You do awake your faith, then all stand still.  
And those that think it is unlawful businests  
I am about, let them depart.

*Leo.* Proceed;  
No foot shall stir.

*Pau.* Musick; awake her: strike, [Musick.]  
'Tis time, descend; be stone no more; approach,  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,  
I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay come away:  
Bequeath to death your dumbness; for from him  
Dear life redeems you; you percieve she stirs,

[Hermione comes down.]

Start not, her actions shall be holy, as  
You hear my spell is lawful; do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again, for then  
You kill her double. Nay present your hand;  
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age,  
Is she become the suitor.

*Leo.* Oh she's warm, [Embracing her.]  
If this be magick, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

*Pol.* She embraces him.

*Cam.* She hangs about his neck,  
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

*Pol.* Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd.  
Or how stol'n from the dead?

*Pau.* That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,  
Tho' yet she speak not. Mark a little while.  
Please you to interpose, fair madam, kneel,  
And pray your mother's blessing; turn good lady,

Ous



Our *Perdita* is found.

[Presenting *Perdita*, who kneels to *Herm.*]

*Her.* You Gods look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head; tell me, mine own,  
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found  
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,  
Knowing by *Paulina* that the oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd  
My self, to see the issue.

*Pau.* There's time enough for that;  
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble  
Your joys with like relation. Go together  
You precious winners all, your exultation  
Partake to every one; I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament 'till I am lost.

*Leo.* O peace, *Paulina*:  
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;  
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many  
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far  
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee  
An honourable husband. Come, *Camillo*,  
And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty  
Is richly noted; and here justified  
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.  
What? look upon my brother: both your pardons,  
That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion: this your son-in-law,  
And son unto the King, whom heav'n's directing,  
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,  
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely  
Each one demand, and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. [Exeunt omnes.]





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THE  
LIFE *and* DEATH  
OF  
KING *LEAR*.

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# Dramatis Personæ.

**LEAR**, *King of Britain.*

*King of France.*

*Duke of Burgundy.*

*Duke of Cornwall.*

*Duke of Albany.*

*Earl of Glo'ster.*

*Earl of Kent.*

*Edgar, Son to Glo'ster.*

*Edmund, Bastard Son to Glo'ster.*

*Curan, a Courtier.*

*Deftor.*

*Fool.*

*Steward to Gonerill.*

*Gonerill,*

*Regan,* } *Daughters to Lear.*

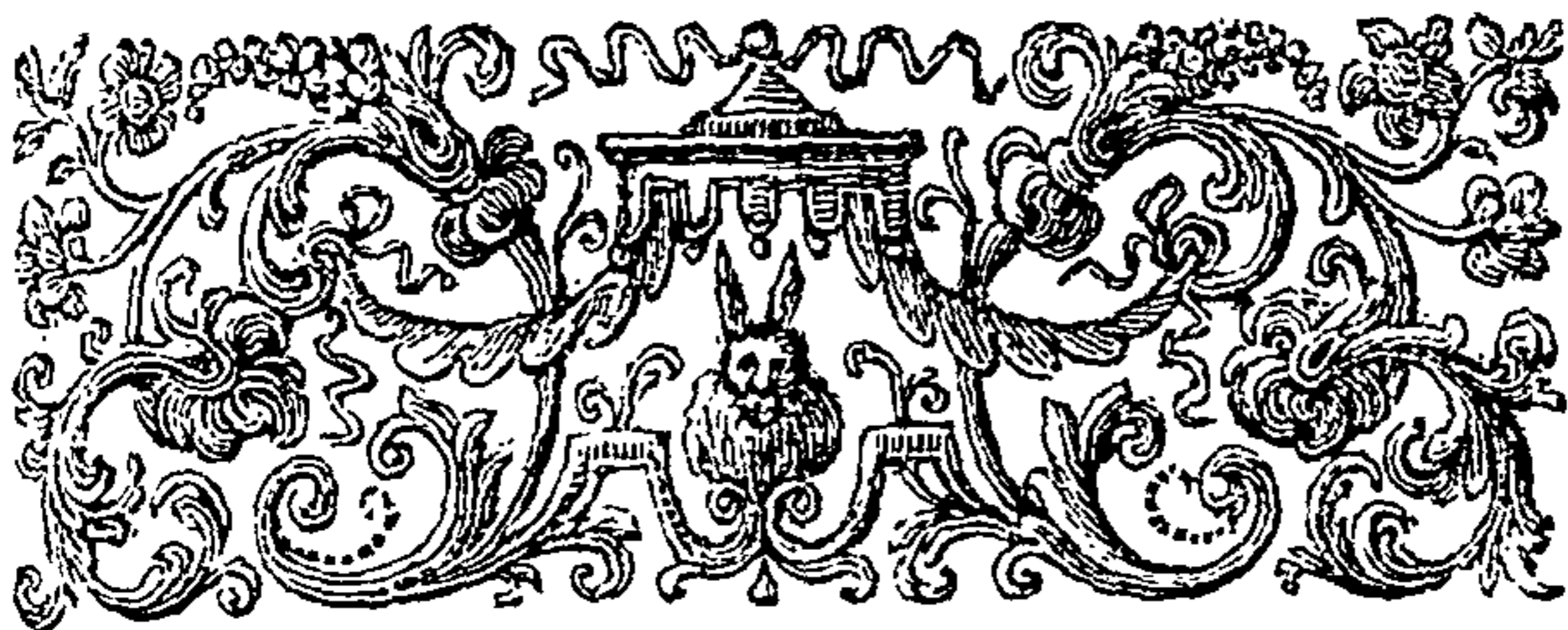
*Cordelia,* }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers and Attendants.*

**S C E N E** *lyes in Britain.*

**K I N G**





# KING LEAR.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

### SCENE *A Palace.*

*Enter Kent, Glo'ster, and Edmund the Bastard.*

KENT.

**L**Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany* than *Cornwall*.

*Glo.* It did always seem so to us: but now in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes he values most; for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

*Kent.* Is not this your son, my lord?

*Glo.* His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

*Kent.* I cannot conceive you.

*Glo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-womb'd, and had indeed, Sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

*Glo.*

*Glo.* But I have a son, Sir, by order of law, some year elder than this; who yet is no dearer in my account, though this knave came somewhat sawcily to the world before he was sent for; yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whorson must be acknowledg'd. Do you know this nobleman, *Edmund*?

*Bast.* No, my lord.

*Glo.* My lord of *Kent*;

Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

*Bast.* My services to your lordship.

*Kent.* I must love you, and sue to know you better.

*Bast.* Sir, I shall study your deserving.

*Glo.* He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.

The King is coming.

## S C E N E II.

*To them, Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Attend the lords of *France* and *Burgundy*.

*Glo.* I shall, my Liege. [Exit.

*Lear.* Mean time we shall express our darker purpose. Give me the Map here. Know, we have divided In three, our kingdom; and 'tis our intent, To shake all cares and business from our age, Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburthen'd crawl tow'rd death. Our son of *Cornwall*, And you, our no less loving son of *Albany*, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters sev'ral Dow'rs, that future strife May be prevented now. The Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,

Great rivals in our younger daughter's love, Long in our court have made their am'rous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, daughters, Since now we will divest us, both of rule, Int'rest of territory, cares of state; Which of you shall we say doth love us most?

That

That we our largest bounty may extend  
Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*  
Our eldest born, speak first.

*Gon.* I love you Sir,  
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty,  
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,  
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:  
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,  
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

*Cor.* What shall *Cordelia* <sup>a</sup> do? love and be silent.

[*Aside.*

*Lear.* Of all these bounds, ev'n from this line to this,  
With shadowy forests and with champions rich'd,  
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,  
We make thee lady. To thine and *Albany's* issue  
Be this perpetual——What says our second daughter,  
Our dearest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*? speak.

*Reg.* I'm made of that self-metal as my sister,  
And prize me at her worth. In my true Heart,  
I find she names my very deed of love:  
Only she comes too short, that I profess  
My self an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square of sense <sup>b</sup> possesses,  
And find I am alone felicitate  
In your dear highness' love.

*Cor.* Then poor *Cordelia*! [ *Aside.*  
And yet not so, since I am sure my love's  
More pond'rous than my tongue.

*Lear.* To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,  
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,  
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,  
Than that confer'd on *Gonerill*. — Now our joy,  
Although our last, <sup>c</sup> not least: to whose young love,  
The vines of *France*, and milk of *Burgundy*,  
Strive to be int'rest: what say you to draw  
A third, more opulent than your sisters? speak.

*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing?

*Cor.*

<sup>a</sup> speak.

<sup>b</sup> professes.

<sup>c</sup> and



Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty  
According to my bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a  
little,

Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I  
Return those duties back as are right fit,  
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They love you, all? hap'ly when I shall wed,  
That lord whose hand must take my plight, shall carry  
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.  
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father all ———

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:  
For by the sacred radiance of the sun,  
The mysteries of *Hecate*, and the night,  
By all the operations of the orbs  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be:  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity, and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee from this for ever. The barb'rous *Scythian*,  
Or he that makes his generation, messes  
To gorge his appetite; shall to my bosom  
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,  
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege ———

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.

<sup>I</sup>  
a These words restor'd from the first edition, without  
which the sense was not compleat.



I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest  
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my sight! —  
[To Cor.]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
Her father's heart from her; Call *France*; who stirs?  
Call *Burgundy* — *Cornwall* and *Albany*,  
With my two daughters dowres, digest the third,  
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her,  
I do invest you jointly with my power,  
Preheminence, and all the large effects  
That troop with majesty. Our self by monthly course,  
With reservation of an hundred Knights,  
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
Make with you by due turns: only retain  
The name and all th' addition to a King:  
The sway, revenue, execution,  
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm  
This Cor'onet part between you. [Giving the Crown.]

*Kent*. Royal *Lear*,  
Whom I have ever honour'd as a King,  
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,  
And as my patron thought on in my pray'rs —————

*Lear*. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the  
shaft.

*Kent*. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade  
The region of my heart; be *Kent* unmannerly,  
When *Lear* is mad: what would'st thou do, old man?  
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak  
When pow'r to flattery bows? to plainness Honour  
Is bound, when Majesty to folly falls.  
Reserve thy State; with better judgment check  
This hideous rashness; with my life I answer,  
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least,  
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound  
Reverbs no hollowness.

*Lear*. *Kent*, on thy life no more.

*Kent*. My life I never held but as a pawn  
To wage against thy foes; nor fear to lose it,  
Thy safety being the motive.

*Lear*.

. e thine enemies, ne'er

*Lear.* Out of my sight!

*Kent.* See better, *Lear*, and let me still remain  
The true blank of thine eye.

*Lear.* Now by *Apollo*—

*Kent.* Now by *Apollo*, King,  
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

*Lear.* O vassal! miscreant! —

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*  
*Alb. Corn.* Dear Sir, forbear.

*Kent.* Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease; revoke thy doom,  
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,  
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

*Lear.* Hear me recreant!

‡ Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,  
Which we durst never yet; and with strain'd pride,  
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,  
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,  
Our potency make good, take thy reward.  
Five days we do allot thee for provision,  
To shield thee from disasters of the world,  
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom; if the tenth day following  
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death: away. By *Jupiter*,  
This shall not be revok'd.

*Kent.* Fare thee well, King, sith thus thou wilt appear,  
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here;  
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,  
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said;  
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,  
That good effects may spring from words of love:  
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,  
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

‡ *That*

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Glo'ster, with France and Burgundy; and Attendants.*

*Cor.* Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble lord.

*Lear.* My lord of *Burgundy*,

We first address tow'rd you, who with this King  
Have rivall'd for our daughter; what at least  
Will you require in present dowre with her,  
Or cease your quest of love?

*Bur.* Most royal majesty,  
I crave no more than what your highness offer'd,  
Nor will you tender less.

*Lear.* Right noble *Burgundy*,  
When she was dear to us we held her so,  
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands,  
If ought within that little seeming substance,  
Or all of it with our displeasure pierc'd,  
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,  
She's there, and she is yours.

*Bur.* I know no answer.

*Lear.* Will you with those infirmities she owes,  
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,  
Dowr'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,  
Take her, or leave her?

*Bur.* Pardon, royal Sir.  
Election makes not up on such conditions.

*Lear.* Then leave her Sir, for by the pow'r that  
made me,  
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great King,

[To France.]

I would not from your love make such a stray,  
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you  
T'avert your liking a more worthy way  
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd  
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

*France.* This is most strange!  
That she, who ev'n but now was your best object,  
Your Praise's argument, balm of your age,

Dearest

Dearest and best; should in this trice of time  
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of favour! sure th' offence  
Must be of such unnatural degree,  
As monstrous is; or your fore-voucht affection  
Could not fall into taint; which to believe of her  
Must be a faith that reason without miracle  
Should never plant in me.

*Cor.* I yet beseech your majesty,  
If (for I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend,  
I'll do't before I speak) that you make known  
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulness,  
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,  
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;  
But ev'n for want of that, for which I'm richer,  
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,  
That I am glad I've not, though not to have it  
Hath lost me in your liking.

*Lear.* Better thou  
Hadst not been born, than not have pleas'd me better;

*France.* Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,  
Which often leaves the history unspoke  
That it intends to do? my lord of *Burgundy*,  
What say you to the lady? love's not love  
When it is mingled with regards, that stand  
Aloof from th'intire point. Say will you have her?  
She is her self a dowry.

*Bur.* Royal King,  
Give but that portion which your self propos'd,  
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,  
Dutchess of *Burgundy*.

*Lear.* Nothing ——— I've sworn.

*Bur.* I'm sorry then you have so lost a father,  
That you must lose a husband.

*Cor.* Peace be with *Burgundy*,  
Since that respect and fortunes are his love,  
I shall not be his wife.

*France.* Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich, being  
poor,



Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!  
 Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:  
 Be't lawful I take up what's cast away.  
 Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect  
 My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.  
 Thy dowreless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,  
 Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France*:  
 Not all the Dukes of wat'rish *Burgundy*,  
 Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.  
 Bid them farewell, *Cordelia*, though unkind,  
 Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

*Lear*. Thou hast her, *France*, let her be thine, for we  
 Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
 That face of hers again; therefore be gone  
 Without our grace, our love, our benison:  
 Come noble *Burgundy*. [Flourish. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E IV.

*France*. Bid farewell to your sisters.

*Cor*. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes  
*Cordelia* leaves you: I know what you are,  
 And like a sister am most loth to call  
 Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:  
 To your & professing bosoms I commit him;  
 But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,  
 I would prefer him to a better place.  
 So farewell to you both.

*Reg*. Prescribe not us our duty.

*Gon*. Let your study  
 Be to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you  
 At fortune's alms; you have obedience scanted,  
 And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

*Cor*. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,  
 Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.  
 Well may you prosper.

*France*. Come my fair *Cordelia*.

[Exeunt *France* and *Cor*.

& *professed*.

## S C E N E V.

*Gon.* Sister, it is not little I've to say,  
Of what most nearly appertains to us both;  
I think our father will go hence to-night.

*Reg.* That's certain, and with you; next month with us.

*Gon.* You see how full of changes his age is, the observation we have made of it hath not been little; he always lov'd our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

*Reg.* 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

*Gon.* The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look from his age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness, that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

*Reg.* Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kent's* banishment.

*Gon.* There is further complement of leave-taking between *France* and him; pray you let us sit together; if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

*Reg.* We shall further think of it.

*Gon.* We must do something, and i'th' heat. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*A Castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ster.*

*Enter Bastard with a Letter.*

*Bast.* **T**HOU *Nature* art my goddess, to thy law  
My services are bound; wherefore should I  
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit

The

The nicety of nations to deprive me,  
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines  
 Lag of a brother? Why *bastard*? wherefore *base*?  
 When my dimensions are as well compact,  
 My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,  
 As honest madam's issue? why brand they us  
 With *base*? with *baseness*, *bastardy*, *base*, *base*,  
 Who in the lusty stealth of nature, take  
 More composition and fierce quality;  
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
 Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,  
 Got 'tween a-sleep and wake? Well then,  
 Legitimate *Edgar*, I must have your land,  
 Our father's love is to the *bastard Edmund*,  
 As to th' legitimate; fine word — legitimate —  
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed  
 And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the *base*  
 Shall be th' legitimate — I grow, I prosper;  
 Now Gods stand up for bastards!

## S C E N E VII.

To him, Enter Glo'ster.

*Glo.* Kent banish'd thus! and *France* in choler parted!  
 And the King gone to-night! subscrib'd his pow'r,  
 Confin'd to exhibition! all is gone  
 Upon the gad! — *Edmund*, how now? what news?

*Bast.* So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter.

*Glo.* Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

*Bast.* I know no news, my lord.

*Glo.* What paper were you reading?

*Bast.* Nothing, my lord.

*Glo.* No! what need'd then that terrible dispatch  
 of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath  
 not such need to hide it self. Let's see; come, if it  
 be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

*Bast.* I beseech you Sir, pardon me; it is a letter  
 from

Q 2

h curiosity.

from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

*Glo.* Give me the letter, Sir.

*Bast.* I shall offend, either to detain, or give it; the contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

*Glo.* Let's see, let's see.

*Bast.* I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my virtue.

*Glo. reads.]* *This policy and reverence of ages makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; which sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep 'till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother. Edgar. — Hum — Conspiracy! — sleep 'till I wake him — you should enjoy half his revenue — My son Edgar! had he a hand to write this! a heart and brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?*

*Bast.* It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

*Glo.* You know the character to be your brother's?

*Bast.* If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

*Glo.* It is his.

*Bast.* It is his hand, my lord; I hope his heart is not in the contents.

*Glo.* Has he never before founded you in this business?

*Bast.* Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as a ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

*Glo.* O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, detested, brutish vil-



villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

*Bast.* I do not well know, my lord; if it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my Affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

*Glo.* Think you so?

*Bast.* If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay than this very evening.

*Glo.* He cannot be such a monster. *Edmund*, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

*Bast.* I will seek him, Sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

*Glo.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us; tho' the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds it self scourg'd by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's son against father; the King falls from bias of nature, there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time. Machinations, hollownests, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves! Find out this villain, *Edmund*; it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully ——— and the noble and true-hearted *Kent* banish'd! his offence, Honesty. 'Tis strange.

[Exit.

Q 3

SCENE

## S C E N E VIII.

*Bast.* This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon and stars; as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treacherous by spherical predominance, drunkards, lyars, and adulterers by an forc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master Man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! my father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Ursa major*, so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

## S C E N E IX.

*To him, Enter Edgar.*

*Bast.* Pat! — he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villanous Melancholy, with a sigh like † *Tom o' Bedlam* — O these eclipses portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, me —

*Edg.* How now, brother *Edmund*, what serious contemplation are you in?

*Bast.* I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

*Edg.* Do you busie your self with that?

*Bast.* I promise you the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily. When saw you my father last?

*Edg.* The night gone by.

*Bast.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* Ay, two hours together.

*Bast.* Parted you in good terms, found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

*Edg*

† them. *Old edition.*

*Edg.* None at all.

*Bast.* Bethink your self wherein you have offended him: and at my intreaty forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong.

*Bast.* That's my fear; I pray you have a continent forbearance 'till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray you go, there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

*Edg.* Arm'd, brother!

*Bast.* Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you away.

*Edg.* Shall I hear from you anon?

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E X.

*Bast.* I serve you in this business:  
A credulous father, and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,  
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty  
My practices ride easie: I see the business.  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit,  
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.]

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S C E N E XI.

*The Duke of Albany's Palace.*

*Enter Gonerill, and Steward.*

*Gon.* DID my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Q 4

*Stew.*

*Stew.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* By day and night he wrongs me; every hour  
He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds; I'll not endure it;  
His Knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us  
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting,  
I will not speak with him, say I am sick.  
If you come slack of former services,  
You shall do well, the fault of it I'll answer.

*Stew.* He's coming, madam, I hear him.

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you please,  
You and your fellows: I'd have it come to question:  
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,  
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one.  
Remember what I have said.

*Stew.* Well, madam.

*Gon.* And let his Knights have colder looks among  
you: what grows of it no matter, advise your fel-  
lows so, I'll write strait to my sister to hold my  
course: prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E XII.

*Enter Kent disguis'd.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow,  
And can my speech disuse, my good intent  
May carry thro' it self to that full issue  
For which I raz'd my likeness. Banish'd Kent,  
It thou can't serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,  
So may it come, thy master whom thou lov'st  
Shall find thee full of labours.

*Horns within.* *Enter Lear, Knights and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go get it  
ready: how now, what art thou?

*Kent.* A man, Sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess? what would'st thou  
with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem; to  
serve



serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise and says little, to fear judgment, to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eat no fish.

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

*Lear.* If thou beest as poor for a subject, as he's for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Whom would'st thou serve?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

*Kent.* No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that?

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services canst thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsels, ride, run, marr a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in, and the best of me is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for finging, nor so old to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty eight.

*Lear.* Follow me, thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner ——— where's my knave? my fool? go you and call my fool hither. You, you, firrah, where's my daughter?

*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* So please you ——— [Exit.

*Lear.* What says the fellow there? call the clotpole back: where's my fool? ho? ——— I think the world's asleep, how now? where's that mungrel?

*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

*Knight.* Sir, he answer'd in the roundest manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not?

*Knight.* My lord, I know not what the matter is; but to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himself also, and your daughter.

*Lear.* Ha! say'st thou so?

*Knight.* I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

*Lear.* Thou but remember'st me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness; I will look further into't; but where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

*Knight.* Since my young lady's going into *France*, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my daughter, I would speak with her. Go you call hither my fool. O you Sir, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* My lady's father? my lord's knave, you whorson dog, you slave, you cur.

*Stew.* I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?  
[Striking him.]

*Stew.* I'll not be struck, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tript neither, you base foot-ball player.  
[Tripping up his heels.]

*Lear.*

*Lear.* I thank thee fellow. Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

*Kent.* Come, Sir, arise, away, I'll teach you differences: away, away; if you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away, go to: have you wisdom, so.

*Lear.* Now my friendly knave I thank thee, there's earnest of thy service.

## S C E N E XIII.

*To them, Enter Fool.*

*Fool.* Let me hire him too, here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving his cap.*]

*Lear.* How now my pretty knave? how do'st thou?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Kent.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* Why? for taking one's part that is out of favour; nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now nuncle? would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

*Lear.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb my self; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

*Lear.* Take heed, Sirrah, the whip.

*Fool.* Truth's a dog must to kennel, he must be whip'd out, when the lady brach may stand by th'fire and stink.

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me.

*Fool.* Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [To Kent.]

*Lear.* Do.

*Fool.* Mark it, nuncle;  
Have more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,

Lend less than thou owest,  
 Ride more than thou goest,  
 Learn more than thou trowest,  
 Set less than thou throwest :  
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
 And keep within door,  
 And thou shalt have more  
 Than two tens to a score.

*Kent.* This is nothing, fool.

*Fool.* Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer,  
 you give me nothing for't; can you make no use of  
 nothing, nuncle?

*Lear.* Why no, boy, nothing can be made out of  
 nothing.

*Fool.* Pr'ythee tell him, so much the rent of his  
 land comes to: he will not believe a fool.\* [To *Kent.*

† *Lear.* Dost thou call me fool?

*Fool.* All thy other titles thou hast given away;  
 that thou wast born with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

*Fool.* No faith, Lords and great men will not let  
 me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have  
 part on't: nay the Ladies too, they'll not let me  
 have all fool my self, they'll be snatching.

Give me an egg nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

*Lear.* What two crowns shall they be?

*Fool.* Why after I have cut the egg i'th' middle and eat  
 up the meat, the two crowns of the egg: when thou  
 clovest thy crown i'th' middle and gav'st away both  
 parts,

\*—————believe a fool.

*Lear.* A bitter fool.

*Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, my boy, be-  
 tween a bitter fool and a sweet one?

*Lear.* No lad: teach me.

*Fool.* Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two  
 crowns.

*Lear.* What two Crowns, &c.

† These are out of the old edition.



parts, thou bor'st thine afs on thy back o'er the dirt; thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away: if I speak like my self in this, let him be whip'd that first finds it so.

*Fools ne'er had less grace in a year,* [Singing.  
*For wisemen are grown foppish,*  
*And know not how their wits to wear,*  
*Their manners are so apish.*

*Lear.* When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

*Fool.* I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches, then they

*For sudden joy did weep,* [Singing.  
*And I for sorrow sung,*  
*That such a King should play bo peep,*  
*And go the fools among.*

Pr'ythee nuncle keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

*Lear.* If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

*Fool.* I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th' middle; here comes one o'th' parings.

## S C E N E XIV.

*To them, Enter Gonerill.*

*Lear.* How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? you are too much of late i'th' frown.

*Fool.* Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now, I am a fool, thou art nothing——yes forsooth I will hold

hold my tongue, [To Gonerill.] so your face bids me, tho' you say nothing.

*Mum, mum, he that keeps nor crust nor crum, [Singing.  
Weary of all, shall want some.*

That's a sheal'd peascod.

*Gon.* Not only, Sir, this your all-licenc'd fool,  
But other of your insolent retinue,  
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth  
In rank and not to be endured riots, Sir.  
I thought by making this well known unto you,  
T'have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful  
By what your self too late have spoke and done,  
That you protect this course, and put it on  
By your allowance; if you should, the fault  
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,  
Which in the tender of a wholesome weal,  
Might in their working do you that offence,  
(Which else were shame,) that then necessity  
Will call discreet proceeding.

*Fool.* For you know, nuncle,  
*The hedge-sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long,  
That it had its head bit off by it's young;*  
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

*Lear.* Are you our daughter?

*Gon.* I would you would make use of your good  
wisdom,  
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away  
These dispositions, which of late transport you  
From what you rightly are.

*Fool.* May not an Ass know when the cart draws  
the horse? whoop *Jug* I love thee.

*Lear.* Does any here know me? this is not *Lear*:  
Does *Lear* walk thus? speak thus? where are his eyes?  
Either his notion weakens, his discernings  
Are lethargied——Ha! waking——'tis not so;  
Who is it that can tell me who I am? \*

*Lear's*

---

\* —— who I am?

*Fool.* *Lear's* shadow.

*Lear.* Your name, fair gentlewoman? ——

Lear's shadow? I would learn, for by the marks  
Of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason,  
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.  
Your name, fair gentlewoman? —

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th' favour  
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you  
To understand my purposes aright:  
You, as you're old and reverend, should be wise.  
Here do you keep a hundred Knights and 'Squires,  
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,  
That this our court, infected with their manners,  
Shews like a riotous Inn; epicurism and lust  
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,  
Than a grac'd palace. Shame itself doth speak  
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd  
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,  
i Of fifty to disquantity your train;  
And the remainders that shall still depend,  
To be such men as may besort your age,  
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!  
Saddle my horses, call my train together —  
Degen'rate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;  
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble  
Make servants of their betters.

## S C E N E XV.

To them, Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe! that too late repents —  
Is it your will, speak, Sir? prepare my horses. —  
[To Alb.  
Ingratitude!

---

i A little is the common reading; but it appears from what Lear says in the next Scene, that this number fifty was requir'd to be cut off, which (as the editions stood) is no where specify'd by Gonerill,

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a child,  
Than the sea-monster.

*Alb.* Pray Sir be patient.

*Lear.* Detested kite! thou liest. [To Gonerill,  
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,  
That all particulars of duty know,  
And in the most exact regard support  
The worships of their names. O most small fault!  
How ugly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew?  
Which like an engine wrencht my frame of nature  
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,  
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear!*  
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in, [Striking his head,  
And thy dear judgment out. Go, go, my people.

*Alb.* My lord, I'm guiltless, as I'm ignorant  
Of what hath moved you.

*Lear.* It may be so, my lord ———  
Hear Nature, hear, dear goddesses hear a Father!  
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend  
To make this creature fruitful:  
Into her womb convey sterility,  
Dry up in her the organs of increase,  
And from her derogate body never spring  
A babe to honour her. If she must teem,  
Create her child of spleen, that it may live,  
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her;  
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,  
With cadent tears fret chanel's in her cheeks,  
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits  
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel,  
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,  
To have a thankless child. ——— \* Go, go, my people.

*Alb.* Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

*Gon.* Never afflict your self to know of it:  
But let his disposition have that scope  
As dotage gives it.

*Lear.* What, fifty of my followers at a clap?  
Within a fortnight? ———

\* away, away.

*Alb.*



*Alb.* What's the matter, Sir?

*Lear.* I'll tell thee----life and death! I am aham'd  
That thou hast power to snake my manhood thus,  
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,  
Should make thee worth them-----blasts and  
fogs upon thee ;

Th' untender woundings of a father's curse  
Pierce every sense about thee. Old fond eyes,  
Bewep her once again, I'll pluck ye out,  
And cast you with the waters that you lose  
To temper clay. Ha! <sup>m</sup> is it come to this?  
Let it be so; I have another daughter,  
Who I am sure is kind and comfortable;  
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails  
She'll flea thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find,  
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think  
I have cast off for ever. [*Ex. Lear and attendants.*]

S C E N E XVI.

*Gon.* Do you mark that?

*Alb.* I cannot be so partial, *Gonerill*,  
To the great love I bear you.

*Gon.* Pray you be content. What *Oswald*, ho!  
You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

*Fool.* Nuncle *Lear*, nuncle *Lear*, tarry, take the fool  
with thee:

A Fox, when one has caught her,  
And such a daughter,  
Should sure to the slaughter,  
If my cap would buy a halter,  
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*]

*Gon.* This man hath had good counsel,-----a hun-  
dred Knights!

'Tis politick and safe to let him keep  
A hundred Knights; yes, that on ev'ry dream,  
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,  
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,  
And hold our lives at mercy. *Oswald*, I say.

*Alb.*

<sup>l</sup> untented.

<sup>m</sup> let it be so.

*Alb.* Well, you may fear too far;————

*Gon.* Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,  
Not fear still to be harm'd. I know his heart;  
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;  
If she'll sustain him and his hundred Knights,  
When I have shew'd th' unfitness————

*Enter Steward.*

How now, *Oswald*?

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

*Stew.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* Take you some company, away to horse,  
Inform her full of my particular fears,  
And thereto add such reasons of your own  
As may compact it more. So get you gone,  
And hasten your return. [*Exit Steward,*

———— No, no, my lord,  
This milky gentleness and course of yours,  
Though I condemn it not, yet under pardon  
You are much more at task for want of wisdom,  
Than prais'd for harmless mildness.

*Alb.* How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;  
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

*Gon.* Nay then————

*Alb.* Well, well, th' event. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E XVII.

*Re-enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman and Fool.*

*Lear.* Go you before to *Glo'ster* with these letters;  
acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you  
know, than comes from her demand out of the let-  
ter; if your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there  
afore you.

*Kent.* I will not sleep, my lord, 'till I have deli-  
vered your letter. [*Exit.*

*Fool.* If a man's brain were in his heels, wer't not  
in danger of kibes?

*Lear.* Ay boy.

*Fool.*

*Fool.* Then I pr'ythee be merry, thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Fool.* Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

*Lear.* What can't tell, boy?

*Fool.* She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Canst thou tell why one's nose stands i'th' middle of one's face?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong!

*Fool.* Can't tell how an oyster makes his shell?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

*Lear.* Why?

*Fool.* Why to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature: so kind a father! be my horses ready?

*Fool.* Thy asses are gone about 'em; the reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight.

*Fool.* Yes indeed; thou wouldst make a good fool.

*Lear.* To take't again perforce! ——— monster ingratitude!

*Fool.* If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that?

*Fool.* Thou should'st not have been old, 'till thou hadst been wise.

*Lear.* O let me not be mad, not mad, sweetheav'n! Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.

How now, are the horses ready?

*Gent.* Ready my lord.

*Lear.*

*Lear.* Come, boy.

*Fool.* She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,  
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.  
[Exit.]



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ster.*

*Enter Bastard and Curan, severally.*

BASTARD.



SAVE thee, *Curan*.

*Cur.* And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Dutcheſs, will be here with him this night.

*Bast.* How comes that?

*Cur.* Nay I know not; you have heard of the news abroad, I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

*Bast.* Not I; pray you what are they?

*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany*?

*Bast.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may then in time. Fare you well, Sir.  
[Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*Bast.* The Duke be here to-night! the better! best!  
This weaves it self perforce into my business,  
My father hath set guard to take my brother,

And



And I have one thing of a queazy question  
Which I must act: briefness, and fortune work!

To him, Enter Edgar.

*Bast.* Brother, a word, descend, brother, I say,  
My father watches; O Sir, fly this place,  
Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;  
You've now the good advantage of the night——  
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?  
He's coming hither, now i'th' night, haste,  
And *Regan* with him; have you nothing said  
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?  
Advise your self.

*Edg.* I'm sure on't, not a word.

*Bast.* I hear my father coming. Pardon me——  
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you——  
Draw, seem to defend your self.  
Now quit you well——

Yield——come before my father——light ho, here,——  
Fly, brother—Torches!——so farewell—— [Ex. Edg.]  
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm.]

Of my more fierce endeavour. I've seen drunkards  
Do more than this in sport. Father! father!  
Stop, stop, no help?——

### S C E N E III.

To him, Enter Glo'ster, and servants with torches.

*Glo.* Now *Edmund*, where's the villain?

*Bast.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,  
Mumbling of wicked charms, conj'ring the moon  
To stand his auspicious mistress.

*Glo.* But where is he?

*Bast.* Look Sir, I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villain, *Edmund*?

*Bast.* Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could——

*Glo.* Pursue him, ho! go after. By no means, what?—

*Bast.* Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But

But that I told him the revenging gods  
 'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend,  
 Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond  
 The child was bound to th' father. Sir, in fine,  
 Seeing how lothly opposite I stood  
 To his unnat'ral purpose, in fell motion  
 With his prepared sword, he charges home  
 My unprovided body, launch'd mine arm;  
 And when he saw my best alarmed spirits,  
 Bold in the quarrel's right, rouz'd to th' encounter,  
 Or whether † gasted by the noise I made,  
 Full suddenly he fled.

*Glo.* Let him fly far;  
 Not in this land shall he remain uncaught  
 And found; dispatch—the noble Duke, my master,  
 My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night,  
 By his authority I will proclaim it,  
 That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,  
 Bringing the murth'rous coward to the Stake:  
 He that conceals him, death.

*Bast.* When I dissuaded him from his intent,  
 And found him pight to do it, with curst speech  
 I threaten'd to discover him; he replied,  
 Thou unpossessing bastard, do'st thou think,  
 If I would stand against thee, would the reposal  
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee  
 Make thy words faith'd? no, by what I should deny,  
 (As this I would, although thou did'st produce  
 My very character) I'd turn it all  
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;  
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
 If they not thought the profits of my death  
 Were very pregnant and potential <sup>a</sup> spurs  
 To make thee seek it. *[Trumpets within.]*

*Glo.* O strange, fasten'd villain!  
 Would he deny his letter, said he?  
 Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes—  
 All ports I'll bar, the villain shall not 'scape,  
 The Duke must grant me that; besides, his picture

† gasted, *for* aghasted.

<sup>a</sup> *spirits.*

I will send far and near, that all the Kingdom  
 May have due note of him; and of my land,  
 (Loyal and natural boy) I'll work the means  
 To make thee capable.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, and attendants.*

*Corn.* How now, my noble friend? since I came  
 hither,

Which I can call but now, I have heard <sup>b</sup> strange news.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short  
 Which can pursue th' offender; how does my lord?

*Glo.* O madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

*Reg.* What, did my father's godson seek your life?  
 He whom my father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

*Glo.* O lady, lady, shame would have it hid.

*Reg.* Was he not companion with the riotous Knights  
 That tended upon my father?

*Glo.* I know not, madam; 'tis too bad, too bad.

*Bast.* Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

*Reg.* No marvel then, though he were ill-affected;  
 'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,  
 To have th' expence and waste of revenues.  
 I have this present evening from my sister  
 Been well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,  
 That if they come to sojourn at my house,  
 I'll not be there.

*Corn.* Nor I, assure thee, *Regan*;

*Edmund,* I hear that you have shewn your father  
 A child-like office.

*Bast.* It's my duty, Sir.

*Glo.* He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd  
 This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

*Corn.* Is he pursued?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.

*Corn.* If he be taken, he shall never more  
 Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,  
 How in my strength you please. As for you *Edmund*,  
 Whose

<sup>b</sup> *strangeness.*

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant  
So much commend it self, you shall be ours;  
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:  
You we first seize on.

*Bast.* I shall serve you, Sir,  
Truly, however else.

*Glo.* I thank your grace.

*Corn.* You know not why we came to visit you  
Thus out of season thredding dark-ey'd night?

*Reg.* Occasions, noble *Glo'ster*, of some prize,  
Wherein we must have use of your advice ———  
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,  
Of differences, which I best thought it fit  
To answer from our home: the sev'ral messengers  
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend  
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow  
Your needful counsel to our businesses,  
Which crave the instant use.

*Glo.* I serve you, madam,  
Your graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Kent, and Steward, severally.*

*Stew.* Good † evening to thee friend, art of this  
house?

*Kent.* Ay.

*Stew.* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent.* I'th' mire.

*Stew.* Pr'ythee if thou lov'st me tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Stew.* Why then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would  
make thee care for me.

*Stew.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee  
not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

*Stew.*

† *In the common editions it is Good dawning, tho' the time be apparently night. I have restor'd it to sense from the old edition.*



*Stew.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy woosted-stocking knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking, Whorson: Glas-gazing, super-serviceable finical rogue; one trunk-inheriting slave; one that would't be a bawd in way of good service; and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mungrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

*Stew.* Why what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

*Kent.* What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou to deny thou know'st me? is it two days, since I tript up thy heels; and beat thee before the King? draw you rogue, for tho' it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'th' moonshine of you, you whorson culleiny barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*]

*Stew.* Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the King, and take Vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father; draw you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks—draw, you rascal, come your ways.

*Stew.* Help, ho! murther! help! —————

*Kent.* Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand, you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

*Stew.* Help ho! murther! murther! —————

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, and Servants.*

*Bast.* How now, what's the matter? Part —

*Kent.* With you, goodman boy, if you please, come, I'll flesh ye, come on young master.

*Glo.* Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

VOL. III.

R

Corn.

*Corn.* Keep peace upon your lives, he dies that strikes again, what's the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the King?

*Corn.* What is your difference? speak.

*Stew.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour, you cowardly rascal, nature disclaims all share in thee: a tailor made thee.

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow, a tailor make a man?

*Kent.* A tailor, Sir? a stone-cutter, or a painter could not have made him so ill, tho' they had been but two c hours o'th' trade.

*Corn.* Speak you, how grew your quarrel?

*Stew.* This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd at sute of his grey beard——

*Kent.* Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter! my lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wag-tail! ——

*Corn.* Peace, Sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

*Corn.* Why art thou angry?

*Kent.* That such a slave as this shou'd wear a sword,  
Who wears no honesty: such smiling rogues  
d As these, like rats oft bite those cords in twain  
Too intricate t'unloose: sooth every passion  
That in the nature of their lords rebels:  
e Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;  
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks  
With ev'ry gale and Vary of their masters,  
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.  
A plague upon your epileptick visage!  
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?  
Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum* plain,

c years.

d Like rats oft bite the holy cords in twain

Which art t' intricate, t' unloose: strength ---

e Being

I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

*Corn.* What art thou mad, old fellow?

*Glo.* How fell you out? say that.

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy,  
Than I and such a knave.

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave? what is his fault?

*Kent.* His countenance likes me not.

*Corn.* No more perchance does mine, nor his,  
nor hers.

*Kent.* Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;  
I have seen better faces in my time,  
Than stand on any shoulder that I see  
Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow,  
Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect  
A sawcy roughness, and constrains the garb  
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,  
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth,  
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness  
Harbour more craft, and far corrupter ends,  
Than twenty silly ducking observants,  
That stretch their duties nicely.

*Kent.* Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,  
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,  
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire,  
Or flickering *Phœbus*' front —————

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you discom-  
mend so much; I know, Sir, I am no flatterer; he  
that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave;  
which for my part I will not be, though I should win  
your displeasure to intreat me to't.

*Corn.* What was th' offence you gave him?

*Stew.* I never gave him any:  
It pleas'd the King his master very lately  
To strike at me upon his misconstruction;  
When he f' conjunct, and flatt'ring his displeasure,

R 2

Tript

f compact.

Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,  
 And put upon him such a deal of man,  
 That worthied him, got praises of the King,  
 For him attempting who was self-subdu'd,  
 And in the fleshment of this dread exploit  
 Drew on me here again.

*Kent.* None of these rogues and cowards,  
 But *Ajax* is their fool.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks.  
 You stubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,  
 We'll teach you.

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn:  
 Call not your stocks for me, I serve the King;  
 On whose imployment I was sent to you.  
 You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice  
 Against the grace and person of my master,  
 Stocking his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks;  
 As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

*Reg.* 'Till noon! 'till night my lord, and all night  
 too.

*Kent.* Why madam, if I were your father's dog  
 You could not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*]

*Corn.* This is a fellow of the self-same & nature  
 Our sister speaks of. Bring away the stocks.

*Glo.* Let me beseech your grace not to do so;  
 † His fault is much, and the good King his master  
 Will check him for't; your purpos'd low correction  
 Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches  
 For pilf'rings, and most common trespasses,  
 Are punish'd with. The King must take it ill  
 That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,  
 To have him thus restrain'd.

*Corn.* I'll answer that.

*Reg.* My sister may receive it much more worse,  
 To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted

For

& colour.  
 the old edition.

† The four following lines added from



For following her affairs. Put in his legs——

[Kent is put in the stocks.

Come my lord, away. [Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.

## S C E N E VI.

Glo. I'm sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition all the world well knows  
Will not be rubb'd nor stop'd. I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd  
hard,

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle:  
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;  
Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken.  
[Exit.

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common  
law,

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st  
To the warm sun.

Approach thou beacon to this under globe,

[Looking up to the moon.

That by thy comfortable beams I may  
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles  
But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia,  
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
Of my obscured course. I shall find time  
From this enormous state, and seek to give  
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,  
Take vantage heavy eyes, not to behold  
This shameful lodging.  
Fortune, good night, smile once more, turn thy wheel.  
[He sleeps.



## S C E N E VII.

*S C E N E changes.**Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* I'VE heard my self proclaim'd,  
 And by the happy hollow of a tree  
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place  
 That guard and most unusual vigilance  
 Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape  
 I will preserve my self: and am bethought  
 To take the basest and the poorest shape  
 That ever penury in contempt of man  
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth,  
 Blanket my loins, put all my hair in knots,  
 And with presented nakedness out-face  
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.  
 The country gives me proof and president  
 Of bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices  
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms  
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;  
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,  
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-coats and mills,  
 Sometimes with lunatick bans, sometimes with pray'rs,  
 Inforce their charity; poor *Turlygood*, poor *Tom*,  
 That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. [Exit.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Changes again to the Earl of Glo'ster's Castle.**Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.*

*Lear.* THIS strange that they should so depart from  
 home,  
 And not send back my messenger.  
*Gent.* As I learn'd,

The

The night before there was no purpose in them  
Of this remove.

*Kent.* Hail to thee, noble master.

*Lear.* Ha, mak'st thou shame thy pastime?

*Kent.* No, my lord.

*Fool.* Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; horses are  
ty'd by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, mon-  
keys by th' loins, and men by th' legs; when a man  
is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether  
stocks.

*Lear.* What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook,  
To set thee here?

*Kent.* It is both he and she,  
Your son and daughter.

*Lear.* No.

*Kent.* Yes.

*Lear.* No, I say.

*Kent.* I say, yea.

*Lear.* By *Jupiter*, I swear no.

*Kent.* By *Juno*, I swear ay.

*Lear.* They durst not do't.

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than mur-  
ther;

To do upon respect such violent outrage:  
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way  
Thou might'st deserve or they impose this usage,  
Coming from us?

*Kent.* My lord, when at their home  
I did commend your highness' letters to them,  
Ere I was risen from the place, that shew'd  
My duty kneeling, came a reeking post,  
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth  
From *Gonerill* his mistress, salutation;  
Deliver'd letters spight of intermission,  
Which presently they read: on those contents  
They summon'd up their † meiny, strait took horse,  
Commanded me to follow and attend  
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;  
And meeting here the other messenger,

R 4

Whose

† meiny, or people.

Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,  
 Being the very fellow which of late  
 Display'd so sawcily against your highness,  
 Having more man than wit about me, I drew;  
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:  
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth  
 The shame which here it suffers.

*Fool.* Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly  
 that way.

Fathers that wear rags  
 Do make their children blind,  
 But fathers that bear bags  
 Shall see their children kind.  
 Fortune, that arrant whore,  
 Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.  
 But for all this thou shalt have as many dolours for  
 thy dear daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

*Lear.* Oh how this mother swells up tow'rd my heart!  
*Hysterica passio*, down thy climbing sorrow,  
 Thy element's below; where is this daughter?

*Kent.* With the Earl, Sir, here within.

*Lear.* Follow me not, stay here.

[*Exit.*]

*Gen.* Made you no more offence  
 But what you speak of?

*Kent.* None;

How chance the King comes with so small a number?

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i'th' stocks for that  
 question, thou'dst well deserve it.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an Ant, to teach  
 thee there's no lab'ring i'th' winter. All that follow  
 their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and  
 there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him  
 that's stinking --- -- let go thy hold when a great wheel  
 runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with follow-  
 ing; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw  
 thee after. When a wise man gives thee better coun-  
 sel, give me mine again; I would have none but  
 knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That



That Sir which serves for gain,  
 And follows but for form;  
 Will pack when it begins to rain,  
 And leave thee in a storm:  
 And I will tarry, the fool will stay,  
 And let the wise man fly:  
 The knave turns fool that runs away,  
 The fool no knave perdy.

*Kent.* Where learn'd you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i'th' stocks, fool.

## SCENE IX.

*Enter Lear and Glo'ster.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? they're sick, they're weary,

They have travell'd all the night? meer fetches,  
 The images of revolt and flying off.  
 Bring me a better answer-----

*Glo.* My dear lord,  
 You know the fiery quality of the Duke,  
 How unremoveable and fixt he is  
 In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!-----  
 Fiery? what fiery quality? why *Glo'ster*,  
 I'd speak with th' Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

*Glo.* Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them? dost thou understand me,  
 man?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* The King would speak with *Cornwall*, the  
 dear father

Would with his daughter speak, <sup>h</sup> commands her ser-  
 vice:

Are they inform'd of this? --- my breath and blood! ----

Fiery? the fiery Duke? tell the hot Duke that---

No, but not yet, may be he is not well,

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we're not our selves,

R 5

When

<sup>h</sup> commands, tends, service,

When nature being oppress'd commands the mind  
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear,  
And am fall'n out with my more heady will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,  
For the sound man.---Death on my state! but where  
fore

Should he sit here? this act persuades me,  
That this remotion of the Duke and her  
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth;  
Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd speak with them:  
Now presently---bid them come forth and hear me,  
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,  
'Till it cry, sleep to death.

*Glo.* I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit,

*Lear.* Oh me, my heart! my rising heart! but down.

*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the  
Eels, when he put them i'th' Pasty alive; he rapt 'em  
o'th' coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd down wantons,  
down; 'Twas *his* brother, that in pure kindness to his  
horse butter'd his hay.

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ter, and Servants.*

*Lear.* Good morrow to you both.

*Corn.* Hail to your grace. [Kent is set at liberty.]

*Reg.* I am glad to see your highness.

*Lear.* *Regan*, I think you are, I know what reason  
I have to think so; if thou wert not glad,  
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,  
Sepulchring an adult'ress. O, are you free? [To Kent]  
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*,  
Thy sister's naught: oh *Regan*, she hath tied  
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here;  
[Points to his heart]

I can scarce speak to thee, thou'lt not believe  
With how depriv'd a quality.---oh *Regan*! ---

*Reg.* I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope  
You less know how to value her desert,  
Than she to scant her duty.

*Lear,*

*Lear.* How is that? —————

*Reg.* I cannot think my sister in the least  
Would fail her obligation. If perchance  
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,  
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesom end,  
As clears her from all blame.

*Lear.* My curses on her.

*Reg.* O Sir, you are old,  
Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine; you should be rul'd and led  
By some discretion, that discerns your state  
Better than you your self: therefore I pray you,  
That to our sister you do make return,  
Say you have wrong'd her, Sir.

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house?  
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;  
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

*Reg.* Good Sir, no more; these are unfightly tricks:  
Return you to my sister.

*Lear.* Never, *Regan*:

She hath abated me of half my train;  
Look'd black upon me, struck me with her tongue  
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.

All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall  
On her ingrateful<sup>k</sup> head: strike her young bones,  
<sup>k</sup> Infecting airs, with lameness.

*Corn.* Fie, Sir! fie!

*Lear.* Your nimble lightnings, dart your blinding  
flames

Into her scornful eyes: infect her beauty,  
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful sun  
To fall, and <sup>l</sup>blast her pride.

*Reg.* O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on!

*Lear.* No, *Regan*, thou shalt never have my curse:  
Thy tender-hearted nature shall not give  
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine

Do

<sup>l</sup> rap.

<sup>k</sup> You taking airs.

<sup>l</sup> blisier.

Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee  
 To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,  
 To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,  
 And in conclusion to oppose the bolt  
 Against my coming in. Thou better know'st  
 The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,  
 Effects of courtesie, and dues of gratitude:  
 Thy half o'th' kingdom thou hast not forgot,  
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.* Good Sir, to th' purpose. [*Trumpet within.*]

*Lear.* Who put my man i'th' stocks?

*Enter Steward.*

*Corn.* What trumpet's that?

*Reg.* I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,  
 That she would soon be here. Is your lady come?

*Lear.* This is a slave, whose easie borrowed pride  
 Dwells in the <sup>k</sup> fickle grace of her he follows.  
 Out varlet, from my sight.

*Corn.* What means your grace?

## S C E N E XI.

*Enter Gonerill.*

*Lear.* Who stockt my servant? *Regan,* I've good  
 hope  
 Thou didst not know on't. ——— Who comes here?  
 O heav'ns!

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
 Allow obedience, if your selves are old,  
 Make it your cause; send down and take my part.  
 Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?  
 O *Regan,* will you take her by the hand?

*Gon.* Why not by th' hand, Sir? how have I of-  
 fended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds,  
 And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O sides, you are too tough!  
 Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th' stocks?

*Corn,*

<sup>k</sup> sickly.



*Corn.* I set him there, Sir: but his own disorders  
Deserv'd much less advancement.

*Lear.* You? did you?

*Reg.* I pray you, father, being weak, seem so;  
If, 'till the expiration of your month,  
You will return and sojourn with my sister,  
Dismissing half your train, come then to me,  
I'm now from home, and out of that provision  
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

*Lear.* Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?  
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse  
To wage against the enmity o'th' air,  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,  
Necessity's sharp pinch ——— Return with her?  
Why? the hot-blooded *France*, that dow'rless took  
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought  
To knee his throne, and 'Squire-like pension beg,  
To keep base life a-foot; ----- Return with her?  
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter  
To this detested groom.

*Gon.* At your choice, Sir.

*Lear.* I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad,  
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewell:  
We'll no more meet, no more see one another,  
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,  
Or rather a direase that's in my flesh,  
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,  
A plague-fore, or imbossed carbuncle  
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.  
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*.  
Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leisure,  
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,  
I and my hundred Knights.

*Reg.* Not all together,  
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome; give ear to my sister;  
For those that mingle reason with your passion,  
Must be content to think you old, and so —————

But

But she knows what she does.

*Lear.* Is this well spoken?

*Reg.* I dare avouch it, Sir; what, fifty followers?  
Is it not well? what should you need of more?  
Yea, or so many? since both charge and danger  
Speak 'gainst so great a number: how in one house  
Should many people under two commands  
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almost impossible.

*Gon.* Why might not you, my lord, receive attend-  
dance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

*Reg.* Why not, my lord? if then they chanc'd to  
flack ye

We could controll them; if you'll come to me,  
(For now I spy a danger) I intreat you  
To bring but five and twenty; to no more  
Will I give place or notice.

*Lear.* I gave you all ———

*Reg.* And in good time you gave it.

*Lear.* Made you my guardians, my depositaries,  
But kept a reservation to be follow'd  
With such a number; must I come to you  
With five and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?

*Reg.* And speak't again, my lord, no more with me.

*Lear.* Those wicked creatures yet do look well fa-  
vour'd

When others are more wicked. Not being worst  
Stands in some rank of praise; I'll go with thee,  
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;  
And thou hast twice her love.

*Gon.* Hear me, my lord;

What need you five and twenty? ten? or five?  
To follow in a house, where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you?

*Reg.* What needs one?

*Lear.* O reason not the need: our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous;  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beasts. Thou art a lady;  
If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why

Why nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,  
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm; but for true need  
 You heav'ns give me that patience which I need!  
 You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
 As full of grief as age, wretched in both!  
 If it be you that stir these daughters hearts  
 Against their father, fool me not so much  
 To bear it tamely: touch me with noble anger;  
 O let not womens weapons, water-drops,  
 Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,  
 I will have such revenges on you both,  
 That all the world shall ——— I will do such things,  
 What they are yet I know not, but they shall be  
 The terrors of the earth: you think I'll weep:  
 No, I'll not weep. I have full cause of weeping:  
 This heart shall break into a thousand flaws,  
 Or e'er I weep. O fool, I shall go mad. [Exeunt]

## S C E N E XII.

*Corn.* Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[Storm and tempest.]

*Reg.* This house is small, the old man and his people  
 Cannot be well bestow'd.

*Gon.* 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from  
 rest,  
 And must needs taste his folly.

*Reg.* For his particular, I'll receive him gladly;  
 But not one follower.

*Gon.* So am I purpos'd.  
 Where is my lord of Glo'ster?

*Enter Glo'ster.*

*Corn.* Follow'd the old man forth; ——— he is  
 return'd.

*Glo.* The King is in high rage, and will I know  
 not whither.

*Corn.* 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

*Gon.* My lord, intreat him by no means to stay.

*Glo.* Alack, the night comes on: and the high  
 winds

Do

Do sorely ruffle, for many miles about  
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O-Sir, to wilful men,  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their school-masters: shut up your doors;  
He is attended with a desp'rate train,  
And what they may incense him to, being apt  
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord, 'tis a wild night.  
My Regan counsels well: come out o'th' storm.

[Exeunt.]



## ACT III. SCENE I.

### SCENE A Heath.

*A storm is heard with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.*

KENT.

H O's there besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather,  
most unquietly.

Kent. I know you, where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,  
That things might change or cease: tears his white  
hair, †

†--tears his white hair, &c.] *The six following verses were omitted in all the late editions: I have replaced them from the first, for they are certainly Shakespear's. The sense is, that any animal, tho' even provok'd by hunger, or drawn by nature to its young, wou'd not venture out in such a storm,*

Which



Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage  
 Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:  
 This night, in which the cub-drawn bear would couch,  
 The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf  
 Keep their furr dry; unbonnetted he runs,  
 And bids what will, take all:

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool, who labours to out-jest  
 His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you,  
 And dare upon the warrant of my note  
 Commend a dear thing to you. There's division  
 (Although as yet the face of it is cover'd  
 With mutual craft) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*: \*  
 But true it is from *France* there comes a pow'r  
 Into this scatter'd kingdom, who already  
 Wise in our negligence, have secret sea  
 In some of our best ports, and are at point  
 To show their open banner----Now to you,

If

\* 'Twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*:

Who have (as who have not, whom their great stars  
 Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less,  
 Which are to *France* the spies and speculations.  
 Intelligent of our state. What have been seen,  
 Either in snuffs and packings of the Dukes,  
 Or the hard rein which both of them have born  
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,  
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings-----

*Gent.* I will talk.

\* After the words 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall* in the old edition, are the lines which I have inserted in the text, which seem necessary to the plot, as preparatory to the arrival of the French army with *Cordelia* in Act 4. How both these, and a whole Scene between *Kent* and this gentleman in the fourth Act, came to be left out in all the latter editions, I cannot tell: they depend upon each other, and very much contribute to clear that incident.----The lines which have been put in their room are unintelligible, and to no purpose.

If on my credit you dare build so far  
 To make your speed to *Dover*, you shall find  
 Some that will thank you, making just report  
 Of how unnatural and madding sorrow  
 The King hath cause to plain.  
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,  
 And from some knowledge and assurance of you,  
 Offer this office.

*Gent.* I'll talk further with you.

*Kent.* No, do not :

‡ For confirmation that I am much more  
 Than my out-wall, open this purse and take  
 What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,  
 (As fear not but you shall) shew her that Ring,  
 And she will tell you who this fellow is,  
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!  
 I will go seek the King.

*Gent.* Give me your hand, have you no more to say?

*Kent.* Few words, but to effect more than all yet;  
 That, when we have found the King, (in which you take  
 That way, I this :) he that first lights on him,  
 Hollow the other. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Storm still. Enter Lear and Fool.*

*Lear.* Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage,  
 blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes spout  
 'Till you have drencht our steeples, drown'd the cocks.  
 You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,  
 \*Vaunt-courtiars of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,  
 Singe my white head. And thou all-shaking thunder,  
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o'th' world,  
 Crack nature's mould, all ‡germains spill at once  
 That make ingrateful man.

*Fool.* O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry house, is  
 better than the rain-waters out o' door. Good nun-  
 cle,

‡ That I have some intrinsic worth. \* Fore-runners.  
 ‡ i. e. all relations, or kindred elements that compose man,

cle, in, ask thy daughter's blessing; here's a night  
that pities neither wife men nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout rain;  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,  
You owe me no a submission. Then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure;—here I stand your slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man!  
But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That have with two pernicious daughters joyn'd  
Your high-engender'd battels, 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foul.

*Fool.* He that has a house to put's head in, has a  
good head-piece:

The codpiece that will house, before the head has any:  
The head and he shall lowse; so beggars marry many.  
That man that makes his toe, what he his heart should  
make,

Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his sleep to wake.  
For there was never yet fair woman, but she made  
mouths in a glass.

S C E N E III.

*To them. Enter Kent.*

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all patience;  
I will say nothing.

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Fool.* Marry here's grace, and a cod-piece, that's a  
wise man and a fool.

*Kent.* Alas Sir, are you here? things that love night,  
Love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies  
† Gallow the very wand'ers of the dark,  
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

Remember

<sup>a</sup> subscription. † Gallow, a West-country word, sig-  
nifies to scare or frighten.

Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry  
Th' affliction, nor the force.

*Lear.* Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful thund'ring o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes  
Unwhipt of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;  
b Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue,  
That art incestuous: caitiff, shake to pieces  
That under covert and convenient seeming,  
Hast practis'd on man's life. Close pent-up guilts,  
Rive your concealing continents, and ask  
These dreadful summoners grace.---I am a man,  
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

*Kent.* Alack, bare-headed?  
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel,  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:  
Repose you there, while I to this hard house  
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;  
Which even but now, demanding after you,  
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force  
Their scantied courtesie.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.  
Come on my boy. How dost my boy? art cold?  
I'm cold my self. Where is this straw, my fellow?  
The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;  
Poor fool and knave, I've one thing in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.

*Fool.* *He that has and a little tynie wit,  
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain,  
Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
Though the rain it raineth every day.*

*Lear.* True my good boy: come bring us to this  
hovel. [Exit.]

† *Fool.* 'Tis a brave night to cool a curtezan.

I'll

b *Thou perjur'd and thou simular of virtue  
Thou art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake*  
† *This speech not in the old edition.*



I'll speak a prophecy or ere I go;  
 When priests are more in words than matter,  
 When brewers marr their malt with water;  
 When nobles are their tailors tutors;  
 No hereticks burn'd, but wenches suitors;  
 When every case in law is right,  
 No Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;  
 When slanders do not live in tongues,  
 And cut-purses come not to throngs;  
 When usurers tell their gold i'th' field,  
 And bawds and whores do churches build:  
 Then shall the realm of *Albion*  
 Come to great confusion,  
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,  
 That going shall be us'd with feet.  
 This prophecy *Merlin* shall make, for I do live before  
 his time. [Exit.]

## S C E N E IV.

*An apartment in Glo'ster's castle.*

*Enter Glo'ster and Bastard.*

*Glo.* **A**LACK, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house, charg'd me on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

*Bast.* Most savage and unnatural!

*Glo.* Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that: I have receiv'd a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the King now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already landed; we must incline to the King, I will look for him, and privily  
 relieve

*c footed.*

relieve him; go you and maintain talk with the Duke; that my charity be not of him perceiv'd; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed; if I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the King my old master must be relieved. There are strange things toward, *Edmund*, pray you be careful. [Exit.]

*Bast.* This courtesie forbid thee shall the Duke Instantly know, and of that letter too.

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses; no less than all.

The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

## S C E N E V.

*Part of the heath with a hovel.*

*Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.*

*Kent.* **H**ERE is the place, my lord; good my lord,  
enter;

The tyranny of open night's too rough  
For nature to endure.

[Storm still.]

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?

*Kent.* I'd rather break mine own; good my lord  
enter.

*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious  
storm

Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee;

But where the greater malady is fixt,

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear,

But if thy flight light toward the roaring sea

Thou'dst meet the bear i'th' mouth; when the mind's  
free,

The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else,

Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!

Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand

For lifting food to't?—— But I'll punish home;  
 No, I will weep no more——in such a night,  
 To shut me out?— pour on, I will endure:  
 In such a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill,*  
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all——  
 O that way madness lies, let me shun that,  
 No more of that.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Pr'ythee go in thy self, seek thine own ease,  
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
 On things would hurt me more——but I'll go in,  
 In boy, go first. You houseless poverty——  
 Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep——  
 Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are  
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!  
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
 From seasons such as these?—O I have ta'en  
 Too little care of this! take physick, pomp,  
 Expose thy self to feel what wretches feel,  
 That thou may'st shake the superfluous to them,  
 And shew the heavens more just.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Edgar disguis'd like a madman, and Fool.*

*Edg.* Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor *Tom.*

*Fool.* Come not in here nuncle, here's a spirit, help  
 me, help me.

*Kent.* Give me thy hand, who's there?

*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit, he says his name's poor *Tom.*

*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i'th'  
 straw? come forth.

*Edg.* Away, the foul fiend follows me. Through  
 the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph,  
 go to thy bed and warm thee.

*Lear.* Didst thou give all to thy daughters? and art  
 thou come to this?

*Edg.*

*Edg.* Who gives anything to poor *Tom*? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through <sup>d</sup>ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire, that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his Porridge, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse, over four inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor,—bless thy five wits, *Tom's* a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de, bless thee from whirl-winds, star-blasting, and taking, do poor *Tom* some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. [*Storm still.*]

*Lear.* Have his daughters brought him to this pass? Could'st thou save nothing? did'st thou give 'em all?

*Fool.* Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

*Lear.* Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, Sir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor, nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters. Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

*Edg.* Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill, alow, alow, loo, loo.

*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all to fools, and mad-men.

*Edg.* Take heed o'th' foul fiend, obey thy parents, keep thy word justly, swear not, commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's* a-cold.

*Lear.* What hast thou been?

*Edg.* A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart; and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and

<sup>d</sup> sword.

arch'd.



and broke them in the sweet face of heav'n. One that slept in the contriving lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I <sup>f</sup> deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the *Turk*. False of heart, light of ear, bloody <sup>s</sup> of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lender's books, and defie the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says' suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, *Sessey*: let him trot by.

[*Storm still.*]

*Lear*. Thou wert better in a grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it self; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off you lendings: come, unbutton here. [*Tearing off his cloaths.*]

*Fool*. Pr'ythee nuncle be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, and all the rest on's body cold; look, here comes a walking fire.

*Fdg.* This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hair-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

*Swihold footed thrice the old;  
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,  
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,  
And aroynt thee witch, aroynt thee.*

*Kent*. How fares your grace?

V O L. III.

S

S C E N E

*s* dearly

*b* banded

## SCENE VII.

*Enter Glo'ster with a torch.*

*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.* Who's there? what is't you seek?

*Glo.* What are you there? your names?

*Edg.* Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tod-pole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung forallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath three suits to his back, six shirts to his body;

*Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;*  
*But mice, and rats, and such small deer*  
*Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower. Peace smulkin, peace thou fiend.

*Glo.* What, hath your grace no better company?

*Edg.* The Prince of darknes is a gentleman, *Moloch* he's call'd, and *Mabuc*.

*Glo.* Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer I obey in all your daughters hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

*Lear.* First let me talk with this philosopher; What is the cause of thunder?

*Kent.* My good lord, take his offer, Go into th' house.

*Lear.* I'll talk a word with this same learned *Theban*: What is your study?

*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

*Lear.*

*Lear.* Let us ask you one word in private.

*Kent.* Importune him to go, my lord,  
His wits begin t' unsettle.

*Glo.* Can'st thou blame him? [Storm still.

His daughters seek his death: ah, that good *Kent*!

He said it would be thus; poor banish'd man.

Thou say'st the King grows mad; I'll tell thee friend,

I'm almost mad my self; I had a son,

Now out-law'd from my blood, he sought my life,

But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,

No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?

I do beseech your grace.

*Lear.* O cry you mercy, Sir:

Noble philosopher, your company.

*Edg.* Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

*Lear.* Come, let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my lord.

*Lear.* With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

*Kent.* Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the  
fellow.

*Glo.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirrah, come on; along with us.

*Lear.* Come, good *Athenian*.

*Glo.* No words, no words, hush.

*Edg.* Child *Rowland* to the dark tower came,

His word was still, fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a *British* man. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E VIII.

Gloster's Castle,

*Enter Cornwall and Bastard.*

*Corn.* I Will have revenge, ere I depart his house.

*Bast.* How, my lord! I may be censur'd,  
that nature thus gives way to loyalty; something fears  
me to think of.

S 2

*Corn.*

*Corn.* I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death: but a provoking merit set a-work by a reprovableness in himself.

*Bast.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just? this is the letter which he spoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France*. Oh heavens! that this treason were not; or not I the detector.

*Corn.* Go with me to the dutchess.

*Bast.* If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

*Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earl of *Gloster*: seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

*Bast.* If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

*Corn.* I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IX.

### *A Chamber.*

*Enter Kent and Gloster.*

*Gle.* **H**ERE is better than the open air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*]

*Kent.* All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindness.

*Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.*

*Edg.* *Fraierreto* calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkness: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

*Fool.*



*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

*Lear.* A King, a King.

*Fool.* No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits  
Come hizzing in upon 'em. \*

*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

*Fool.* He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, the health of a horse, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

*Lear.* It shall be done, I will arraign 'em strait.  
Come sit thou here, most learned justice,  
Thou sapient Sir, sit here---now ye the foxes.

*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor *Tom* in the voice  
of a nightingale. 'Hopdance cries in *Tom's* belly for  
two white herrings. Croak not black angel, I have  
no food for thee.

*Lear.* I'll see their tryal, bring me in the evidence.  
Thou robed man of justice take thy place,  
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity  
Bench by his side. You are o'th' commission, sit you  
too.

Arraign her first, 'tis *Gonerill*.

*Fool.* Come hither Mistress, is your name *Gonerill*?

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a Joint-stool.

*Lear.* Arms, arms, sword, fire, corruption in the place!  
False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

*Edg.* Bless thy five wits.

*Kent.* O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,  
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

*Edg.* My tears begin to take his part so much  
They mar my counterfeiting.

[*Aside.*

*Lear.*

S 3

\* There follow in the old edition several speeches in the mad way, which probably were left out by the players, or by Shakespear himself. I shall however insert them here, and leave 'em to the reader's mercy.

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,  
*Tray, Blanch,* and *Sweet-heart*; see, they bark at me—  
*Edg.* *Tom* will throw his head at them; ayaunt,  
 you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,  
 Tooth that poisons if it bite;  
 Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,  
 Hound or spaniel, † brache, or hym;  
 † Or bobtail tike, or trundle tail,  
*Tom* will make him weep and wail,  
 For with throwing thus my head;  
 Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.  
 Do, de, de, de: *Sessey*, come, march to wakes and fairs,  
 And market towns; poor *Tom* thy horn is dry. [Exit.

*Lear.* Then let them anatomize *Regan*—see what  
 breeds about her heart—Is there any cause in nature  
 that makes these hard hearts? You Sir, I entertain for  
 one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of  
 your garments. You will say they are *Persian*; but let  
 them be chang'd,

*Re-Enter Glo'ster.*

*Kent.* Now, good my lord, lye here and rest a while.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise, draw the  
 curtains:

So, so, we'll go to supper i'th' morning.

*Fool.* And I'll go to bed at noon.

*Glo.* Come hither, friend, where is the King, my  
 master?

*Kent.* Here, Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

*Glo.* Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms:  
 I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:  
 There is a litter ready, lay him in't,  
 And drive tow'rd *Dover*, friend, where thou shalt meet  
 Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.  
 If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,  
 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,  
 Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,  
 And follow me, that will to some provision  
 Give thee quick conduct. Come, away away. [Exeunt.

SCENE

† † Names of particular sorts of dogs.

## S C E N E X.

## Glo'ster's Castle.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bastard, and Servants.*

*Corn.* **P**OST speedily to my lord your husband; shew him this letter, the army of France is landed; seek out the traitor *Glo'ster*.

*Reg.* Hang him instantly.

*Gon.* Pluck out his eyes.

*Corn.* Leave him to my displeasure. *Edmund*, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel dear sister, farewel my lord of *Glo'ster*.

*Enter Steward.*

How now? where's the King?

*Stew.* My lord of *Glo'ster* hath convey'd him hence. Some five or six and thirty of his Knights, Hot questers after him, met him at gate, Who, with some other of the lord's dependants, Are gone with him tow'rd *Dover*; where they boast To have well-armed friends.

*Corn.* Get horses for your mistress.

*Gon.* Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt Gon. and Bast.*

*Corn.* *Edmund* farewel: — go seek the traitor *Glo'ster*,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us: Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice; yet our pow'r Shall do a court'sie to our wrath, which men May blame, but not controul.

## S C E N E XI.

*Enter Gloucester Prisoner, and Servants.*

Who's there? the traitor?

*Reg.* Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

*Corn.* Bind fast his corky arms.

*Glo.* What mean your graces?

Good my friends, consider you are my guests:

Do me no foul play, friends.

*Corn.* Bind him, I say. *[They bind him.]*

*Reg.* Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!

*Glo.* Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.

*Corn.* To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find ———

*Glo.* By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done  
To pluck me by the beard.

*Reg.* So white, and such a traitor?

*Glo.* Naughty lady,

These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin  
Will quicken and accuse thee, I'm your host;  
With robber's hands, my hospitable favours  
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

*Corn.* Come, Sir, what letters had you late from  
*France?*

*Reg.* Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confed'racy have you with the  
traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

*Reg.* To whose hands

Have you sent the lunatick King? speak.

*Glo.* I have a letter guessingly set down,  
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,  
And not from one oppos'd.

*Corn.* Cunning ———

*Reg.* And false.

*Corn.* Where hast thou sent the King?

*Glo.* To *Dover*.

*Reg.* Wherefore to *Dover*?

Wast



Wast thou not charg'd, at peril ———

*Corn.* Wherefore to *Dover*? let him answer that.

*Glo.* I am ty'd to th' stake, and I must stand the course.

*Reg.* Wherefore to *Dover*?

*Glo.* Because I would not see thy cruel nails  
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister  
In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.  
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell-black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up  
And quench'd the steeled fires:  
Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.  
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,  
Thou should'st have said, good porter turn the key;  
All cruels else subscribe; but I shall see  
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

*Corn.* See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.  
Upon these eyes of thine, I'll set my foot.

*[Glo'ster is held down while Cornwall treads out one of his eyes.]*

*Glo.* He that will think to live 'till he be old,  
Give me some help. — O cruel! O you gods!

*Reg.* One side will mock another; th' other too.

*Corn.* If you see vengeance ———

*Ser.* Hold your hand, my lord:  
I've serv'd you ever since I was a child;  
But better service have I never done you,  
Than now to bid you hold.

*Reg.* How now, you dog?

*Serv.* If you did wear a beard upon your chin,  
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

*Corn.* My villain!

*Serv.* Nay then come on, and take the chance of  
anger. *[Fight, in the scuffle Cornwall is wounded.]*

*Reg.* Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus?  
*[Kills him.]*

*Ser.* Oh, I am slain ——— my lord, you have one  
eye left

To see some mischief on him. Oh ——— *[Dies.]*

*Corn.* Lest it see more, prevent it; out vile gelly:

Where is thy lustre now? [*Treads out the other eye.*]

*Glo.* All dark and comfortless — where's my son  
*Edmund?*

*Edmund,* enkindle all the sparks of nature  
To quit this horrid act.

*Reg.* Out, treacherous villain.

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: It was he  
That made the overture of thy treasons to us:  
Who is too good to pity thee.

*Glo.* O my follies!

Then *Edgar* was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive  
Me that, and prosper him.

*Reg.* Go thrust him out

At gates, and let him smell his way to *Dover*.

[*Ex. with Glo'ster.*]

How is't my lord? how look you?

*Corn.* I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, lady. —

Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave

Upon the dunghil. ——— *Regan,* I bleed apace.

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *An open Country.**Enter Edgar.*

**Y**ET better thus, and known to be con-  
 temn'd,  
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To  
 be *worst*,  
 (The lowest, most dejected thing of  
 fortune)  
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in  
 fear.

The lamentable change is from the *best*;  
 The *worst* returns to laughter. Welcome then,  
 Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!  
 The wretch that thou hast blown unto the *worst*,  
 Owes nothing to a thy blasts.

*Enter Glo'ster, led by an old man.*

But who comes here?  
 My father poorly led? World, world, O world!  
 † But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,  
 Life would not yield to age.

*Old Man.* O my good lord, I have been your tenant,  
 And your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

*Glo.* Away, get thee away: good friend, be gone;  
 Thy comforts can do me no good at all,  
 Thee they may hurt.

*Old Man.* You cannot see your way.

<sup>a</sup> *my.**Glo.*

† The sense seems to be, *The world is so unhappy  
 by its various mutations, that we grow to hate it: other-  
 wise none would endure to live to old age, but in expecta-  
 tion of the period that will put to life, and all its miseries.*

*Glo.* I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:  
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,  
Our mean secures us, and our meer defects  
Prove our commodities. O dear son *Edgar*,  
The food of thy abused father's wrath;  
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,  
I'd say I had eyes again.

*Old Man.* How now? who's there?

*Edg.* O gods! who is't can say I'm at the worst?  
I'm worse than e'er I was.

*Old Man.* 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

*Edg.* And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,  
So long as we can say, this is the worst.

*Old Man.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glo.* Is it a beggar-man?

*Old Man.* Madman, and beggar too?

*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could not beg.  
I'th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw;  
Which made me think a man, a worm. My son  
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind  
Was then scarce friends with him. I've heard more  
since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods,  
They kill us for their sport.

*Edg.* How should this be?  
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,  
Ang'ring it self and others. — Bless thee master.

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man.* Ay, my lord.

*Glo.* Get thee away: if for my sake  
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain!  
I'th' way tow'rd *Dover*, do it for ancient love;  
And bring some covering for <sup>b</sup> this naked soul,  
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack Sir, he is mad.

*Glo.* 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the  
blind:  
Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleasure;  
Above the rest, be gone.

<sup>b</sup> his naked soul, which I'll —————



*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,  
Come on't what will. [Exit.

*Glo.* Sirrah, naked fellow.

*Edg.* Poor *Tom's* a-cold. I cannot dance it further.

*Glo.* Come hither fellow.

*Edg.* And yet I must;

Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

*Glo.* Know'st thou the way to *Dover*?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path:  
poor *Tom* hath been scar'd out of his good wits. Bless  
thee good man from the foul fiend. † Five fiends  
have been in poor *Tom* at once, *Hobbididen* Prince of  
dumbness, *Mahu* of stealing, *Mohu* of murder, *Flib-*  
*bertigibbet* of moping, and *Mowing* who since pos-  
sesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.

*Glo.* Here take this purse, thou whom the heavens  
plagues

Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched  
Makes thee the happier: heavens deal so still;  
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,  
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see  
Because he do's not feel, feel your power quickly:  
So distribution should undo excess,  
And each man have enough. Do'st thou know *Dover*?

*Edg.* Ay master.

*Glo.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head  
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:  
Bring me but to the very brim of it,  
And I'll repair the misery thou do'st bear  
With something rich about me: from that place  
I shall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy arm;  
Poor *Tom* shall lead thee.

[Exeunt.]

† These lines are added here in the old Edition.



S C E N E

## SCENE II.

*The Duke of Albany's palace.*

*Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.*

*Gon.* **W**ELCOME, my lord. I marvel our mild husband

Not met us on the way. Now where's your master?

*Stew.* Madam, within; but never man so chang'd: I told him of the army that was landed;

He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,

His answer was, the worse. Of *Glo'ster's* treachery

And of the loyal service of his son,

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,

And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.

What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;

What like, offensive.

*Gon.* Then shall you go no further.

It is the coward's terror of his spirit

That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs

Which tie him to an answer; our wishes on the way

May prove effects. Back *Edmund* to my brother,

Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers.

I must change arms at home, and give the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant

Shall pass between us: you ere long shall hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,

A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech,

Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak,

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:

Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Bast.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear *Glo'ster*. *[Exit Bastard.]*

Oh, the strange difference of man, and man!

To thee a woman's services are due,

My fool usurps my body.

*Stew.* Madam, here comes my lord.

*Enter*

*Enter Albany.*

*Gon.* I have been worth the whistle!

*Alb.* Oh Goneril,

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind  
Blows in your face. — † I fear your disposition,  
That nature which contemns its origine,  
Cannot be border'd certain in it self;  
She that her self will shiver and dis-branch  
From her material sap, perforce must wither,  
And come to deadly use.

*Gon.* No more, 'tis foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;  
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?  
A father, and a gracious aged man,  
Most barb'rous, most degenerate, have you madded;  
Cou'd my good brother suffer you to do it,  
A man, a Prince by him so benefited?  
If that the heav'ns do not their visible spirits  
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,  
Humanity must perforce prey on itself  
Like monsters of the deep.

*Gon.* Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;  
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning  
Thine honour, from thy suffering.

*Alb.* See thy self, devil:

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend:  
So horrid as in woman.

*Gon.* O vain fool!

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* Oh my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead,  
Slain by his servant, going to put out  
The other eye of Glo'ster.

*Alb.* Glo'ster's eyes?

*Mes.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,  
Op-

† These and the speech ensuing are in the edition of 1608, and are but necessary to explain the reasons of the detestation which Albany expresses here to his wife.

Oppos'd against the act; bending his sword  
To his great master: who thereat enrag'd,  
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;  
But not without that harmful stroke which since  
Hath pluck'd him after.

*Alb.* This shews you are above,  
You justices, that these our nether crimes  
So speedily can venge. But O poor *Glo'ster*!  
Lost he his other eye?

*Mef.* Both, both, my lord.  
This letter, Madam, craves a speedy answer:  
'Tis from your sister.

*Gon.* One way I like this well;  
But being widow, and my *Glo'ster* with her,  
May all the building in my fancy pluck  
Upon my hateful life. Another way  
The news is not so tart. I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*]

*Alb.* Where was his son, when they did take his  
eyes?

*Mef.* Come with my lady hither.

*Alb.* He's not here.

*Mef.* No, my good lord, I met him back again.

*Alb.* Knows he the wickedness?

*Mef.* Ay, my good lord, 'twas he inform'd against  
him,

And quit the house of purpose, that their punishment  
Might have the freer course.

*Alb.* *Glo'ster*, I live  
To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the King,  
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither friend,  
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*]



S C E N E



## † SCENE III.

*Enter Kent and a Gentleman.*

*Kent.* THE King of *France* so suddenly gone back!  
Know you the reason?

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the state,  
Which since his coming forth is thought of, which  
Imports the Kingdom so much fear and danger,  
That his return was most requir'd and necessary.

*Kent.* Who hath he left behind him general?

*Gent.* The Mareschal of *France*, Monsieur le Far.

*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief?

*Gent.* I say she took 'em, read 'em in my presence,  
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down  
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a Queen  
Over her passion, which most rebel-like  
Sought to be King o'er her.

*Kent.* O then it mov'd her.

*Gent.* But not to rage. Patience and sorrow strove  
Which should express her goodliest; you have seen  
Sun-shine and rain at once. Those happiest smiles  
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know  
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence,  
As pearls from diamonds dropt — in brief  
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,  
If all could so become it.

*Kent.* Made she no verbal question?

*Gent.* Once or twice

She heav'd the name of *Father*,

Pantingly forth, as if it prest her heart.

Cry'd, sisters! sisters! what? i'th' storm of night?

Let

† *This Scene, left out in all the common books, is restor'd from the old edition; it being manifestly of Shakespear's writing, and necessary to continue the story of Cordelia, whose behaviour here is most beautifully painted.*

Let Pity ne'er believe it! then she shook  
The holy water from her heav'nly eyes,  
And then retir'd, to deal with grief alone.

*Kent.* The stars above us govern our conditions:  
Else one self-mate and mate could not beget  
Such diff'rent issues. Spoke you with her since?

*Gent.* No.

*Kent.* Was this before the King return'd?

*Gent.* No, since.

*Kent.* The poor distressed *Lear's* in town,  
Who sometimes in his better tune remembers  
What we are come about, and by no means  
Will yield to see his daughter.

*Gent.* Why, good Sir?

*Kent.* A sov'reign shame so bows him, his unkindness  
That stript her from his benediction, turn'd her  
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights  
To his dog-hearted daughters. These things sting him  
So venomously, that burning shame detains him  
From his *Cordelia*.

*Gent.* Alack poor gentleman!

*Kent.* Of *Albany's* and *Cornwall's* pow'rs you heard  
not?

*Gent.* 'Tis so, they are a-foot.

*Kent.* Well Sir, I'll bring you to our master *Lear*,  
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause  
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:  
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve  
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray along with me.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

### A CAMP.

*Enter Cordelia, Physician and Soldiers.*

*Cor.* **A**LACK, 'tis he; why he was met even now  
As mad as the next sea, singing aloud,  
Crown'd

Crown'd with rank fenitar, and furrow weeds,  
 With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckow flowers,  
 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
 In our sustaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry,  
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
 And bring him to our eye. What can man's wisdom  
 In the restoring his bereaved sense?  
 He that helps him, take all my outward worth.

*Phys.* There are means, Madam:  
 Our foster nurse of nature, is repose,  
 The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,  
 Are many simples operative, whose power  
 Will close the eye of anguish.

*Cor.* All blest secrets!  
 All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth!  
 Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate  
 In the good man's distress: seek, seek for him,  
 Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life  
 That wants the means to lead it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* News, Madam:  
 The *British* pow'rs are marching hitherward.  
*Cor.* 'Tis known before. Our preparation stands  
 In expectation of them. O dear father,  
 It is thy business that I go about: therefore great *France*  
 My mourning and important tears hath pitied.  
 No blown ambition doth our arms incite,  
 But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:  
 Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*]

• *desires.*



SCENE

## SCENE V.

Regan's Palace.

*Enter Regan and Steward.*

*Reg.* BUT are my brother's powers set forth?

*Stew.* Ay Madam.

*Reg.* Himself in person there?

*Stew.* With much ado.

Your sister is the better soldier.

*Reg.* Lord *Edmund* spake not with your lady at home?

*Stew.* No, Madam.

*Reg.* What might import my sister's letter to him?

*Stew.* I know not, lady.

*Reg.* Faith he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ign'rance, *Glo'ster's* eyes being out

To let him live; where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life: moreover to descry

The strength o' th' enemy.

*Stew.* I must needs after him, Madam, with my letter.

*Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us: The ways are dangerous.

*Stew.* I may not, Madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

*Reg.* Why should she write to *Edmund*? might not you

Transport her purposes by word?

Something ——— I know not what ——— I'll love thee much ———

Let me unseal the letter.

*Stew.* Madam, I had rather ———

*Reg.* I know your lady do's not love her husband, I'm sure of that; and at her late being here

She:



She gave strange † œiliads, and most speaking looks  
To noble *Edmund*. I know you're of her bosom.

*Stew.* I, Madam?

*Reg.* I speak in understanding: you are; I know't;  
Therefore I do advise you take this note.

My lord is dead; *Edmund* and I have talk'd,

And more convenient is he for my hand

Than for your lady's: you may gather more:

If you do find him, pray you give him this;

And when your Mistress hears thus much from you,  
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her. So farewell.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

*Stew.* Would I could meet him, Madam, I should  
shew

What lady I do follow.

*Reg.* Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

### *The Country.*

*Enter Glo'ster and Edgar.*

*Glo.* **W**HEN shall I come to th' top of that same  
hill?

*Edg.* You do climb up it now. Look how we la-  
bour.

*Glo.* Methinks the ground is even.

*Edg.* Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

*Glo.* No truly.

*Edg.* Why then your other senses grow imperfect  
By your eyes anguish.

*Glo.* So may it be indeed.

Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st  
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

*Edg.* You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd  
But

† *french, for Glances.*

But in my garments.

*Glo.* Sure you're better spoken.

*Edg.* Come on Sir, here's the place--stand still. 'How  
' fearful

' And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!  
' The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air  
' Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down  
' Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!  
' Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.  
' The fisher-men that walk upon the beach  
' Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,  
' Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy  
' Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,  
' That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,  
' Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,  
' Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
' Topple down headlong.

*Glo.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand: you're now within a foot  
Of th' extream verge: for all below the moon  
Would not I leap upright.

*Glo.* Let go my hand:

Here friend's another purse, in it a Jewel.  
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods  
Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,  
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare ye well, good Sir. [Seems to go.

*Glo.* With all my heart.

*Edg.* Why do I trifle thus with his despair?

'Tis done to cure it.

*Glo.* O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and in your sights  
Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff and loathed part of nature should

Burn it self out. If *Edgar* live, O bless him.

Now fellow, fare thee well. [He leaps and falls along.

*Edg.* Good Sir, farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The

The treasury of life, when life it self  
 Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,  
 By this, had thought been past. ---- Alive or dead?  
 Ho, you Sir! friend! here, you Sir! speak!  
 Thus might he pass indeed ---- yet he revives.  
 What are you, Sir?

*Glo.* Away, and let me die.

*Edg.* Had'st thou been ought but Gossamer, feathers,  
 air,

So many fathom down precipitating,  
 Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe,  
 Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not; speak, art sound?  
 Ten masts <sup>d</sup> attach make not the altitude  
 Which thou hast perpendicularly fall'n.  
 Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

*Glo.* But have I fall'n, or no?

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky bourn!  
 Look up a height, the shrill-gorg'd Lark so far  
 Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

*Glo.* Alack, I have no eyes.

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit  
 To end it self by death? 'twas yet some comfort,  
 When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,  
 And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm.

Up, so---how is't? feel you your legs? you stand.

*Glo.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o'th' cliff, what thing was that  
 Which parted from you?

*Glo.* A poor unfortunate beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought his eyes  
 Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,  
 † Horns <sup>e</sup> welk'd and wav'd like the <sup>f</sup> enridged sea:  
 It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,  
 Think that the dearest gods, who make them honours  
 Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

*Glo.* I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear  
 Affliction,

<sup>d</sup> at least.

<sup>e</sup> walk'd.

† i. e. twisted waving horns.

<sup>f</sup> enraged.

Affliction, 'till it do cry out it self,  
*Enough, enough,* and die. That thing you speak of,  
 I took it for a man; often 'twould say  
 The fiend, the fiend—he led me to that place.

*Edg.* Bear free and patient thoughts.

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Lear.*

But who comes here?  
 The safer sense will ne'er accommodate  
 His master thus.

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coyning, I am  
 the King himself.

*Edg.* O thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect. There's  
 your press-mony. That fellow handles his bow like a  
 cow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look,  
 a mouse! Peace, peace, this piece of toasted cheese  
 will do't-----there's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a  
 giant. Bring up the brown bills. O well flown bird:  
 i'th' clout, i'th' clout: hewgh. Give the word.

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! *Gonerill!* & hah *Regan!* they flatter'd me  
 like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my  
 beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay,  
 and no, to every thing that I said-----Ay and no too,  
 was no' good divinity. When the rain came to wet  
 me once, and wind to make me chatter; when the  
 thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I  
 found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are  
 not men o' their words; they told me I was every  
 thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

*Glo.* The trick of that voice I do well remember:  
 is't not the King?

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a King.

When

& *Ha Gonerill with a white beard; they flatter'd-----*



When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.  
 I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?  
 Adultery? thou shalt not die; die for adultery? no,  
 the wren goes to't, and the small gilded flie does  
 letcher in my sight. Let copulation thrive: for Glo'-  
 ster's bastard son was kinder to his father, than my  
 daughters got 'tween the lawful sheets. To't luxury  
 pell-mell, for I lack soldiers. Behold yon simpering  
 dame, whose face 'tween her forks presages snow;  
 that minces virtue, and does shake the head to hear  
 of pleasure's name. The † fitchew, nor the soyled  
 horse goes to't with a more riotous appetite: down  
 from the waste they are centaurs, though women all  
 above: but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath  
 is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkness, there  
 is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, con-  
 sumption: fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; give me an ounce  
 of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagina-  
 tion! there's mony for thee.

*Glo.* O let me kiss that hand.

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first, it smells of mortality.

*Glo.* O ruin'd piece of nature! this great world  
 shall so wear out to nought. Do'st thou know me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough: dost  
 thou squint at me? no, do thy worst blind *Cupid*, I'll  
 not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the  
 penning of it.

*Glo.* Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

*Edg.* I would not take this from report;  
 It is, and my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What, with this case of eyes?

*Lear.* Oh ho, are you there with me? no eyes in  
 your head, nor mony in your purse? your eyes are  
 in heavy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how  
 this world goes.

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What, art mad? a man may see how this  
 world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see

how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear : change places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief ? thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

*Glo.* Ay Sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur : there thou might'st behold the great image of authority, a dog's obey'd in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand :  
Why dost thou lash that whore ? strip thy own back,  
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind,  
For which thou whip'st her. Th' usurer hangs the  
cozener.

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear ;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate fins with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.  
None does offend, none, I say none, I'll able 'em ;  
Take that of me my friend, who have the pow'r  
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,  
And like a scurvy politician, seem  
To see the things thou do'st not.  
Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots : harder,  
harder, so.

*Edg.* O matter and impertinency mixt,  
Reason in madness.

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.  
I know thee well enough, thy name is *Glo'ster* ;  
Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither :  
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air  
We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee : mark---

*Glo.* Alack, alack the day !

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry that we are come  
To this great stage of fools. --- This a good block ! ---  
It were a delicate stratagem to shooe  
A troop of horse with Felt ; I'll put't in proof,  
And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law ;  
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

SCENE

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter a Gentleman, with attendants.*

*Gent.* O here he is, lay hand upon him; Sir,  
Your most dear daughter ———

*Lear.* No rescue? what, a prisoner? I am even  
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well,  
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons,  
I am cut to th' brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds? all my self?  
Why this would make a man, a man of salt;  
To use his eyes for garden-water-pots,  
And laying autumn's dust. I will die bravely,  
Like a smug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial:  
Come, come, I am a King. My Masters know you  
that?

*Gent.* You are a royal one, and we obey you.

*Lear.* Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it,  
You shall get it by running: fa, fa, fa, fa. [*Exit.*]

*Gent.* A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,  
Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a daughter  
Who redeems nature from the general curse  
Which twain have brought her to.

*Edg.* Hail, gentle Sir.

*Gent.* Sir, speed you: what's your will?

*Edg.* Do you hear ought, Sir, of a battel toward?

*Gent.* Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,  
Which can distinguish sound.

*Edg.* But by your favour,  
How near's the other army?

*Gent.* Near, and on speedy foot: the main descry  
Stands on the hourly thought.

*Edg.* I thank you, Sir,

*Gent.* Though that the Queen on special cause is here,  
Her army is mov'd on. [*Exit.*]

*Glo.* You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me,  
Let not my worse spirit tempt me again

To die before you please.

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.

*Glo.* Now good Sir, what are you?

*Edg.* A most poor man, made tame to fortune's  
blows,

Who by the art of known and feeling sorrows,  
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,  
I'll lead you to some bidding.

*Glo.* Hearty thanks;

The bounty and the benison of heav'n to boot.

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* A proclaim'd prize! most happy!  
That evels head of thine was first fram'd flesh  
To raise my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,  
Briefly thy self remember: the sword is out  
That must destroy thee.

*Glo.* Let thy friendly hand  
Put strength enough to't.

*Stew.* Wherefore, bold peasant,  
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? hence,  
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take  
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Chill not let go Zir, without vurther 'casion.

*Stew.* Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor  
vork pass: and 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my  
life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vork-  
night. Nay, come not near th' old man: keep out  
che vor'ye, or ice try whether your costard or my bat  
be the harder; chill be plain with you.

*Stew.* Out dunghill.

*Edg.* Chill pick your teeth, Zir: come, no matter  
vor your soyns. [Edgar knocks him down.]

*Stew.* Slave, thou hast slain me: villain, take my  
purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,

And



And give the letters which thou find'st about me  
To *Edmund* Earl of *Gloster*: seek him out  
Upon the *English* party. Oh untimely death. —————

[Dies.]

*Edg.* I know thee well, a serviceable villain;  
As duteous to the vices of thy Mistress,  
As badness would desire.

*Glo.* What, is he dead?

*Edg.* Sit you down, father: rest you.  
Let's see these pockets; the letters that he speaks of  
May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only sorry  
He had no other deathman. Let us see —————  
By your leave, gentle wax—————and manners blame  
us not:

To know our enemies minds we rip their hearts,  
Their papers are more lawful.

*Reads the Letter.*

**L**ET our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have  
many opportunities to cut him off: if your will  
want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd.  
There is nothing done if he return the conqueror. Then  
am I the prisoner, and his bed my goal; from the loathed  
warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for  
your labour.

Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate  
Servant, Gonerill.

Oh undistinguish'd space of woman's h wit!  
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,  
And the exchange my brother. Here, i'th' sands  
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified  
Of murth'rous lechers: and in mature time,  
With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,  
That of thy death and business I can tell.

T 3

*Glo.*

h will.

*Glo.* The King is mad; how stiff is my vile sense  
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling  
Of my huge sorrows: better I were distract,  
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,  
[*Drum afar off.*

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose  
The knowledge of themselves.

*Edg.* Give me your hand:  
Far off methinks I hear the beaten drum.  
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE X.

*A Chamber.*

*Enter Cordelia, Kent, and; Physician.*

*Cor.* O Thou good Kent, how shall I live and work  
To match thy goodness? life will be too  
short,  
And ev'ry measure fail me.

*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpa'd;  
All my reports go with the modest truth,  
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

*Cor.* Be better suited,  
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:  
I pr'ythee put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon, dear Madam,  
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent;  
My boon I make it, that you know me not,  
'Till time and I think meet.

*Cor.* Then be it so  
My lord----how does the King?

*Phys.* Madam, sleeps still.

*Cor.* O you kind gods!  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature,  
Th' untun'd and jarring senses O wind up,

*gentleman.*

Of

Of this child-changed father.

*Phys.* Please your Majesty,  
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?

*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed  
I'th' sway of your own will: is he array'd?

*Enter Lear in a chair, carried by servants.*

*Phys.* Ay Madam; in the heaviness of sleep,  
We put fresh garments on him.  
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him,  
I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cor.* O my dear father! Restauration hang  
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made.

*Kent.* Kind and dear Princess!

*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these white flakes  
Did challenge pity of them. Was this face  
To be expos'd against the warring winds?  
Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me, shou'd  
Have stood that night against my fire:  
And wast thou fain, poor father,  
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,  
In short and musty straw? alack, alack,  
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once,  
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speak to him.

*Phys.* Madam, do you, 'tis fittest.

*Cor.* How does my royal lord? how fares your Ma-  
jesty?

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave;  
Thou art a soul in blifs, but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit I know, when did you die?

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide ———

*Phys.* He's scarce awake, let him alone awhile.

*Lear.* Where have I been? where am I? fair day-  
light?

I'm mightily abus'd; I should even die with pity

To see another thus. I know not what to say;  
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see,  
I feel this pin prick: would I were assur'd  
Of my condition.

*Cor.* O look upon me, Sir,  
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me,  
No Sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray do not mock me;  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward, and to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks I should know you, and know this man,  
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant  
What place this is, and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments; nay I know not  
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child *Cordelia*.

*Cor.* And so I am; I am——

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? yes faith; I pray you  
weep not.

If you have poison for me, I will drink it;  
I know you do not love me; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.  
You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in *France*?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, Sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Phys.* Be comforted, good Madam; the great rage  
You see is cur'd in him: desire him to go in.  
And trouble him no more 'till further settling.

*Cor.* Will't please your highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me;  
Pray you now forget and forgive,  
I am old and foolish.

{*Exeunt.*

ACT





## ACT V. SCENE I.

## SCENE A Camp.

*Enter Bastard, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

BASTARD.



NOW of the Duke if his last purpose  
hold,  
Or whether since he is advis'd by ought  
To change the course? he's full of Al-  
teration,  
And self-reproving brings his constant  
pleasure.

*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

*Bast.* 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

*Reg.* Now sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you:  
Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,  
Do you not love my sister?

*Bast.* In honour'd love.

*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's way  
To the fore-fended place?

*Bast.* No by mine honour.

*Reg.* I never shall endure her; dear my lord,  
Be not familiar with her.

*Bast.* Fear not; she and the Duke her husband

*Enter Albany, Gonerill, and Soldiers.*

*Alb.* Our very loving sister, well be met:  
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his daughter

With others, whom the rigour of our state  
 Forc'd to cry out. † Where I could not be honest  
 I never yet was valiant: for this business,  
 It toucheth us, as *France* invades our land,  
 Not ‡ holds the King, with others whom I fear  
 Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

*Reg.* Why is this reason'd?

*Gen.* Combine together 'gainst the enemy:  
 For these domestick and particular broils  
 Are not the question here.

*Alb.* Let's then determine with th' Ancient of war  
 On our proceeding.

*Reg.* Sister, you'll go with us?

*Gen.* No.

*Reg.* 'Tis most convenient, pray go with us.

*Gen.* Oh ho, I know the riddle, I will go. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*March Albany. Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,  
 Hear me one word.

*Alb.* I'll overtake you: speak.

*Edg.* Before you fight the battel, ope this letter.  
 If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet sound  
 For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,  
 I can produce a champion, that will prove  
 What is avouched there. If you miscarry,  
 Your business of the world hath so an end,  
 And machination ceases. Fortune love you.

*Alb.* Stay 'till I've read the letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,  
 And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

*Alb.* Why fare thee well, I will o'erlook thy paper.  
*Enter*

† The four next lines are added from the old edition.

‡ holds, for obliges or binds.

*Enter Bastard.*

*Bast.* The enemy's in view, draw up your powers,  
 a Hard is the guess of their true strength and forces,  
 By diligent discovery; but your haste  
 Is now urg'd on you.

*Alb.* We will greet the time. [Exit.]

### S C E N E III.

*Bast.* To both these sisters have I sworn my love:  
 Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
 Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?  
 Both? one? or neither? neither can be enjoy'd,  
 If both remain alive: to take the widow,  
 Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Gonerill*,  
 And hardly shall I carry out my side,  
 Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use  
 His countenance for the battel; which being done,  
 Let her who would be rid of him, devise  
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy  
 Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,  
 The battle done, and they within our power,  
 Shall never see his pardon: for my state  
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.]

### S C E N E IV.

*A Field.*

*Alarum within.* Enter with drum and colours, *Lear*,  
*Cordelia*, and soldiers over the stage, and exeunt.

*Enter Edgar and Glo'ster.*

*Edg.* **H**ERE father, take the shadow of this tree  
 For your good host; pray that the right may  
 thrive:

a *Here is,*

[Exit.]

If ever I return to you again,  
I'll bring you comfort.

*Glo.* Grace be with you, Sir. [Exit Edgar.  
[Alarum and retreat within.

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* Away old man, give me thy hand, away;  
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en,  
Give me thy hand. Come on.

*Glo.* No further, Sir, a man may rot even here.

*Edg.* What, in ill thoughts again? men must endure  
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither:  
Ripeness is all; come on.

*Glo.* And that's true too. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E V.

*A Camp.*

*Enter Bastard, Lear and Cordelia as prisoners, Soldiers,  
Captain.*

*Bast.* **S**OME officers take them away; good guard,  
Until their greater pleasures first be known  
That are to censure them.

*Cor.* We're not the first,  
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst:  
For thee, oppressed King, I am cast down,  
My self could else out-frown false fortune's frown.  
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

*Lear.* No, no, no, no; come let's away to prison;  
We two alone will sing like birds i'th' cage:  
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down  
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies: and hear poor rogues  
Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them too,  
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out:  
And take upon's the mystery of things,

As



As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones  
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

*Bast.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my *Cordelia*,  
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught  
thee?

He that parts us; shall bring a brand from heav'n,  
And fire us hence like foxes; wipe thine eye,  
The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell,  
Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see 'em starv'd first.

Come. [*Ex. Lear and Cordelia.*

*Bast.* Come hither captain, hark. [*Whispering.*

Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,  
One step I have advanc'd thee, if thou dost

As this instructs thee thou dost make thy way  
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men  
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded

Do's not become a sword; thy great employment  
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,  
Or thrive by other means.

*Capt.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Bast.* About it, and write happy, when thou'st done.  
Mark, I say, ——— instantly, and carry it so  
As I have set it down. [*Exit Captain.*

## S C E N E VI.

To him, Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, and Soldiers.

*Alb.* Sir, you have shew'd to-day your valiant strain,  
And fortune led you well: you have the captives  
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:  
I do require then of you, so to use them,  
As we shall find their merits and our safety  
May equally determine.

*Bast.* I thought fit  
To send the old and miserable King  
To some retention and appointed guard;  
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,  
To pluck the common bosoms on his side,

And turn our impress launces in our eyes  
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen;  
My reason all the same, and they are ready  
To-morrow, or at further space, t' appear  
Where you shall hold your session.

*Alb.* Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a subject of this war,  
Not as a brother.

*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him.  
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded  
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our pow'rs,  
Bore the commission of my place and person,  
The which immediate may well stand up,  
And call it self your brother.

*Gen.* Not so hot:  
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,  
More than in your advancement.

*Reg.* In my right,  
By me invested, he compeers the best.

*Alb.* That were the most, if he should husband you.

*Reg.* Jesters do oft prove prophets.

*Gen.* Holla, holla!

That eye that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

*Reg.* Lady I am not well, else I should answer  
From a full flowing stomach. General,  
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,  
Dispose of them, of me, the walls are thine:  
Witness the world that I create thee here  
My lord and master.

*Gen.* Mean you to enjoy him?

*Alb.* The lett alone lyes not in your good will.

*Bast.* Nor in thine, lord.

*Alb.* Half-blooded fellow, yes.

*Bast.* Let the drum strike, and prove my title good.

*Alb.* Stay yet; hear reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee  
On capital treason, and in thy arrest,  
This gilded serpent: for your claim, fair sister,  
I bar it in the interest of my wife,  
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,  
And I her husband contradict your banes,

If you will marry, make your loves to me,  
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art arm'd, *Glo'ster*, let the trumpet sound:  
If none appear to prove upon thy person  
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,  
There is my pledge: I'll prove it on thy heart  
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less  
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick ———

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust a poison. [Aside:

Bast. There's my exchange, what in the world he is,  
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies;  
Call by the trumpet: he that dares approach,  
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain  
My truth and honour firmly.

*Enter a Herald.*

Alb. A herald, ho.

Trust to thy single virtues, for thy soldiers,  
All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my tent.

[Exit Reg.]

SCENE VII.

Come hither, herald, let the trumpet sound,  
And read out this. [A trumpet sounds.]

*Herald reads.*

IF any man of quality or degree within the lists of the  
Army, will maintain upon Edmund supposed Earl of  
*Glo'ster*, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear  
by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his de-  
fence.

Her. Again.

1 trumpet.  
2 trumpet.

Her. Again.

3 trumpet.

[Trumpet answers him within.]

*Enter,*

*medicine.*

1

*Enter Edgar armed.*

*Alb.* Ask him his purposes, why he appears  
Upon this call o'th' trumpet.

*Her.* What are you?  
Your name, your quality, and why you answer  
This present summons?

*Edg.* Know, my name is lost  
By treason's tooth, bare-gnawn and canker-bit;  
Yet am I noble as the adversary  
I come to cope.

*Alb.* Which is that adversary?

*Edg.* What's he that speaks for *Edmund* Earl of  
*Glo'ster*?

*Bast.* Himself, what say'st thou to him?

*Edg.* Draw thy sword,  
That if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice, here is mine:  
Behold it is the privilege of mine honours,  
My oath, and my profession. I protest,  
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,  
Spite of thy victor-sword, and fire-new fortune,  
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;  
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,  
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,  
And from th' extreamest upward of thy head,  
To the descent and dust below thy foot,  
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou no,  
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent  
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
Thou lyest.

*Bast.* In wisdom I should ask thy name,  
But since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike,  
And that thy tongue some † say of breeding breaths,  
What safe and nicely I might well delay  
By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurn:  
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,  
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart,  
Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise)

This

† say for essay, some shew or probability.



This sword of mine shall give them instant way,  
Where they shall rest forever. Trumpets, speak.  
[Alarum. Fight.]

*Alb.* Save him, save him.

*Gon.* This is practice, *Glo'ster*:

By th' law of war, thou wast not bound to answer  
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,  
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

*Alb.* Shut your mouth, dame,  
Or with this paper shall I stop it;  
Thou worse than any thing, read thine own evil:  
No tearing, lady, I perceive you know it.

*Gon.* Say if I do, the laws are mine, not thine,  
Who can arraign me for't?

*Alb.* Monster, know'st thou this paper?

*Gon.* Ask me not what I know—— [Exit *Gon.*]

*Alb.* Go after her, she's desperate, govern her.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Bast.* What you have charg'd me with, that I have  
done,

And more, much more; the time will bring it out.  
'Tis past and so am I: but what art thou  
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,  
I do forgive thee.

*Edg.* Let's exchange our charity:  
I am no less in blood than thou art, *Edmund*;  
If more, the more thou'rt wrong'd me.  
My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's son.  
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to plague us:  
The dark and vitious place, where thee he got,  
Cost him his eyes.

*Bast.* Thou'rt spoken right, 'tis true,  
The wheel is come full circle, I am here.

*Alb.* Methought thy very gate did prophesie  
A royal nobleness; I must embrace thee:  
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I  
Did hate thee, or thy father.

*Edg.*

*Edg.* Worthy Prince, I know't.

*Alb.* Where have you hid your self?

How have you known the miseries of your father?

*Edg.* By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale,  
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst.  
The bloody proclamation to escape  
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives sweetness!  
That we the pain of death would hourly bear  
Rather than die at once) taught me to shift  
Into a mad-man's rags, t'assume a semblance  
The very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit  
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
Their precious gems new lost; became his guide,  
Led him, beg'd for him, sav'd him from despair,  
Never (O fault) reveal'd my self unto him,  
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,  
Not sure, though hoping of this good success,  
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,  
Alack, too weak the conflict to support,  
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  
Burst smilingly.

*Bast.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me,  
And shall perchance do good, but speak you on,  
You look as you had something more to say.

*Alb.* If there be more, more woful, hold it in,  
For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
Hearing of this.

## S C E N E XI.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Help, help!

*Edg.* What kind of help?

*Alb.* Speak man.

*Edg.* What means this bloody knife?

*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smoaks, it came even from the  
heart

Of ———— O she's dead.

*Alb.*

*Alb.* Who's dead? speak man.

*Gent.* Your lady, Sir, your lady; and her sister  
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

*Bast.* I was contracted to them both, all three  
Now marry in an instant.

*Edg.* Here comes *Kent*.

*Enter Kent.*

*Alb.* Produce the bodies, be they live or dead.

[*Gonerill and Regan's Bodies brought out.*]

This judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,  
Touches us not with pity. O! is this she?  
The time will not allow the compliment  
Which very manners urge.

*Kent.* I am come  
To bid my King and Master aye good night,  
Is he not here?

*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot!  
Speak *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?

See'st thou this object, *Kent*?

*Kent.* Alack, why thus?

*Bast.* Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:  
The one the other poison'd for my sake,  
And after slew her self.

*Alb.* Even so; cover their faces.

*Bast.* I pant for life; some good I mean to do  
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,  
(Be brief) into the castle, for my writ  
Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia*:  
Nay, send in time.

*Alb.* Run, run, O run ———

*Edg.* To whom, my lord? who has the office?  
Send thy token of reprieve.

*Bast.* Well thought on, take my sword,  
Give it the captain ———

*Edg.* Haste thee for thy life.

*Bast.* He hath commission from thy wife and me,  
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and

To

To lay the blame upon her own despair.

*Alb.* The gods defend her, bear him hence a while.

## SCENE X.

*Enter Lear with Cordelia dead in his arms.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl, howl, — O you are men of stone,

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,  
That heaven's vault should crack; she's gone for ever!  
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;  
She's dead as earth! lend me a looking-glass,  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?

*Lear.* This feather stirs, she lives; if it be so  
It is a chance which do's redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* O my good master!

*Lear.* Pr'ythee away ———

*Edg.* 'Tis noble *Kent* your friend.

*Lear.* A plague upon you murth'ers, traitors all,  
I might have sav'd her, now she's gone for ever!

*Cordelia, Cordelia,* stay a little. Ha! ———

What is't thou say'st? her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.  
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

*Gent.* 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow?

I've seen the day, with my good biting faulchion  
I would have made them skip: I am old now,  
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?  
Mine eyes are none o'th' best. I'll tell you strait,

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,  
One of them we behold.

*Lear.* Are you not *Kent*?

*Kent.* The same; your servant *Kent*;  
Where is your servant *Cains*?

*Lear's*



*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,  
He'll strike, and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.

*Kent.* No, my good lord, I am the very man.—

*Lear.* I'll see that strait.

*Kent.* That from your <sup>a</sup> life of difference and decay,  
Have follow'd your sad steps ———

*Lear.* You're welcome hither.

*Kent.* <sup>b</sup> 'Twas no man else; all's cheerless, dark,  
and deadly:

Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves,  
And desp'rately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he says, and vain is it  
That we present us to him.

*Edg.* Very bootless.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Edmund is dead, my lord.

*Alb.* That's but a trifle.

You lords and noble friends know our intent;  
What comfort to this great decay may come,  
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will resign  
During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power: to you, your rights,

[ To Edgar.]

With boot; and such addition as your honours  
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste  
The wages of their virtue, and all foes  
The cup of their deservings: O see, see ———

*Lear.* And my poor fool is hang'd: no, no, no life?  
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,  
And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,  
Never, never, never, never, never ———

Pray you undo this button. Thank you, Sir,

Do you see this? look on her, look on her lips,

Look there, look there ———

[ He Dies.]

*Edg.* He faints, my lord.

*Kent.* Break heart, I pr'ythee break.

*Edg.* Look to my lord.

*Kent.*

<sup>a</sup> first.

<sup>b</sup> Nor.

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost : o let him pass ! He hates  
him,

That would upon the rack of this rough world  
Stretch him out longer.

*Edg.* He is gone indeed.

*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long :  
He but usurpt his life.

*Alb.* Bear them from hence, our present business  
Is general woe : friends of my soul, you twain,  
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

*Kent.* I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go ;  
My master calls me, I must not say no. [Dies.]

*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must obey,  
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.  
The oldest hath born most ; we that are young  
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt with a dead march.]

*Edg.*

*The End of the Third Volume.*