

THE
WORKS

OF

Mr. William Shakespear.

VOLUME *the* SECOND.



LONDON:

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VOLUME *the* SECOND.

CONTAINING,

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S
DREAM.

The MERCHANT *of* VENICE.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The TAMING *of the* SHREW.

ALL'S WELL *that* ENDS WELL.



LOVE'S

Labour's Lost.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

Ferdinand, *King of Navarre.*

Biron, }
Longaville, } *three Lords attending upon the*
Dumain, } *King in his Retirement.*

Boyet, } *Lords attending upon the Princesses of*
Macard, } *France.*

Don Adriana de Armado, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

Nathaniel, *a Curate.*

Dull, *a Constable.*

Holofernes, *a Schoolmaster.*

Costard, *a Clown.*

Moth, *Page to Don Adriana de Armado.*

Princesses of France.

Rosaline, }
Maria, } *Ladies attending on the Princesses.*
Catherine, }

Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

*Officers and others Attendants upon the King
and Princesses.*

SCENE *the King of Navarre's
Palace, and the Country near it.*



Love's



Love's Labour's Lost.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the King, Biron, Longavile and Dumain:

K I N G.



ET Fame, that all hunt after in their
Lives;
Live registred upon our brazen Tombs;
And then grace us in the Disgrace of
Death:
When spight of cormorant devouring
Time,

Th' Endeavour of this present Breath may buy
That Honour which shall bate his Sythe's keen Edge,
And make us Heirs of all Eternity.

Therefore, brave Conquerors, for so you are,
That war against your own Affections,
And the huge Army of the World's Desires,
Our late Edict shall strongly stand in force;
Navarre shall be the Wonder of the World,
Our Court shall be a little Academy,
Still and contemplative in living Arts.

You three, *Biron, Dumain* and *Longavile*,
Have sworn for three Years Term to live with me
My Fellow Scholars, and to keep those Statutes
That are recorded in this Schedule here.

8. . . . LOVE'S Labour's lost.

Your Oaths are past, and now subscribe your Names:
That his own Hand may strike his Honour down,
That violates the smallest Branch herein:

If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep Oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three Years Fast:
The Mind shall banquet, tho' the Body pine;
Fat Paunches have lean Pates; and dainty Bits
Make rich the Ribs, but bankerout the Wits.

Dum. My loving Lord, *Dumain* is mortify'd:
The grosser manner of these World's Delights,
He throws upon the gross World's baser Slaves:
To Love, to Wealth, to Pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in Philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their Protestation over,
So much (dear Liege) I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three Years:
But there are other strict Observances;
As not to see a Woman in that Term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one Day in a Week to touch no Food;
And but one Meal on every Day beside;
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleep but three Hours in the Night,
And not be seen to wink of all the Day;
When I was wont to think no harm all Night,
And make a dark Night too of half the Day;
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren Tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your Oath is past to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my Liege, and if you please;
I only swore to study with your Grace,
And stay here in your Court for three Years Space.

Long. You swore to that *Biron*, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay Sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the End of Study, let me know?

King. Why that to know which else we should not
know.

Biron.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common Sense.

King. Ay, that is Study's God-like Recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the Thing I am forbid to know;
And thus to study where I well may dine;
When I to fast expressly am forbid:
Or study where to meet some Mistress fine,
When Mistresses from common Sense are hid:
Or having sworn too hard a keeping Oath,
Study to break it, and not break my Troth.
If Study's Gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the Stops that hinder Study quite,
And train our Intellects to vain Delight.

Biron. Why? all Delights are vain, and that most vain
Which with Pain purchas'd, doth inherit Pain;
As painfully to pore upon a Book,
To seek the Light of Truth, while Truth the while
Doth falsely blind the Eye-sight of his Look:
Light seeking Light, doth Light beguile;
So ere you find where Light in Darkness lyes,
Your Light grows dark by losing of your Eyes.
Study me how to please the Eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer Eye;
Who dazzling so, that Eye shall be his heed,
And give him Light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the Heaven's glorious Sun,
That will not be deep search'd with sawcy Looks;
Small have continual Plodders ever won,
Save base Authority from others Books.
These earthly Godfathers of Heaven's Lights,
That give a Name to every fixed Star,
Have no more Profit of their Shining Nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but Fame;
And every Godfather can give a Name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading.

Dim. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Long. He weeds the Corn, and still lets grow the Weeding.

Biron. The Spring is near when Green Geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his Place and Time.

Dum. In Reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in Rhime.

Long. *Biron* is like an envious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first-born Infants of the Spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud Summer boast,
Before the Birds have any Cause to sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive Birth?

At *Christmas* I no more desire a Rose,

Than with a Snow in *May's* new-fangled Shows:

But like of each thing that in Season grows.

So you to study now it is too late,

That were to climb o'er the House t'unlock the Gate.

King. Well, fit you out; go home *Biron*: Adieu.

Biron. No, my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you;
And though I have for Barbarism spoke more,

Than for that Angel Knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,

And bide the Penance of each three Years Day.

Give me the Paper, let me read the same,

And to the strict'st Decrees I'll write my Name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from Shame.

Biron. *Item*, That no Woman shall come within a Mile
of my Court.

Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four Days ago.

Biron. Let's see the Penalty.

On pain of losing her Tongue!

Who devis'd this Penalty?

Long. Marry that did I.

Biron. Sweet Lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread Penalty;
A dangerous Law against Gentility.

Item, If any Man be seen to talk with a Woman
within the term of three Years, he shall endure such
publick Shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly de-
vise.

Biron.

Biron. This Article my Liege your self must break,
For well you know here comes in Embassy
The *French* King's Daughter, with your self to speak,
A Maid of Grace and compleat Majesty,
About Surrender up of *Aquitain*
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid Father:
Therefore the Article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired Princess hither.

King. What say you, Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So Study evermore is overshoot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as Towns with Fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must of Force dispence with this Decree;
She must lye here on meer Necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three Years space:
For every Man with his Affects is born:
Not by Might master'd, but by special Grace.
If I break Faith, this Word shall break for me,
I am forsworn on meer Necessity.
So to the Laws at large I write my Name,
And he that breaks them in the least Degree,
Stands in Attainder of eternal Shame.

Suggestions are to others as to me;
But I believe although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his Oath:
But is there no quick Recreation granted?

King. Ay that there is; our Court you know is haunted
With a conceited Traveller of *Spain*,
A Man in all the World's new Fashions Planted,
That hath a Mint of Phrases in his Brain:
One whom the Musick of his own vain Tongue,
Doth ravish like inchanting Harmony:
A Man of Complements, whom Right and Wrong
Have chose an Umpire of their Mutiny.
This Child of Fancy, that *Armado* hight,
For interim of our Studies, shall relate

In high-born Words the worth of many a Knight:
 From tawny *Spain* lost in the World's Debate,
 How you delight my Lords, I know not, I;
 But I protest I love to hear him lie,
 And I will use him for my Minstrelle.

Biron. *Armado* is a most illustrious Wight,
 A man of Fire, new Words, Fashion's own Knight.

Long. *Costard* the Swain, and he, shall be our Sport;
 And to study, three Years is but short.

Enter Dull and Costard with a Letter.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own Person?

Biron. This, Fellow, what would'st?

Dull. I my self reprehend his own Person, for I am his
 Grace's Tharborough: But I would see his own Person in
 Flesh and Blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior *Arme*, *Arme* commends you.
 There's Villany abroad; this Letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the Contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A Letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Biron. How low soever the Matter, I hope in God for
 high Words.

Long. A high Hope for a low Heav'n; God grant us
 Patience.

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing.

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or to
 ferbear both.

Biron. Well Sir, be it as the Stile shall give us cause to
 climb in the Merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me Sir, as concerning *Faquenetta*.
 The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form, following, Sir, all those
 three. I was seen with her in the Mannor-house, sitting
 with her upon the Form, and taken following her into
 the Park; which put together, is in manner and form fol-
 lowing. Now Sir, for the manner: In the manner of a
 Man to speak to a Woman; for the form, in some form.

Biron. For the following, Sir.

Cost.

Cost. As it shall follow in my Correction, and God defend the right.

King. Will you hear this Letter with Attention?

Biron. As we would hear an Oracle.

Cost. Such is the Simplicity of Man to hearken after the Flesh.

King **G**reat Deputy, the Welkin's Vicegerent, and sole Do-
reads. **G**minator of Navarre, my Soul's Earth's God, and Bo-
dy's fostering Patron.—

Cost. Not a Word of Costard yet.

King. So it is.—

Cost. It maybe so; but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

King. Peace,—

Cost. Be to me, and every Man that dares not fight.

King. No Words,

Cost. Of other Mens Secrets I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured Melancholly, I did commend the black oppressing Humour to the most wholesome Physick of thy health-giving Air; and as I am a Gentleman, betook my self to walk: The Time when? about the sixth Hour, when Beasts most graze, Birds best peck, and Men sit down to that Nourishment which is call'd Supper: So much for the Time when. Now for the Ground which: which I mean I walkt upon; it is ycleped, thy Park. Then for the Place where, where I mean I did incounter that obscene and most preposterous Event that draweth from my Snow-white Pen the Ebon-colour'd Ink, which here thou viewest beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the Place where: It standeth North North East and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted Garden. There did I see that low-spirited Swain, that base Minnow of thy Mirth, (*Cost.* Me?) that unlettered small-knowing Soul, (*Cost.* Me?) that shallow Vassal, (*Cost.* Still me?) which as I remember, hight Costard, (*Cost.* O me!) sorted and consorted contrary to thy established proclaimed Edict and continent Canon: Which with — O with — but with this I passion to say wherewith:

Cost. With a Wench.

King. With a Child of our Grandmother Eve, a Female; or, for thy more understanding, a Woman; him, I (as my e-

ver esteem'd Duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of Punishment by thy sweet Grace's Officer, Anthony Dull, a Man of good repute, carriage, bearing and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker Vessel call'd) which I apprehend with the aforesaid Swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy Laws fury, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to a Trial. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of Duty,

Don Adriana de Armado.

Biron. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay the best for the worst. But Sirrah, What say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the Wench.

King. Did you hear the Proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a Year's Imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a Damofel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed Damofel.

Cost. This was no Damofel neither, Sir, she was a Virgin.

King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaim'd Virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her Virginity: I was taken with a Maid.

King. This Maid will not serve your turn, Sir.

Cost. This Maid will serve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce Sentence; you shall fast a Week with Bran and Water.

Cost. I had rather pray a Month with Mutton and Porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your Keeper.

My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er,

And go we Lords to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn. [Exeunt]

Biron. I'll lay my Head to any good Man's Hat;

These Oaths and Laws will prove an idle Scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Cost.

Cost. I suffer for the Truth Sir: For true it is, I was taken with *Faquenetta*, and *Faquenetta*, is a true Girl; and therefore welcome the four Cup of Prosperity: Affliction may one Day smile again, and until then sit down Sorrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Boy, what Sign is it when a Man of great Spirit grows Melancholy.

Moth. A great Sign, Sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why? Sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear Imp.

Moth. No, no, O Lord Sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part Sadness and Melancholy, my tender *Juvenile*?

Moth. By a familiar Demonstration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm. Why tough Signior? Why tough Signior?

Moth. Why tender *Juvenile*? Why tender *Juvenile*?

Arm. I spoke it tender *Juvenile*, as a congruent Epitheton, appertaining to thy young Days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent Title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir, I pretty, and my Saying apt? or I apt, and my Saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my Praise, Master?

Arm. In thy condign Praise.

Moth. I will praise an Eel with the same Praise.

Arm. What? that an Eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an Eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in Answers. Thou heat'st my Blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, Sir,

Arm. I love not to be crost.

Moth. He speaks the clean contrary, crosses Love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to study three Years with the Duke.

Moth.

16. Love's Labour's lost.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the Spirit of a Tapster.

Moth. You are a Gentleman and a Gamester.

Arm. I confess both, they are both the Varnish of a compleat Man

Moth. Then I am sure you know how much the gross Sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this such a piece of Study? Now here's three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how easie it is to put Yearsto the Word three, and study three Years in two Words, the Dancing-horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine Figure.

Moth. To prove you a Cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in Love; and as it is base for a Soldier to love, so am I in love with a base Wench. If drawing my Sword against the Humour of Affection, would deliver me from the reprobate Thought of it, I would take Desire Prisoner, and ransom him to any French Courtier for a new devis'd Curtsey. I think Scorn to sigh, methinks I should out-swear *Cupid*. Comfort me, Boy: What great Men have been in Love?

Moth. Hercules, Master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More Authority, dear Boy. name more; and sweet my Child, let them be Men of good Repute and Carriage.

Moth. Sampson, Master, he was a Man of good Carriage, great Carriage; for he carried the Town Gates on his Back like a Porter, and he was in Love.

Arm. O well knit Sampson, strong-jointed Sampson; I do excel thee in my Rapier, as much as thou did'st me in carry-in Gates. I am in Love too. Who was Sampson's Love, my dear *Moth*.

Moth. A Woman, Master.

Arm. Of what Complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what Complexion?

Moth. Of the Sea-water Green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four Complexions?

Moth. As I have read, Sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the Colour of Lovers; but to have a Love of that Colour, methinks *Sampson* had small Reason for it. He surely affected her for her Wit.

Moth. It was so, Sir, for she had a green Wit.

Arm. My Love is most immaculate White and Red.

Moth. Most immaculate Thoughts, Master, are mask'd under such Colours.

Arm. Define, define, well educated Infant.

Moth. My Father's Wit and my Mother's Tongue assist me.

Arm. Sweet Invocation of a Child, most pretty and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of White and Red,
Her Faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing Cheeks by Faults are bred,
And Fears by pale white shown;
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her Cheeks possess the same,
Which Native she doth owe.

A dangerous Rime, Master, against the Reason of White and Red.

Arm. Is there not a Ballad, Boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The World was guilty of such a Ballad some three Ages since, but I think now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither serve for the Writing, nor the Tune.

Arm. I will have that Subject newly writ o'er that I may example my Digression by some mighty President. Boy, I do love that Country Girl that I took in the Park with the Rational Hind *Costard*; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd, and yet a better Love than my Master.

Arm. Sing Boy, my Spirit grows heavy in Love.

Moth.

Moth. And that's great Marvel, loving a light Wench.

Arm. I say sing.

Moth. Forbear 'till this Company be past.

Enter Costard, Dull, Jaquenetta and Maid.

Dull. Sir, the Duke's Pleasure is, that you keep *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no Delight, nor no Penance, but he must fast three Days a Week; for this Damsel, I must keep her at the Park, she is allow'd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. [Exit.]

Arm. I do betray my self with blushing: Maid.

Faq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Faq. That's here by.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Faq. Lord how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee Wonders.

Faq. With that Face?

Arm. I love thee.

Faq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Maid. Fair Weather after you.

Come *Jaquenetta*, away. [Exeunt.]

Arm. Villain thou shalt fast for thy Offence ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, Sir, I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a full Stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punish'd.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your Fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this Villain, shut him up.

Moth. Come you transgressing Slave, away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, Sir, I will be fast being loose.

Moth. No, Sir, that were fast and loose; thou shalt to Prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry Days of Desolation that I have seen, some shall see —

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for Prisoners to be silent in their Words,
and

and therefore I will say nothing; I thank God, I have as little Patience as another Man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[Exit.

Arm. I do affect the very Ground (which is base) where her Shoe (which is baser) guided by her Foot (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great Argument of Falshood, if I Love. And how can that be true Love, which is falsly attempted? Love is a Familiar, Love is a Devil; there is no evil Angel but Love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent Strength; yet was *Solomon* so seduced, and he had a very good Wit: *Cupid's* But-shaft is too hard for *Hercules'* Club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard's* Rapier; the first and second Cause will not serve my turn; the *Passado* he respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his Disgrace is to be call'd Boy; but his Glory is to subdue Men. Adieu Valour, rust Rapier, be still Drum, for your Manager is in Love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal God of Rime; for I am sure I shall turn Sonnet. Devise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole Volumes in Folio.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Catherine, Boyet, Lords and other Attendants.

Boyet. NOW, Madam, summon up your dearest Spirits,
 Consider whom the King your Father sends;
 To whom he sends, and what's his Embassy.
 Your self, held precious in the World's Esteem,
 To parley with the sole Inheritor
 Of all Perfections that a Man may owe,
 Matchless *Navarre*; the Plea of no less weight
 Than *Aquitain*, a Dowry for a Queen.
 Be now as prodigal of all dear Grace,
 As Nature was in making Graces dear,
 When she did starve the general World beside,
 And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prim.

Prim. Good Lord *Boyet*, my Beauty though but mean,
 Need not the painted flourish of your Praise;
 Beauty is bought by Judgment of the Eye.
 Not utter'd by base Sale of Chapmens Tongues.
 I am less proud to hear you tell my Worth,
 Than you much willing to be counted wise,
 In spending thus your Wit in Praise of mine.
 But now to task the Tasker; good *Boyet*.
 You are not ignorant, all-telling Fame
 Doth noise abroad, *Navarre* hath made a Vow,
 'Till painful Study shall out-wear three Years,
 No Woman may approach his silent Court;
 Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden Gates,
 To know his Pleasure; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your Worthiness, we single you
 As our best moving fair Solicitor.
 Tell him the Daughter of the King of *France*;
 On serious Business, craving quick Dispatch,
 Importunes personal Conference with his Grace.
 Haste, signifie so much, while we attend,
 Like humble visag'd Sutors, his high Will.

Boyet. Proud of Imployment, willingly I go. [Exit.]

Prim. All Pride is willing. Pride, and yours is so;
 Who are the Votaries, my loving Lords,
 That are Vow-fellows with this virtuous Duke?

Lor. *Longavile* is one.

Prim. Know you the Man?

Mar. I knew him, Madam, at a Marriage Feast;
 Between Lord *Perigort*, and the beauteous Heir
 Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* solemnized.

In *Normandy* saw I this *Longavile*,

A Man of Sovereign Parts he is esteem'd;

Well fitted in the Arts, glorious in Arms,

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well,

The only Soil of his fair Virtue's Gloss,

(If Virtue's Gloss will stain with any Soil.)

Is a sharp Wit match'd with too blunt a Will;

Whose Edge hath Power to cut, whose Will still wills

It should spare none that come within his Power.

Prim.

Prin. Some merry-mocking Lord-belike, is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his Humours know;

Prin. Such short-liv'd Wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

Cath. The young *Dumain*, a well accomplish'd Youth,
Of all that Virtue love, for Virtue lov'd.

Most Power to do most harm, least knowing ill;

For he hath Wit to make an ill Shape good,

And Shape to win Grace, tho' he had no Wit,

I saw him at the Duke *Alanzon's* once,

And much too little of that Good I saw,

Is my Report to his great Worthiness.

Rosa. Another of these Students at that time,

Was there with him, as I have heard a Truth;

Biron they call him: But a merrier Man,

Within the Limit of becoming Mirth,

I never spent an Hour's Talk withal.

His Eye begets occasion for Wit,

For every Object that the one doth catch,

The other turns to a Mirth-moving Jest.

Which his fair Tongue (Conceit's Expositor)

Delivers in such apt and gracious Words,

That aged Ears play Truant at his Tales,

And younger Hearings are quite ravished;

So sweet and valuable is his Discourse.

Prin. God bless my Ladies, are they all in love,

That every one her own hath garnished,

With such bedecking Ornaments of Praise?

Mar. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what Admittance, Lord?

Boyet. *Navarre* had Notice of your fair Approach;

And he and his Competitors in Oath,

Were all addrest to meet you, gentle Lady,

Before I came: Marry thus I have learnt,

He rather means to lodge you in the Field,

Like one that comes here to besiege his Court,

Than seek a Dispensation for his Oath,

To let you enter his unpeopled House.

Here comes *Navarre*.

Enter

22 LOVE'S *Labour's* lost.

Enter the King, Longavile, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the Court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair I give you back again, and welcome I have not yet: The Roof of this Court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide Fields, too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, Madam, to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither:

King. Hear me, dear Lady, I have sworn an Oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my Lord, he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the World, fair Madam, by my Will.

Prin. Why, will shall break its will, and nothing else.

King. Your Ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his Ignorance were wise,
Where now his Knowledge must prove Ignorance,
I hear your Grace hath sworn out House-keeping:
'Tis deadly Sin to keep that Oath, my Lord:
And Sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me;
Vouchsafe to read the Purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my Suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Rosa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Biron. I know you did.

Rosa. How needless was it then to ask the Question?

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Rosa. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such Questions.

Biron. Your Wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Rosa. Not 'till it leave the Rider in the Mire.

Biron. What Time a Day?

Rosa. The Hour that Fools should ask.

Biron. Now Fair befall your Mask.

Rosa. Fair fall the Face it covers.

Biron. And send you many Lovers.

Rosa. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay then will I be gone.

King.

King. Madam, your Father here doth intimate
 The Payment of a hundred thousand Crowns;
 Being but th' one half of an intire Sum,
 Disburfed by my Father in his Wars.
 But say that he, or we, as neither have,
 Receiv'd that Sum; yet there remains unpaid
 A hundred thousand more; in Surety of the which,
 One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
 Although not valu'd to the Mony's worth:
 If then the King your Father will restore
 But that one Half which is unsatisfy'd,
 We will give up our Right in *Aquitain*,
 And hold fair Friendship with his Majesty:
 But that it seems he little purposeth,
 For here he doth demand to have repaid
 An hundred thousand Crowns, and not remembers
 One Payment of an hundred thousand Crowns,
 To have his Title live in *Aquitain*;
 Which we much rather had depart withal,
 And have the Mony by our Father lent,
 Than *Aquitain*, so gueldded as it is.
 Dear Princess, were not his Requests so far
 From Reason's yielding, your fair self should make
 A yielding 'gainst some Reason in my Breast,
 And go well satisfied to *France* again.

Prin. You do the King my Father too much Wrong,
 And wrong the Reputation of your Name,
 In so unseeming to confess Receipt
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
 And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
 Or yield up *Aquitain*.

Prin. We arrest your Word:
Boyet, you can produce Acquittances
 For such a Sum, from special Officers
 Of *Charles* his Father.

King. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the Packet is not come,
 Where that and other Specialties are bound:
 To Morrow you shall have a Sight of them.

King.

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King. It shall suffice me; at which Interview,
All liberal Reason would I yield unto:
Mean time receive such welcome at my Hand,
As Honour, without Breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true Worthiness.
You may not come, fair Princess, in my Gates,
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem your self lodg'd in my Heart,
Tho' so deny'd farther Harbour in my House:
Your own good Thoughts excuse me, and farewell;
To Morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet Health and fair Desires comfort your Grace.

King. Thy own Wish, with I thee, in every Place. [*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own Heart.

Rosa. Pray you do my Commendations;
I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Rosa. Is the Soul sick?

Biron. Sick at the Heart.

Rosa. Alack, let it Blood,

Biron. Would that do it good?

Rosa. My Physick says ay.

Biron. Will you prick't with your Eye.

Rosa. No poynt, with my Knife.

Biron. Now God save thy Life.

Rosa. And yours from long living.

Biron. I cannot stay Thanksgiving. [*Exit.*

Enter Dumain.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a Word; What Lady is that same?

Biron. The Heir of *Alanson*, *Rosaline* her Name.

Dum. A gallant Lady; Monsieur fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Longavile.

Long. I beseech you a Word: What is she in white?

Boyet. A Woman sometimes, if you saw her in the Light:

Long. Perchance Light in the Light: I desire her Name.

Boyet. She hath but one for her self;

To desire that were a Shame.

Long. Pray you Sir, whose Daughter?

Boyet. Her Mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's Blessing on your Beard.

Boyet.

Boyet. Good Sir be not offended.
She is an Heir of Faulconbridge.

Long. Nay, my Choller is ended:
She is a most sweet Lady.

Boyet. Not unlike Sir, that may be. [Exit Long.
Enter Biron.

Biron. What's her Name in the Cap?

Boyet. Katherine by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded or no?

Boyet. To her Will, Sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome Sir: Adieu. [Exit Biron.

Boyet. Farewel to me Sir, and welcome to you.

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry Mad-cap Lord;
Not a Word with him but a Jest.

Boyet. And every Jest but a Word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot Sheeps, marry;

Boyet. And wherefore not Ships?

No Sheep (sweet Lamb) unless we feed on your Lips.

Mar. You Sheep, and I Pasture; shall that finish the Jest?

Boyet. So you grant Pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, gentle Beast;

My Lips are no Common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my Fortunes and me.

Prin. Good Wits will be jangling; but Gentles agree.

This Civil War of Wits were much better us'd

On Navarre and his Book-Men; for here 'tis abus'd.

Boyet. If my Observation (which very seldom lyes,

By the Heart's still Rhetorick, disclosed with Eyes)

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we Lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your Reason?

Boyet. Why all his Behaviours do make their Retire

To the Court of his Eye, peeping thorough Desire:

His Heart like an Agat with your Print impressed;

Proud with his Form, in his Eye Pride expressed:

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His Tongue all impatient to speak and not see,
 Did stumble with haste in his Eye-sight to be:
 All Senses to that Sense did make their Repair,
 To feel only looking on Fairest of fair;
 Methought all his Senses were lock'd in his Eye,
 As Jewels in Chrystal for some Prince to buy:
 Who tending their own Worth from whence they were
 Did point out to buy them along as you past. [glast,
 His Faces own Margent did quote such Amazes,
 That all Eyes saw his Eyes enchanted with Gazes:
 I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
 And you give him for my sake but one loving Kiss.

Prim. Come to our Pavillion, *Boyet* is dispos'd.

Boyet. But to speak that in Words which his Eye hath
 I only have made a Mouth of his Eye, [disclos'd;
 By adding a Tongue which I know will not lie.

Rosa. Thou art an old Love-monger, and speakest skil-
 fully.

Mar. He is *Cupid's* Grandfather, and learns News of
 him.

Rosa. Then was *Venus* like her Mother, for her Father
 is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad Wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Rosa. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [Exit.

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

Enter Armado and Moth.

S O N G.

Arm. **W**Arble Child, make passionate my Sense of
 hearing.

Moth. Concolinel. —

Arm.

Arm. Sweet Air; go Tenderness of Years; take this Key, give Inlargement to the Swain; bring him festinate-ly hither: I must imploy him in a Letter to my Love.

Moth. Will you win your Love with a *French* Braul?

Arm. How mean'st thou, brauling in *French*?

Moth. No my compleat Master, but to Jig off a Tune at the Tongue's End, canary to it with the Feet, humour it with turning up your Eye; sigh a Note and sing a Note, sometimes through the Throat: If you swallow'd Love with Singing, love sometime through the Nose, as if you snuft up Love by smelling Love, with your Hat Penthouse-like o'er the Shop of your Eyes, with your Arms crost on your thinbelly Doublet, (like a Rabbet on a Spit) or your Hands in your Pocket, like a Man after the old Painting, and keep not too long in one Tune, but a Snip and away: These are Complements, these are Humours, these betray nice Wenches that would be betray'd without these, and make them Men of Note: Do you note, Men that most are affected to these?

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this Experience?

Moth. By my Pen of Observation.

Arm. But O, but O —

Moth. The Hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Call'st thou my Love Hobby-horse?

Moth. No Master, the Hobby-Horse is but a Colt, and your Love perhaps a Hackney:

But have you forgot your Love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent Student, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, Boy.

Moth. And out of Heart, Master: All those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A Man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without, upon the Instant: In Heart you love her, because your Heart is in love with her; and out of Heart you love her, being out of Heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three Times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

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Arm. Fetch hither the Swain, he must carry me a Letter.

Moth. A Message well simpathiz'd; a Horse to be Embassador for an Ass.

Arm. Ha, ha; what say'st thou?

Moth. Marry Sir, you must send the Ass upon the Horse, for he is very slow gated: But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as Lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy Meaning, pretty Ingenious? is not Lead a Metal heavy, dull and slow?

Moth. *Minimè* honest Master, or rather Master no.

Arm. I say Lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift Sir, to say so.

Is that Lead slow, Sir, which is fir'd from a Gun?

Arm. Sweet Smoak of Rhetorick;

He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he: I shoot thee at the Swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly. [Exit.

Arm. A most acute *Juvenile*, voluble and free of Grace; By thy Favour, sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy Face. Most rude Melancholly, Valour gives thee Place. My Herald is return'd.

Enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A Wonder, Master, here's a *Costard* broken in a Shin.

Arm. Some Enigma, some Riddle, no *Lenvoy*, begin.

Cost. No Egma, no Riddle, no *Lenvoy*, no Salve, in the Male, Sir. O. Sir, Plantan, a plain Plantan; no *Lenvoy*, no *Lenvoy*, or Salve, Sir, but Plantan.

Arm. By Vertue thou inforcest Laughter, thy silly Thought, my Spleen, the heaving of my Lungs provokes me to ridiculous Smiling: O pardon me my Stars, doth the inconsiderate take Salve for *Lenvoy*, and the word *Lenvoy* for a Salve?

Moth. Do the Wise think them other, is not *Lenvoy* a Salve? [plain

Arm. No Page, it is an Epilogue or Discourse, to make Some obscure Precedence that hath tofore been fain. Now will I begin your Moral, and do you follow with my *Lenvoy*. The

The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the Goose came out of Door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

A good *Lenvoy*, ending in the Goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The Boy hath sold him a Bargain, a Goose that's flat,
Sir your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a Bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.
Let me see a fat *Lenvoy*, I that's a fat Goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither;
How did this Argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a Skin.
Then call'd you for a *Lenvoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a Plantan;
Thus came your Argument in;
Then the Boys fat *Lenvoy*, the Goose that you bought,
And He ended the Market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard* broken in a Skin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*,
I will speak that *Lenvoy*.

I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the Threshold, and broke my Skin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this Matter.

Cost. 'Till there be more Matter in the Skin.

Arm. Sirrah, *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Cost. O, Marry me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Lenvoy*,
some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet Soul, I mean setting thee at Liberty.
Enfreedoming thy Person; thou wert immur'd, restrained,
captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true, and now you will be my Purgation,
and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy Liberty, set thee from durance, and
in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this; bear this
significant to the Country-Maid *Faquetta*; there is Re-
muneration, for the best ward of mine Honours is reward-
ing my Dependants. *Moth*, follow.—

[Exit.

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Moth. Like the Sequel I.

Signior Costard adieu.

[*Exit.*

Cost. My sweet Ounce of Man's Flesh, my in-cony *Few*:
Now will I look to his Remuneration.

Remuneration, O, that's the Latin Word for three Farthings: Three Farthings Remuneration, What's the Price of this Inkle? a Penny. No, I'll give you a Remuneration: Why? It carries its Remuneration: Why? It is a fairer Name than a French-Crown. I will never buy and sell out of this Word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O my good Knave *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you Sir, how much Carnation Ribbon may a Man buy for a Remuneration?

Biron. What is a Remuneration?

Cost. Marry Sir, half-penny Farthing.

Biron. O, why then three Farthings worth of Silk.

Cost. I thank your Worship, God be with you.

Biron. O stay Slave, I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my Favour, my good Knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall intreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O this Afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it Sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why Villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your Worship to Morrow Morning.

Biron. It must be done this Afternoon.

Hark Slave, it is but this:

The Princess comes to hunt here in the Park:

And in her Train there is a gentle Lady;

When Tongues speak sweetly, then they name her Name,

And *Rosalme* they call her; ask for her,

And to her white Hand see thou do commend

This seal'd up Counsel. There's thy Guerdon; go.

Cost. Guerdon, O sweet Guerdon, better than Remuneration, eleven Pence Farthing better: Most sweet Guerdon. I will do it, Sir, in Print: Guerdon, Remuneration.

[*Exit.*

Biron.

Biron. O! and I forsooth in Love,
 I that have been Love's Whip;
 A very Beadle to a humorous Sigh: A Critick;
 Nay, a Night-watch Constable.
 A domineering Pedant o'er the Boy,
 Than whom no Mortal more magnificent.
 This whimpled, whining, purblind wayward Boy;
 This Signior *Juno's* Giant Dwarf, *Don Cupid*,
 Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded Arms,
 Th' anointed Sovereign of Sighs and Groans:
 Leige of all Loyterers, and Malcontents:
 Dread Prince of Plackets, King of Codpieces.
 Sole Imperator, and Great General
 Of trotting Parators (O my little Heart!)
 And I to be a Corporal of his Field,
 And wear his Colours like a Tumbler's Hoop!
 What? I love! I sue! I seek a Wife,
 A Woman, that is like a *German* Clock,
 Still a repairing; ever out of Frame,
 And never going aright, being but a Watch,
 But being watch'd, that it may still go right.
 Nay to be perjur'd, which is worst of all:
 And among three, to love the worst of all,
 A whitely Wanton with a Velvet Brow,
 With two Pitch Balls stuck in her Face for Eyes,
 Ay, and by Heav'n, one that will do the Deed,
 Tho' *Argus* were her Eunuch and her Guard;
 And I to fight for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! go too: It is a Plague
 That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect.
 Of his almighty, dreadful, little Might.
 Well, I will love, write, fight, pray, sue and groan,
 Some Men must love my Lady, and some *Joan*. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catherine, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. WAS that the King that spur'd his Horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the Hill?

Boyet. I know not, but I think it was not he.

Prin. Who e'er he was, he shew'd a mounting Mind.

Well Lords, to Day we shall have our dispatch,
On Saturday we will return to France.

Then *Forester*, my Friend, where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the Murtherer in?

For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my Beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? First praise me, then again say no.

O short-liv'd Pride! Not Fair? alack for wo!

For. Yes Madam, Fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now,

Where Fair is not, Praise cannot mend the Brow.

Here, good my Glafs, take this for telling true;

Fair Payment for foul Words is more than due.

For. Nothing but Fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my Beauty will be sav'd by Merit.

O Herefie in fair, fit for these Days,

A giving Hand, though foul, shall have fair Praise.

But come, the Bow; now Mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well, is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my Credit in the shoot,

Not wounding, Pity would not let me do't:

If wounding, then it was to shew my Skill,

That more for Praise than Purpose meant to kill.

And out of Question, so it is sometimes,

Glory grows guilty of detested Crimes,

When for Fame's sake to praise an outward Part,

We bend to that, the working of the Heart.

As I for Praise alone now seek to spill
The poor Deer's Blood, that my Heart means no Ill.

Boyet. Do not curst Wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for Praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their Lords?

Prin. Only for Praise, and Praise we may afford
To any Lady that subdues her Lord.

Enter Costard.

Boyet. Here comes a Member of the Common-wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
Lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, Fellow, by the rest that
have no Heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest? it is so, truth is truth.
And your Waste, Mistress; were as slender as my Wit,
One a these Maids Girdles for your Waste should be fit.
Are not you the chief Woman? You are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your Will, Sir? What's your Will?

Cost. I have a Letter from Monsieur *Biron*,
To one Lady *Rosaline*.

Prin. O thy Letter, thy Letter: He's a good Friend of
Stand aside, good Bearer. [mine.

Boyet, you can carve,
Break up this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.

This Letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to *Faquenetta*.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

Break the Neck of the Wax, and every one give Ear.

Boyet reads.

BY Heaven, that thou art Fair, is most infallible; true
that thou art Beauteous; Truth it self that thou art
Lovely; more fairer than Fair, beautiful than Beauteous,
truer than Truth it self; have Commiseration on thy he-
roical Vassal. The magnanimous and most illustrate King
Cophetua set Eye upon the pernicious and indubitate

Beggar *Zenclophon*; and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici*; which to Anatomize in the Vulgar, (O base and obscure Vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw and overcame; he came one, saw two, overcome three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the Beggar. What saw he? the Beggar. Who overcame he? the Beggar. The Conclusion is Victory; On whose side? the King's; the Captive is enrich'd: On whose side? the Beggar's. The Catastrophe is a Nuptial: On whose side? the King's? No, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for so stands the Comparison) thou the Beggar, for so witnesseth thy Lowliness. Shall I command thy Love? I may. Shall I enforce thy Love? I could. Shall I entreat thy Love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for Rags? Robes; for Tittles? Titles; for thy self? me. Thus expecting thy Reply, I prophane my Lips on thy Foot, my Eyes on thy Picture, and my Heart on thy every Part.

Thine in the dearest design of Industry,

Don Adriana de Armado.

Thus dost thou near the *Nemean* Lion roar
 'Gainst thee thou Lamb, that standest as his Prey:
 Submissive fall his princely Feet before,
 And he from Forage will incline to play.

But if thou strive (poor Soul) what art thou then?
 Food for his Rage, Repasture for his Den.

Prim. What Plume of Feather is he that indited this
 Letter? What Vane? What Weathercock? Did you ever
 hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the *Stile*.

Prim. Else your Memory is bad, going o'er it ere while.

Boyet. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in Court,
 A Phantasme, a Monarcho, and one that makes Sport
 To the Prince and his Book-mates.

Prim. Thou Fellow, a Word.

Who gave thee this Letter?

Cost. I told you, my Lord:

Prim.

Prin. To whom should'st thou give it?

Cost. From my Lord to my Lady.

Prin. From which Lord to which Lady?

Cost. From my Lord *Berown*, a good Master of mine,
To a Lady of *France* that he call'd *Rosaline*.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his Letter. Come Lords away:
Here Sweet, put up this, 'twill be thine another Day.

[*Exeunt.*

Boyet. Who is the Shooter? who is the Shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my Continent of Beauty.

Rosa. Why she that bears the Bow. Finely put off.

Boyet. My Lady goes to kill Horns; but if thou marry,
Hang me by the Neck, if Horns that Year miscarry.
Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the Shooter.

Boyet. And who is your Deer?

Rosa. If we chuse by Horns, your self; come not near.
Finely put on indeed.

Mar. You still wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she strikes
at the Brow.

Boyet. But she her self is hit lower.

Have I hit her now?

Rosa. Shall I come upon thee with an old Saying, that
was a Man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little Boy,
as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was
a Woman, when Queen *Guinover* of *Britain* was a little
Wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it.
Thou can'st not hit it, my good Man.

Boyet. I cannot, cannot, cannot.
And I cannot another can.

[*Exit Rosa.*

Cost. By my troth most pleasant, how both of them hit it.

Mar. A Mark marvellous well shot; for they both did
hit it.

Boyet. A Mark, O mark but that Mark! a Mark, it
my Lady.

Let the Mark have a Prick in't, to meet at, it it may.

Mar. Wide o'th bow Hand, i'faith your Hand is a

Cost. Indeed a'must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the Clout.

Boyet. And if my Hand be out, then belike your Hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the Pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your Lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at Pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good night. my good Owl.

Cost. By my Soul a Swain, a most simple Clown.

Lord, Lord! how the Ladies and I have put him down.

O' my troth most sweet Jests, most incony vulgar Wit, When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armado o'th' one side, O a most dainty Man.

To see him walk before a Lady, and to bear her Fan:

To see him kiss his Hand, and how most sweetly he will swear:

And his Page o' t'other side, that handful of Wit,

Ah Heav'ns! it is a most pathological Nit.

Sowla, Sowla!

[*Exeunt.*]

Shout within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverent Sport truly, and done in the Testimony of a good Conscience.

Hol. The Deer was (as you know) *sanguis* in Blood, ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangerh like a Jewel in the Ear of *Cælo* the Sky, the Welkin the Heav'n and anon falleth like a Crab on the Face of *Terra*, the Soil, the Land, the Earth.

Nath. Truly Master *Holofernes*, the Epithetes are sweetly varied like a Schollar at the least: But, Sir, I assure ye, it was a Buck of the first Head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous Intimation; yet a kind of Insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of Explication *facere*, as it were Replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were

were his Inclination after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed Fashion, to insert again my *hand credo* for a Deer.

Dull. I said the Deer was not a *hand credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod Simplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou Monster Ignorance, how deformed doest thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the Dainties that are bred in a Book.

He hath not eat Paper as it were;

He hath not drunk Ink.

His Intellect is not replenished, he is only an Animal, only sensible in the duller parts; and such barren Plants are set before us, that we thankful should be; which we taste, and feeling, are for those Parts that do fructifie in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a Fool;

So were there a Patch set on Learning, to see him in a School.

But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Father's Mind, Many can brook the Weather that love not the Wind.

Dull. You two are Book-men; Can you tell by your Wit, what was a Month old at *Caius* Birth, that's not five Weeks old as yet?

Hol. *Diſinna* Good-man *Dull*, *Diſinna* Good-man *Dull*:

Dull. What is *Diſinna*?

Nath. A Title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon*.

Hol. The *Moon* was a Month old when *Adam* was no more.

And wrought not to five Weeks when he came to fivescore. Th' Allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed, the Collusion holds in the Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy Capacity, I say the Allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dull. And I say the Pollution holds in the Exchange; for the *Moon* is never but a Month old; and I say beside 'twas a Pricket that the Princess kill'd.

Hol.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal Epitaph on the Death of the Deer, and to humour the Ignorant, I have call'd the Deer the Princess kill'd, a Pricket.

Nath. *Perge* good Master *Holofernes*, *Perge*, so it shall please you to abrogate Scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the Letter, for it argues Facility.

*The-praiseful Princess pierc'd and prickt
a pretty pleasing Pricket:
Some say a Sore, but not a Sore,
'till now made sore with shooting
The Dogs did yell, put Ell to Sore,
then Sorrel jumps from Thicket;
Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
the People fall a hooting.
If Sore be Sore, then Ell to Sore,
makes fifty Sores, O Sorell!
Of one Sore I an hundred make,
by adding but one more L.*

Nath. A rare Talent.

Dull. If a Talent be a Claw, look how he claws him with a Talent.

Hol. This is a Gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant Spirit, full of Forms, Figures, Shapes, Objects, Ideas, Apprehensions, Motions, Revolutions. These are begot in the Ventricle of Memory, nourish'd in the Womb of *Pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of Occasion; but the Gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my Parishioners, for their Sons are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good Member of the Common-wealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, If their Sons be ingenuous; they shall want no Instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*, a Soul Feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good Morrow, Master Parson.

Hol.

Hol. Master Parson, *quasi* Person. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry Master School-master, he that is likest to a Hoghead:

Hol. Of piercing a Hoghead, a good Cluster of Conceit in a Turf of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearl enough for a Swine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

Faq. Good Master Parson be so good as read me this Letter; it was given me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*. I beseech you read it.

Nath. *Fauste precor. gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speak of thee as the Traveller doth of *Venice*; *Venachi, venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piaech*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who understandeth thee not, *ut resol la mi fa*.

Hol. Under pardon Sir, What are the Contents? or rather, as *Horace* says in his: What! my Soul! Verses!

Nath. Ay Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a Staff, a Stanza, a Verse; *Lege Domine*.

Nath. If Love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to Love?

Ah, never Faith could hold, if not to Beauty vow'd;
Though to my self forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove,
Those Thoughts to me were Oaks, to thee like Officers
bow'd.

Study his Biass leaves, and makes his Book thine Eyes;
Where all those Pleasures live, that Art would comprehend,
If Knowledge be the Mark, to know thee shall suffice,
Well learned is that Tongue, that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that Soul, that sees thee without Wonder;
Which is to me some Praise, that I thy Parts admire;
Thy Eye *Jove's* Lightning bears, thy Voice is dreadful
Thunder;

Which not to Anger bent, is Musick, and sweet Fire.
Celestial as thou art, Oh pardon, Love, this Wrong,
That sings Heav'ns Praise with such an Earthly Tongue:

Hol. You find not the *Apostrophes*, and so miss the Accent. Let me supervise the Cangenet. *Nath.*

Nath. Here are only Numbers ratify'd, but for the Elegancy, Facility, and golden Cadence of Poésie *caret*: *Ovidius Naso* was the Man. And why indeed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous Flowers of Fancy? The Jerks of Invention imitary is nothing: So doth the Hound his Master, the Ape his Keeper, the tir'd Horse his Rider: But *Damosella Virgin*, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay Sir, from one Monsieur *Biron*, one of the strange Queen's Lords.

Nath. I will overglance the Superfcript.
To the snow-white Hand of the most beauteous Lady, *Rosaline*. I will look again on the Intellect of the Letter, for the Nomination of the Party writing, to the Person written unto.

Your Ladyship's in all desir'd Employment, Biron.

Dull. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Biron* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath fram'd a Letter to a Sequent of the stranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of Progression. hath miscarry'd. Trip and go my sweet; deliver this Paper into the Hand of the King; it may concern much; stay not thy Complement; I forgive thy Duty: Adieu.

Jaq. Good *Costard* go with me.
Sir, God save your Life.

Cost. Have with thee, my Girl. [*Exe. Cost. and Jaq.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the Fear of God, very Religiously: and as a certain Father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the Father, I do fear colourable Colours. But to return to the Verses: Did they please you, Sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marvellous well for the Pen.

Hol. I do dine to Day at the Father's of a certain Pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the Table with a Grace: I will on my Priviledge I have with the Parents of the foresaid Child or Pupil, undertake your *benvenuto*, where will I prove those Verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of Poetry, Wit or Invention. I beseech your Society.

Nath.

Nath. And thank you too: for Society (saith the Text) is the Happiness of Life.

Hol. And certes the Text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *Pauca verba.*

Away, the Gentles are at their Game, and we will to our Recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Biron with a Paper in his Hand, alone.

Biron. The King is hunting the Deer.
I am coursing my self.

They have pitcht a Toyl, I am toyling in a Pitch, Pitch that defiles; defile, a foul Word: Well, set thee down Sorrow; for so they say the Fool said, and so say I, and I the Fool. Well prov'd Wit. By the Lord this Love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills Sheep, it kills me, I a Sheep. Well prov'd again on my Side. I will not love; If I do, hang me: I'faith I will not. O but her Eye: By this Light, but for her Eye, I would not love; yes, for her two Eyes. Well I do nothing in the World but lie, and lie in my Throat. By Heaven I do love, and it hath taught me to Rhime, and to be Melancholly; and here is part of my Rhime, and here my Melancholly. Well she hath one o' my Sonnets already; the Clown bore it, the Fool sent it, and the Lady hath it: Sweet Clown, sweeter Fool, sweetest Lady! By the World, I would not care a Pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a Paper God give him Grace to groan. [*He stands aside.*]

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. Shot, by Heav'n! Proceed, sweet *Cupid*; thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt under the left Pap: In faith Secrets.

King. So sweet a Kiss the golden Sun gives not,
To those fresh Morning Drops upon the Rose,
As thy Eye-beams when their fresh Rays have smote
The Night of Dew that on my Cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver Moon one half so bright,
Through the Transparent Bosom of the Deep,
As doth thy Face through Tears of mine give Light;
Thou shin'st in every Tear that I do weep;

No

No Drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee,
 So ridest thou triumphing in my Wee.
 Do but behold the Tears that swell in me,
 And they thy Glory through my Grief will shew;
 But do not love thy self, then thou wilt keep
 My Tears from Glasses, and still make me weep.
 O Queen of Queens, how far do'st thou excel!
 No Thought can think, nor Tongue of Mortal tell.
 How she shall know my Griefs? I'll drop the Paper;
 Sweet Leaves shade Folly. Who is he comes here?

Enter Longavile. [The King steps aside.

What! *Longavile!* and reading: Listen Ear.

Biron. Now in thy Likeness one more Fool appears.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn.

Biron. Why he comes in like a Perjur'd, wearing Papers.

King. In Love I hope, sweet Fellowship in Shame.

King. One Drunkard loves another of the Name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so? (know;

Biron. I could put thee in Comfort: Not by two that I
 Thou mak'st the Triumvir, the three Corner-Cap of
 Society,

The Shape of Loves *Tiburn*, that hangs up Simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn Lines lack Power to move:
 O sweet *Maria*, Empress of my Love.

These Numbers will I tear, and write in Prose.

Biron. O Rhimes are Guards on wanton *Cupid's* Hose:
 Disfigure not his Shop.

Long. This same shall go. *[He reads the Sonnet.*

*Did not the heavenly Rhetorick of thine Eye
 'Gainst whom the World cannot hold Argument;
 Perswade my Heart to this false Perjury?
 Vows for thee broke deserve not Punishment:
 A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,
 Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee.
 My Vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly Love:
 Thy Grace being gain'd, cures all Disgrace in me.
 Vows are but Breath, and Breath a Vapour is,
 Then thou fair Sun, which on my Earth dost shine,
 Exhal'st this Vapour-Vow; in thee it is;
 If broken then, it is no Fault of my mine;*

If

*If by me broke, what Fool is not so wise,
To lose an Oath to win a Paradise?*

Biron. This is the Liver-vein, which makes Flesh a Deity:
A green Goose a Goddess, pure, pure Idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this! (Company?) Stay.

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant Play;
Like a Demy God, here sit I in the Sky:
And wretched Fools Secrets headfully o'er eye:
More Sacks to the Mill! O Heav'ns I have my Wish,
Dumain transform'd; four Woodcocks in a Dish.

Dum. O most Divine *Kate*!

Biron. O most prophane Coxcomb!

Dum. By Heav'n the Wonder of a mortal Eye!

Biron. By Earth she is not; Corporal, there you lie.

Dum. Her Amber Hairs for Foul have Amber coted.

Biron. An Amber-colour'd Raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the Cedar.

Biron. Stoop I say, her Shoulder is with Child.

Dum. As fair as Day.

Biron. Ay as some Days; but then no Sun must shine.

Dum. O that I had my Wish!

Long. And I had mine,

King. And mine too, good Lord,

Biron. Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good Word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Fever she
Reigns in my Blood, and will remembered be.

Biron. A Fever in your Blood! Why then Incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet Misprision.

Dum. Once more I'll read the Ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how Love can vary Wit.

Dumain reads his Sonnet.

*On a Day, alack the Day:
Love, whose Month is every May,
Spy'd a Blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton Air:*

Through

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*Through the Velvet Leaves the Wind,
 All wisern, can Passage find.
 That the Lover sick to Death,
 Wish'd himself the Heav'n's Breath.
 Air (quoth he) thy Cheeks may blow;
 Air, would I might triumph so.
 But alack my Hand is sworn,
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy Thorn:
 Vow alack for Youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a Sweet.
 Do not call it Sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee.
 Thou for whom ev'n Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were,
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning Mortal for thy Love.*

This will I send, and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true Love's fasting Pain:
 O would the King, Biron and Longavile,
 Were Lovers too, ill to example ill
 Would from my Fore-head wipe a perjur'd Note:
 For none offend. where all alike do dote.

Len. Dumain. thy Love is far from Charity,
 That in Loves Grief desir'st Society: [Coming forward.
 You may look pale; but I should blush I know,
 To be o'er-heard. and taking napping so.

King. Come, Sir, you blush; as his, your Case is such,
 [Coming forward.

You chide at him, offending twice as much.
 You do not love *Maria, Longavile*
 Did never Sonnet for her sake compile?
 Nor never lay'd his wreathed Arms athwart
 His loving Bosom, to keep down his Heart?
 I have been closely shrowded in a Bush
 And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
 I heard your guilty Rimes, observ'd your Fashion;
 Saw Sighs reek from you, noted well your Passion.
 Ay me! says one; O *Jove!* the other cries;
 Her Hairs were Gold, Crystal the others Eyes.

You

You would for Paradise break faith and troth,
 And *Fove* for your Love would infringe an Oath.
 What will *Biron* say, when that he shall hear
 A Faith infringed. which such Zeal did swear?
 How will he scorn? how will he spend his Wit?
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
 For all the Wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip Hypocrisie.
 Ay good my Liege, I pray thee pardon me. [*Coming forward.*
 Good heart, what Grace hast thou thus to reprove
 These Worms for loving, that art most in love?
 Your Eyes do make no Coaches in your Tears,
 There is no certain Princess that appears?
 You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
 Tush; none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
 But are you not asham'd? Nay, are you not
 All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?
 You found his Mote, the King your Mote did see:
 But I a Beam do find in each of three.
 O what a Scene of Fool'ry have I seen,
 Of Sighs, of Groans, of Sorrow, and of Teen?
 O me, with what strict Patience have I sat,
 To see a King Transformed to a Gnat?
 To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigg,
 And profound *Solomon* tuning a Jygg?
 And *Nestor* play at Push-pin with the Boys,
 And *Critick Tymon* laugh at idle Toys,
 Where lyes thy Grief? O tell me good *Dumain*;
 And gentle *Longavile*, where lyes thy Pain?
 And where my Liege's? all about the Breast.
 A Candle hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy Jest,
 Are we betrayed thus to thy Over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
 I that am honest, I that hold it Sin,
 To break the Vow I am engaged in.
 I am betray'd by keeping Company
 With Men, like Men of strange Inconstancy.

When

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When shall you see me write a thing in Rhime?
Or groan for *Joan*? or spend a Minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a Hand, a Foot, a Face, an Eye,
A Gate, a State, a Brow, a Breast, a Waste,
A Leg, a Limb?

King. Soft, whither away so fast?
A true Man or a Thief, that gallops so.

Biron. I post from Love, good Lover let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Faq. God bless the King.

King. What Present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain Treason.

King. What makes Treason here?

Cost. Nay it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The Treason and you go in Peace together.

Faq. I beseech your Grace, let this Letter be read,
Our Parson misdoubts it: it was Treason he said.

King. Biron. Read it over. *[He reads the Letter.]*
Where hadst thou it?

Faq. Of *Costard*.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

King. How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Biron. A Toy, my Liege, a Toy: Your Grace needs not
fear it.

Long. It did move him to Passion, and therefore let's
hear it.

Dun. It is *Biron's* Writing, and here is his Name.

Biron. Ah you whoreson Loggerhead, you were born
to do me Shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three Fools lackt me Fool to make up
the Mess.

He, he, and you: and you-my Liege, and I,
Are Pick-purses in Love, and we deserve to dye.
O dismiss this Audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dun.

Dum. Now the Number is even.

Biron. True, true, we are four:

Will these Turtles be gone?

King. Hence, Sirs, away.

Cos. Walk aside the true Folk, and let the Traitors stay.

Biron. Sweet Lords, sweet Lovers, O let us imbrace:

As true we are as Flesh and Blood can be.

The Sea will ebb and flow, Heav'n will shew his Face:

Young Blood doth not obey an old Decree.

We cannot cross the Cause why we were born:

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rentlines shew some Love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
Rosaline,

That (like a rude and savage Man of *Inde*)

At the first opening of the gorgeous East,

Bows not his vassal Head, and strucken blind,

Kisses the base Ground with obedient Breast?

What peremptory Eagle-fighted Eye

Dares look upon the Heav'n of her Brow,

That is not blinded by her Majesty?

King. What Zeal, what Fury hath inspir'd thee now?

My Love (her Mistress) is a gracious Moon,

She (an attending Star) scarce seen a Light.

Biron. My Eyes are then no Eyes, nor I *Biron.*

O but for my Love, Day would turn to Night,

Of all Complexions the cull'd Sovereignty,

Do meet as at a Fair in her Fair Cheek;

Where several Worthies make one Dignity,

Where nothing wants that Want-it self doth seek.

Lend me the Flourish of all gentle Tongues;

Fie painted Rhetorick, O she needs it not:

To Things of Sale, a Seller's Praise belongs:

She passes Praise, then Praise too short doth blot:

A wither'd Hermite, fivescore Winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her Eye:

Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new born,

And gives the Crutch the Cradle's Infancy.

O 'tis the Sun that maketh all things shine.

King.

King. By Heaven thy Love is Black as Ebony.

Biron. Is Ebony like her? O Word Divine!

A Wife of such Wood were Felicity.

O who can give an Oath? Where is a Book?

That I may swear Beauty doth Beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her Eye to look:

No Face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O Paradox, black is the Badge of Hell;
The Hue of Dungeons, and the School of Night;
And Beauty's Crest becomes the Heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt resembling Spirits of Light:
O, if in black my Lady's Brow be deckt:

It mourns, that painting and usurping Hair

Should ravish Doters with a false Aspect:

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her Favour turns the Fashion of the Days,

For native Blood is couated Painting now;

And therefore red that would avoid Dispraise,

Paints it self black. to imitate her Brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimney-Sweepers black.

Long. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And *Ethiops* of their sweet Complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for Dark is Light.

Biron. Your Mistresses dare never come in Rain,
For fear their Colours should be washt away.

King. 'Twere good yours did: for, Sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer Face not washt to Day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till Dooms-day here.

King. No Devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew Man hold vile Stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy Love, my Foot and her Face see.

Biron. O if the Streets were paved with thine Eyes,
Her Feet were much too dainty for such Tread.

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lyes
The Street should see as she walk'd over head

King. But what of this, are we not all in Love?

Biron. Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this Chat, and good *Biron* now prove
Our loving lawful, and our Faith not torn.

Dum. Ay marry there, some Flattery for this Evil.

Long. O some Authority how to proceed,
Some Tricks, some Quillets, how to cheat the Devil,

Dum. Some Salve for Perjury.

Biron. O 'tis more than need.

Have at you then Affections, Men at Arms,
Consider what you first did swear unto:

To fast, to study, and to see no Woman;

Flat Treason 'gainst the kingly State of Youth.

Say, Can you fast? your Stomachs are too young:

And Abstinence ingenders Maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study (Lords)

In that each of you hath forsworn his Book.

Can you still dream and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,

Have found the Ground of Study's Excellence,

Without the Beauty of a Woman's Face;

From Womens Eyes this Doctrine I derive,

They are the Ground, the Books, the Academes,

From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* Fire:

Why, universal Plodding poisons up

The nimble Spirits in the Arteries;

As Motion and long during Action tires

The finewy Vigour of the Traveller.

Now for not looking on a Woman's Face,

You have in that forsworn the use of Eyes:

And Study too, the Caufer of your Vow.

For where is any Author in the World,

Teaches such Beauty as a Woman's Eye?

Learning is but an Adjunct to our self,

And where we are, our Learning likewise is.

Then when our selves we see in Ladies Eyes,

Do we not likewise see our Learning there?

O, we have made a Vow to Study, Lords,

And in that Vow we have forsworn our Books:

For when would you, my Liege, or you, or you,

In Leaden Contemplation have found out

Such Fiery Numbers as the prompting Eyes

Of Beauty's Tutors have enrich'd you with?

Other slow Arts entirely keep the Brain;

And therefore finding barren Practisers,

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Scarce shew a Harvest of their heavy Toil.
 But Love first learned in a Lady's Eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the Brain:
 But with the motion of all Elements,
 Courses as swift as Thought in every Power,
 And gives to every Power a double Power,
 Above their Functions and their Offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the Eye:
 A Lover's Eyes will gaze an Eagle blind!
 A Lover's Ear will hear the lowest Sound,
 When the suspicious Head of Theft is stopt.
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible,
 Than are the tender Horns of cockled Snails.
 Love's Tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* gross in Taste;
 For Valour, is not Love a *Hercules*?
 Still climbing Trees in the *Hesperides*.
 Subtle as a *Sphinx*, as sweet and musical
 As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his Hair:
 And when Love speaks, the Voice of all the Gods,
 Make Heav'n drowsie with the Harmony.
 Never durst Poet touch a Pen to write,
 Until his Ink were temper'd with Love's Sighs;
 O then his Lines would ravish Savage Ears,
 And plant in Tyrants mild Humility,
 From Womens Eyes this Doctrine I derive:
 They sparkle still the right *Promethean* Fire,
 They are the Books, the Arts, the Academes,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the World;
 Else none at all in ought proves excellent.
 Then Fools you were, these Women to forswear:
 Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove Fools.
 For Wisdom's sake (a Word that all Men love)
 Or for Love's sake, a Word that loves all Men:
 Or for Mens sake, the Author of these Women,
 Or Womens sake, by whom we Men are Men;
 Let us once lose our Oaths, to find our selves;
 Or else we lose our selves, to keep our Oaths.
 It is Religion to be thus forsworn,
 For Charity it self fulfils the Law;
 And who can sever Love from Charity?

King. Saint *Cupid* then, and Soldiers to the Field!

Biron. Advance your Standards, and upon them, Lords;
Pell, mell, down with them: But be first advis'd,
In Conflict that you get the Sun of them.

Long. Now to Plain-dealing, lay these Glosses by,
Shall we resolve to woo these Girls of *France*?

King. And win them too; therefore let us devise
Some Entertainment for them in their Tents.

Biron. First from the Park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every Man attach the Hand
Of his fair Mistress; in the Afternoon
We will with some strange Pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape:
For Revels, Dances, Masks, and merry Hours,
Forerun fair Love, strewing her Way with Flowers.

King. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Alone, alone sowed Cockel, reap'd no Corn,
And Justice always whirls in equal Measure:
Light Wenches may prove Plagues to Men forsworn,
If so, our Copper buys no better Treasure. [Exeunt,

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel *and* Dull.

Hol. *S* *Atis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir, your Reasons at
Dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without
Scurrility, witty without Affectation, audacious without
Impudency, learned without Opinion, and strange with-
out Heresie: I did converse this *quondam*-Day with a
Companion of the King's, which is intituled, nominated,
or called, *Don Adriana de Armado.*

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquem te.* His Humour is lofty,
his Discourse peremptory, his Tongue filed, his Eye am-
bitious, his Gate majestical, and his general Behaviour
vain, ridiculous, and Thraasonical. He is too picked, too

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spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice Epithet.

[*Draws out his Table-Book.*

Hol. He draweth out the Thread of his Verbosity finer than the Staple of his Argument. I abhor such phanatical Phantasms, such insociable and point devise Companions, such Rackers of Orthography, as do speak dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not det: He clepeth a Calf, Cauf: half, hauf; Neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: This is abominable, which we would call abhominable: It insinuateth me of Infamy: *Ne intelligis Domine*, to make Frantick, Lunatick?

Nath. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

Hol. *Berne boon for boon prescian*; a little search, 'twill serve.

Enter Armado, Moth and Costard.

Nath. *Vides ne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. *Quare Chirra, not Sirra?*

Arm. Men of Peace well incountred.

Hol. Most Military Sir, Salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great Feast of Languages, and stole the Scraps.

Cost. O they have liv'd long on the Alms-basket of Words. I marvel thy Master hath not eaten thee for a Word, for thou art not so long by the Head as *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*: Thou art easier swallow'd than a Flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the Peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches Boys the Horn-book: What is AB spelt backward with the Horn on his Head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia* with a Horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly Sheep, with a Horn. You hear his Learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou Consonant?

Moth. The last of the five Vowels, if you repeat them, or the fifth if I.

Hol.

Hol. I will repeat them, a e I—

Moth. The Sheep; the other two concludes it o u.

Arm. Now by the salt Wave of the *Mediterraneum*; a sweet touch, a quick Venew of Wit; snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my Intellect; true Wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a Child to an old Man: which is Wit-old.

Hol. What is the Figure? What is the Figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an Infant; go, whip thy Gigg.

Moth. Lend me your Horn to make one, and I will whip about your Infamy *unum cita*, a Gigg of a Cuck-old's Horn.

Cost. And I had but one Penny in the World, thou shouldst have it to buy Ginger-bread; Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Master, thou Half-penny Purse of Wit, thou Pidgeon-egg of Discretion. O, and the Heav'ns were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard! What a joyful Father wouldst thou make me? Go too, thou hast it *ad dunghil*, at the Finger's ends, as they say.

Hol. Oh, I smell false Latin, *dunghil* for *unguem*.

Arm. Artf-man *preambula*; we will be singled from the Barbarous. Do you not educate Youth at the Charge-house on the Top of the Mountain?

Hol. Or *Mons* the Hill.

Arm. At your sweet Pleasure, for the Mountain.

Hol. I do *sans question*.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's most sweet Pleasure and Affection, to congratulate the Princess at her Pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this Day, which the rude Multitude call the Afternoon.

Hol. The *Posterior* of the Day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the Afternoon: The Word is well cull'd, choice, sweet, and apt, I do assure you Sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my Familiar, I do assure ye, my very good Friend; for what is inward between us, let it pass—I do beseech thee, remember thy Curtesie—I beseech thee apparel thy Head,

and among other importunate and most serious Designs, and of great import indeed too——But let that pass, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the World) sometime to lean upon my poor Shoulder, and with his Royal Finger thus dally with my Excrement, with my Mustachio; but, sweet Heart, let that pass. But the World I recount no Fable; some certain special Honours it pleaseth his Greatness to impart to *Armado* a Soldier, a Man of Travel, that hath seen the World; but let that pass——the very all of all is——But, sweet Heart, I do implore Secrecy——that the King would have me present the Princess (sweet Chuck) with some delightful Ostentation, or Show, or Pageant, or Antick, or Fire-work. Now understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such Eruptions, and sudden breaking out of Mirth (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your Assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some Entertainment of Time, some Show in the *Posterior* of this Day, to be rendred by our Assistants at the King's Command, and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princess: I say none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find Men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. *Josua*, your self, this gallant Gentleman *Judas Machabeus*, this Swain (because of his great Limb or Joint) shall pass *Pompey* the Great, and the Page *Hercules*.

Arm. Pardon Sir, Error: He is not Quantity enough for that Worthy's Thumb; he is not so big as the End of his Club.

Hol. Shall I have Audience? He shall present *Hercules* in Minority: His *Enter* and *Exit* shall be strangling a Snake; and I will have an Apology for that Purpose.

Moth. An excellent Device: So if any of the Audience hiss, you may cry; Well done, *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an Offence gracious, tho' few have the Grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?

Hol. I will play three my self.

Moth.

Moth. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Hol. Via good-man Dull, thou hast spoken no Word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, Sir.

Hol. Allons, we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a Dance, or so: Or I will play on the Taber to the Worthies, and let them dance the Hay.

Hol. Most Dull, honest Dull, to our Sport away. [Exit.

Enter Princess, and Ladies:

Prin. Sweet Hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, If Fairings come thus plentifully in.

A Lady wall'd about with Diamonds! look you, what I have from the King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much Love in Rime, As would be cram'd up in a Sheet of Paper, Writ on both sides the Leaf, Margent and all, That he was fain to seal on Cupid's Name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his God-head wax, For he hath been five thousand Years a Boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy Gallows too.

Rosa. You'll ne'er be Friends with him, he kill'd your Sister.

Kath. He made her melancholly, sad and heavy, And so she died; had she been light like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring Spirit, She might have been a Grandam ere she dy'd. And so may you; for a light Heart lives long.

Rosa. What's your dark Meaning, Mouse, of this light Word?

Kath. A light Condition, in a Beauty dark.

Rosa. We need more Light to find your Meaning out.

Kath. You'll marr the Light by taking it in Snuff: Therefore I'll darkly end the Argument.

Rosa. Look what you do, you do it still i'th dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Rosa. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not, O that's, you care not for me.

Rosa. Great Reason; for past Care, is still past Cure.

Prim. Well handled both; a Set of Wit well play'd.

But *Rosaline*, you have a Favour too? Who sent it? and what is it?

Rosa. I would you knew.

And if my Face were but as fair as yours,
My Favour were as great, be witness this.

Nay, I have Verses too, I thank *Biron*.

The Numbers true. and were the numbring too,

I were the fairest Goddess on the Ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand Fairies.

O he hath drawn my Picture in his Letter.

Prim. Any thing like?

Rosa. Much in the Letters, nothing in the Praise.

Prim. Beauteous Ink; a good Conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a Text B in a Copy-Book.

Rosa. Ware Pencils. How? Let me not die your Debter,
My red Dominical, my golden Letter.
O that your Face were full of Oes.

Prim. A Pox of that Jest, and I beshrew all Shrews:
But *Katherine*, what was sent to you
From fair *Dumain*?

Kath. Madam, this Glove.

Prim. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, Madam; and moreover,
Some thousand Verses of a faithful Lover.

A huge Translation of Hypocrisie,
Vildy compil'd, profound Simplicity.

Mar. This, and these Pearls to me sent *Longavile*.
The Letter is too long by half a Mile.

Prim. I think no less; Dost thou not wish in Heart
The Chain were longer, and the Letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these Hands might never part.

Prim. We are wise Girls, to mock our Lovers so.

Rosa. They are worse Fools to purchase Mocking so.
That same *Biron* I'll torture ere I go.

O that I knew he were but in by th' Week,
 How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
 And wait the Season, and observe the Times,
 And spend his prodigal Wits in bootless Rimes,
 And shape his Service all to my Behests,
 And make him proud to make me proud with Jest,
 So pertaunt like would I o'erfway his State,
 That he should be my Fool, and I his Fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
 As Wit turn'd Fool; a Folly in Wisdom hatch'd
 Hath Wisdom's Warrant, and the help of School,
 And Wit's own Grace to grace a learned Fool.

Rosa. The Blood of Youth burns not in such Excess,
 As Gravities revolt to Wantonness.

Mar. Folly in Fools bears not so strange a Note,
 As Fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:
 Since all the Power thereof it doth apply,
 To prove by Wit, worth in Simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and Mirth in his Face.

Byet. O, I am stab'd with Laughter, Where's her Grace?

Prin. Thy News, *Boyet*?

Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare.

Arm Wenches, arm, Incounters mounted are
 Against your Peace, Love doth approach, disguis'd,
 Armed in Arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.

Muster your Wits, stand in your own Defence,
 Or hide your Heads like Cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to Saint *Cupid*; What are they
 That charge their Breath against us? Say, Scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool Shade of a Sycamore,
 I thought to close mine Eyes some half an hour;
 When lo to interrupt my purpos'd Rest,
 Toward that Shade, I might behold, address
 The King and his Companions; warily
 I stole into a Neighbour Thicket by,
 And over-heard, what you shall over-hear:
 That by and by disguis'd they will be here.
 Their Herald is a pretty knavish Page,
 That well by heart hath conn'd his Embassage.

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Action and Accent did they teach him there;
 Thus must thou speak, and thus thy Body bear;
 And ever and anon they made a doubt,
 Presence Majestical would put him out:
 For, quoth the King, an Angel shalt thou see,
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
 The Boy reply'd, an Angel is not evil;
 I should have fear'd her, had she been a Devil.
 With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the Shoulder,
 Making the bold Wag by their Praises bolder.
 One rubb'd his Elbow thus, and swear'd, and swore,
 A better Speech was never spoke before.
 Another with his Finger, and his Thumb,
 Cry'd *via*, we will do't, come what will come.
 The third he caper'd and cry'd, All goes well,
 The fourth turn'd on the Toe, and down he fell;
 With that they all did tumble on the Ground,
 With such a zealous Laughter, so profound,
 That in this Spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their Folly Passions, solemn Tears:

Prim. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
 Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, as I guess.

Their Purpose is to parley, court, and dance,
 And every one his Love-feat will advance
 Upon his several Mistress; Which they'll know
 By Favours sev'ral, which they did bestow.

Prim. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt;
 For Ladies, we will every one be maskt:

And not a Man of them shall have the Grace,
 Despight of Sute, to see a Lady's Face.

Hold *Rosaline*, this Favour thou shalt wear,

And then the King will court thee for his Dear:

Hold, take thou this my Sweet, and give me thine,
 So shall *Biron* take me for *Rosaline*.

And change your Favours too, so shall your Loves
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these Removes.

Rosa. Come on then, wear the Favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing, what is your Intent?

Prim. The Effect of my Intent is to cross theirs;

They

They do it but in mocking Merriment,
 And Mock for Mock is only my Intent.
 Their several Councils they unbosom shall
 To Loves mistook, and so be mockt withal:
 Upon the next Occasion that we meet
 With Visages display'd to talk and greet.

Rosa. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No, to the Death we will not move a foot,
 Nor to their pen'd Speech render we no Grace:
 But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her Face.

Boyet. Why that Attempt will kill the Keeper's Heart,
 And quite divorce his Memory from his Part.

Prin. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
 There's no such Sport, as Sport by Sport o'erthrown;
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
 So shall we stay mocking intended Game,
 And they well mockt, depart away with Shame. [*Sound.*

Boyet. The Trumpet sounds, be maskt, the Maskers come.
Enter the King, Biron, Longavile, Dumain, and Attendants, disguiz'd like Muscovites. Moth with Musick, as for a Masquerade.

Moth. All hail the richest Beauties on the Earth.

Biron. Beauties no richer than rich Taffata.

Moth. A holy Parcel of the fairest Dames that ever turn'd
 their Backs to mortal Views. [The Ladies turn their
 Backs to him.

Biron. Their Eyes, Villain, their Eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their Eyes to mortal Views. Out——

Biron. True; out indeed.

Moth. Out of your Favours heav'nly Spirit, vouchsafe not
 to behold.

Biron. Once to behold, Rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your Sun-beamed Eyes——
 With your Sun-beamed Eyes——

Biron. They will not answer to that Epithete;
 You were best call it Daughter-beam'd Eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your Perfectness? Begone, you Rogue.

Rosa. What would these Strangers?

Know their Minds, *Boyet.*

If

If they do speak our Language, 'tis our Will
That some plain Man recount their Purposes
Know what they would?

Boyet. What would you with the Princess?

Biron. Nothing but Peace and gentle Visitation.

Rosa. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but Peace and gentle Visitation.

Rosa. Why that they have, and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her we have measur'd many Miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the Grass.

Boyet. They say they have measur'd many a Mile,
To tread a Measure with you on the Grass.

Rosa. It is not so. Ask them how many Inches
Is in one Mile? If they have measur'd many
The Measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd Miles,
And many Miles; the Princess bids you tell,
How many Inches doth fill up one Mile?

Biron. Tell her we measure them by weary Steps.

Boyet. She hears her self.

Rosa. How many weary Steps
Of many weary Miles you have o'er-gone,
Are numbred in the Travel of one Mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our Duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without Accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the Sunshine of your Face,
That we (like Savages) may worship it.

Rosa. My Face is but a Moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are Clouds, to do as such Clouds do.
Vouchsafe, bright Moon, on these thy Stars to shine
(Those Clouds remov'd) upon our watery Eyne.

Rosa. O vain Petitioner, beg a greater Matter;
Thou now requests but Moon-shine in the Water.

King. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one Change;
Thou bid'st me beg, this Begging is not strange.

Rosa. Play Musick then; nay you must do it soon.
Not yet, no Dance; thus change I like the Moon.

King.

King. Will you not dance, how come you thus estrang'd?

Rosa. You took the Moon at Full, but now she's chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the Moon, and I the Man.

Rosa. The Musick plays, vouchsafe some Motion to it:
Our Ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your Legs should do it.

Rosa. Since you are Strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice, take Hands, we will not dance.

King. Why take you Hands then!

Rosa. Only to part Friends.

Curtlie sweet Hearts, and so the Measure ends.

King. More Measure of this Measure; be not nice.

Rosa. We can afford no more at such a Price.

King. Prize your selves then; what buys your Com-
pany?

Rosa. Your Absence only.

King. That can never be.

Rosa. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu;
Twice to your Visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more Chat.

Rosa. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

Biron. White-handed Mistress, one sweet Word with
thee.

Prin. Honey, and Milk, and Sugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then two Treys; and if you grow so nice,
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well run Dice:
There's half a dozen Sweets.

Prin. Seventh Sweet adieu,
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One Word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my Gall.

Prin. Gall, bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a Word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair Lady,

Mar. Say you so? fair Lord:

Take you that for your fair Lady.

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Dum. Please it you;

'As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

Kath. What, was your Vizard made without a Tongue?

Long. I know the Reason, Lady, why you ask.

Kath. O for your Reason, quickly Sir, I long.

Long. You have a double Tongue within your Mask,
'And would afford my speechless Vizard half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the *Dutch* Man; is not Veal a Calf?

Long. A Calf, fair Lady?

Kath. No, a fair Lord Calf.

Long. Let's part the Word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your Half;

Take all and wean it; it may prove an Ox.

Long. Look how you But your self in these sharp
Mocks!

Will you give Horns, chaste Lady? Do not so.

Kath. Then die a Calf before your Horns do grow.

Long. One Word in private with you ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then, the Butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The Tongue of mocking Wenches are as keen
As is the Razor's Edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller Hair than may be seen,
Above the Sense of Sense so sensible,
Seemeth their Conference, their Conceits have Wings,
Fleeter than Arrows, Bullets, Wind, Thought, swifter Things.

Rosa. Not one Word more my Maids, break off, break
off.

Biron. By Heav'n all dry beaten with pure Scoff.

King. Farewell, mad Wenches, you have simple Wits.
[*Exeunt.*]

Prim. Twenty Adieus, my frozen *Muscovites*.

'Are these the Breed of Wits so wondred at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet Breaths puffed
out.

Rosa. Well-liking Wits they have, gross, gross, fat, fat.

Prim. O Poverty in Wit, Kingly poor flout:

Will they not (think you) hang themselves to Night?

Or ever but in Vizards shew their Faces?

This pert *Biron* was out of Count'nance quite.

Rosa. O! they were all in lamentable Cases.

The

The King was weeping-ripe for a good Word.

Prin. *Biron* did swear himself out of all Suit.

Mar. *Dumain* was at my Service, and his Sword:
No Point (quoth I;) my Servant strait was mute,

Kath. Lord *Longavile* said, I came o'er his Heart;
'And trow you what he call'd me!

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good Faith.

Prin. Go Sickneſs as thou art.

Rosa. Well, better Wits have worn plain Statute Caps.
But will you hear; the King is my Love ſworn.

Prin. And quick *Biron* hath plighted Faith to me.

Kath. And *Longavile* was for my Service born.

Mar. *Dumain* is mine as ſure as Bark on Tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty Miſtreſſes give Ear,
Immediately they will again be here
In their own Shapes; for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh Indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for Joy, though they are lame with Blows:
Therefore change Favours, and when they repair,
Blow like ſweet Roſes in this Summer Air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.

Boyet. Fair Ladies maſkt, are Roſes in their Bud:
Diſmaſkt, their damaſk ſweet Comixture ſhown,
Are Angels vailing Clouds, or Roſes blown.

Prin. Avaunt Perplexity! What ſhall we do,
If they return in their own Shapes to woo?

Rof. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them ſtill as well known as diſguis'd.
Let us complain to them what Fools were here,
Diſguis'd like *Muſcovites* in ſhapeleſs Gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their ſhallow Shows, and Prologue vildly pen'd,
And their rough Carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the Gallants are at Hand.

Prin. Whip to our Tents, as Roes run o'er the Land.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

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Enter the King, Biron, Longavile, and Dumain, in their own Habits.

King. Fair Sir, God save you. Where's the Princess?

Boyet. Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Majesty command me any Service to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me Audience for one Word.

Boyet. I will, and so will she, I know, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This Fellow picks up Wit as Pigeon Peas,
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth please:

He is Wit's Pedlar, and retails his Wares

At Wakes and Wassals, Meetings, Markets, Fairs:

And we that sell by Gross, the Lord doth know,

Have not the Grace to grace it with such Show.

This Gallant pins the Wenches on his Sleeve;

Had he been *Adam* he had tempted *Eve*.

He can carve too, and lisp: Why this is he,

That kist away his Hand in Courtesie.

This the Ape of Fortune, Monsieur the nice,

That when he plays at Tables, chides the Dice

In honourable Terms: Nay he can sing

A Mean most manly, and in ushering

Mend him who can; the Ladies call him sweet;

The Stairs as he treads on them kiss his Feet.

This is the Flower that smiles on every one,

To shew his Teeth as white as Whale his Bone.

And Consciences that will not die in Debt,

Pay him the Duty of Honey-tongu'd *Boyet*.

King. A Blister on his sweet Tongue with my Heart,
That put *Armado's* Page out of his Part.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katherine, and Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes, Behaviour what wert thou,
'Till this Mad-man shew'd thee? And what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet Madam, and fair time of Day.

Prin. Fair in all Hail is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my Speeches better if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.

Prin.

Prin. This Field shall hold me, and so hold your Vow:
Nor God; nor I, delight in perjur'd Men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The Vertue of your Eye must break my Oath.

Prin. You nick-name Virtue: Vice you should have spoke:
For Virtue's Office never breaks Mens Troth.
Now, by my Maiden Honour, yet as pure
As the unfully'd Lilly, I protest,
A World of Torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your House's Guest:
So much I hate a breaking Cause to be
Of heav'nly Oaths, vow'd with Integrity.

King. O you have liv'd in Desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our Shame.

Prin. Not so my Lord, it is not so I swear,
We have had Pastimes here, and pleasant Game.
A Meas of *Russians* left us but of late.

King. How, Madam? *Russians*?

Prin. Ay in truth, my Lord;
Trim Gallants, full of Courtship; and of State.

Rosa. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my Lord:
My Lady (to the manner of the Days)
In Courtesie gives undeserving Praise.
We four indeed confronted were with four,
In *Russian* Habit: Here they stay'd an Hour,
And talk'd apace, and in that hour, my Lord,
They did not bless us with one happy Word.
I dare not call them Fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, Fools would fain have Drink.

Biron. This Jest is dry to me. Fair, gentle, sweet,
Your Wit makes wise Things foolish; when we greet,
With Eyes best seeing. Heaven's fiery Eye,
By Light we lose Light; your Capacity
Is of that Nature. as to your huge Store,
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Rosa. This proves you wise and rich; for in my Eye——

Biron. I am a Fool, and full of Poverty.

Rosa. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch Words from my Tongue.

Biron.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess:

Rosa. All the Fool mine.

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Rosa. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? When? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

Rosa. There, then, that Vizard, that superfluous Case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better Face.

King. We are descried,
They'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a Jest:

Prim. Amaz'd, my Lord? Why looks your Highness sad?

Rosa. Help, hold his Brows, he'll swoond: Why look
you pale?

Sea-sick I think, coming from *Muscovy*.

Biron. Thus pour the Stars down Plagues for Perjury,
Can any Face of Brass hold longer out?

Here stand I, Lady, dart thy Skill at me,
Bruise me with Scorn, confound me with a Flout,
Thrust thy sharp Wit quite through my Ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen Conceit;
And I will shew thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in *Russian* Habit wait.

O! never will I trust to Speeches pen'd,
Nor to the Motion of a School-boy's Tongue,
Nor never come in Vizard to my Friend,
Nor woo in time like a blind Harper's Song;
Taffata Phrases, silken Terms precise,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce Affectation,
Figures pedantical, these Summer Flies,
Have blown me full of Maggot Ostentation.
I do forswear them, and I here protest,
By this white Glove (how white the Hand God knows)
Henceforth my wooing Mind shall be exprest
In russet Yeas, and honest kersie Noes:
And to begin, Wench, so God help me Law,
My Love to thee is sound, *Sans* crack or flaw.

Rosa. *Sans, Sans*, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a Trick
Of the old Rage: Bear with me, I am Sick.

I'll leave it by Degrees: Soft, let us see,
Write *Lord have mercy on us*, and those three,
They are infected, in their Hearts it lyes,
They have the Plague, and caught it of your Eyes:
These Lords are visited, you are not free;
For the Lords Tokens on you both I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these Tokens to us.

Biron. Our States are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Rosa. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Rosa. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for your selves, my Wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet Madam, for our rude Transgression
Some fair Excuse.

Prin. The fairest is Confession.

Were you not here but even now disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was:

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair Madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your Lady's Ear?

King. That more than all the World I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine Honour no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:
Your Oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I break this Oath of mine.

Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Rosaline,*
What did the *Russian* whisper in your Ear?

Rosa. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious Eye-sight, and did value me
Above this World; adding thereunto moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my Lover.

Prin. God give thee Joy of him; the noble Lord
Most honourably doth uphold his Word.

King. What mean you, Madam? By my Life, my
Troth,
I never swore this Lady such an Oath.

Rosa.

Rosa. By Heav'n you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: But take it, Sir, again.

King. My Faith and this, to th' Princess I did give,
I knew her by this Jewel on her Sleeve.

Prim. Pardon me, Sir, this Jewel did she wear:
And Lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my Dear.
What? will you have me, or your Pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either, I remit both twain.
I see the Trick on't; Here was a Consent,
Knowing aforehand of our Merriment,
To dash it like a *Christmas* Comedy.

Some Carry-tale, some Please-man, some slight Zany,
Some Mumble news, some Trencher-knight, some *Dick*
That smiles his Check in Years, and knows the Trick
To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,
Told our Intent before; which once disclos'd,
The Ladies did change Favours, and then we
Following the Signs, woo'd but the Sign of she:
Now to our Perjury, to add more Terror,
We are again forsworn in Will and Error.

Much upon this it is. And might not you [To Boyet.]
Forestal our Sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my Lady's Foot by th' Square,
And laugh upon the Apple of her Eye,
And stand between her Back, Sir, and the Fire,
Holding a Trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our Page out: Go, you are allow'd,
Die when you will, a Smock shall be your Shrowd.
You leer upon me; do you? There's an Eye
Wounds like a Leaden Sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Brave Manager, hath this Career been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome pure Wit, thou part'st a fair Fray.

Cost. O Lord Sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No Sir, but it is very fine;

For every one presents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine?

Cost. Not so Sir, under Correction Sir, I hope it is not so. You cannot beg us Sir, I can assure you Sir, we know what we know: I hope three times thrice Sir—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under Correction Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By *Jove* I always took three Threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord Sir, it were pity you should get your Living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord Sir, the Parties themselves, the Actors Sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one Man in one poor Man, *Pompien* the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of *Pompien* the Great: For mine own part, I know not the Degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take some Care.

King. *Biron*, they will shame us; [Exit *Cost.*
Let them not approach.

Biron. We are Shame-proof, my Lord; and 'tis some Policy to have one Show worse than the King and his Company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good Lord, let me o'er-rule you now; That Sport best pleases, that doth least know how.

Where Zeal strives to content, and the Contents Dies in the Zeal of that which it presents;

Their Form confounded, makes most form in Mirth, When great Things labouring perish in their Birth.

Biron. A right Description of our Sport, my Lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much Expence of thy Royal sweet Breath, as will utter a Brace of Words.

Prin. Doth this Man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a Man of God's making.

Arm.

Arm. That's all one, my fair sweet honey Monarch; for I protest the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical: Too too vain, too too vain: But we will put it, as they say, to *Fortuna delaguar*. I wish you the Peace of Mind, most Royal Cupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good Presence of Worthies: He presents *Hector* of Troy, the Swain *Pompey* the Great, the Parish-Curate *Alexander*, *Armado's* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Judas Machabeus*;

And if these four Worthies in their first Shew thrive, These four will change Habits, and present the other five:

Biron. There are five in the first Shew.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the Fool, and the Boy.

A bare throw at Novum, and the whole World again Cannot prick out five such, take each one in's Vein.

King. The Ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am.

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am.

Boyet. With *Libbard's* Head on Knee.

Biron. Well said old Mocker,

I must needs be Friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big.

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is great, Sir; Pompey, surnam'd the Great; That oft in Field, with Targe and Shield, did make my Foe to sweat:

And travelling along this Coast, I here am come by Chance.

And lay my Arms before the Legs of this sweet Lass of France; If your Ladyship would say 'Thanks Pompey, I had done.

Prin. Great Thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little Fault in great.

Biron. My Hat to a Half-penny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter

Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.

Nath. When in the World I liv'd, I was the World's Com-
mander.

By East, West, North and South, I spread my conquering
Might:

My Escutcheon plain declares that I am *Alifander*.

Boyet. Your Nose says no, you are not;
For it stands not right.

Biron. Your Nose smells no, in this most tender smell-
ing Knight.

Prin. The Conqueror is dismaid:
Proceed, good *Alexander*.

Nath. When in the World I liv'd, I was the World's Com-
mander.

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so *Alifander*.

Biron. *Pompey* the Great.

Cost. Your Servant and *Costard*.

Biron. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alifander*.

Cost. O Sir, you have overthrown *Alifander* the Con-
queror. [*to Nath.*] You will be scrap'd out of the painted
Cloth for this; your Lion that holds the Poll-ax sitting on
a Clofestoole, will be given to *Ajax*; he will be then the
ninth Worthy A Conqueror, and afraid to speak? Run
away for Shame, *Alifander*. There an't shall please you;
a foolish mild Man, an honest Man, look you, and soon
dash'd. He is a marvellous good Neighbour insooth, and
a very good Bowler; but for *Alifander*, alas you see, how
'tis a little o'er-parted: But there are Worthies a coming
will speak their Mind in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good *Pompey*.

Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

H.l. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Imp,
Whose Club kill'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canis*;
And when he was a Babe, a Child, a Shrimp;
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:

Quoniam, he seemeth in Minority;

Ergo, I come with this Apology.

Keep some State in thy *Exit*, and vanish. [*Exit Moth,*

Hel. *Judas* I am.

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Dum. A *Judas*.

Hol. Not *Iscariot*, Sir,
Judas I am, yclipped *Machabeus*.

Dum. *Judas Machabeus* clipt, is plain *Judas*.

Biron. A killing Traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas*?

Hol. *Judas I am*.

Dum. The more Shame for you, *Judas*.

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make *Judas* hang himself.

Hol. Begin Sir, you are my Elder.

Biron. Well follow'd, *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of Countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no Face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A Cittern Head.

Dum. The Head of a Bodkin.

Biron. A Death's Face in the Ring.

Long. The Face of an old *Roman* Coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The Pummel of *Cesar's* Faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone Face on a Flask.

Biron. *St. George's* half Cheek in a Broch.

Dum. Ay, and in a Broch of Lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the Cap of a Tooth-drawer;
 And now forward, for we have put thee in Countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of Countenance.

Biron. False, we have given thee Faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. And thou wert a Lion we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore as he is an *Ass*, let him go;
 And so adieu sweet *Jude*; Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his Name.

Biron. For the *Ass* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Judas*
 away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A Light for Monsieur *Judas*, it grows dark, he
 may stumble.

Prim. Alas poor *Machabeus*, how he hath been baited.

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy Head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in
 Arms.

Dum.

Dum. Tho' my Mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. *Hector* was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector*?

King. I think *Hector* was not so clean timber'd.

Long. His Leg is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More Calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indu'd in the Small.

Biron. This can't be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes Faces.

Arm. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the Almighty, gave *Hector* a Gift.

Dum. A gilt Nutmeg.

Biron. A Lemon.

Long. Stuck with Cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the Almighty, Gave *Hector* a Gift, the Heir of Iliou;

A Man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye
From Morn 'till Night, out of his Pavillion.

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine

Arm. Sweet Lord Longavile rein thy Tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the Rein; for it runs against *Hector*.

Dum. Ay, and *Hector*'s a Grey-hound.

Arm. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten;
Sweet Chucks, beat not the Bones of the bury'd:
But I will forward with my Device;

Sweet Royalty bestow on me the Sense of Hearing.

Prin. Speak brave *Hector*; we are much delighte.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's Slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the Foot.

Dum. He may not by the Yard.

Arm. This *Hector* far surmounted Hannibal.

The Party is gone.

Cost. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two Months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

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Cost. Faith unless you play the honest *Trojan*, the poor Wench is cast away; she's quick, the Child brags in her Belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Do'st thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Faquenetta*, that is quick by him; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey*!

Boyet. Renown'd *Pompey*!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey*! *Pompey* the Huge!

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Biron. *Pompey* is mov'd, more *Ates*, more *Ates*, stir them on; stir them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more Man's Blood in's Belly than will sup a Flea.

Arm. By the North pole I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a Pole like a Northern Man; I'll slash; I'll do't by the Sword: I pray you let me borrow my Arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Cost. I'll do't in my Shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*.

Moth. Master, let me take you a Button-hole lower. Do you not see *Pompey* is uncasing for the Combat: What mean you? You will lose your Reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and Soldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my Shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the Challenge.

Arm. Sweet Bloods, I both may, and will.

Biron. What Reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked Truth of it is, I have no Shirt, I go woolward for Penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of Linnen; since when, I'll be sworn he wore none, but a Dish-clout of *Faquenetta's*, and that he wears next his Heart for a Favour.

Enter

Enter Macard,

Mac. God save you, Madam.

Prin. Welcome *Macard*, but that thou interruptest our Merriment.

Mac. I am sorry Madam, for the News I bring Is heavy in my Tongue. The King your Father——

Prin. Dead for my Life.

Mac. Even so: My Tale is told.

Biron. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free Breath; I have seen the Day of Wrong through the little Hole of Discretion, and I will right my self like a Soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your Majesty?

Prin. Boyet prepare, I will away to Night.

King. Madam not so, I do beseech you stay.

Prin. Prepare I say. I thank you, gracious Lords, For all your fair Endeavours; And entreat, Out of a new sad Soul, that you vouchsafe, In your rich Wisdom to excuse or hide, The liberal Opposition of our Spirits; If over-boldly we have born our selves, In the Converse of Breath, your Gentleness Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy Lord; An heavy Heart bears not an humble Tongue: Excuse me so, coming so short of Thanks, For my great Suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extream Parts of Time extreamly forms All Causes to the Purpose of his Speed, And often at his very loose decides That, which long Process of Time could not arbitrate. And though the mourning Brow of Progeny Forbid the smiling Courtesie of Love, The holy Suit which fain it would convince; Yet since Love's Argument was first on foot, Let not the Cloud of Sorrow juttle it From what it purposed. Since to wail Friends lost Is not by much so wholesome, profitable, As to rejoice at Friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my Grievs are double.

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Biron. Honest plain Words best pierce the Cares of Grief;
 And by these Badges understand the King.
 For your fair Sakes have we neglected Time,
 Play'd foul Play with our Oaths: Your Beauty, Ladies,
 Hath much deformed us, fashioning our Humours
 Even to the oppos'd End of our Intent;
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
 As Love is full of unbecitting Strains,
 All wanton as a Child, skipping and vain,
 Form'd by the Eye, and therefore like the Eye,
 Full of straying Shapes, of Habits, and of Forms,
 Varying in Subjects as the Eye doth rowl,
 To every varied Object in his Glance;
 Which party-coated presence of loose Love
 Put on by us, if in your Heav'nly Eyes,
 Have mistbecom'd our Oaths and Gravities;
 Those Heav'nly Eyes that look into these Faults,
 Suggested us to make: Therefore, Ladies,
 Our Love being yours, the Error that Love makes
 Is likewise yours. We to our selves prove false,
 By being once false, for ever to be true
 To those that make us both, fair Ladies you;
 And even that Falshood in it self a Sin,
 Thus purifies it self, and turns to Grace.

Prim. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Love,
 Your Favours, the Embassadors of Love:
 And in our Maiden Council rated them
 At Courtship, pleasant Jest, and Courtesie,
 As Bumbast, and as Lining to the Time:
 But more devout than these are our Respects
 Have we not been; and therefore met your Loves
 In their own Fashion, like a Merriment.

Dum. Our Letters, Madam, shew'd much more than Jest.

Long. So did our Looks.

Rosn. We did not coat them so.

King. Now at the latest Minute of the Hour,
 Grant us your Loves.

Prim. A Time methinks too short,
 To make a World-without-end Bargain in;
 No, no, my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,

Full

Full of dear Guiltiness, and therefore this:
 If for my Love (as there is no such Cause)
 You will do ought, this shall you do for me;
 Your Oath I will not trust; but go with speed
 To some forlorn and naked Hermitage,
 Remote from all the Pleasures of the World;
 There stay until the twelve Celestial Signs
 Have brought about their Annual Reckoning.
 If this austere insociable Life,
 Change not your Offer made in Heat of Blood:
 If Frosts, and Fafts, hard Lodging, and thin Weeds
 Nip not the gaudy Blossoms of your Love,
 But that it bear this Trial, and last Love;
 Then at the Expiration of the Year,
 Come challenge me, challenge me by these Deserts;
 And by this Virgin Palm, now kissing thine,
 I will be thine; and 'till that Instant shut
 My woful self up in a mourning House,
 Raining the Tears of Lamentation,
 For the Remembrance of my Father's Death.
 If this thou do deny, let our Hands part,
 Neither intituled in the other's Heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
 To flatter up these Powers of mine with Rest;
 The sudden Hand of Death close up mine Eye.
 Hence ever then, my Heart is in thy Breast.

Biron. And what to me, my Love? and what to me?

Rosa. You must be purged too, your Sins are rank,
 You are attaint with Fault and Perjury;
 Therefore if you my Favour mean to get,
 A Twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
 But seek the weary Beds of People sick.

Dum. But what to me, my Love? but what to me?

Kath. A Wife? a Beard, fair Health and Honesty;
 With three-fold Love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O shall I say, I thank you, gentle Wife?

Kath. Not so, my Lord; a Twelve-month and a Day,
 I'll mark no Words that smooth-fac'd Wooers say.
 Come when the King doth to my Lady come;
 Then if I have much Love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully 'till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, least ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says *Maria*?

Mar. At the Twelve-month's End

I'll change my black Gown for a faithful Friend.

Long. I'll stay with Patience; but the Time is long.

Mar. The liker you, few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my Lady? Mistress, look on me,
Behold the Window of my Heart, mine Eye:
What humble Suit attends thy Answer there,
Impose some Service on me for my Love.

Rosa. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord *Biron*,
Before I saw you; and the World's large Tongue
Proclaims you for a Man repleat with Mocks,
Full of Comparisons, and wounding Flouts,
Which you on all Estates will execute,
That lye within the Mercy of your Wit:
To weed this Wormwood from your fruitful Brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won;
You shall this Twelve-month term from Day to Day
Visit the speechless Sick, and still converse
With groaning Wretches; and your Task shall be,
With all the fierce Endeavour of your Wit,
To enforce the pained Impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild Laughter in the Throat of Death?
It cannot be, it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a Soul in Agony.

Rosa. Why that's the way to choak a gibing Spirit,
Whose Influence is begot of that loose Grace,
Which shallow laughing Hearers give to Fools:
A Jest's Prosperity lyes in the Ear
Of him that hears it, never in the Tongue
Of him that makes it: Then, if sickly Ears,
Deaft with the Clamours of their own dear Groans,
Will hear your idle Scorns; continue then,
And I will have you, and that Fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that Spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that Fault,
Right joyful of your Reformation.

Biron.

Biron. A Twelve-month? Well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a Twelve-month in an Hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my Lord, and so I take my Leave.
[to the King.]

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our Wooing doth not end like an old Play;
Jack hath not *Fill*; These Ladies Courtesie
Might well have made our Sport a Comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a Twelve-month and a Day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me.

Prin. Was not that *Hector*?

Dum. The worthy Knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy Royal Finger, and take Leave.
I am a Votary, I have vow'd to *Faquenetta* to hold the
Plough for her sweet Love three Years. But most esteem'd
Greatness, will you hear the Dialogue that the two Learn-
ed Men have compiled, in praise of the Owl and the
Cuckow? It should have follow'd in the End of our
Shew.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla, approach.

Enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter.

This *Ver*, the Spring: The one maintain'd by the Owl,
The other by the Cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The S O N G.

*When Daisies pied, and Violets blue,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue;
And Lady-Smocks all Silver white,
Do paint the Meadows with Delight;
The Cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks Married Men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.*

*Cuckow, Cuckow: O Word of Fear,
Unpleasing to a Married Ear!*

*When Shepherds Pipe on Oaten Straws,
And merry Larks are Ploughmens Clocks:
When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks;
The Cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks Married Men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.*

*Cuckow, Cuckow: O Word of Fear,
Unpleasing to a Married Ear!*

Winter.

*When Iicles hang by the Wall,
And Dick the Shepherd blows his Nail;
And Tom bears Logs into the Hall,
And Milk comes frozen Home in Pail;
When B'cod is nipt, and Ways be foul,
Then Nightly sings the staring Owl
Tu-whit, to-who.*

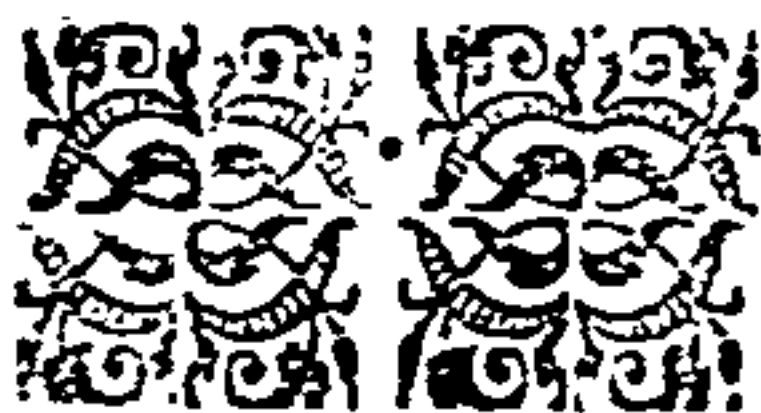
*A merry Note,
While greasie Jone doth keel the Pot.*

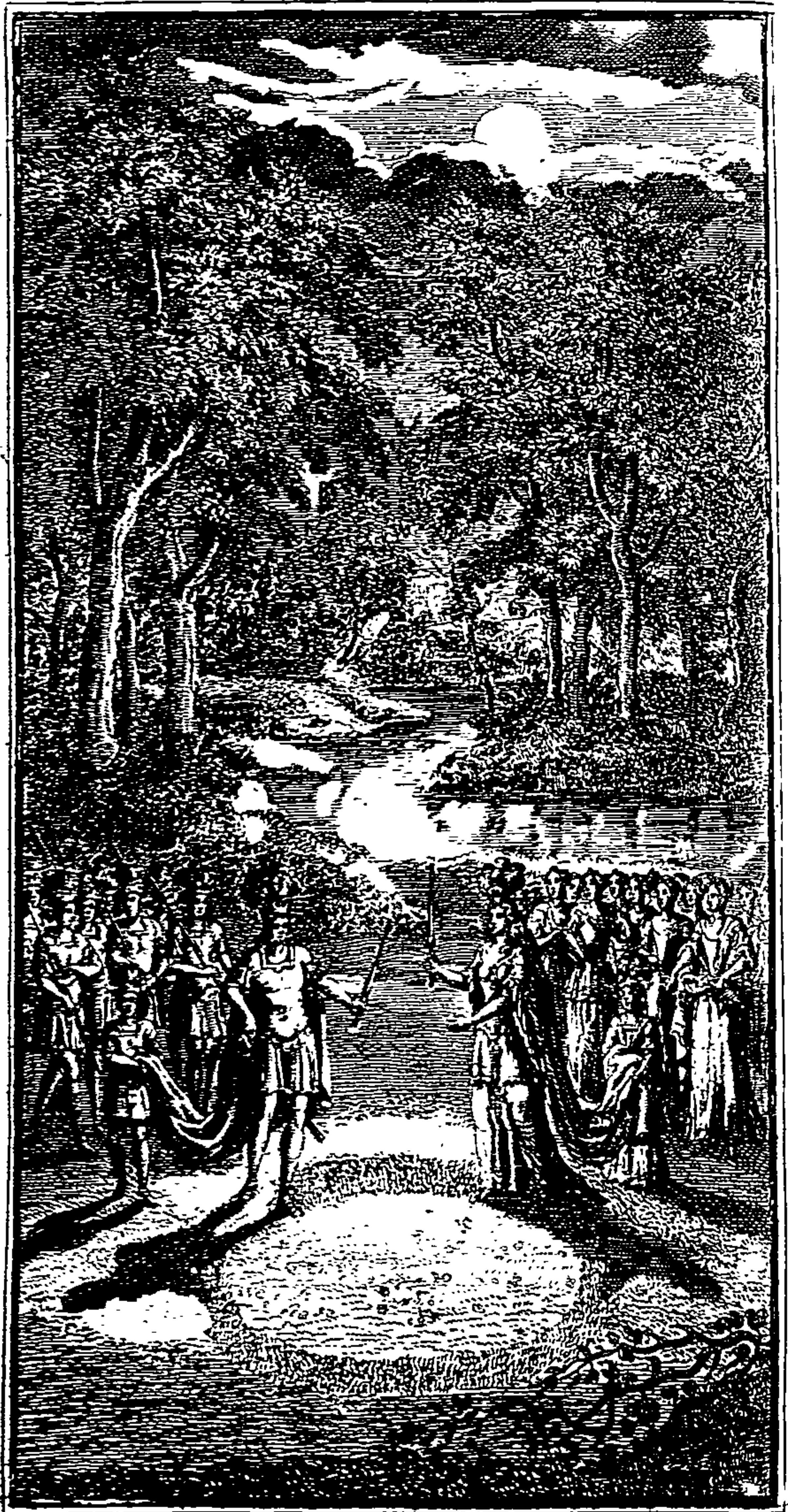
*When all aloud the Wind doth blow,
And Coughing drowns the Parson's Saw;
And Birds sit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrian's Nose looks red and raw;
When roasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl,
Then Nightly sings the staring Owl,
Tu-whit to-who,*

*A merry Note,
While greasie Jone doth keel the Pot.*

Arm. The Words of Mercury
Are harsh after the Songs of Apollo:
You that way, we this way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





A

Midsummer-Night's

DREAM.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

THeseus, *Duke of Athens.*

Egeus, *an Athenian Lord.*

Lysander, *in Love with Hermia.*

Demetrius, *in Love with Hermia.*

Quince, *the Carpenter.*

Snug, *the Joiner.*

Bottom, *the Weaver.*

Flate, *the Bellow-mender.*

Snowt, *the Tinker.*

Starveling *the Tailor.*

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

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

Helena, *in Love with Demetrius.*

ATTENDANTS.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*

Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*

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

Peaseblossom,

Cobweb,

Moth,

Mustardseed,

} *Fairies.*

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

S C E N E *Athens, and a Wood not far from it.*





A

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Theseus and Hippolita, with Attendants.

THESEUS.



O W, fair *Hippolita*, our Nuptial Hour
Draws on apace; four happy Days
bring in
Another Moon: But oh, methinks,
how slow
This old Moon wanes! She lingers my
Desires

Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a young Man's Revenue.

Hip. Four Days will quickly steep themselves in Nights,
Four Nights will quickly dream away the Time:
And then the Moon, like to a Silver Bow,
New bent in Heaven, shall behold the Night
Of our Solemnities.

The. Go, *Philostrate*,
Stir up the *Athenian* Youth to Merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble Spirit of Mirth,
Turn Melancholly forth to Funerals;

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The pale Companion is not for our Pomp.

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my Sword,

And won thy Love, doing thee Injuries:

But I will wed thee in another Key,

With Pomp, with Triumph, and with Revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

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

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

Ege. Full of Vexation, come I, with Complaint
Against my Child, my Daughter *Hermia*.

Stand forth Demetrius. My noble Lord,

This Man hath my Consent to marry her.

Stand forth Lysander. And, my gracious Duke,

This hath bewitch'd the Bosom of my Child:

Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast given her Rbimes,

And interchang'd Love-tokens with my Child:

Thou hast, by Moon-light, at her Window sung,

With feigning Voice, Verses of feigning Love,

And stol'n th' Impression of her Fantasie,

With Bracelets of thy Hair, Rings, Gawds, Conceits,

Knacks, Trifles, Nosegays, Sweet-meats, Messengers

Of strong Prevailment in unharden'd Youth:

With Cunning hast thou filch'd my Daughter's Heart,

Turn'd her Obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn Harshness. And, my gracious Duke,

Be it so she will not here before your Grace

Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,

I beg the ancient Privilege of *Athens*,

As she is mine, I may dispose of her:

Which shall be either to this Gentleman,

Or to her Death, according to our Law,

Immediately provided in that Case.

The. What say you, *Hermia*? be advis'd, fair Maid.

To you your Father should be as a God;

One that compos'd your Beauties; yea, and one

To whom you are but as a Form in Wax

By him imprinted; and within his Power,

To leave the Figure, or disfigure it:

Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The.

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The. In himself he is ;
But in this kind, wanting your Father's Voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my Father look'd but with my Eyes.

The. Rather your Eyes must with his Judgment look.

Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me,
I know not by what Power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my Modesty
In such a Presence here to plead my Thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this Case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to die the Death, or to abjure
For ever the Society of Men.
Therefore, fair *Hermia*, question your Desires,
Know of your Youth, examine well your Blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your Father's Choice,
You can endure the Livery of a Nun,
For Aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,
To live a barren Sister all your Life,
Chanting faint Hymns to the cold fruitless Moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their Blood,
To undergo such Maiden Pilgrimage.
But earlier happy is the Rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the Virgin Thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single Blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my Lord,
Ere I will yield my Virgin Patent up
Unto his Lordship, to whose unwish'd Yoak
My Soul consents not to give Sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause, and by the next New Moon,
The sealing Day betwixt my Love and me,
For everlasting Bond of Fellowship,
Upon that Day either prepare to die,
For Disobedience to your Father's Will,
Or else to wed *Demetrius* as he would,
Or on *Diana's* Altar to protest,
For aye, Austerity and single Life.

Dem. Relent, sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yield
Thy crazed Title to my certain Right.

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

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

Lys. I am, my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd: My Love is more than his:
My Fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius*:
And, which is more than all these Boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my Right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made Love to *Nedar's* Daughter, *Helena*,
And won her Soul; and she, sweet Lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in Idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant Man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke thereof;
But being over-full of Self-affairs,
My Mind did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair *Hermia*, look you arm your self,
To fit your Fancies to your Father's Will;
Or else the Law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no Means we may extenuate)
To Death, or to a Vow of single Life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what Cheer, my Love?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along,
I must employ you in some Business
Against our Nuptials, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns your selves.

Ege. With Duty and Desire we follow you. [Exit.

Manent *Lysander* and *Hermia*.

Lys. How now, my Love? Why is your Cheek so pale?
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of Rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the Tempest of mine Eyes.

Lys.

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Lys. Hermia, for ought that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by Tale or History,
The Course of true Love never did run smooth,
But either it was different in Blood —

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

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of Years —

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

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of Merit —

Her. O Hell! to chuse Love by another's Eye.

Lys. Or if there were a Sympathy in Choice,
War, Death, or Sicknes, did lay Siege to it;
Making it momentary as a Sound,
Swift as a Shadow, short as any Dream,
Brief as the Lightning in the collied Night,
That in a Spleen unfolds both Heaven and Earth;
And ere a Man hath Power to say, Behold,
The Jaws of Darknes do devour it up;
So quick bright Things come to Confusion.

Her. If the true Lovers have been ever cross,
It stands as an Edict in Destiny:
Then let us teach our Trial Patience,
Because it is a customary Cross,
As due to Love, as Thoughts, and Dreams, and Sighs,
Wishes and Tears, poor Fancy's Followers.

Lys. A good Persuasion; therefore hear me, *Hermia*,
I have a Widow-Aunt, a Dowager,
Of great Revenue, and she hath no Child;
From *Athens* is her House remov'd seven Leagues,
And she respects me as her only Son:
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,
And to that Place the sharp *Athenian* Law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then
Steal forth thy Father's House to Morrow Night;
And in the Wood, a League without the Town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*,
To do Observance for a Morn of *May*,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
I swear to thee, by *Cupid's* strongest Bow,
By his Best Arrow with the Golden Head,

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By the Simplicity of *Venus*' Doves,
 By that which knitteth Souls, and prospers Love,
 And by that Fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,
 When the false *Trojan*, under Sail, was seen;
 By all the Vows that ever Men have broke,
 In number more than ever Women spoke,
 In that same Place thou hast appointed me,
 To Morrow truly will I meet with thee,

Lys. Keep Promise Love. Look, here comes *Helena*:

Enter Helena.

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

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay,
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
 Your Eyes are Load-stars, and your Tongue's sweet Air,
 More tunable than Lark to Shepherd's Ear,
 When Wheat is green, when Haw-thorn Buds appear.
 Sicknes is catching: O were Favour so,
 Your Words I'd catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go,
 My Ear should catch your Voice, my Eye your Eye,
 My Tongue should catch your Tongue's sweet Melody.
 Were the World mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
 The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
 O teach me how you look, and with what Art
 You sway the Motion of *Demetrius*' Heart.

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

Hel. O that your Frowns would teach my Smiles such

Her. I give him Curses, yet he gives me Love. (Skill)

Hel. Oh that my Prayers could such Affection move.

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

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

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

Hel. None but your Beauty, would that Fault were mine.

Her. Take Comfort; he no more shall see my Face,
Lysander and my self will fly this Place.

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

O then, what Graces in my Love do dwell,
 That he hath turn'd a Heaven into Hell?

Lys. *Helen*, to you our Minds we will unfold;
 To Morrow Night, when *Phoebe* doth behold

Her

Her Silver Visage in the wat'ry Glass,
Decking with Liquid Pearl the bladed Grass,
A Time that Lovers Flights doth still conceal,
Through *Athens* Gate have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the Wood, where often you and I
Upon faint Primrose Beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our Bosoms of their Counsels swell'd;
There my *Lysander* and my self shall meet,
And thence from *Athens* turn away our Eyes,
To seek new Friends and strange Companions.
Farewel sweet Play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good Luck grant thee thine *Demetrius*.
Keep Word, *Lysander*, we must starve our Sight
From Lovers Food, 'till Morrow deep Midnight.

[*Exit* *Hermia*.

Lys. I will, my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* doats on you. [*Exit* *Lysander*.

Hel. How happy some, o'er othersome can be!

Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she.

But what of that; *Demetrius* thinks not so:

He will not know, what all but he doth know.

And as he errs, doating on *Hermia's* Eyes,

So I, admiring of his Qualities:

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,

Love can transpose to Form and Dignity:

Love looks not with the Eyes, but with the Mind,

And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind:

Nor hath Love's Mind of any Judgment taste;

Wings and no Eyes, Figure unheedy hast.

And therefore is Love said to be a Child,

Because in Choice he often is beguil'd.

As waggish Boys themselves in Game forswear,

So the Boy Love is perjur'd every where.

For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermia's* Eyne,

He hail'd down Oaths that he was only mine;

And when this Hail some Heat from *Hermia* felt;

So he dissolv'd, and Showers of Oaths did melt.

I will go tell him of fair *Hermia's* Flight:

Then to the Wood will he to Morrow Night

Pursue her; and for this Intelligence

If I have Thanks, it is a dear Expence.

But

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But herein mean I to enrich my Pain,
To have his Sight thither, and back again. [Exeunt.
Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our Company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, Man by Man, according to the Scrip.

Quin. Here is the Scrowl of every Man's Name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*. to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutcheſs, on his Wedding-day at Night.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the Play treats on; then read the Names of the Actors; and ſo grow on to a Point.

Quin. Marry, our Play is the moſt lamentable Comedy, and moſt cruel Death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

Bot. A very good piece of Work I aſſure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the Scrowl. Maſters ſpread your ſelves.

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

Bot. Ready: Name what Part I am for, and proceed.

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

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a Lover, or a Tyrant?

Quin. A Lover that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for Love.

Bot. That will aſk ſome Tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the Audience look to their Eyes; I will move Storms; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chief Humour is for a Tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a Part to tear a Cat in, to make all ſplit the raging Rocks, and ſhivering Shocks ſhall break the Locks of Priſon-Gates, and *Phibbus* Carr ſhall ſhine from far, and make and mar the Fooliſh Fates. This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* Vein, a Tyrant's Vein; a Lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Bellows-mender.

Flu. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You muſt take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wandring Knight?

Quin.

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Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay faith, let not me play a Woman, I have a Beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a Mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my Face, let me play *Thisby* too; I'll speak in a monstrous little Voice, *Thisne, Thisne*, ah *Pyramus* my Lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear, and Lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you must play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. *Robin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisby's* Mother.

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You *Pyramus's* Father; my self, *Thisby's* Father; *Snug*, the Joiner, you the Lion's part; I hope there is a Play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lion's Part written? Pray you if it be, give it me, for I am slow of Study.

Quin. You may do it Extempore, for it is nothing but Roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lion too, I will roar, that I will do any Man's Heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, Let him roar again, let him roar again.

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſs and the Ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every Mother's Son.

Bot. I grant you Friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wits, they would have no more Discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my Voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking Dove; I will roar an 'twere any Nightingal.

Quin. You can play no Part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a sweet-fac'd Man, a proper Man as one shall see in a Sum-

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Summer's Day; a most lovely Gentleman-like-man, therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What Beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your Straw-colour Beard, your Orange-tawny Beard, your Purple-in-grain Beard, or your *French-Crown-colour'd* Beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your *French-Crowns* have no Hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But Masters here are your Parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to Morrow Night; and meet me in the Palace-Wood, a Mile without the Town, by Moonlight, there we will rehearse; for if we meet in the City, we shall be dog'd with Company, and our Devices known. In the mean time I will draw a Bill of Properties, such as our Play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pain, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's Oak we meet.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut Bowstrings. [*Exeunt.*]

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

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

Puck. **H**OW now Spirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over Hill, over Dale, through Bush, through
Over Park, over Pale, through Flood, through Fire, (Briar,
I do wander every where, swifter than the Moon's Sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen, to dew her Orbs upon the
The Cowslips tall her Pensioners be, (Green.
In their gold Coats Spots you see,
Those be Rubies, Fairy Favours,
In those Freckles live their Savours:

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I must go seek some Dew-Drops here,
And hang a Pearl in every Cowslip's Ear.
Farewel thou Lob of Spirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her Elves come here anon:

Puck. The King doth keep his Revels here to Night,
Take heed the Queen come not within his Sight,
For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her Attendant, hath
A lovely Boy stol'n from an *Indian* King,
She never had so sweet a Changeling;
And jealous *Oberon* would have the Child
Knight of his Train, to trace the Forests wild;
But she per-force with-holds the loved Boy,
Crowns him with Flowers, and makes him all her Joy:
And now they never meet in Grove, or Green,
By Fountain clear, or spangled Star-light sheen,
But they do square, that all their Elves for fear
Creep into Acorn Cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your Shape and Making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish Sprite
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow*. Are you not he,
That fright the Maidens of the Villageree,
Skim Milk, and sometimes labour in the Quern,
And bootless make the breathless Hufwife chern,
And sometime make the Drink to bear no Barm
Mis-lead Night-wanderers, laughing at their Harm?
Those that *Hobgoblin* call you, and sweet *Puck*,
You do their Work, and they shall have good Luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry Wanderer of the Night:
I jest to *Oberon*, and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed Horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness like a silly Foal:
And sometimes lurk I in a Gossip's Bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted Crab,
And when she drinks, again her Lips I bob,
And on her withered Dewlap pour the Ale.
The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest Tale,

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Sometime for three-foot Stool mistaketh me,
 Then slip I from her Bum, down topples she,
 And Tailor cries, and falls into a Cough,
 And then the whole Quire hold their Hips, and losse,
 And waxen in their Mirth, and neeze and swear,
 A merrier Hour was never wasted there.
 But room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my Mistrefs:
 Would that we were gone.

*Enter Oberon King of Fairies at one Doer with his Train,
 and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by Moon-light,
 Proud *Titania*.

Queen. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence,
 I have forsworn his Bed and Company.

Ob. Tarry rash Wanton, am not I thy Lord?

Queen. Then I must be thy Lady; but I know
 Wæen thou wast stoll'n away from Fairy Land,
 And in the shape of *Corin* sat all Day,
 Playing on Pipes of Corn, and versing Love
 To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here,
 Come from the farthest steep of *India*?
 But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*,
 Your buskin'd Mistrefs, and your Warrior Love,
 To *Theseus* must be wedded, and you come,
 To give their Bed Joy and Prosperity.

Ob. How can'st thou thus for shame, *Titania*,
 Glance at my Credit with *Hippolita*,
 Knowing I know thy Love to *Theseus*?
 Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering Night
 From *Peregenia*, whom he ravished,
 And make him with fair *Ægle* break his Faith,
 With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

Queen. These are the Forgeries of Jealousie,
 And never since the middle Summer's Spring,
 Met we on Hill, in Dale, Forest, or Mead,
 By paved Fountain, or by rushy Brook,
 Or in the beached Margent of the Sea,
 To dance our Ringlets to the whistling Wind,
 But with thy Brawls thou hast disturb'd our Sport.

There-

Therefore the Winds piping to us in vain,
As in Revenge have suck'd up from the Sea
Contagious Fogs; which falling in the Land,
Have every petty River made so proud,
That they have over-born their Continents.
The Ox hath therefore stretch'd his Yoak in vain,
The Ploughman lost his Sweat, and the green Corn
Hath rotted, ere his Youth attain'd a Beard,
The Fold stands empty in the drowned Field,
And Crows are fatted with the Murrion Flock,
The Nine-mens-morris is fill'd up with Mud,
And the quaint Mazes in the wanton Green,
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.

The human Mortals want their Winter here,
No Night is now with Hymn or Carol blest;
Therefore the Moon, the Governess of Floods,
Pale in her Anger, washes all the Air;
That Rheumatick Diseases do abound.
And thorough this Distemperature, we see
The Seasons alter; hoary-headed Frosts
Fall in the fresh Lap of the Crimson Rose,
And on old *Hyem's* Chin and Icy Crown,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer Buds
Is as in Mockery set. The Spring, the Summer,
The chiding Autumn, angry Winter-change
Their wonted Liveries, and the amazed World,
By their increase, now knows not which is which;
And this same Progeny of Evil comes
From our Debate, from our Dissention,
We are their Parents and Original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you.
Why should *Titania* cross her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling Boy,
To be my Henchman,

Queer. Set your Heart at rest,
The Fairy-land buys not the Child of me.
His Mother was a Votress of my Order,
And in the spiced *Indian* Air by Night
Full often she hath gossipt by my side,
And sat with me on *Neptune's* yellow Sands,

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Marking th'embarked Traders of the Flood,
 When we have laught to see the Sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton Wind:
 Which she with pretty and with swimming Gate,
 Following (her Womb then rich with my young Squire)
 Would imitate, and sail upon the Land,
 To fetch me Trifles, and return again,
 As from a Voyage rich with Merchandize.
 But she being mortal, of that Boy did die,
 And for her sake I do rear up her Boy,
 And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this Wood intend you stay?

Queen. Perchance 'till after *Theseus'* Wedding-day.
 If you will patiently dance in our Round,
 And see our Moon-light Revels, go with us;
 If not, shun me and I will spare your Haunts.

Ob. Give me that Boy, and I will go with thee.

QUEENS. Not for thy fairy Kingdom. Fairies away:
 We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. [*Exeunt.*]

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this Grove,
 'Till I torment thee for this Injury.

My gentle *Puck* come hither; thou remembrest
 Since that I fate upon a Promontory,
 And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphin's Back,
 Uttering such Dulcet and Harmonious Breath,
 That the rude Sea grew civil at her Song,
 And certain Stars shot madly from their Spheres,
 To hear the Sea-maid's Musick.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, but thou could'st not,
 Flying between the cold Moon and the Earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certain Aim he took

At a fair Vestal, throned by the West,
 And loos'd his Love-shaft smartly from his Bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand Hearts;
 But I might see young *Cupid's* fiery Shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste Beams of the wat'ry Moon,
 And the Imperial Votress pass'd on,
 In Maiden-Meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the Bolt of *Cupid* fell,

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It fell upon a little western Flower;
Before, milk-white, now purple with Love's Wound,
And Maidens call it, Love in Idleness.
Fetch me that Flower; the Herb I shew'd thee once;
The Juice of it, on sleeping Eye-lids laid,
Will make a Man or Woman madly doat
Upon the next livè Creature that it sees.
Fetch me this Herb, and be thou here again
Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a League.

Puck. I'll put a Girdle about the Earth in forty Minutes.
[Exit.]

Ob. Having once this Juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when she is asleep,
And drop the Liquor of it in her Eyes:
The next thing which she waking looks upon,
(Be it on Lyon, Bear, or Wolf, or Bull,
Or meddling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
She shall pursue it with the Soul of Love;
And ere I take this Charm off from her Sight,
(As I can take it with another Herb)
I'll make her render up her Page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will over-hear their Conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is *Lysander*, and fair *Hermia*?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this Wood;
And here am I, and wood within this Wood,
Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence get thee gone, and follow me no more,

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron; for my Heart
Is true as Steel. Leave you your Power to draw,
And I shall have no Power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plainest Truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love thee the more;
I am your Spaniel, and, *Demetrius*,

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The more you beat me I will fawn on you :
Use me but as your Spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me Leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser Place can I beg in your Love,
(And yet a Place of high Respect with me)
Than to be used as you do your Dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the Hatred of my Spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your Modesty too much,
To leave the City, and commit your self
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the Opportunity of Night,
And the ill Counsel of a desert Place,
With the rich Worth of your Virginity.

Hel. Your Virtue is my Privilege; for that
It is not Night when I do see your Face,
Therefore I think I am not in the Night.
Nor doth this Wood lack Worlds of Company,
For you, in my Respect, are all the World.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the World is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the Brakes,
And leave thee to the Mercy of wild Beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a Heart as you;
Run when you will, the Story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the Chace;
The Dove pursues the Griffin, the mild Hind
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootless speed!
When Cowardize pursues, and Valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy Questions, let me go;
Or if you follow me, do not believe,
But I shall do thee Mischief in the Wood.

Hel. Ay, in the Temple in the Town and Field
You do me Mischief. Fye, *Demetrius*,
Your Wrongs do set a Scandal on my Sex:
We cannot fight for Love, as Men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a Heaven of Hell,

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To die upon the Hand I love so well. [Exeunt

Ob. Fare thee well, Nymph; ere he do leave this Grove
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy Love.
Hast thou the Flower there? Welcome Wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me;
I know a Bank where the wild Time blows,
Where the Oxlips and the nodding Violet grows,
Quite over canopy'd with luscious Woodbine,
With sweet Musk Roses, and with Eglantine,
There sleeps *Titania*, some time of the Night,
Lull'd in these Flowers, with Dances and Delight;
And there the Snake throws her enamell'd Skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in:
And with the Juice of this I'll streak her Eyes,
And make her full of hateful Fantasies.
Take thou some of it; and seek through this Grove;
A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in love
With a disdainful Youth; anoint his Eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the Man;
By the *Athenian* Garments he hath on.
Effect it with some Care, that he may prove
More fond of her than she upon her Love;
And look you meet me ere the first Cock crow.

Puck. Fear not my Lord, your Servant shall do so. [Exit.

Enter *Queen of Fairies*, with her Train.

Queen. Come, now a Roundel, and a *Fairy* Song:
Then for the third Part of a Minute hence,
Some to kill Kankers in the Musk-Rose Buds,
Some war with Reremise for their leathern Wings,
To make my small *Elves* Coats; and some keep back
The clamorous Owl that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint Spirits. Sing me now asleep,
Then to your Offices, and let me rest:

Fairies Sing.

*You spotted Snakes with double Tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogs be not seen,*

E 2

Newts

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*Newts and blind Worms do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
Philomel with Melody,
Sing in your sweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm;
Come our lovely Lady nigh,
So good night with Lullaby.*

2 Fairy.

*Weaving Spiders come not here;
Hence you long-leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles black approach not near,
Worm nor Snail do no Offence.
Philomel with Melody, &c.*

1 Fairy.

*Hence away; now all is well:
One aloof, stand Centinel.*

[Exeunt Fairies.]

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true Love take,
Love and languish for his sake;
Be it Ounce, or Cat, or Bear,
Pard, or Boar, with bristled Hair,
In thy Eye that shall appear,
When thou wak'st, it is thy Dear;
Wake when some vile Thing is near. [Exit Oberon.]

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair Love, you faint with wandring in the Wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our Way:
We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,
And tarry for the Comfort of the Day.

Her. Be it so, *Lysander*; find you out a Bed,
For I upon this Bank will rest my Head.

Lys. One Turf shall serve as Pillow for us both,
One Heart, one Bed, two Bosoms, and one Troth.

Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my Sake, my Dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

Lys.

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Lys. O take the Sense sweet of my Innocence;
Love takes the Meaning in Love's Conference;
I mean that my Heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one Heart can you make of it:
Two Bosoms interchanged with an Oath,
So then two Bosoms, and a single Troth:
Then by your Side no Bed-room me deny
For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my Manners, and my Pride;
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* ly'd.
But gentle Friend, for Love and Curtesie
Lye further off in human Modesty;
Such Separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous Batchelor, and a Maid;
So far be distant, and good night sweet Friend;
Thy Love ne'er alter 'till thy sweet Life end.

Lys. Amen, Amen, to that fair Prayer say I,
And then end Life when I end Loyalty:
Here is my Bed; Sleep give thee all his Rest.

Her. With half that Wish, the Wisher's Eyes be prest.
[*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the Forest have I gone;
But *Athenian* find I none,
On whose Eyes I might approve
This Flower's Force in stirring Love:
Night and Silence! who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear;
This is he, my Master said,
Despised the *Athenian* Maid?
And here the Maiden sleeping found
On the dank and dirty Ground.
Pretty Soul! she durst not lie
Near this Lack-love, this kill Curtesie.
Churl, upon thy Eyes I throw
All the Power this Charm doth owe;
When thou wak'st, let Love forbid
Sleep his Seat on thy Eye-lid;

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So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon.

[Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius!*

Dem. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou Darling leave me? Do not so.

Dem. Stay on thy Peril, I alone will go. [Exit *Demetrius.*

Hel. O I am out of Breath in this fond Chace,
The more my Prayer, the lesser is my Grace.
Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoe'er she lyes;
For she hath blessed and attractive Eyes.
How came her Eyes so bright? Not with salt Tears;
If so, my Eyes are oftner wash'd than hers:
No, no, I am as ugly as a Bear;
For Beasts that meet me run away for fear;
Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*
Do as a Monster, fly my Presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling Glass of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermia's* spherish Eyne?
But who is here? *Lysander* on the Ground:
Dead or asleep? I see no Blood, no Wound:
Lysander, if you live, good Sir awake.

Lys. And run thro' Fire I will for thy sweet sake. [Waking.
Transparent *Helen*, Nature here shews Art,
That through thy Bosom makes me see thy Heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? Oh how fit a Word
Is that vile Name, to perish on my Sword?

Hel. Do not say so. *Lysander*, say not so;
What tho' he love your *Hermia*? Lord, what tho'?
Yet *Hermia* still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? No: I do repent
The tedious Minutes I with her have spent;
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love:
Who will not change a Raven for a Dove?
The Will of Man is by his Reason sway'd,
And Reason says you are the worthier Maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their Season;
So I being young, 'till now not ripe to Reason,
And touching now the Point of human Skill,
Reason becomes the Marshal to my Will,

And

And leads me to your Eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's Stories, written in Love's richest Book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen Mockery born?
When at your Hands did I deserve this Scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young Man,
That I did never, no nor never can
Deserve a sweet Look from *Demetrius'* Eye,
But you must flout my Insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong, good sooth you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo:
But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,
I thought you Lord of more true Gentleness:
Oh, that a Lady of one Man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. [Exit.

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*; *Hermia* sleep thou there,
And never may'st thou come *Lysander* near;
For as a Surfeit of the sweetest Things,
The deepest loathing to a Stomach brings;
Or as the Heresies that Men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my Surfeit and my Heresie,
Of all be hated, but the most of me;
And all my Powers, address your Love and Might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. [Exit.

Her. Help me, *Lysander*, help me, do thy best
To pluck this crawling Serpent from my Breast:
Ay me, for Pity, what a Dream was here?
Lysander look, how I do quake with Fear;
Me-thought a Serpent eat my Heart away,
And yet fate smiling at his cruel Prey:
Lysander! what remov'd? *Lysander*, Lord!
What out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
Alack where are you? Speak, and if you hear,
Speak of all Loves; I swoon almost with Fear.
No, then I well perceive you are not nigh,
Either Death or you I'll find immediately. [Exit

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

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout and Starveling.
The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Bot. A R E we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a marvellous convenient Place for our Rehearsal. This green Plot shall be our Stage, this Hawthorn-Brake our Tiring House, and we will do it in Action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince.

Quin. What say'st thou Bully Bottom?

Bot. There are Things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Piramus* must draw a Sword to kill himself, which the Ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous Fear!

Star. I believe we must leave the Killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a Device to make all well; write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seem to say, We will do no harm with our Swords, and that *Piramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for the better Assurance, tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottom* the Weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall be written in Eight and Six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in Eight and Eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afraid of the Lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selves; to bring in, God shield us, a Lion among Ladies, is a most dreadful Thing; for there is not a more fearful wild Fowl than your Lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lion.

Bot.

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Bot. Nay, you must name his Name, and half his Face must be seen through the Lion's Neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect; Ladies, or fair Ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my Life for yours; if you think I come hither as a Lion, it were pity of my Life; no, I am no such thing, I am a Man as other Men are; and there indeed let him name his Name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the Joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard Things; that is, to bring the Moon-light into a Chamber; for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by Moon-light.

Snug. Doth the Moon shine that Night we play our Play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, look in the Almanack; find out Moon-shine, find out Moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that Night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a Casement of the great Chamber Window, where we Play, open, and the Moon may shine in at the Casement.

Quin. Ay, or else one must come in with a Bush of Thorns and a Lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the Person of Moon-shine; then there is another thing, we must have a Wall in the great Chamber; for *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, says the Story, did talk through the Chink of a Wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a Wall. What say you: *Bottom*?

Bot. Some Man or other must present Wall, and let him have some Plaster, or some Lome, or some Rough-cast about him, to signify Wall, or let him hold his Fingers thus; and through the Cranny shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down every Mother's Son, and rehearse your Parts. *Pyramus* you begin; when you have spoken your Speech enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his Cue.

Enter Puck.

Puck. What hempen Home-spuns have we swaggering
So near the Cradle of the Fairy Queen? [here,

E 5

What,

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What, a Play toward? I'll be an Auditor;
An Actor too perhaps, if I see Cause.

Quin. Speak *Pyramus*; *Thisby* stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby*, the Flowers of odious Savour's sweet.

Quin. Odours, Odours

Pyr. Odours favours sweet,

So doth thy Breath, my dearest *Thisby* dear:

But hark, a Voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit *Pyr.*

Puck. A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here.

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay marry must you; for you must understand
he goes but to see a Noise that he heard, and is to come
again.

This. Most radiant *Pyramus*. most lilly white of Hue,
Of Colour like the red Rose on triumphant Bryer,
Most brisky *Juvenile*, and eke most lovely *Jew*,
As true as truest Horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninny's Tomb*.

Quin. *Ninny's Tomb*, Man; why you must not speak
that yet; that you answer to *Pyramus*; you speak all your
Part at once, Cues and all. *Pyramus* enter, your Cue is
past; it is never tire.

Enter Pyramus.

This. O, as true as truest Horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted; pray
Masters, fly Masters, help. [The Clowns Exeunt.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a Round,
Through Bog, through Bush, through Brake, through Bryer;
Sometimes a Horse I'll be, sometimes a Hound,
A Hog, a headless Bear, sometime a Fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and rore, and burn,
Like Horse, Hound, Hog, Bear, Fire, at every turn. [Exit.

Enter Bottom with an Ass Head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a Knavery of
them to make me afeard.

Enter Snowt.

Snowt. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I see on
thee?

Bot.

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Bot. What do you see? You see an Afs-head of your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee *Bottom*, blest thee, thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their Knavery, this is to make an Afs of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stir from this Place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.
The Woolf Cock, so black of hue,
With Orange-tawny Bill,
The Throstle with his Note so true,
The Wren and little Quill.

Queen. What Angel wakes me from my flowry Bed? [*Waking.*

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,
The plain-song Cuckow gray,
Whose Note full many a Man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay.
For, indeed, who would set his Wit to so foolish a Bird?
Who would give a Bird the Lye, tho' he cry Cuckow never so?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle Mortal, sing again;
Mine Ear is much enamour'd of thy Note;
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee,
So is mine Eye enthralled to thy Shape,
And thy fair Virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.

Bot. Methinks, Mistress, you should have little Reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, Reason and Love keep little Company together, now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest Neighbours will not make them Friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as Wise as thou art Beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither: But if I had Wit enough to get out of this Wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this Wood do not desire to go,
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a Spirit of no common Rate;
The Summer still doth tend upon my State,
And I do love thee; therefore go with me,
I'll give thee Fairies to attend on thee; And

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And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the Deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed Flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal Grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy Spirit go.

*Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and
four Fairies.*

1 *Fair.* Ready.

2 *Fair.* And I.

3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I, Where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman.

Hop in his Walks, and Gambole in his Eyes,
Feed him with Apricocks and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries,
The Honey Bags steal from the Humble Bees,
And for Night Tapers crop their waxen Thighs,
And light them at the fiery Glow-worm's Eyes;
To have my Love to Bed, and to arise:
And pluck the Wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moom-beams from his sleeping Eyes,
Nod to him Elves, and do him Courtesies.

1 *Fair.* Hail Mortal, Hail.

2 *Fair.* Hail.

3 *Fair.* Hail.

Bot. I cry your Worship's Mercy heartily, I beseech your
Worship's Name.

Cob. *Cobweb.*

Bot. I shall desire of you more Acquaintance, good Ma-
ster *Cobweb*; if I cut my Finger, I shall make bold with you.
Your Name, honest Gentleman?

Peas. *Peaseblossom.*

Bot. I pray you commend me to Mistress *Squash* your
Mother, and to Master *Peasecod* your Father. Good Master
Peaseblossom, I shall desire of you more Acquaintance too.
Your Name, I beseech you, Sir?

Mus. *Mustardseed.*

Bot. Good Master *Mustardseed*, I know your Patience
well: That same cowardly Giant-like Ox-beef hath de-
vour'd many a Gentleman of your House. I promise
you, your Kindred hath made my Eyes water ere now.

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I desire more of your Acquaintance, good Master *Mustardseed*.

Queen. Come wait upon him, lead him to my Bower.
The Moon, methinks, looks with a watry Eye,
And when she weeps, weep every little Flower,
Lamenting some enforced Chastity.

Tye up my Lover's Tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*
Enter King of Fairies solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak'd:
Then what it was that next came in her Eye,
Which she must doat on in Extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my Messenger: How now mad Spirit,
What Night-rule now about this haunted Grove?

Puck. My Mistress with a Monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated Bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping Hour,
A crew of Patches, rude Mechanicals,
That work for Bread upon *Athenian* Stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a Play,
Intended for great *Theseus'* Nuptial Day.
The shallowest thick Skin of that barren fort
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their Sport
Forsook his Scene, and entred in a Brake,
When I did him at this Advantage take,
An *Afs's* Nole I fixed on his Head;
Anon his *Thisby* must be answered,
And forth my Mimick comes; When they him spy,
As wild Geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruffet-pated Choughs, many in fort,
Rising and cawing at the Gun's Report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the Sky;
So at his sight, away his Fellows fly,
And at our stamp here o'er and o'er one falls;
He Murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their Sense thus weak, lost with their Fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
For Briars and Thorns at their Apparel snatch,
Some Sleeves, some Hats, from Yielders all things catch.

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I led them on in this distracted Fear,
And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an Ass.

Ob. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the *Athenian's* Eyes
With the Love Juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping; that is finish'd too;
And the *Athenian* Woman by his side,
That when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

Puck. This is the Woman, but not this the Man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter Foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to Curse,
If thou hast slain *Lysander* in his sleep.
Being o'er Shoes in Blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The Sun was not so true unto the Day
As he to me. Would he have stolen away
From sleeping *Hermia*? I'll believe as soon
This whole Earth may be bor'd, and that the Moon
May through the Center creep, and so displease
Her Brother's Noon-tide, with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him,
So should a Murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the Murderer look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the Heart with your stern Cruelty:
Yet you the Murderer look as bright and clear
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering Sphere.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? Where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'd rather give his Carcass to my Hounds.

Her. Out Dog, out Cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of Maiden's Patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never numbered among Men.
Oh! once tell true, and even for my sake,
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake?

And

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And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a Worm, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it, for with doubler Tongue
Than thine, thou Serpent, 'never Adder stung.

Dem. You spend your Passion on a mispriz'd mood;
I am not guilty of *Lysander's* Blood,
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A Privilege never to see me more;
And from thy hated Presence part I. See me no more,
Whether he be dead or no. [Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce Vein,
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So Sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow:
For Debt that Bankrupt sleep doth Sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.

Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid thy Love-Juice on some true Love's sight:
Of thy Misprision must perforce ensue
Some true Love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then Fate o'er-rules, that one Man holding Troth
A Million fail, confounding Oath on Oath.

Ob. About the Wood go swifter than the Wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens* see thou find.
All Fancy-sick she is, and pale of Cheer,
With sighs of Love, that costs the fresh Blood dear;
By some Illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his Eyes against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go, look how I go,
Swifter than Arrow from the *Tartar's* Bow. [Exit.

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with *Cupid's* Archery,
Sink in Apple of his Eye;
When his Love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the Sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for Remedy.

Enter

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Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our Fairy Band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the Youth mistook by me,
Pleading for a Lover's Fee:
Shall we their fond Pageant see?
Lord, what Fools these Mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: The Noise they make
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be Sport alone.
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and Derision never come in Tears.
Look when I vow, I weep, and Vows so born,
In their Nativity all Truth appears:
How can these things in me seem Scorn to you?
Bearing the badge of Faith to prove them true.

Hel. You do advance your Cunning more and more,
When Truth kills Truth, O devilish holy Fray!
These Vows are *Hermia's*. Will you give her o'er?
Weigh Oath with Oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your Vows to her and me, put in two Scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as Tales.

Lys. I had no Judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my Mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awaking.*] O *Helena*, Goddess, Nymph, perfect,
divine,

To what, my Love, shall I compare thine Eyne?
Crystal is muddy; O how ripe in show,
Thy Lips, those kissing Cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* Snow,
Fann'd with the Eastern Wind, turns to a Crow,
When thou holdst up thy hand. O let me kiss
This Princess of pure white, this seal of Bliss.

Hel. O Spight, O Hell! I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your Merriment:

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If you were civil, and knew Courtesie,
You would not do me thus much Injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in Souls to mock me too?
If you are Men, as Men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle Lady so:
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my Parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your Hearts.
You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both Rivals to mock *Helena*.
A trim Exploit, a manly Enterprize,
To conjure Tears up in a poor Maid's Eyes,
With your Derision: None of Noble sort
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poor Soul's Patience, all to make you Sport.

Lys. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not so,
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know.
And here with all good will, with all my Heart,
In *Hermia's* Love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my Death.

Hel. Never did Mockers waste more idle Breath.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that Love is gone.
My Heart to her, but as Guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. It is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the Faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy Peril thou abide it dear.
Look where thy Love comes, yonder is thy Dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark Night, that from the Eye his Function takes,
The Ear more quick of Apprehension makes.
Wherein it doth impair the seeing Sense,
It pays the Hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine Eye, *Lysander*, found,
Mine Ear, I thank it, brought me to that Sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom Love doth press to go?

Her.

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Her. What Love could press *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysander's* Love, that would not let him bide;
Fair *Helena*, who more Engilds the Night,
Than all yon fiery O's and Eyes of Light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The Hate I bear thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think: It cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this Confederacy;
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,
To fashion this false Sport in spight of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, most ungrateful Maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me, with this foul Derision?
Is all the Counsel that we two have shar'd,
The Sisters Vows, the Hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty footed Time,
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All School-days Friendship, Childhood Innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two Artificial gods,
Have with our Needles, created both one Flower,
Both on one Sampler, sitting on one Cushion;
Both warbling of one Song, both in one Key;
As if our Hands, our Sides, Voices, and Minds
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double Cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an Union in partition;
Two lovely Berries molded on one Stem,
So with two seeming Bodies, but one Heart,
Two of the first Life, Coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one Crest.
And will you rend our ancient Love asunder,
To join with Men in scorning your poor Friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our Sex as well as I may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the Injury.

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

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my Eyes and Face?
And made your other Love, *Demetrius*,

Who

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Who even but now did spurn me with his Foot,
To call me Goddess, Nymph, Divine, and Rare,
Precious, Celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lysander*
Deny your Love, so rich within his Soul,
And tender me, forsooth, Affection,
But by your setting on, by your Consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with Love, so fortunate?
But miserable most, to love unlov'd,
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad Looks,
Make Mouths upon me when I turn my Back,
Wink each at other, hold the sweet Jest up:
This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any Pity, Grace, or Manners,
You would not make me such an Argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which Death or Absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena*, hear my Excuse;
My Love, my Soul, fair *Helena*.

Hel. O Excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.
Thy Threats have no more Strength than her weak Praise.
Helen, I love thee, by my Life I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

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

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiope*.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seem to break loose;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not; you are a tame Man, go.

Lys. Hang off thou Cat, thou Burre; vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a Serpent.

Her

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Her. Why are you grown so rude
What Change is this, sweet Love?

Lys. Thy Love? Out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed Medicine; O hated Poison, hence.

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keep my Word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your Bond; for I perceive
A weak Bond holds you; I'll not trust your Word.

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

Her. What can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what News, my Love?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?
I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.
Since Night you lov'd me; yet since Night you left me:
Why then you left me, O the gods forbid!
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my Life,
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no Jest,
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me, you Jugler, you Canker-blossom,
You Thief of Love; what, have you come by Night,
And stolen my Love's Heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no Modesty, no maiden Shame,
No touch of Bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient Answers from my gentle Tongue?
Fie, fie, you Counterfeit, you Puppet, you.

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that ways go the Game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our Statures; she hath urg'd her height,
And with her Personage, her tall Personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his Esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted Maypole? Speak,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But

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But that my Nails can reach unto thine Eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, Gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me. I was never curst:
I have no gift at all in Shrewishness;
I am a right Maid for my Cowardize:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she's something lower than my self,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! Hark again.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me;
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your Counsels, never wrong'd you,
Save that, in Love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth into the Wood:
He follow'd you, for Love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To strike me, spurn me, nay to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my Folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone; who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish Heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she will not harm thee, *Helena*.

Dem. No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part,

Hel. Oh when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd,
She was a Vixen when she went to School;
And though she be but little she is fierce.

Her. Little again? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you Dwarf,
You *Minimus*, of hindring Knot-grafs made,
You Bead, you Acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your Services.
Let her alone, speak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part: For if thou dost intend

Never

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Never so little shew of Love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

Lys. Now she holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose Right
Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? Nay, I'll go with thee Cheek by Jowl.
[Exit *Lysander and Demetrius*.

Her. You Mistrefs, all this Coyl is long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst Company.
Your Hands than mine are quicker for a Fray,
My Legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit *Her*.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is thy Negligence, still thou mistak'st:
Or else committ'st thy Knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, King of Shadows, I mistook:
Did not you tell me I should know the Man,
By the *Athenian* Garments he hath on?
And so far blameless proves my Enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian's* Eyes;
And so far am I glad, it so did fort,
As this their Jangling I esteem a Sport.

Ob. Thou see'st these Lovers seek a Place to fight;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcast the Night,
The Starry Welkin cover thou anon
With drooping Fog, as black as *Acheron*,
And lead these testy Rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lysander* sometime frame thy Tongue,
Then stir *Demetrius* up with bitter Wrong;
And sometime rail thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their Brows, Death counterfeiting Sleep
With leaden Legs and Batty Wings doth creep;
Then crush this Herb into *Lysander's* Eye,
Whose Liquor hath this virtuous Property,
To take from thence all Error, with its Might,
And make his Eye-balls rowl with wonted light.
When they next wake, all this Derision
Shall seem a Dream, and fruitless Vision;

And

And back to *Athens* shall the Lovers wend
With League whose date 'till Death shall never end.
Whiles I in this Affair do thee imploy,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian Boy*;
And then I will her charmed Eye release
From Monsters view, and all things shall be Peace.

Puck. My Fairy Lord; this must be done with haste,
For Night's swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora's* Harbinger;
At whose approach, Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troop home to Church-yards; Damned Spirits all,
That in Cross-ways and Floods have Burial,
Already in their wormy Beds are gone,
For fear lest Day should look their Shames upon,
They wilfully exile themselves from Light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd Night.

Ob. But we are Spirits of another sort;
I with the Morning-Light have oft made sport,
And like a Forester the Groves may tread,
Even 'till the Eastern Gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune* with fair blessed Beams,
Turns into yellow Gold his salt-green Streams.
But notwithstanding haste, make no delay,
We may effect this Business yet ere Day. [*Exit Oberon.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down, I will lead them
up and down: I am fear'd in Field and Town, *Goblin*,
lead them up and down. Here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

Lys. What art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speak thou now.

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

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then to plainer Ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lyfander*, speak again;
Thou Run away, thou Coward, art thou fled?
Speak in some Bush: Where dost thou hide thy Head?

Puck. Thou Coward; art thou begging to the Stars,
Telling the Bushes that thou look'st for Wars,

And

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And wilt not come? Come Recreant, come thou Child,
I'll whip thee with a Rod, he is defil'd
That draws a Sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Folio at my Voice, we'll try no Manhood here. [*Exe.*]

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The Villain is much lighter heel'd than I:

I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly; [*Shifting places.*]

That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. Come thou gentle Day: [*Lyes down.*]

For if but once thou shew me thy gray Light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this Spight.

Enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, Coward why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st: For well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the Face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou meck'st me; thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy Face by Day-light see.
Now go thy way: Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold Bed,
By Day's approach look to be visited. [*Lyes down.*]

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary Night, O long and tedious Night,
Abate thy Hours; shine Comforts from the East,
That I may back to *Athens* by Day-light,
From these that my poor Company detest,
And Sleep, that sometimes shuts up Sorrow's Eye,
Steal me a while from mine own Company. [*Sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both Kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:

Cupid is a knavish Lad,

Thus to make poor Females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in Woe.
Bedabbled with the Dew, and torn with Briars,

I can no further crawl, no further go;
My Legs can keep no Pace with my Desires:
Here will I rest me 'till the break of Day;
Heav'ns shield *Lysander*, if they mean a Fray. [*Lyes down.*
Puck. On the Ground sleep found,
I'll apply to your Eye, gentle Lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the Juice on Lysander's Eye.*
When thou wak'st thou tak'st
True Delight in the Sight of thy former Lady's Eye,
And the Country Proverb known,
That every Man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.
Jack shall have *Fill*, naught shall go ill,
The Man shall have his Mare again, and all be well. [*Ex. Puck.*
[*They sleep.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

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

Queen. Come, sit thee down upon this flowry Bed,
While I thy amiable Cheeks do coy,
And stick Musk Roses in thy sleek-smooth Head,
And kiss thy fair large Ears, my gentle Joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaseblossom*?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my Head, *Peaseblossom*. Where's *Monfieur Cobweb*?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. *Monfieur Cobweb*, good *Monfieur* get your Weapons in your Hand, and kill me a red-hipt Humble-Bee on the Top of a Thistle, and good *Monfieur* bring me the Honey-bag. Do not fret your self too much in the Action, *Monfieur*; and good *Monfieur* have a Care the Honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a Honey-bag, Signior. Where's *Monfieur Mustardseed*?

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Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your Newfe, Monsieur *Mustard* Seed ;
Pray you leave your Curtesie, good Monsieur.

Must. What's your Will?

Bot. Nothing, good Monsieur, but to help *Cavalero Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the Barber's, Monsieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the Face. And I am such a tender Ass, if my Hair doth but tickle me, I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some Musick, my sweet Love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good Ear in Musick, let us have the Tongs and the Bones.

Musick Tongs, Rural Musick.

Queen. Or say, sweet Love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly a Peck of Provender; I could munch your good dry Oats. Methinks I have a great Desire to a Bottle of Hay: Good Hay, sweet Hay hath no Fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy
That shall seek the Squirrels Hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried Pease!
But I pray you let none of your People stir me, I have an Exposition of Sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my Arms;
Fairies be gone, and be always away:
So doth the Woodbine the sweet Hony-suckle
Gently entwist; the female Ivy so
Enrings the barky Fingers of the Elm.
O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin;
Seest thou this sweet Sight?
Her Dotage now I do begin to pity;
For meeting her of late behind the Wood,
Seeking sweet Favours for this hateful Fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall-out with her;
For she his hairy Temples then had rounded
With Coronet of fresh and fragrant Flowers,
And that same Dew which sometime on the Buds

Was

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Was wont to swell like round and orient Pearls,
Stood now within the pretty Flouriets Eyes,
Like Tears that did their own Disgrace bewail.
When I had at my Pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild Terms begg'd my Patience,
I then did ask of her, her changeling Child,
Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To bear him to my Bower in Fairy Land;
And now I have the Boy, I will undo
This hateful Imperfection of her Eyes:
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed Scalp
From off the Head of this *Athenian* Swain;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to *Aihens* back again repair,
And think no more of this Night's Accidents,
But as the fierce Vexation of a Dream.
But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

*Be thou as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's Bud, or Cupid's Flower,
Hath such Force and blessed Power.*

Now my *Titania*, wake you my sweet Queen.

Queen. My *Oberon*! what Visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamoured of an *Als*.

Ob. There lies your Love.

Queen. How came these Things to pass?
Oh how mine Eyes do loath this Visage now!

Ob. Silence a while; *Robin* take off his Head,
Titania, Musick call, and strike more dead
Than common Sleep. Of all these fine the Sense.

Queen. Musick, ho Musick; such as charmeth Sleep.
Musick still

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own Fools Eyes
peep.

Ob. Sound Musick; come my Queen, take Hand with me.
And rock the Ground whereon these Sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in Amity,
And will to Morrow Midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke *Theseus*' House triumphantly,

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And blefs it to all fair Posterity:
There fhall thefe Pairs of faithful Lovers be
Wedded with *Theſeus* all in Jollity.

Puck Fair King attend and mark,
I do hear the Morning Lark.

Ob. Then my Queen in Silence ſad,
Trip we after the Night's Shade;
We the Globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wandring Moon.

Queen. Come my Lord, and in our Flight,
Tell me how it came this Night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe Mortals on the Ground.

[Sleepers lye ſtill.

[Exeunt.

[Wind Horns.

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita, and all his Train.

Theſ. Go one of you, find out the Foreſter,
For now our Obſervation is perform'd;
And ſince we have the vaward of the Day,
My Love ſhall hear the Muſick of my Hounds:
Uncouple in the Western Valley. let them go,
Diſpatch I ſay, and find the Foreſter.
We will, fair Queen, up to the Mountain's Top,
And mark the Muſical Confuſion
Of Hounds, and Eccho in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creet* they bay'd the Bear
With Hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant Chiding. For beſides the Groves,
The Skies, the Fountains, every Region near,
Seem'd all one mutual Cry. I never heard
So muſical a Diſcord, ſuch ſweet Thunder.

Theſ. My Hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their Heads are hung
With Ears that ſweep away the Morning Dew;
Crook-kneed, and Dew-lapt. like *Theſſalian* Bulls,
Slow in Purſuit. but match'd in Mouth like Bells,
Each under each. A Cry more tuneable
Was never hollow'd to, nor cheer'd with Horn,
In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*:
Judge when you hear. But ſoft, what Nymphs are theſe?

Ege.

Ege. My Lord, this is my Daughter here asleep,
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedar's Helena*;
I wonder of their being here together.

Thes. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The right of *May*, and hearing our Intent,
Came here in grace of our Solemnity.
But speak *Egeus*, is not this the Day
That *Hermia* should give Answer of her Choice?

Ege. It is, my Lord.

Thes. Go bid the Huntsmen wake them with their Horns.

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

Thes. Good Morrow Friends; Saint *Valentine* is past:
Begin these Wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my Lord.

Thes. I pray you all stand up:
I know you two are Rival Enemies.
How comes this gentle Concord in the World,
That Hatred is so far from Jealousie,
To sleep by Hate, and fear no Enmity?

Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I speak,)
And now I do bethink me, so it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our Intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the Peril of the *Athenians* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord, you have enough;
I beg the Law, the Law upon his Head:
They would have stoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your Wife, and me of my Consent;
Of my Consent that she should be your Wife.

Dem. My Lord, fair *Helen* told me of their Stealth,
Of this their Purpose hither to the Wood.
And I in Fury hither follow'd them,
Fair *Helena* in Fancy follow'd me:
But, my good Lord, I wot not by what Power,
But by some Power it is, my Love

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To *Hermia*, melted as the Snow,
 Seems to me now as the Remembrance of an idle Gaude,
 Which in my Childhood I did doat upon:
 And all the Faith, the Virtue of my Heart,
 The Object and the Pleasure of mine Eye,
 Is only *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
 Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* saw;
 But like a Sickness did I loath this Food;
 But as in Health come to my natural Taste,
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.

Thes. Fair Lovers you are fortunately met;
 Of this Discourse we shall hear more anon.

Egeus, I will over-bear your Will,
 For in the Temple, by and by with us,
 These Couples shall eternally be knit:
 And for the Morning now is something worn,
 Our purpos'd Hunting shall be set aside.
 Away with us to *Athens*, three and three,
 We'll hold a Feast in great Solemnity.

Come *Hippolita*. [Exe. Duke and Lords.

Dem. These Things seem small and undistinguishable,
 Like far-off Mountains turned into Clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted Eye,
 When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks;
 And I have found *Demetrius* like a Jewel;
 Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
 That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
 The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lys. And he bid us follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; let's follow him,
 And by the Way let us recount our Dreams. [Exeunt.

[Bottom wakes.

Bot. When my Cue comes, call me, and I will answer.
 My next is, Most fair *Pyramus*—Hey ho, *Peter Quince!*
Flute the Bellows-mender! *Snout* the Tinker! *Starveling!*
 God's

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God's my Life! Stol'n hence, and left me asleep. I have had a most rare Vision. I had a Dream past the Wit of Man to say what Dream it was: Man is but an Ass if he go about to expound this Dream. Methought I was; there is no Man can tell what. Methought I was; and methought I had. But Man is but a patch'd Fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The Eye of Man hath not heard, the Ear of Man hath not seen; Man's Hand is not able to taste, his Tongue to conceive, nor his Heart to report what my Dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballad of this Dream; it shall be call'd *Bottom's Dream*, because it hath no Bottom; and I will sing it in the latter End of a Play before the Duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her Death. [Exit.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to *Bottom's* House? Is he come Home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flute. If he come not, then the Play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible; you have not a Man in all *Athens* able to discharge *Pyramus* but he.

Flute. No, he hath simply the best Wit of any Handy-craft Man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the best Person too; and he is a very Paramour for a sweet Voice.

Flute. You must say, Paragon; a Paramour is (God bless us) a Thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the Temple; and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married; If our Sport had gone forward, we had all been made Men.

Flute. O sweet Bully *Bottom*; thus hath he lost Six pence a Day during his Life; he could not have 'scap'd Six pence a Day; and the Duke had not given him Six pence a Day for Playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: He would have deserv'd it: Six pence a Day in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

F 4

Enter

128 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these Hearts?

Quin. *Bottom*, O most couragious Day! O most happy Hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse Wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out,

Quin. Let us hear, sweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a Word of me; all I will tell you, is that the Duke hath dined. Get your Apparel together, good Strings to your Beards, new Ribbons to your Pumps, meet presently at the Palace, every Man look o'er his Part; for the short and the long is, our Play is preferred: In any case let *Thisby* have clean Linnen; and let not him that plays the Lion pare his Nails, for they shall hang out for the Lion's Claws; and most dear Actors, eat no Onions, nor Garlick, for we are to utter sweet Breath; and I do not doubt to hear them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more Words; away, go away. [*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, and his Lords.

Hip. **T**IS strange, my *Theseus*, that these Lovers speak of,
Thes. More strangethan true. I never may believe
 These Antick Fables, nor these Fairy Toys;
 Lovers and Madmen have such seething Brains,
 Such shaping Phantasies, that apprehend more
 Then cool Reason ever comprehends.
 The Lunatick, the Lover, and the Poet,
 Are of Imagination all compact:
 One sees more Devils than vast Hell can hold;
 That is the Madman. The Lover, all as frantick,
 Sees *Helen's* Beauty in a Brow of *Egypt*.
 The Poet's Eye in a fine Frenzy rowling,
 Doth glauce from Heav'n to Earth, from Earth to Heav'n:
 And as Imagination bodies forth

The

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 129

The Forms of Things unknown; the Poet's Pen
Turns them to Shapes, and gives to Airy Nothing
A local Habitation, and a Name.

Such Tricks hath strong Imagination,
That if he would but apprehend some Joy,
It comprehends some Bringer of that Joy:
Or in the Night, imagining some Fear,
How easie is a Bush suppos'd a Bear?

Hip. But all the Story of the Night told over,
And all their Minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than Fancies Images,
And grows to something of great Constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Thes. Here come the Lovers, full of Joy and Mirth.
Joy, gentle Friends, Joy and fresh days of Love
Accompany your Hearts.

Lys. More than to us,
Wait on your Royal Walks, your Board, your Bed.

Thes. Come now, what Masks, what Dances shall we
have,

To wear away this long Age of three Hours,
Between our after-supper and Bed-time?
Where is our usual Manager of Mirth?
What Revels are in hand? Is there no Play
To ease the Anguish of a torturing Hour?
Call *Egeus*.

Ege. Here, mighty *Thesens*.

Thes. Say, what Abridgment have you for this Evening?
What Mask? What Musick? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some Delight?

Ege. There is a Brief how many Sports are rife:
Make choice of which your Highness will see first.

Lys. The Battel with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an *Athenian* Eunuch, to the Harp.

Thes. We'll none of that. That have I told my Love,
In glory of my Kinsman *Hercules*.

Lys. The Riot of the tipsie *Bachanals*,
Tearing the *Thracian* Singer in their Rage.

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Thes. That is an old Device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came last a Conqueror.

Lys. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the Death of
Learning. late deceas'd in Beggary,

Thes. That is some Satyr keen and critical,
Not sorting with a Nuptial Ceremony.

Lys. A tedious brief Scene of young *Pyramus*,
And his Love *Thisby*; very tragical Mirth.

Thes. Merry and Tragical? Tedious and Brief? That is,
hot Ice, and wondrous strange Snow. How shall we
find the Concord of this Discord?

Ege. A Play there is, my Lord, some ten Words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a Play;
But by ten Words, my Lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: For in all the Play
There is not one Word apt, one Player fitted.
And Tragical, my Noble Lord, it is:
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himself.

Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess
Made mine Eyes water; but more merry Tears
The passion of loud Laughter never shed.

Thes. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard-handed Men, that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their Minds 'till now;
And now have toiled their unbreath'd Memories
With this same Play, against your Nuptials.

Thes. And we will hear it.

Ege. No, my Noble Lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the World,
Unless you can find Sport in their Intent,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel Pain,
To do you Service.

Thes. I will hear that Play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When Simpleness and Duty tender it.
Go bring them in, and take your Places, Ladies:

Hip. I love not to see Wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And Duty in his Service perishing.

Thes. Why, gentle Sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 131

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

Thes. The kinder we, to give them Thanks for nothing:
Our Sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poor Duty cannot do, noble Respect
Takes it in Might, not Merit.

Where I have come, great Clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated Welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,
Make Periods in the midst of Sentences,
Throttle their practis'd Accent in their Fears,
And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a Welcome. Trust me, Sweet,
Out of this Silence yet I pick'd a Welcome:
And in the Modesty of fearful Duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling Tongue
Of sawcy and audacious Eloquence.
Love therefore, and Tongue-tide Simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my Capacity.

Ege. So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.

Thes. Let him approach. [Flour. *Trumpets.*]

Enter Quince for the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple Skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their Show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know:

Thes. This Fellow doth not stand upon this Points.

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt; he
knows not the stop. A good Moral, my Lord. It is not
enough to speak, but to speak true:

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his Prologue, like a Child
on the Recorder; a sound, but not in government.

Thes. His Speech was like a tangled Chain; nothing
impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is the next?

Tawyer

132 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus, and Thisby, Wall, Moon-shine, and Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this Show,
But wonder on, 'till Truth make all things plain.

This Man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;

This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certain.

This Man with Lime and Rough-cast, doth present
Wall, the vile Wall, which did these Lovers sunder:

And through Wall's Chink, poor Souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no Man wonder.

This Man with Lanthorn, Dog, and Bush of Thorn,
Presenteth Moon-shine: For, if you will know,

By Moon-shine did these Lovers think no scorn
To meet at *Ninus* Tomb, there, there to woo.

This grizly Beast, which *Lion* hight by Name,

The trusty *Thisby*, coming first by Night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright:

And as she fled, her Mantle she did fall;

Which *Lion* vile with bloody Mouth did stain.

Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet Youth and tall,

And finds his gentle *Thisby's* Mantle slain;

Whereat, with Blade, with bloody blameful Blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody Breast.

And *Thisby*, tarrying in the Mulberry Shade,

His Dagger drew, and died For all the rest,

Let *Lyon*, *Moon-shine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twain,

At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

This. I wonder if the *Lion* be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my Lord; one *Lion* may, when
many *Asses* do.

Wall. In this same Interlude it doth befall,

That I, one *Snowt* by name, present a Wall:

And such a Wall, as I would have you think,

That had in it a crannied Hole or Chink;

Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisby*,

Did whisper often very secretly.

This Loam, this Rough-cast, and this Stone doth shew,

That I am that same Wall; the truth is so.

And

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And this the Cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful Lovers are to whisper.

Thes. Would you desire Lime and Hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest Partition that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

Thes. *Pyramus* draws near the Wall: Silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim look'd Night! O Night with hue so black
O Night, which ever art when Day is not!

O Night, O Night, alack, alack, alack,

I fear my *Thisby's* Promise is forgot.

And thou, O Wall, thou sweet and lovely Wall,

That stands between her Father's Ground and mine,

Thou Wall, O Wall, O sweet and lovely Wall,

Shew me thy Chink, to blink through with mine Eyne.

Thanks, courteous Wall; *Jove* shield thee well for this.

But what see I? No *Thisby* do I see.

O wicked Wall, through whom I see no Bliss,

Curst be thy Stones for thus deceiving me.

Thes. The Wall, methinks, being sensible, should Curse again.

Pyr. No in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving me,*
Is *Thisby's* cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy
Her through the Wall. You shall see it will fall.

Enter Thisby.

Pat, as I told you; yonder she comes.

This. O Wall, full often hast thou heard my Moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.

My cherry Lips hath often kiss'd thy Stones;

Thy Stones with Lime and Hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I hear a Voice; now will I to the Chink,
To spy and I can see my *Thisby's* Face.

Thisby!

This. My Love thou art, my Love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy Lovers Grace:
And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

This. And I like *Helen* 'till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

This. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kiss me through the hole of this vile Wall.

This. I kiss the Wall's hole, not your Lips at all.

Pyr.

134 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Py. Wilt thou at *Nimby's* Tomb meet me straightway?

This. Tide Life, tide Death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall*, my Part discharged so:

And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. [Exit:

This. Now is the Moral down between the two Neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my Lord, when Walls are so wilful, to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest Stuff that e'er I heard.

This. The best in this kind are but Shadows, and the worst are no worse, if Imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your Imagination then, and not theirs.

This. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for Excellent Men. Here come two noble Beasts in, a Man and a Lion.

Enter Lion and Moon-shine.

Lion. You Ladies, you, whose gentle Hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous Mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildest Rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Joiner, am
No Lion fell, nor else no Lion's Dam:
For if I should as Lion come in Strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my Life.

This. A very gentle Beast, and of a good Conscience.

Dem. The very best at a Beast, my Lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This Lion is a very Fox for his Valour.

This. True, and a Goose for his Discretion.

Dem. Not so, my Lord? for his Valour cannot carry his Discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

This. His Discretion I am sure cannot carry his Valour; for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well: Leave it to his Discretion, and let us hearken to the Moon.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon present.

Dem. He should have worn the Horns on his Head.

This. He is no Crescent, and his Horns are invisible; within the Circumference.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon present:
My self the Man i'th' Moon doth seem to be.

This.

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Thes. This is the greatest Error of all the rest; The Man should be put into the Lanthorn: How is it else the Man i'th' Moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the Candle; For you see it is already in Snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this Moon; would he would Change.

Thes. It appears by his small Light of Discretion, that he is in the Wane; but yet in courtesie, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I that have to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorn is the Moon; I, the Man in the Moon; this Thorn Bush, my Thorn Bush; and this Dog, my Dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the Lanthorn; for they are in the Moon. But silence; here comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

This. This is old *Ninny's* Tomb; where is my Love?

Lion. Oh. [*The Lion roars, Thisby runs off.*]

Dem. Well roar'd *Lion*.

Thes. Well run *Thisby*.

Hip. Well shone *Moon*.

Truly the *Moon* shines with a good grace.

Thes. Well mouth'd *Lion*.

Dem. And then came *Pyramus*.

Lys. And so the *Lion* vanish'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy funny Beams; I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright: For by thy gracious, golden, glittering Streams, I trust to taste of truest *Thisby's* Sight.

But stay: O spight! but mark, poor Knight, What dreadful dole is here?

Eyes do you see! How can it be!

O dainty Duck! O Deer!

Thy Mantle good; what stain'd with Blood?

Approach you Furies fell:

O Fates! Come, come: Cut Thread and Thrum,

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

Thes. This Passion, and the Death of a dear Friend, Would go near to make a Man look sad.

Hip.

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Hip. Beshrew my Heart, but I pity the Man,

Pyt. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou Lions frame?
Since Lion wild hath here Deflour'd my Dear:
Which is——No, no——which was the fairest Dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with Cheer.
Come Tears, confound: Out Sword, and wound
The Pap of *Pyramus*.

Ay, that left Pap, where Heart doth hop:

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus,

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my Soul is in the Sky,
Tongue lose thy light, Moon take thy flight,
Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dem. No Die, but an Ace for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an Ace, Man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

Thes. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover,
and prove an As.

Hip. How chance the *Moon-shine* is gone, before
Thisby comes back, and finds her Lover?

Enter Thisby.

Thes. She will find him by Star-light.

Here she comes; and her Passion ends the Play.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such
a *Pyramus*: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A Moth will turn the Ballance, which *Pyramus*,
which *Thisby* is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet Eyes.

Dem. And thus she means, *videlicet*.

This. Asleep, my Love? What, dead, my Dove?

O *Pyramus* arise:

Speak, speak. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A Tomb
Must cover thy sweet Eyes.

These lilly Lips, this cherry Nose,

These yellow Cowslip Cheeks

Are gone, are gone: Lovers make moan,

His Eyes were green as Leeks.

O Sisters three, come, come to me,

With Hands as pale as Milk:

Lay them in gore, since you have shore

With Sheers, this Thread of Silk.

Tongue

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 137

Tongue not a word: Come trusty Sword;
Come Blade, my Breast imbrue:
And farewell Friends, thus *Thisby* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Thes. Moon-shine and *Lion* are left to bury the Dead.

Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the Wall is down that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask Dance, between two of our Company?

Thes. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your Play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the Players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himself in *Thisby's* Garter, it would have been a fine Tragedy: And so it is truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Burgomask; let your Epilogue alone. [Here a Dance of Clowns.]

The Iron Tongue of Midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers, to Bed, 'tis almost *Fairy* time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming Morn,
As much as we this Night have over-watch'd.

This palpable gross Play hath well beguil'd
The heavy Gait of Night. Sweet Friends to Bed.

A Fortnight hold we this Solemnity,
In nightly Revel, and new Jollity.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Puck,

Puck. Now the hungry Lion roars,
And the Wolf beholds the Moon:
Whilst the heavy Ploughman snoars,
All with weary Task fore-done.
Now the wasted Brands do glow,
Whilst the Scritch-Owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the Wretch that lyes in Woe
In remembrance of a Shroud.
Now it is the time of Night,
That the Graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his Spright,
In the Church-way Paths to glide;
And we *Fairies*, that do run
By the triple *Hecate's* Team,

From

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From the Presence of the Sun,
Following Darkness like a Dream,
Now are Frolick; not a Mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed House.
I am sent with Broom before,
To sweep the Dust behind the Door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their Train.

Ob. Through the House give glimmering Light,
By the dead and drowsie Fire,
Every Elf and Fairy Spright,
Hop as light as Bird from Brier,
And this Ditty after me
Sing, and Dance it trippingly.

Queen. First rehearse this Song by roat,
To each Word a warbling Note.
Hand in Hand, with Fairy Grace,
Will we sing and bless this Place.

The S O N G.

*Now until the break of Day,
Through this House each Fairy stray,
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall Blessed be:
And the Issue there create,
Ever shall be Fortunate;
So shall all the Couples three,
Ever true in loving be:
And the B'ots in Nature's Hand
Shall not in their Issue stand;
Never Mole, Hare-lip, nor Scar,
Nor Mark Prodigious, such as are
Despised in Nativity,
Shall upon their Children be.
With this Field-Dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his Gate,
And each several Chamber bless,
Through this Palace with sweet Peace.
Ever shall it Safely rest,
And the Owner of it blest.*

Tripp

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 139

*Trip away. make no stay;
Meet me all by break of Day.*

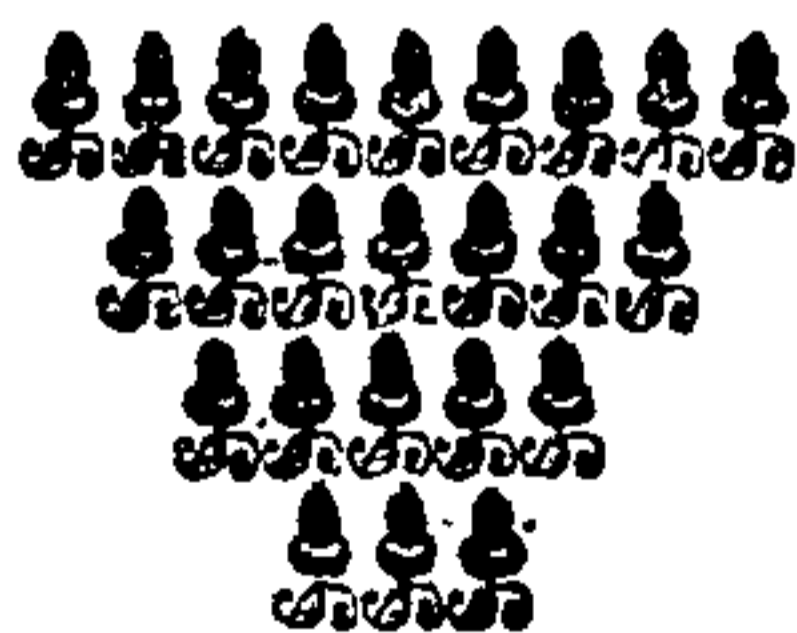
Puck. If we, Shadows, have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but Slumbred here,
While these Visions did appear.
And this weak and idle Theam,
No more yielding but a Dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you Pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honest *Puck*,
If we have unearned Luck,
Now to 'scape the Serpent's Tongue,
We will make Amends ere long:
Else the *Puck* a Liar call.
So good Night unto you all.
Give me your Hands, if we be Friends,
And *Robin* shall restore Amends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*





THE
MERCHANT
OF
VENICE.
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Venice.

Morochius, a Moorish Prince, } *Suitors to*
Prince of Arragon, } Portia.

Antonio, the Merchant of Venice.

Bassanio, his Friend, in love with Portia.

Salanio,

Solarino, } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*

Gratiano, }

Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.

Shylock, a Jew.

Tubal, a Jew, his Friend.

Launcelot, a Clown, Servant to the Jew.

Gobbo, an old Man, Father to Launcelot.

Portia, an Heiress of great Quality and Fortune.

Nerissa, Confident to Portia.

Jessica, Daughter to Shylock.

*Senators of Venice, Officers, Servants to Portia,
and other Attendants.*

SCENE partly at Venice, and partly
at Belmont, the Seat of Portia up-
on the Continent.



The



The Merchant of Venice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Antonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

ANTHONIO.



N sooth I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say it wearies
you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came
by it;
What Stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is
born,

I am to learn;
And such a Want-wit Sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know my self.

Sal. Your Mind is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly Sail,
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the Flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the Sea,
Do over-peer the pretty Traffickers
That Curtsie to them, do them Reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven Wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I such Venture forth,
The better Part of my Affections would
Be with my Hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the Grass, to know where sits the Wind,
Peering in Maps for Ports, and Peers, and Roads;
And every Object that might make me fear

Misfortune to my Ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Sal. My Wind cooling my Broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harm a Wind too great might do at Sea.
I should not see the sandy Hour-glass run,
But I should think of Shallows and of Flats,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in Sand,
Vailing her high Top lower than her Ribs,
To kiss her Burial: Should I go to Church
And see the holy Edifice of Stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous Rocks?
Which touching but my gentle Vessel's Side,
Would scatter all her Spices on the Stream;
Enrobe the roaring Waters with my Silks;
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the Thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the Thought,
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Antonio*
Is sad to think upon his Merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no, I thank my Fortune for it,
My Ventures are not in one Bottom trusted,
Nor to one Place; nor is my whole Estate
Upon the Fortune of this present Year:
Therefore my Merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in Love.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in Love neither! then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange Fellows in her Time:
Some that will evermore peep through their Eyes,
And laugh like Parrots at a Bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar Aspect,
That they'll not shew their Teeth in way of Smile,
Though *Nester* swear the Jest be laughable.

Enter

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo and Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes *Bassanio*,
Your most noble Kinsman;
Gratiano and *Lorenzo*: Fare ye well;
We leave you now with better Company:

Sola. I would have staid 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier Friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your Worth is very dear in my Regard:
I take it your own Business calls on you,
And you embrace th' Occasion to depart.

Sal. Good Morrow, my good Lords.

Bass. Good Signiors both, when shall we laugh? say when?
You grow exceeding strange; must it be so?

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

Sola. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you have found *Antonio*,
We two will leave you; but at Dinner Time,
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

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

Gra. You look not well, Signior *Antonio*;
You have too much Respect upon the World:
They lose it that do buy it with much Care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the World but as the World, *Gratiano*,
A Stage where every Man must play his Part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool
With Mirth and Laughter; let old Wrinkles come,
And let my Liver rather heat with Wine,
Than my Heart cool with mortifying Groans:
Why should a Man, whose Blood is warm within,
Sit like his Grandfire cut in *Alabaster*?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the Jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, *Antonio*,
I love thee, and it is my Love that speaks:
There are a sort of Men, whose Visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing Pond,
And do a wilful Stiness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an Opinion
Of Wisdom, Gravity, profound Conceit,
As who should say, I am, Sir, an Oracle;

And when I ope my Lips, let no Dog bark.
 O my *Antonio*, I do know of these,
 That therefore only are reputed Wise,
 For saying nothing; who I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those Ears,
 Which hearing them, would call their Brothers Fools.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time:
 But fish not with this melancholly Bait,
 For this Fool Gudgeon, this Opinion.
 Come good *Lorenzo*, fare ye well a while,
 I'll end my Exhortation after Dinner.

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

Gra. Well, keep me Company but two Years more,
 Thou shalt not know the Sound of thine own Tongue.

Anth. Fare you well; I'll grow a Talker for this Gear.

Gra. Thanks i'faith; for Silence is only commendable
 In a Neats Tongue dry'd, and a Maid not vendible. [*Exit.*]

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Bass. *Gratiano* speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
 than any Man in all *Venice*: his Reasons are two Grains of
 Wheat hid in two Bushels of Chaff; you may seek all
 Day ere you find them, and when you have them, they
 are not worth the Search.

Anth. Well; tell me now what Lady is the same
 To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage,
 That you to Day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,
 How much I have disabled mine Estate,
 By something shewing a more swelling Port
 Than my faint Means would grant continuance to;
 Nor do I now make Moan to be abridg'd
 From such a noble Rate; but my chief Care
 Is to come fairly off from the great Debts
 Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
 Hath left me gag'd: To you, *Antonio*,
 I owe the most in Mony, and in Love,
 And from your Love I have a Warranty
 To unburthen all my Plots and Purposes,

How

How to get clear of all the Debts I owe.

Anth. I pray, you good *Bassanio*, let me know it,
And if it stands as you your self still do,
Within the Eye of Honour, be assur'd
My Purse, my Person, my extreamest Means
Lye all unlock'd to your Occasions.

Bass. In my School-Days, when I had lost one Shaft,
I shot his Fellow of the self-same Flight
The self-same way, with more advised Watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this Child-hood Proof,
Because what follows is pure Innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilful Youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another Arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the Aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter Hazard back again,
And thankfully rest Debtor for the first.

Anth. You know me well, and herein spend but Time
To wind about my Love with Circumstance;
And out of doubt you do to me more Wrong,
In making Question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me, what should I do,
That in your Knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: Therefore speak.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that Word,
Of wondrous Virtues; Sometimes from her Eyes
I did receive fair speechless Messages;
Her Name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato's* Daughter, *Brutus' Portia*:
Nor is the wide World ignorant of her Worth;
For the four Winds blow in from every Coast
Renowned Sutors; and her sunny Locks
Hang on her Temples like a golden Fleece,
Which makes her Seat of *Belmont Cholchos Strond*,
And many *Fasens* come in quest of her.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the Means

To hold a rival Place with one of them,
I have a Mind presages me such Thift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'st that all my Fortunes are at Sea,
Neither have I Mony, nor Commodity
To raise a present Sum; therefore go forth,
Try what my Credit can in *Venice* do;
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to fair *Portia*:
Go presently enquire, and so will I,
Where Mony is, and I no question make
To have it of my Trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. *Belmont.*

*Three Caskets are set out, one of Gold, another of Silver,
and another of Lead.*

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my Troth, *Nerissa*, my little Body is weary of
this great World.

Ner. You would be, sweet Madam, if your Miseries
were in the same Abundance as your good Fortunes are;
and yet, for ought I see, they are as sick that surfeit with
too much, as they that starve with nothing; therefore it
is no small Happiness to be seated in the Mean; Super-
fluity comes sooner by white Hairs, but Competency lives
longer.

Por. Good Sentences, and well pronounc'd.

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

Por. If to do were as easie as to know what were good
to do. Chappels had been Churches, and poor Mens Cot-
tages Princes Palaces: It is a good Divinie that follows his
own Instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were
good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow
mine own teaching. The Brain may devise Laws for the
Blood, but a hot Temper leaps o'er a cold Decree; such
a Hare is Madnes the Youth, to skip o'er the Meshes of
good Counsel the Cripple. But this Reason is not in Fa-
shion to chuse me a Husband: O me, the Word chuse! I
may neither chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I
dislike,

dislike, so is the Will of a living Daughter curb'd by the Will of a dead Father: Is it not hard, *Nerissa*, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your Father was ever Virtuous, and holy Men at their Death have good Inspirations; therefore the Lottery that he hath devised in these three Chests of Gold, Silver, and Lead, whereof, who chuses his Meaning, chuses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what Warmth is there in your Affection towards any of these Princely Suters that are already come?

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

Ner. First there is the *Neapolitan* Prince.

Por. Ay, that's a Colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his Horse, and he makes it a great Appropriation to his own good Parts that he can shoo him himself: I am much afraid my Lady his Mother plaid false with a Smith.

Ner. Then is there the Count *Palatine*.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, and you will not have me, chuse: He hears merry Tales and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping Philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly Sadness in his Youth. I had rather to be married to a Death's Head with a Bone in his Mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the *French* Lord, Monsieur *Le-Born*!

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a Man; in truth I know it is a Sin to be Mocker; but he! why he hath a Horse better than the *Neapolitan's*, a better bad Habit of Frowning than the Count *Palatine*, he is every Man in no Man; if a Tassel sing, he falls straight & Capring; he will fence with his own Shadow; if I should marry him, I should marry twenty Husbands; if he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to Madness, I should never requite him.

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Ner. What say you then to *Fauconbridge*, the young Baron of *England*?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court and swear that I have a poor Penny-worth in *English*; he is a proper Man's Picture, but alas who can converse with a dumb Show? How odly he is suited! I think he bought his Doublet in *Italy*, his round Hose in *France*, his Bonnet in *Germany*, and his Behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the other Lord his Neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly Charity in him, for he borrow'd a Box of the Ear of the *English-man*, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the *French-man* became his Surety, and sealed under for another.

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

Por. Very vildly in the Morning when he is sober, and most vildly in the Afternoon when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a Man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a Beast; and the worst Fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right Casket, you should refuse to perform your Father's Will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep Glass of *Rhenish* Wine on the contrary Casket, for if the Devil be within, and that Temptation without, I know he will chuse it. I will do any thing, *Nerissa*, ere I will be marry'd to a Sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, Lady, the having any of these Lords, they have acquainted me with their Determination, which is indeed to return to their Home, and to trouble you with no more Suits, unless you may be won by some other sort than your Father's Imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por.

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Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*, unless I be obtain'd by the manner of my Father's Will: I am glad this Parcel of Wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doat on his very Absence, and wish them a fair Departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, Lady, in your Father's time, a *Venerian*, a Scholar and a Soldier, that came hither in Company of the Marquiss of *Mountferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I think, so was he call'd.

Ner. True Madam, he of all the Men that ever my foolish Eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy Praise.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four Strangers seek you, Madam, to take their Leave; and there is a Fore-runner come from a fifth, The Prince of *Morocco*, who brings Word the Prince his Master will be here to Night.

Por. If I could bid the Fifth welcome with so good Heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his Approach; if he have the Condition of a Saint, and the Complexion of a Devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come *Nerissa*. Sirrah go before; whiles we shut the Gate upon one Wooer, another knocks at the Door. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III. *Venice.*

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand Ducats? well.

Bass. Ay Sir, for three Months.

Shy. For three Months? well.

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

Shy. *Antonio* shall become bound? well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your Answer?

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Shy. Three thousand Ducats for three Months,
And *Antonio* bound?

Bass. Your Answer to that.

Shy. *Antonio* is a good Man.

Bass. Have you heard any Imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no; my Meaning in saying he is a good Man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient? yet his Means are in supposition: He hath an Argosie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I understand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, and other Ventures he hath squared Abroad. But Ships are but Boards, Sailors but Men; there be Land Rats, and Water Rats, Water Thieves and Land Thieves, I mean Pyrates; and then there is the Peril of Waters, Winds, and Rocks; the Man is notwithstanding sufficient; three thousand Ducats? I think I may take his Bond.

Bass. Be assur'd you may.

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

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell Pork, to eat of the Habitation which your Prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the Devil into; I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.

What News on the *Ryalto*; who comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior *Antonio*.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks! I hate him, for he is a Christian:

But more, for that in low Simplicity

He lends out Money *Gratis*, and brings down

The Rate of Usance here with us in *Venice*;

If I can catch him once upon the Hip,

I will feed fat the ancient Grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred Nation, and he rails

Even there where Merchants most do congregate,

On me, my Bargains, and my well-worn Thrift,

Which

Which he calls Interest. Cursed be my Tribe
If I forgive him.

Bass. *Shylock*, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present Store;
And by the near Guess of my Memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the Gross
Of full three thousand Ducats: What of that?

Tuball, a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe,
Will furnish me; but soft, how many Months
Do you desire? Rest you fair, good Signior, [To *Anth.*]
Your Worship was the last Man in our Mouths.

Anth. *Shylock*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of Excess,
Yet to supply the ripe Wants of my Friend,
I'll break a Custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much he would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand Ducats.

Anth. And for three Months.

Shy. I had forgot, three Months, you told me so;
Well then, your Bond: And let me see, but hear you;
Methoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon Advantage.

Anth. I did never use it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Laban's* Sheep;
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was,
As his wife Mother wrought in his behalf,
The third Possessor; ay, he was the third:

Anth. And what of him, did he take Interest?

Shy. No, not take Interest, not as you would say
Directly Interest; mark what *Jacob* did.
When *Laban* and himself were compromiz'd
That all the Ewelings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as *Jacob's* Hire; the Ewes being rank,
In end of Autumn turned to the Rams;
And when the Work of Generation was
Between these woolly Breeders in the Act;
The skilful Shepherd pil'd me certain Wands,
And in the doing of the Deed of Kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome Ewes;
Who then conceiving; did in Yeaning time

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Fall party-colour'd Lambs and those were *Jacob's*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And Thrift is Blessing, if Men steal it not.

Anth. This was a Venture, Sir, that *Jacob* serv'd for;
A thing not in his Power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the Hand of Heav'n:
Was this inserted to make Interest good?
Or is your Gold and Silver Ewes and Rams?

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

Anth. Mark you this, *Bassanio*,
The Devil can cite Scripture for his Purpose.
An evil Soul producing holy Witness,
Is like a Villain with a smiling Cheek,
A goodly Apple rotten at the Heart,
O what a godly Outside Falshood hath!

Sby. Three thousand Ducats! 'tis a good round Sum.
Three Months from twelve, then let me see the Rate.

Anth. Well, *Shylock*, shall we be beholding to you?

Sby. Signior *Antonio*, many a Time and oft,
In the *Ryalto* you have rated me,
About my Monies and my Usances:
Still have I born it with a patient Shrug,
For Sufferance is the Badge of all our Tribe;
You call me Misbeliever, Cut-throat Dog,
And spit upon my *Jewish* Gaberdine,
And all for Use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my Help:
Go to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have Monies; you say so,
You that did void your Rheume upon my Beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger Cur
Over your Threshold: Monies is your Suit,
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a Dog Mony? is it possible
A Cur should lead three thousand Ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a Bondman's Key
With bated Breath, and whispering Humbleness,
Say this: Fair Sir, you spat on me on *Wednesday* last;
You spurn'd me such a Day; another time

You

You call'd me Dog; and for these Curtesies
I'll lend you thus much Monies.

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this Mony, lend it not
As to thy Friend, for when did Friendship take
A Breed of barren Metal of his Friend?
But lend it rather to thine Enemy,
Who if he break, thou may'st with better Face
Exact the Penalties.

Shy. Why look you how you storm.
I would be Friends with you, and have your Love,
Forget the Shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present Wants, and take no Doit
Of Usage for my Monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were Kindness.

Shy. This Kindness will I show;
Go with me to a Notary, seal me there
Your single Bond, and in a merry Sport
If you repay me not on such a Day,
In such a Place, such Sum or Sums as are
Express'd in the Condition, let the Forfeit
Be nominated for an equal Pound
Of your fair Flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your Body it pleaseth me.

Anth. Content, in Faith, I'll seal to such a Bond,
And say there is much Kindness in the Jew.

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

Anth. Why fear not Man, I will not forfeit it;
Within these two Months, that's a Month before
This Bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this Bond.

Shy. O Father *Abraham*, what these Christians are!
Whose own hard Dealing teaches them suspect
The Thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
If he should break his Day what should I gain
By the Exaction of the Forfeiture?
A Pound of Man's Flesh taken from a Man,

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Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As Flesh of Muttons, Beefs, or Goats. I say,
To buy his Favour, I extend this Friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And for my Love I pray you wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, *Shylock*. I will seal unto this Bond.

Sby. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's,
Give him direction for this merry Bond,
And I will go and purse the Ducats straight,
See to my House, left in the fearful Guard
Of an unthrifty Knave, and presently
I'll be with you. [Exit.

Anth. Hic thee, gentle *Jew*. This *Hebrew* will turn
Christian, he grows kind

Bass. I like not fair Terms, and a Villain's Mind.

Anth. Come on, in this there can be no dismay,
My Ships come home a Month before the Day. [Exeunt.

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

S C E N E *Belmont.*

*Enter Morochius a Tawny-Moor all in White, and three or
four Followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and her
Trains. Flo. Cornets.*

Mor. **M**I like me not for my Completion,
The shadow'd Livery of the burnish'd Sun,
To whom I am a Neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest Creature Northward born,
Where *Phæbus* Fire scarce thaws the Icicles,
And let us make Incision for your Love,
To prove whose Blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, Lady, this Aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the Valiant; by my Love I swear,
The best regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this Hue,
Except to steal your Thoughts, my gentle Queen.

Por.

Por. In terms of Choice I am not solely led
By nice Direction of a Maiden's Eyes:
Besides, the Lottery of my Destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chusing:
But if my Father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his Wit to yield my self
His Wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Your self, Renowned Prince, then stood as fair
As any Comer I have look'd on yet
For my Affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you lead me to the Caskets
To try my Fortune: By this Scimitar,
That slew the Sophy, and a *Persian* Prince,
That won three Fields of Sultan *Solyman*,
I would o'er-stare the sternest Eyes that look,
Out-brave the Heart most daring on the Earth,
Pluck the young sucking Cubs from the She-Bear,
Yea, mock the Lion when he roars for Prey,
To win thee Lady. But alas, the while,
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at Dice,
Which is the better Man, the greater Throw
May turn by Fortune from the weaker Hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his Rage,
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

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

Mor. Nor will not; come bring me unto my Chance!

Por. First forward to the Temple, after Dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good Fortune then,
To make me blest or curs'd'st among Men!

[*Cornets.*
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE II. *Venice.**Enter Launcelot alone.*

Laun. Certainly, my Conscience will serve me to run from this *Jew* my Master: The Fiend is at mine Elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Jobbe, Launcelot Jobbe, good Launcelot, or good Jobbe, or good Launcelot Jobbe,* use your Legs, take the start, run away: My Conscience says no; take heed, honest *Launcelot,* take heed, honest *Jobbe,* or as aforesaid, honest *Launcelot Jobbe,* do not run, scorn running with thy Heels: Well the most courageous Fiend bids me pack, *Via* says the Fiend, away says the Fiend, for the Heav'ns rouse up a brave Mind, says the Fiend, and run. Well, my Conscience hanging about the Neck of my Heart, says very wisely to me, My honest Friend *Launcelot,* being an honest Man's Son, or rather an honest Woman's Son — for indeed my Father did something smack, something grow too; he had a kind of taste — Well, my Conscience says, *Launcelot* budge not; budge. says the Fiend; budge not, says my Conscience; Conscience, say I, you counsel well; Fiend, say I, you counsel well; to be rul'd by my Conscience I should stay with the *Jew* my Master, who, God bless the Mark, is a kind of Devil; and to run away from the *Jew* I should be ruled by the Fiend, who, saving your Reverence, is the Devil himself. Certainly the *Jew* is the very Devil Incarnation, and in my Conscience, my Conscience is a kind of hard Conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the *Jew*; the Fiend gives the more friendly Counsel; I will run, Fiend, my Heels are at your Commandment, I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gob. Master Young-man, you, I pray you, which is the way to Master *Jew's*!

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

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

Laun.

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Laun. Turn upon your Right-hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your Left; marry at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's House.

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

Laun. Talk you of young Master *Launcelot*? Mark me now, now will I raise the Waters; talk you of young Master *Launcelot*?

Gob. No Master, Sir, but a poor Man's Son, his Father, tho' I say't, is an honest exceeding poor Man, and God be thanked well to live.

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

Gob. Your Worship's Friend and *Launcelot*.

Laun. But I pray you *Ergo*, old Man, *Ergo* I beseech you, talk you of young Master *Launcelot*?

Gob. Of *Launcelot*, an't please your Masterhip.

Laun. *Ergo* Master *Launcelot*, talk not of Master *Launcelot* Father, for the young Gentleman according to Fates and Destinies, and such odd Sayings, the Sisters three, and such Branches of Learning, is indeed deceased, or as you would say in plain Terms, gone to Heav'n.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the Boy was the very Staff of my Age, my very Prop.

Laun. Do I look like a Cudgel or a Hovel-post, a Staff or a Prop? Do you know me, Father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young Gentleman; but I pray you tell me, is my Boy, God rest his Soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, Father?

Gob. Alack Sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your Eyes you might fail of the knowing me: It is a wise Father that knows his own Child. Well, old Man, I will tell you News of your Son, give me your Blessing, Truth will come to light, Murder cannot be hid long, a Man's Son may, but in the end Truth will not.

Gob.

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Gob. Pray you Sir stand up, I am sure you are not *Launcelot* my Boy.

Laun. Pray you let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your Blessing; I am *Launcelot*, your Boy that was, your Son that is, your Child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my Son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: But I am *Launcelot* the *Jew's* Man, and I am sure *Margery* your Wife is my Mother.

Gob. Her Name is *Margery* indeed. I'll be sworn if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art mine own Flesh and Blood: Lord worship'd might he be! what a Beard hast thou got! thou hast got more Hair on thy Chin, than *Dobbin* my Phil-horse has on his Tail.

Laun. It should seem then that *Dobbin's* Tail grows backward, I am sure he had more Hair on his Tail than I have on my Face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd! how dost thou and thy Master agree? I have brought him a Present; how gree you now?

Laun. Well, well, but for mine own Part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest 'till I have run some ground: My Master's a very *Jew*: Give him a Present! give him a Halter: I am famish'd in his Service. You may tell every Finger I have with my Ribs. Father I am glad you are come, give me your Present to one Master *Bassanio*, who indeed gives rare new Liveries; If I serve him not, I will run as far as God has any Ground. O rare Fortune, here comes the Man; to him, Father, for I am a *Jew* if I serve the *Jew* any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a Follower or two.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted, that Supper be ready at the farthest by five of the Clock: See these Letters deliver'd, put the Liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anon to my Lodging.

Laun. To him, Father.

Gob. God bless your Worship.

Bass. Gramercy, would'st thou ought with me?

Gob. Here's my Son, Sir, a poor Boy.

Laun.

Laun. Not a poor Boy, Sir, but the Rich *Jew's* Man, that would, Sir, as my Father shall specific.

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

Laun. Indeed the short and the long is, I serve the *Jew*, and have a desire as my Father shall specific.

Gob. His Master and he, saving your Worship's Reverence, are scarce Catercousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the *Jew* having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my Father, being I hope an old Man, shall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have here a Dish of Doves that I would bestow upon your Worship, and my Suit is——

Laun. In very brief, the Suit is impertinent to my self, as your Worship shall know by this honest old Man; and, though I say it, though old Man, yet poor Man my Father.

Bass. One speak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

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

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy Suit; *Shylock*, thy Master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be Preferment, To leave a rich *Jew's* Service to become The Follower of so poor a Gentleman.

Laun. The old Proverb is very well parted between my Master *Shylock* and you, Sir; you have the Grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough,

Bass. Thou speak'st it well; go Father with thy Son, Take leave of thy old Master, and enquire My Lodging out; give him a Livery, More guarded than his Fellows: see it done.

Laun. Father in, I cannot get a Service, no? I have ne'er a Tongue in my Head? Well, if any Man in *Italy*, have a fairer Table which doth offer to swear upon a Book, I shall have good Fortune; go too, here's a simple Line of Life, here's a small trifle of Wives, alas, fifteen Wives is nothing, eleven Widows and nine Maids is a simple coming in for one Man, and then to 'scape Drowning thrice, and to be in Peril of my Life with the edge of a Feather Bed,

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Bed, here are simple 'scapes: Well, if *Fortune* be a Woman, she's a good Wench for this gere. Father come, I'll take my leave of the *Few* in a twinkling.

[*Ex. Laun. and Gob.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this; These things being bought and orderly bestowed, Return in haste, for I do feast to night My best esteem'd Acquaintance; hie thee, gone.

Leon. My best Endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Master?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*.

Bass. *Gratiano*.

Gra. I have a Suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

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

Bass. Why then you must: But hear thee, *Gratiano*, Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of Voice, Parts that become thee happily enough, And in such Eyes as ours appear not Faults; But where they are not known, why there they shew Something too liberal; pray thee take pain To allay with some cold drops of Modesty Thy skipping Spirit, lest through thy wild Behaviour I be misconstru'd in the Place I go to, And lose my Hopes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*, hear me, If I do not put on a sober Habit, Talk with Respect, and swear but now and then, Wear Prayer-books in my Pockets, look demurely, Nay, more, while Grace is saying, hood mine Eyes Thus with my Hat, and sigh and say, Amen; Use all the observance of Civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent To please his Grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

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

Bass.

Bass. No, that were pity.

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest Suit of Mirth, for we have Friends
That purpose Merriment: But fare you well,
I have some Business.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so,
Our House is Hell, and thou a merry Devil
Didst rob it of some taste of Tedioufness;
But fare thee well, there is a Ducat for thee;
And *Launcelot*, soon at Supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new Master's Guest,
Give him this Letter, do it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my Father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu; Tears exhibit my Tongue, most beautiful Pagan, most sweet *Jew*; if a Christian did not play the Knave and get thee, I am much deceived; But adieu, these foolish Drops do somewhat drown thy manly Spirit:
Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewel, good *Launcelot*.

Alack, what hainous Sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my Father's Child?
But though I am a Daughter to his Blood,
I am not to his Manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keep Promise, I shall end this Strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving Wife.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will flink away in Supper-time,
Disguise us at my Lodging, and return all in an Hour.

Gra. We have not made good Preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke as yet of Torch-bearers.

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

Lor. 'Tis now but four a Clock, we have two Hours
To furnish us. Friend *Launcelot*, what's the News?

Enter Launcelot with a Letter.

Laun. And it shall please you to break up this, it shall
seem to signifie.

Lor.

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Lor. I know the Hand, in faith 'tis a fair Hand,
And whiter than the Paper it is writ on,
Is, the fair Hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old Master the Jew to Sup to
Night with my new Master the Christian.

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

Go, Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Mask to
Night?

I am provided of a Torch-bearer.

[*Exit Laun.*]

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

Sola. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and *Gratiano*, at *Gratiano's* Lodging
Some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exit.*]

Gra. Was not that Letter from fair *Jessica*?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Father's House,
What Gold and Jewels she is furnish'd with,
What Page's Suit she hath in readiness;
If e'er the Jew her Father come to Heav'n,
It will be for his gentle Daughter's sake:
And never dare Misfortune cross her Foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is Issue to a faithless Jew.

Come go with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Fair *Jessica* shall be my Torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Sby. Well, thou shalt see, thy Eyes shall be thy Judge,
The difference of old *Shylock* and *Bassanio*;
What *Jessica*! Thou shalt not Gormandize

As thou hast done with me——What *Jessica*!

And sleep, and snore, and rend Apparel out.

Why *Jessica*, I say.

Laun. Why *Jessica*!

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

Laun.

Lann. Your Worship was wont to tell me
I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Sby. I am bid forth to Supper, *Jessica*,
There are my Keys: But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for Love; they flatter me;
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. *Jessica*, my Girl,
Look to my House, I am right loth to go,
There is some Ill a brewing towards my Rest,
For I did dream of Mony-Bags last Night.

Lann. I beseech you Sir go, my young Master
Doth expect your Reproach,

Sby. So do I his.

Lann. And they have conspired together, I will not say
you shall see a Mask, but if you do, then it was not for
nothing that my Nose fell a bleeding on Black Munday
last, at six a Clock i'th' Morning, falling out that Year on
Ash-Wednesday was four Year in the Afternoon.

Sby. What are their Masks? Hear you me, *Jessica*,
Lock up my Doors, and when you hear the Drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd Fife,
Clamber not you up to the Casements then,
Nor thrust your Head into the publick Street
To gaze on Christian Fools with varnish'd Faces;
But stop my House's Ears, I mean my Casements,
Let not the sound of shallow Foppery enter
My sober House. By *Jacob's* Staff I swear,
I have no mind of Feasting forth to Night:
But I will go; go you before me, Sirrah:
Say I will come.

Lann. I will go before, Sir:

Mistress, look out at a Window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jew's Eye.

[*Exit Lann.*]

Sby. What says that Fool of *Hagar's* Off-spring? ha.

Jes. His Words were Farewel Mistress, nothing else.

Sby. The Patch is kind enough, but a huge Feeder:
Snail-slow in Profit, but he sleeps by Day

More

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More than the wild Cat; Drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed Purse. Well, *Jessica*, go in,
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you, shut Doors after you, fast bind, fast find,
A Proverb never stale in thrifty Mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewel; and if my Fortune be not crost,
I have a Father, - you a Daughter lost. [Exit.

Enter Gratiano and Salanio in Masquerade.

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

Sal. His Hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his Hour,
For Lovers ever run before the Clock.

Sal. O ten times faster *Venus*' Pigeons fly
To steal Loves Bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged Faith unforfeited.

Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a Feast
With that keen Appetite that he sits down?
Where is the Horse that doth untread again
His tedious Measures with th' unabated Fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more Spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a Younker or a Prodigal
The skarfed Bark puts from her native Bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet Wind?
How like a Prodigal doth she return
With over-wither'd Ribs and ragged Sails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet Wind?

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet Friends, your Patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my Affairs have made you wait;
When you shall please to play the Thieves for Wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; approach;
Here dwells my Father *Jew*. Ho, who's within?

Jessica above in Boy's Cloaths.

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

Lor.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy Love.

Jes. Lorenzo certain, and my Love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy Thoughts are Witnesses that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this Casket, it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis Night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my Exchange;
But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot see
The pretty Follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, *Cupid* himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a Boy.

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

Jes. What, must I hold a Candle to my Shame?
They in themselves goodsooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an Office of discovery, Love,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So you are, Sweet,
Even in the lovely Garnish of a Boy; but come at once,
For the close Night doth play the Run-away.
And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* Feast.

Jes. I will make fast the Doors, and gild my self
With some more Ducats, and be with you straight.

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

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

Enter Jessica.

What, art thou come? on Gentlemen, away;
Our masking Mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Anthonio.

Anth. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
'Tis nine a Clock, our Friends all stay for you;
No Mask to Night, the Wind is come about,

Bassanio

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Bassanio presently will go aboard,
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more Delight
Than to be under Sail, and gone to Night. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III. *Belmont.*

Enter Portia with Morrochius and both their Trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the Curtains, and discover
The several Caskets to this Noble Prince.
Now make your Choice. [Three Caskets are discovered.]

Mor. The first of Gold, who this Inscription bears,
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many Men desire.

The second Silver, which this Promise carries,
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull Lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do chuse the right?

Por. The one of them contains my Picture, Prince,
If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some God direct my Judgment, let me see,
I will survey the Inscriptions back again;
What says this Leaden Casket?

Who chuset's me, must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give, for what? for Lead? Hazard for Lead?

This Casket threatens. Men that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair Advantages:

A golden Mind stoops not to shows of Dross,

I'll then not give nor hazard ought for Lead?

What says the Silver with her Virgin hue?

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

As much as he deserves? Pause there, *Morrochius,*

And weigh thy Value with an even hand,

If thou be'st rated by thy Estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the Lady;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of my self.

As much as I deserve? — why that's the Lady:

I do in Birth deserve her, and in Fortunes,

In Graces, and in Qualities of Breeding:
But more than these, in Love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this Saying grav'd in Gold.
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many Men desire.
Why that's the Lady; all the World desires her:
From the four Corners of the Earth they come
To Kiss this Shrine. this mortal breathing Saint.
The *Hircanian* Desarts and the vast Wilds
Of wide *Arabia* are as thorough-Fares now,
For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The Watery Kingdom, whose ambitious Head
Spits in the Face of Heav'n, is no Bar
To stop the foreign Spirits, but they come,
As o'er a Brook, to see fair *Portia*.
One of these three contains her heavenly Picture:
Is't like that Lead contains her? 'Twere Damnation
To think so base a Thought: it were too gross
To rib her Searcloth in the obscure Grave:
Or shall I think in Silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd Gold;
O sinful thought, never so rich a Gem
Was set in worse than Gold! They have in *England*
A Coin that bears the Figure of an Angel
Stamped in Gold, but that's insculpt upon:
But here an Angel in a Golden Bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the Key;
Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it, Prince, and if my Form lye there,
Then I am yours. [Unlocking the Gold Casket.

Mor. O Hell! What have we here, a carrion Death,
Within whose empty Eye there is a written Scrowl:

*All that glisters is not Gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a Man his Life hath sold,
But my Outside to behold:
Gilded Timber do Worms infold:
Had you been as Wise as Bold,
Young in Limbs, in Judgment old,
Your Answer had not been inscol'd,
Fare you well, your Suit is cold.*

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Mor. Cold indeed, and Labour lost,
Then farewell Heat, and welcome Frost:
Portia adieu, I have too griev'd a Heart
To take a tedious leave: Thus Losers part. [Exit.]

Por. A gentle riddance: Draw the Curtains, go;
Let all of his Complexion chuse me so. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Venice.*

Enter Scliarino and Salanio.

Sal. Why Man, I saw *Bassanio* under Sail,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their Ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The Villain *Jew* with Outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search *Bassanio's* Ship.

Sal. He comes too late, the Ship was under Sail;
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a *Gondalo* were seen together
Lorenzo and his Amorous *Jessica*:

Besides, *Antonio* certify'd the Duke
They were not with *Bassanio* in his Ship.

Sola. I never heard a Passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the Dog *Jew* did utter in the Streets;
My Daughter. O my Ducats, O my Daughter!
Fled with a Christian? O my Christian Ducats!
Justice, the Law, my Ducats, and my Daughter!
A sealed Bag, two sealed Bags of Ducats,
Of double Ducats, stoln from me by my Daughter.
And Jewels, two rich and precious Stones,
Stoln by my Daughter; Justice! find the Girl;
She hath the Stones upon her, and the Ducats.

Sal. Why all the Boys in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his Stones, his Daughter, and his Ducats.

Sola. Let good *Antonio* look he keep his Day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well-remembered,
I reason'd with a *Frenchman* yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow Seas that part
The *French* and *English*, there miscarried
A Vessel of our Country richly fraught:

I thought upon *Antonio* when he told me,
And wish'd in Silence that it were not his.

Sola. You were best to tell *Antonio* what you hear,
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the Earth,
I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part.

Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: He answered, do not so,
Slubber not Business for my sake, *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time.
And for the Jew's Bond which he hath of me;
Let it not enter in your mind of Love;
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To Courtship, and such fair ostents of Love
As shall conveniently become you there;
And even there, his Eye being big with Tears,
Turning his Face, he put his Hand behind him
And with Affection wondrous sensible
He wrung *Bassanio's* Hand, and so they parted.

Sola. I think he only loves the World for him:
I pray thee let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced Heaviness
With some Delight or other.

Sal. Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. *Belmont.*

Enter Nerissa and a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the Curtain straight,
The Prince of *Arragon* hath ta'en his Oath,
And comes to his Election presently.

*Enter Arragon, his Train, Portia, Flor. Cornets. The
Caskets are discover'd.*

Por. Behold there stand the Caskets, noble Prince,
If you chuse that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our Nuptial Rights be solemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more Speech, my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoind by Oath to observe three things;
First, never to unfold to any one
Which Casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail

Of the right Casket, never in my Life
 To woo a Maid in way of Marriage:
 Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my Choice,
 Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To the Injunctions every one doth swear
 That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me; Fortune now
 To my Heart's Hope; Gold, Silver, and base Lead.
Who chuseth me; must give and hazard all he hath.
 You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
 What says the Golden Chest? ha let me see;
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many Men desire.
 What many Men desire——that *Many;* may be meant
 By the fool Multitude that chuse by Show
 Not learning more than the fond Eye doth teach,
 Which pryes not to th' Interior; but like the Martlet
 Builds in the Weather on the outward Wall,
 Even in the Force and Road of Casualty,
 I will not chuse what many Men desire,
 Because I will not jump with common Spirits,
 And rank me with the barbarous Multitudes.
 Why then to thee thou silver Treasure-house,
 Tell me once more, what Title thou dost bear;
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
 And well said too, for who shall go about
 To Cozen Fortune, and be honourable
 Without the Stamp of Merit? let none presume
 To wear an undeserved Dignity:
 O that Estates, Degrees, and Offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear Honour
 Were purchas'd by the Merit of the Wearer!
 How many then should cover that stand bare?
 How many be commanded that Command?
 How much low Peasantry would then be gleaned
 From the true Seed of Honour? And how much Honour
 Pickt from the Chaff and Ruin of the Times,
 To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my Choice:
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
 I will assume Desert; give me a Key for this,
 And instantly unlock my Fortunes here.

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Por. Too long a Pause for that which you find there.

[Unlocking the silver Caskets.]

Ar. What's here! the Portrait of a blinking Idiot,
Presenting me a Schedule? I will read it:

How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?

How much unlike my Hopes and my Deservings?

Who chuseth me shall have as much as he deserves?

Did I deserve no more than a Fool's Head?

Is that my Prize? Are my Deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct Offices,
And of opposed Natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The Fire seven times tried this,
Seven times tried that Judgment is
That did never chuse amiss.*

*Some there be that Shadows kiss,
Such have but a Shadow'd Bliss:*

There be Fools alive, I wis,

Silver'd e'er, and so was this:

Take what Wife you will to bed,

I will ever be your Head:

So be gone Sir, you are sped.

Ar. Still more Fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:

With one Fool's Head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.

Sweet adieu, I'll keep my Oath,

Patiently to bear my Wroth.

[Exit]

Por. Thus hath the Candle sing'd the Moth:
O these deliberate Fools! when they do chuse,
They have the Wisdom by their Wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient Saying is no Heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by Destiny.

Por. Come, draw the Curtain, *Nerissa*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your Gate
 'A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
 To signify th' Approaching of his Lord,
 From whom he bringeth sensible Regreets;
 To wit, besides Commends and courteous Breath,
 Gifts of rich Value; yet I have not seen
 So likely an Ambassador of Love.
 A Day in *April* never came so sweet,
 To show how costly Summer was at Hand,
 As this Fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee; I am half afeard
 Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
 Thou spend'st such high-day Wit in praising him:
 Come, come, *Nerissa*, for I long to see
 Quick *Cupid's* Post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy Will it be. [Exit.]

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

S C E N E *Venice.*

Enter Salauio and Solarino.

Sola. NOW, what News on the *Ryalto*?

Sal. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthony* hath a Ship of rich Lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the *Goodwins*, I think, they call the Place; a very dangerous Flat, and fatal, where the Carcasses of many a tall Ship lye bury'd, as they say, if my Gossip's Report be an honest Woman of her Word.

Sola. I would she were a lying a Gossip in that, as ever knapt Ginger, or made her Neighbours believe she wept for the Death of a third Husband; but it is true, without any Slips of Prolixity, or crossing the plain High-way of Talk, that the good *Anthony*, the honest *Anthony* — O that I had a Title good enough to keep his Name Company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sola.

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Sola. Ha, what say'st thou? Why the end is, he hath lost a Ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his Losses.

Sola. Let me say *Amen* betimes, lest the Devil cross my Prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a *Jew*. How now *Shylock*, what News among the Merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my Daughter's Flight.

Sal. That's certain; I for my part knew the Taylor that made the Wings she flew withal.

Sola. And *Shylock* for his own part knew the Bird was fledg'd, and then it is the Complexion of them all to leave the Dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the Devil may be her Judge.

Shy. My own Flesh and Blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old Carrion, Rebels it at these times?

Shy. I say, my Daughter is my Flesh and Blood.

Sal. There is more Difference between thy Flesh and hers, than between Jet and Ivory; more between your Bloods, than there is between red Wine and Renkin: But tell us, do you hear whether *Antonio* have had any loss at Sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad Match; a Bankrupt, a Prodigal, who dares scarce shew his Head on the *Ryalto*, a Beggar! that us'd to come so smug upon the Mart; let him look to his Bond; he was wont to call me Usurer; let him look to his Bond; he was wont to lend Money for a Christian Courtesie; let him look to his Bond.

Sal. Why I am sure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his Flesh: What's that good for?

Shy. To bait Fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my Revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me half a Million, laugh'd at my Losses, mockt at my Gains, scorn'd my Nation, thwarted my Bargains, cool'd my Friends, heated mine Enemies; and what's the Reason? I am a *Jew*: Hath not a *Jew* Eyes? hath not a *Jew* Hands, Organs, Dimensions, Senses, Affections, Passions? Fed with the same Food, hurt with the same Weapons, subject to the

same Diseases, heal'd by the same Means, warm'd and cool'd by the same Winter and Summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a Christian, what is his Humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a *Jew*, what should his Sufferance be by a Christian Example? Why Revenge. The Villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the Instruction.

Enter a Servant from Anthonio.

Ser. Gentlemen, my Master *Anthonio* is at his House, and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tuball.

Sola. Here comes another of the Tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the Devil himself turn *Jew*.

[*Exeunt Sala. and Solar.*

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what News from *Genova*? Hast thou found my Daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a Diamond gone cost me two thousand Ducats in *Frankfort*! the Curse never fell upon our Nation 'till now, I never felt it 'till now; two thousand Ducats in that, and other precious, precious Jewels! I would my Daughter were dead at my Foot, and the Jewels in her Ear; would she were hearst at my Foot, and the Ducats in her Coffin; No News of them; why so? and I know not how much is spent in the Search: why then Loss upon Loss, the Thief gone with so much, and so much to find the Thief, and no Satisfaction, no Revenge, nor no ill Luck stirring, but what lights o' my Shoulders, no Sighs but o' my breathing, no Tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yea, other Men have ill Luck too; *Anthonio*, as I heard in *Genova* —

Shy. What, what, ill Luck, ill Luck?

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away, coming from *Tripolis*.

Shy.

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Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the Sailors that escap'd the Wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*; good News, good News; ha, ha, where? in *Genova*?

Tub. Your Daughter spent in *Genova*, as I heard, one Night fourscore Ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a Dagger in me; I shall never see my Gold again; fourscore Ducats at a Sitting, fourscore Ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Anthony's* Creditors in my Company to *Venice*, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

Shy. I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shew'd me a Ring that he had of your Daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out upon her, thou torturest me, *Tuball*; it was my *Turquoise*, I had it of *Leath* when I was a Batchelor; I would not have given it for a Wilderness of Monkeys.

Tub. But *Anthony* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go, *Tuball*, see me an Officer, bespeak him a Fortnight before, I will have the Heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what Merchandize I will: Go *Tuball*, and meet me at our Synagogue; go, good *Tuball*; at our Synagogue, *Tuball*. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Belmont.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and Attendants.

The Caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you tarry, pause a Day or two
Before you hazard; for in chusing wrong
I lose your Company; therefore forbear a while,
There's something tells me, but it is not Love,
I would not lose you, and you know your self,
Hate counsels not in such a Quality.

But lest you should not understand me well,

H 5

And

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And yet a Maiden hath no Tongue but Thought,
 I would detain you here some Month or two,
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you
 How to chuse right, but then I am forsworn;
 So will I never be, so may you miss me;
 But if you do, you'll make me with a Sin,
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your Eyes,
 They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
 One half of me is yours, the other half
 Mine own, I would say: But first mine, then yours;
 And so all yours. O these naughty Times
 Put Bars between the Owners and their Rights:
 And so tho' yours, not yours; prove it so,
 Let Fortune go to Hell for it, not I.
 I speak too long, but 'tis to peece the Time;
 To eche it, and to draw it out in Length,
 To stay you from Election.

Bass. Let me chuse:

For as I am I live upon the Rack:

Per. Upon the Rack, *Bassanio*? then confess
 What Treason is there mingled with your Love.

Bass. None but that ugly Treason of Mistrust,
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my Love:
 There may as well be Amity and Life,

'Tween Snow and Fire, as Treason and my Love.

Per. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the Rack,
 Where Men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me Life, and I'll confess the Truth.

Per. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess and Love

Had been the very Sum of my Confession:

O happy Torment, when my Torturer
 Doth teach me Answers for Deliverance!

But let me to my Fortune and the Caskets.

Per. Away then, I am lockt in one of them;
 If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof,

Let Musick sound while he doth make his Choice;

Then if he lose, he makes a Swan-like end,

Fading in Musick. That the Comparison

May stand more proper, my Eye shall be the Stream,
And watry Death-bed for him: He may win,
And what is Musick then? Then Musick is
Even as the Flourish, when true Subjects bow
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet Sounds in break of Day,
That creep into the dreaming Bridegroom's Ear,
And summon him to Marriage. Now he goes
With no less Presence, but with much more Love
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The Virgin-tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the Sea monster: I stand for Sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the *Dardanian* Wives,
With bleared Visages come forth to view
The Issue of th' Exploit. Go *Hercules*,
Live thou, I live; with much, much more Dismay
I view the Fight, than thou that mak'st the Fray.

[Musick within]

A Song whilst Bassanio comments on the Caskets to himself.

*Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the Heart, or in the Head:
How begot, how nourished?
It is engendred in the Eyes,
With Gazing fed, and Fancy dies
In the Cradle where it lyes:
Let us all ring Fancy's Knell,
I'll begin it.*

Ding, dong, Bell.

All. Ding, dong, Bell.

Bass. So may the outward Shows be least themselves:
The World is still deceiv'd with Ornament.
In Law what Plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious Voice,
Obscures the Show of Evil? In Religion
What damned Error, but some sober Brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a Text,
Hiding the Grossness with fair Ornament?
There is no Vice so simple, but assumes
Some Mark of Virtue on his outward Parts;

How

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How many Cowards, whose Hearts are all as false
 As Stairs of Sand, wear yet upon their Chins
 The Beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*?
 Who inward searcht, have Livers white as Milk,
 And these assume but Valour's Excrement,
 To render them redoubted. Look on Beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the Weight,
 Which therein works a Miracle in Nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it:
 So are those crisped snaky golden Locks
 Which makes such wanton Gambols with the Wind
 Upon supposed Fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second Head;
 The Scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
 Thus Ornament is but the gilded Shore
 To a most dangerous Sea; the beauteous Scarf
 Veiling an *Indian* Beauty; in a Word,
 The seeming Truth which cunning Times put on
 To entrap the Wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy Gold,
 Hard Food for *Midas*, I will none of thee;
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common Drudge
 'Tween Man and Man; but thou, thou meager Lead,
 Which rather threatnest than dost promise ought;
 Thy Paleness moves me more than Eloquence,
 And here chuse I, Joy be the Consequence.

Por. How all the other Passions fleet to Air,
 'As doubtful Thoughts, and rash embrac'd Despair,
 And shuddring Fear, and green-ey'd Jealousie.
 O Love be moderate, allay thy Extasie;
 In measure rain thy Joy, scant this Excess,
 I feel too much thy Blessing, make it less,
 For fear I surfeit. [Opening the leaden Cask

Bass. What find I here?
 Fair *Portia's* Counterfeit? What Demy-God
 Hath come so near Creation? Move these Eyes?
 Or whether riding on the Balls of mine
 Seem they in Motion? Here are sever'd Lips
 Parted with Sugar Breath; so sweet a Bar
 Should sunder such sweet Friends: Here in her Hairs
 The Painter plays the Spider, and hath woven

A golden Mesh t'intrap the Hearts of Men
Faster than Gnats in Cobwebs: But her Eyes,
How could he see to do them? Having made one,
Methinks it should have Power to steal both his,
And leave it self unfinish'd: Yet look how far
The Substance of my Praise doth wrong this Shadow
In underprising it; so far this Shadow
Doth limp behind the Substance. Here's the Scrowl,
The Continent and Summary of my Fortune.

*You that chuse not by the View,
Chance as fair, and chuse as true:
Since this Fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your Fortune for your Bliss,
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving Kiss.*

A gentle Scrowl; Fair Lady, by your Leave, [*Kissing her:*
I come by Note to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a Prize,
That thinks he hath done well in Peoples Eyes;
Hearing Applause and universal Shout,
Giddy in Spirit, still gazing in a Doubt,
Whether those Pearls of Praise be his or no;
So thrice fair Lady stand I even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You see, my Lord *Bassanio*, where I stand;
Such as I am; tho' for my self alone,
I would not be ambitious in my Wish,
To wish my self much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty Times my self,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand Times
More rich, that to stand high in your Account,
I might in Virtues, Beauties, Livings, Friends,
Exceed Account; but the full Sum of me
Is Sum of nothing; which to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd Girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:

Happy

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn; happier then in this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
 Happiest of all is, that her gentle Spirit
 Commits its self to yours to be directed,
 As from her Lord, her Governor, her King,
 My self, and what is mine, to you and yours
 Is now converted. But now I was the Lady
 Of this fair Mansion, Mistress of my Servants,
 Queen o'er my self; and even now, but now
 This House, these Servants, and this same my self
 Are yours my Lord, I give them with this Ring,
 Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
 Let it preface the Ruin of your Love.
 And be my Vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all Words,
 Only my Blood speaks to you in my Veins,
 And there is such Confusion in my Powers,
 As after some Oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing pleased Multitude,
 Where every something being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of Joy
 Express, and not express; but when this Ring
 Parts from this Finger, then parts Life from hence;
 O then be bold to say, *Bassanio's* dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by, and seen our Wishes prosper,
 To cry Good Joy, good Joy, my Lord and Lady:

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,
 I wish you all the Joy that you can wish;
 For I am sure you can wish none from me:
 And when your Honours mean to solemnize
 The Bargain of your Faith, I do beseech you
 Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my Heart, so thou canst get a Wife:

Gra. I thank your Lordship, you have got me one.
 My Eyes, my Lord, can look as swift as yours:
 You saw the Mistress, I beheld the Maid;
 You lov'd; I lov'd for Intermision.

No more pertains to me, my Lord, than you:
Your Fortune stood upon the Caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the Matter falls:
For wooing Her, until I sweat again,
And swearing 'till my very Roof was dry,
With Oaths of Love, at last, if Promise last,
I got a Promise of this fair one here,
To have her Love, provided that your Fortune
Atchiev'd her Mistress.

Por. Is this true, *Nerissa*?

Ner. Madam, it is so, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good Faith?

Gra. Yes Faith my Lord.

Bass. Our Feast shall be much honoured in your Marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first Boy for a thousand Ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No, we shall ne'er win at that Sport, and stake down:
But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his Infidel?
What, and my old *Venetian* Friend, *Salanio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.

Bass. *Lorenzo* and *Salanio*, welcome hither.
If that the Youth of my new Interest here
Have Power to bid you welcome. By your Leave
I bid my very Friends and Country-men,
Sweet *Portia*, welcome.

Por. So do I, my Lord; they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your Honour: For my part, my Lord,
My Purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,
He did intreat me past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did my Lord,
And I have reason for it; Signior *Antonio*
Commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter,
I pray you tell me how my good Friend doth.

Sal. Not sick, my Lord, unless it be in Mind:
Nor well, unless in Mind: His Letter there
Will shew you his Estate.

Bassanio

Bassanio opens the Letter.

Gr. *Nerissa*, cheer yond Stanger, bid her welcome.
Your Hand, *Salanio*; what's the News from *Venice*?
How doth that Royal Merchant, good *Antonio*?
I know he will be glad of our Success:

We are the *Fasons*, we have won the Fleece.

Sal. I would you had won the Fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd Contents in yond same Paper,
That steals the Colour from *Bassanio's* Cheek:

Some dear Friend dead, else nothing in the World
Could turn so much the Constitution

Of any constant Man. What, worse and worse!

With Leave, *Bassanio*, I am half your self,

And must freely have the half of any thing

That this same Paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*!

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st Words

That ever blotted Paper. Gentle Lady,

When I did first impart my Love to you,

I freely told you, all the Wealth I had

Ran in my Veins. I was a Gentleman,

And then I told you true; and yet dear Lady,

Rating my self at nothing, you shall see

How much I was a Braggart, when I told you

My State was nothing, I should then have told you,

That I was worse than nothing. For indeed

I have engag'd my self to a dear Friend;

Engag'd my Friend to his meer Enemy,

To feed my Means. Here is a Letter, Lady;

The Paper as the Body of my Friend,

And every Word in it a gaping Wound,

Issuing Life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio*?

Have all his Ventures fail'd? What, not one hit

From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*. from *England*,

From *Lisbon* *Barbary*, and *India*?

And not one Vessel 'scape the dreadful Touch

Of Merchant-marring Rocks?

Sal. Not one, my Lord:

Besides, it should appear, that if he had

The present Mony to discharge the *Jew*,

He would not take it. Never did I know
A Creature that did bear the Shape of Man,
So keen and greedy to confound a Man.
He plies the Duke at Morning and at Night,
And doth impeach the Freedom of the State,
If they deny him Justice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himself, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest Port have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious Plea
Of Forfeiture, of Justice, and his Bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To *Tubal* and to *Chus* his Country-men,
That he would rather have *Antonio's* Flesh,
Than twenty times the Value of the Sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my Lord,
If Law, Authority, and Power deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Antonio*.

Por. Is it your dear Friend that is thus in Trouble?

Bass. The dearest Friend to me, the kindest Man,
The best condition'd, and unweari'd Spirit
In doing Courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* Honour more appears
Than any that draws Breath in *Italy*?

Por. What Sum owes he the *Jew*?

Bass. For me three thousand Ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the Bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a Friend of this Description
Shall lose a Hair through my *Bassanio's* Fault.
First go with me to Church, and call me Wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your Friend:
For never shall you lye by *Portia's* Side
With an unquiet Soul. You shall have Gold
To pay the petty Debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true Friend along;
My Maid *Nerissa*, and my self mean time,
Will live as Maids and Widows: Come away,
For you shall hence upon my Wedding-day.

Bid your Friends welcome, show a merry Cheer;
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
 But let me hear the Letter of your Friend.

Bass. reads. *S*weet Bassanio, my Ships have all miscarry'd, my
 Creditors grow cruel, my Estate is very low, my
 Bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impos-
 sible I should live, all Debts are cleared between you and I, if
 I might see you at my Death; notwithstanding use your Plea-
 sure: If your Love do not persuade you to come, let not my
 Letter.

Por. O Love! dispatch all Business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good Leave to go away,
 I will make haste; but 'till I come again,
 No Bed shall e'er be guilty of my Stay,
 Nor Rest be Interposer 'twixt us twaine. [Exit.]

S C E N E III. *Venice.*

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, and the Goaler.

Shy. Goaler, look to him: Tell not me of Mercy.
 This is the Fool that lends out Money *Gratis*.
 Goaler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.

Shy. I'll have my Bond; speak not against my Bond;
 I have sworn an Oath that I will have my Bond.
 Thou call'dst me Dog before thou hadst a Cause;
 But since I am a Dog, beware my Fangs:
 The Duke shall grant me Justice. I do wonder,
 Thou naughty Goaler, that thou art so fond
 To come Abroad with him at his Request.

Ant. I pray thee hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my Bond: I will not hear thee speak;
 I'll have my Bond; and therefore speak no more;
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd Fool,
 To shake the Head, relent, and sigh and yield
 To Christian Intercessors. Follow not;
 I'll have no speaking; I will have my Bond.

[Exit *Shylock*.
Sola.]

Sola. It is the most impenetrable Cur
That ever kept with Men.

Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootless Prayers:
He seeks my Life; his Reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his Forfeitures
Many that have at times made Moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am sure the Duke will never grant this Forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the Course of Law;
For the Commodity that Strangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the Justice of the State,
Since that the Trade and Profit of the City
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore go,
These Griefs and Losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a Pound of Flesh
To Morrow to my bloody Creditor.
Well, Goaler, on; pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his Debt, and then I care not. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *Belmont.*

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and a Servant of Portia's.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your Presence,
You have a noble and a true Conceit
Of God-like Amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the Absence of your Lord:
But if you knew to whom you shew this Honour,
How true a Gentleman you send Relief to,
How dear a Lover of my Lord, your Husband,
I know you would be prouder of the Work,
Than customary Bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now; for in Companions
That do converse and waste the Time together,
Whose Souls do bear an equal Yoke of Love,
There must be needs a like Proportion

Of Lineaments, of Manners, and of Spirit;
 Which makes me think that this *Antonio*,
 Being the Bosom-lover of my Lord,
 Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
 How little is the Cost I have bestowed
 In purchasing the Semblance of my Soul
 From out the State of Hellish Cruelty.
 This comes too near the praising of my self;
 Therefore no more of it; Here other things
Lorenzo, I commit into your Hands,
 The Husbandry and Manage of my House,
 Until my Lord's Return. For mine own part,
 I have toward Heav'n breath'd a secret Vow,
 To live in Prayer and Contemplation,
 Only attended by *Nerissa* here,
 Until her Husband and my Lord's return.
 There is a Monastery two Miles off,
 And there we will abide. I do desire you
 Not to deny this Imposition,
 The which my Love and some Necessity
 Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my Heart,
 I shall obey you in all fair Commands.

Por. My People do already know my Mind,
 And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
 In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my self.
 So fare you well 'till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair Thoughts and happy Hours attend on you.

Jes. I wish your Ladyship all Heart's Content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
 To wish it back on you: Fare you well, *Jessica*. [*Ex Jes. & Lor.*]
 Now, *Balthazar*, as I have ever found thee honest, true,
 So let me find thee still: Take this same Letter,
 And use thou all the Endeavour of a Man,
 In speed to *Mantua*; see thou render this
 Into my Cousin's Hand, Doctor *Bellarario*,
 And look what Notes and Garments he doth give thee,
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
 Unto the Traject, to the common Ferry
 Which trades to *Venice*: Waste no time in Words,

But

But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient Speed. [Exit.]

Por. Come on, *Nerissa*, I have Work in hand
That you yet know not of: We'll see our Husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, *Nerissa*; but in such a Habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any Wager,
When we are both Accoutred like young Men,
I'll prove the prettier Fellow of the two,
And wear my Dagger with the braver Grace,
And speak between the Change of Man and Boy,
With a reed Voice ; and turn two mincing Steps
Into a manly Stride, and speak of Frays,
Like a fine bragging Youth; and tell quaint Lies,
How honourable Ladies sought my Love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died,
I could not do with All: Then I'll repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kill'd them?
And twenty of these puny Lies I'll tell;
That Men shall swear I have discontinued School
Above a Twelve-month. I have within my Mind
A thousand raw Tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to Men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd Interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole Device
When I am in my Coach, which stays for us
At the Park Gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure Twenty Miles to Day. [Exeunt.]

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly: For look you, the Sins of the Father
are to be laid upon the Children; therefore, I promise you,
I fear you. I was always plain with you; and so now I
speak my Agitation of the Matter: Therefore be of good
cheer; for truly I think you are Damn'd: There is but
one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but
a kind of Bastard-hope neither.

Jes.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the *Jew's* Daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of Bastard-hope indeed; so the Sins of my Mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by Father and Mother; Thus when you shun *Sylla*, your Father, you fall into *Charibdis*, your Mother: Well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my Husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly the more to blame he; we were Christians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: This making of Christians will raise the Price of Hogs; if we grow all to be Pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a Rasher on the Coals for Mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my Husband, *Launcelot*, what you say: Here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow Jealous of you shortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my Wife into Corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no Mercy for me in Heav'n, because I am a *Jew's* Daughter: And he says, you are no good Member of the Commonwealth; for in converting *Jews* to Christians, you raise the Price of Pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the Commonwealth than you can the getting up of the Negro's Belly: The *Moor* is with Child by you, *Launcelot*.

Laun. It is much that the *Moor* should be more than Reason: But if she be less than an honest Woman, she is indeed more than I took her for:

Lor. How every Fool can play upon the Word! I think the best Grace of Wit will shortly turn into Silence, and Discourse grow commendable in none but Parrats. Go in, Sirrah, bid them prepare for Dianer.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all Stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a Wit-snapper are you! Then bid them prepare Dinner.

Laun.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only Cover is the word!

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not so, Sir, neither; I know my Duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shew the whole Wealth of thy Wit in an instant? I pray thee understand a plain Man in his plain Meaning: Go to thy fellows, bid them cover the Table, serve in the Meat; and we will come in to Dinner.

Laun. For the Table, Sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the Meat, Sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to Dinner, Sir, why let it be as Humours and Conceits shall govern. [Exit Laun.]

Lor. O dear Discretion, how his Words are suited!

The Fool hath planted in his Memory
An Army of good Words; and I do know
A many Fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a trickie Word
Defie the Matter: How cheer'st thou, *Jessica*?
And now, good Sweet, say thy Opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord *Bassanio's* Wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet
The Lord *Bassanio* live an upright Life.
For having such a Blessing in his Lady,
He finds the Joys of Heaven here on Earth:
And if on Earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to Heav'n.
Why, if two Gods should play some heav'nly Match,
And on the Wager lay two earthly Women,
And *Portia* one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude World
Hath not her Fellow.

Lor. Even such a Husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a Wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my Opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: First let us go to Dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a Stomack!

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for Table-talk;
Then howsome'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things,
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth.

[Exeunt.
A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Venice.*

Enter the Duke, the Senators, Anthonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. WHAT, is *Anthonio* here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A stony Adversary, an inhuman Wretch,
Uncapable of Pity, void and empty
From any dram of Mercy.

Ant. I have heard

Your Grace hath ta'en great Pains to qualifie
His rigorous Course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful Means can carry me
Out of his Envy's reach, I do oppose
My Patience to his Fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of Spirit
The very Tyranny and Rage of his.

Duke. Go one and call the *Jew* into the Court.

Sal. He is ready at the Door: He comes, my Lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our Face;
Shylock, the World thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this Fashion of thy Malice
To the last Hour of Act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy Mercy and Remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent Cruelty,
Which is a Pound of this poor Merchant's Flesh.
Thou wilt not only lose the Forfeiture,
But touch'd with human Gentleness and Love,
Forgive a Moiety of the Principal,
Glancing an Eye of Pity on his Losses
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a Royal Merchant down,
And pluck Commiseration of his State
From brassy Bosoms, and rough Hearts of Flint,

From

From stubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To Offices of tender Courtesie.

We all expect a gentle Answer, *Few*.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I sworn
To have the Due and Forfeit of my Bond.
If you deny it, let the Danger light
Upon your Charter, and your City's Freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather chuse to have
A weight of Carrion Flesh, than to receive
Three thousand Ducats? I'll not answer that.
But say it is my Humour, is it answered?
What if my House be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand Ducats
To have it brain'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some Men there are love not a gaping Pig,
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat,
And others, when the Bag-pipe sings i'th' Nose,
Cannot contain their Urine for affection.
Masterless Passion sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your Answer.
As there is no firm reason to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pig,
Why he a harmless necessary Cat,
Why he a woollen Bag-pipe, but of force
Must yield to such inevitable Shame,
As to offend himself, being offended;
So can I give no Reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear *Antonio*, that I follow thus
A losing Suit against him. Are you answered?

Bass. This is no Answer, thou unfeeling Man,
To excuse the current of thy Cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my Answer.

Bass. Do all Men kill the thing they do not love?

Shy. Hates any Man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every Offence is not a Hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a Serpent sting thee
twice?

Ant. I pray you think you question with a *Few*.
 You may as well go stand upon the Beach,
 And bid the main Flood bate his usual height,
 Or even as well use Question with the Wolf,
 The Ewe bleat for the Lamb: When you behold,
 You may as well forbid the Mountain Pines
 To wag their high Tops, and to make no noise
 When they are fretted with the gusts of Heav'n.
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that (than which what harder?)
 His *Jewish* Heart: Therefore I do beseech you
 Make no more Offers, use no farther Means,
 But with all brief and plain conveniency
 Let me have Judgment, and the *Few* his Will.

Bass. For thy three thousand Ducats here is Six.

Shy. If every Ducat in Six thousand Ducats
 Were in six parts, and every part a Ducat,
 I would not draw them, I would have my Bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for Mercy, rendring none?

Shy. What Judgment shall I dread, doing no Wrong?
 You have among you many a purchas'd Slave,
 Which, like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish part,
 Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, Marry them to your Heirs?
 Why sweat they under Burdens? Let their Beds
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their Pallats
 Be season'd with such Viands: You will answer,
 The Slaves are ours. So do I answer you.
 The Pound of Flesh which I demand of him,
 Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
 If you deny me, fie upon your Law,
 There is no force in the Decrees of *Venice*:

I stand for Judgment; answer; shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my Power I may dismiss this Court,
 Unless *Bellario*, a Learned Doctor,
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come here to day.

Sal. My Lord, here stays without
 A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,

New come from *Padua*.

Duke. Bring us the Letters, call the Messengers.

Bass. Good cheer, *Antonio*; What Man, Courage yet:
The *Jew* shall have my Flesh, Blood, Bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of Blood.

Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the Flock,
Meetest for Death: The weakest kind of Fruit
Drops earliest to the Ground, so let me.

You cannot better be employ'd, *Bassanio*,
Than to live still, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerissa dress'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.

Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellarion*?

Ner. From both,

My Lord, *Bellarion* greets your Grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy Knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the Forfeit from that Bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy foal, but on thy Soul, harsh *Jew*,
Thou mak'st thy Knife keen; but no Metal can,
No, not the Hangman's Ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp Envy. Can no Prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast Wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou Damn'd, inexorable Dog,
And for thy Life let Justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my Faith,
To hold Opinion with *Pythagoras*.

That Souls of Animals infuse themselves
Into the Trunks of Men. Thy currish Spirit
Govern'd a Wolf, who hang'd for human Slaughter,
Even from the Gallows did his fell Soul flee,
And whil'st thou layest in thy unhallowed Dam,
Infus'd it self in thee: for thy Desires

Are Wolfish, Bloody, Starv'd, and Ravenous.

Shy. 'Till thou canst rail the Seal from off my Bond,
Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy Wit, good Youth, or it will fall
To endless Ruin. I stand here for Law.

Duke. This Letter from *Bellarion* doth commend
A Young and Learned Doctor in our Court.
Where is he?

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Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your Answer, whether you'll admit him?

Duke. With all my Heart. Some three or four of you
Go, give him courteous Conduct to this place,
Mean time the Court shall hear *Bellario's* Letter.

YOUR Grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your
Letter I am very Sick: But at the Instant that your
Messenger came, in loving Visitation was with me a young
Doctor of Rome, his Name is Balthasar: I acquainted him
with the Cause in Controversie, between the Jew and Antho-
nio the Merchant. We turn'd o'er many Books together: He
is furnished with my Opinion, which bettered with his own
Learning. the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,
comes with him at my Importunity, to fill up your Grace's Re-
quest in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of Years be no
impediment to let him lack a reverend Estimation: For I ne-
ver knew so young a Body with so old a Head. I leave him
to your gracious Acceptance, whose Trial shall better publish
his Commendation.

Enter Portia, Dress'd like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. You hear the Learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the Doctor come:
Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellario*?

Por. I did, my Lord.

Duke. You are welcome: Take your Place.
Are you acquainted with the Difference,
That holds this present Question in the Court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the Case.
Which is the Merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. *Antonio* and old *Shylock*, both stand forth.

Por. Is your Name *Shylock*?

Shy. *Shylock* is my Name.

Por. Of a strange Nature is the Suit you follow,
Yet in such Rule, that the *Venetian* Law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

You stand within his Danger, do you not? [*To Antonio.*]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the Bond?

Ant.

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the *Jew* be merciful.

Shy. On what Compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The Quality of Mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle Rain from Heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd,
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis Mightiest in the Mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better than his Crown:
His Scepter shews the force of temporal Power,
The Attribute to Awe and Majesty,
Wherein doth sit the Dread and Fear of Kings;
But Mercy is above this sceptred Sway,
It is enthroned in the Hearts of Kings,
It is an Attribute to God himself;
And earthly Power doth then shew likest God's,
When Mercy seasons Justice. Therefore, *Jew*,
Tho' Justice be thy Plea, consider this,
That in the course of Justice none of us
Should see Salvation. We do pray for Mercy,
And that same Prayer doth teach us all to render
The Deeds of Mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the Justice of thy Plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict course of *Venice*
Must needs give Sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.

Shy. My Deeds upon my Head. I crave the Law,
The Penalty and Forfeit of my Bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the Money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the Sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my Hands, my Head, my Heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That Malice bears down Truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your Authority.
To do a great Right, do a little Wrong,
And curb this cruel Devil of his Will.

Por. It must not be, there is no Power in *Venice*
Can alter a Decree established.

'Twill be recorded for a President,

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And many an Error by the same Example
Will rush into the State. It cannot be.

Shy. A *Daniel* come to Judgment, yea, a *Daniel*.
O wise young Judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you let me look upon the Bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most Reverend Doctor, here it is.

Por. *Skylock*, there's thrice thy Mony offer'd thee.

Shy. An Oath, an Oath, I have an Oath in Heav'n.
Shall I lay Perjury upon my Soul?
No, not for *Venice*.

Por. Why, this Bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
A Pound of Flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the Merchant's Heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy Mony. bid me tear the Bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the Tenure.
It doth appear you are a worthy Judge;
You know the Law, your Exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving Pillar,
Proceed to Judgment. By my Soul I swear,
There is no Power in the Tongue of Man
To alter me. I stay here on my Bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To give the Judgment.

Por. Why then thus it is:
You must prepare your Bosom for his Knife.

Shy. O noble Judge! O excellent young Man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the Penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the Bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright Judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy Looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your Bosom.

Shy. Ay his Breast,
So lays the Bond, doth it not, noble Judge?
Nearest his Heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there Ballances here to weigh the

Shy. I have them ready. [Flesh?

Por.

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Por. Have by some Surgeon, *Shylock*, on your Charge;
To stop his Wounds, lest he should bleed to Death. 3

Shy. It is not nominated in the Bond.

Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for Charity.

Shy. I cannot find it, 'tis not in the Bond.

Por. Come, Merchant, have you any thing to .

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.

Give me your Hand, *Bassanio*, fare you well.

Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you:

For herein Fortune shews her self more kind

Than is her Custom. It is still her use

To let the wretched Man out-live his Wealth,

To view with hollow Eye and wrinkled Brow

An Age of Poverty. From which lingring Penance

Of such a Misery, doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your Honourable Wife;

Tell her the Process of *Antonio's* end;

Say how I lov'd you; speak me fair in Death:

And when the Tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your Friend,

And he repents not that he pays your Debt;

For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my Heart.

Bass. *Antonio*, I am married to a Wife,

Which is as dear to me as Life it self;

But Life it self, my Wife, and all the World;

Are not with me esteem'd above thy Life.

I would lose all, I'd sacrifice them all

Here to this Devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your Wife would give you little thanks for that,

If she were by to hear you make the Offer.

Gra. I have a Wife whom I protest I love,

I would she were in Heav'n, so she could

Intreat some Power to change this currish *Jew*.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her Back,

The Wish would make else an unquiet House.

Shy. These be the Christian Husbands. I have a Daughter,

Would any of the Stock of *Barrabas*

Had been her Husband, rather than a Christian. [*Aside.*
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue Sentence.

Por. A Pound of that same Merchant's Flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the Law doth give it.

Sky. Most righteous Judge.

Por. And you must cut this Flesh from off his Breast,
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Sky. Most learned Judge, a Sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else.
This Bond doth give thee here no jot of Blood,
The words expressly are a Pound of Flesh,
Then take thy Bond, take thou thy Pound of Flesh;
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian Blood, thy Lands and Goods
Are by the Laws of *Venice* Confiscate
Unto the State of *Venice*.

Gra. O upright Judge!

Mark Jew. O learned Judge!

Sky. Is that the Law?

Por. Thy self shalt see the Act:
For as thou urgest Justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have Justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned Judge! *Mark Jew*, a learned Judge!

Sky. I take this Offer then, pay the Bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the Money.

Por. Soft, the *Jew* shall have all Justice, soft, no haste,
He shall have nothing but the Penalty,

Gra. O *Jew*! an upright Judge, a learned Judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the Flesh,
Shed thou no Blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a Pound of Flesh: If thou tak'st more
Or less than a just Pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heavy in the Substance,
Or the Division of the twentieth part
Of one poor Scruple; nay, if the Scale do turn
But in the estimation of a Hair,
Thou diest, and all thy Goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew*.

Now, Infidel, I have thee on the Hip.

Por.

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Por. Why doth the *Jew* pause? Take thy Forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my Principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court;
He shall have meerly Justice and his Bond.

Gra. A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*.
I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my Principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the Forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy Peril, *Jew*.

Shy. Why then the Devil give him good of it:
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, *Jew*,

The Law hath yet another hold on you:

It is enacted in the Laws of *Venice*,

If it be prov'd against an Alien,

That by direct, or indirect Attempts,

He seek the Life of any Citizen,

The Party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize on half his Goods, the other half

Comes to the privy Coffer of the State,

And the Offender's Life lyes in the mercy

Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other Voice;

In which Predicament I say thou stand'st:

For it appears by manifest Proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very Life

Of the Defendant; and thou hast incurr'd

The Danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down therefore, and beg Mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thy self;

And yet thy Wealth being forfeit to the State,

Thou hast not left the value of a Cord,

Therefore thou must be hang'd at the State's Charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our Spirit,
I pardon thee thy Life before thou ask it:

For half thy Wealth, it is *Antonio's*;

The other half comes to the general State,

Which humbleness may drive unto a Fine.

Por. Ay, for the State, not for *Antonio*.

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Shy. Nay, take my Life and all, pardon not that.
You take my House when you do take the Prop
That doth sustain my House: You take my Life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What Mercy can you render him, *Antonio*?

Gra. A Halter *gratis*, nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my Lord, the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the Fine for one half of his Goods,
I am content. so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it
Upon his Death. unto the Gentleman
That lately stole his Daughter.

Two things provided more, that for this Favour
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a Gift
Here in the Court of all he dies possess'd
Unto his Son *Lorenzo*. and his Daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The Pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, *Jew*? What dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a Deed of Gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the Deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In Christ'ning thou shalt have two Godfathers.
Had I been Judge. thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the Gallows, not to the Font.

[*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I intreat you with me home to Dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of Pardon;
I must away this Night toward *Padua*,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratifie this Gentleman,
For in my mind you are much bound to him.

[*Exit Duke and his Train.*

Bass. Most worthy Gentleman! I and my Friend
Have by your Wisdom been this Day acquitted

Of grievous Penalties, in lieu whereof
Three thousand Ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous Pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted over and above
In Love and Service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account my self well paid;
My Mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me when we meet again,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave,

Bass. Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you further.
Take some Remembrance of us as a Tribute,
Not as a Fee: Grant me two things; I pray you
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your Gloves, I'll wear them for your sake,
And for your Love I'll take this Ring from you.
Do not draw back your Hand, I'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This Ring, good Sir, alas it is a Trifle;
I will not shame my self to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this,
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the Value:
The dearest Ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by Proclamation;
Only for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see, Sir, you are liberal in Offers;
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a Beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good Sir, this Ring was given me by my Wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many Men to save their Gifts;
And if your Wife be not a mad Woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this Ring;
She wou'd not hold out Enmity for ever
For giving it to me. Well, Peace be with you: [Exit.

Ant.

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Anth. My Lord *Bassanio*, let him have the Ring.
Let his Deservings, and my Love withal,
Be valu'd against your Wife's Commandment.

Bass. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the Ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto *Antonio's* House: Away, make haste. [Exit *Gra.*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the Morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*; come, *Antonio*. [Exeunt.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew's* House out, give him this Deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to Night,
And be a day before our Husbands home:
This Deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord *Bassanio*, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this Ring, and doth intreat
Your Company at Dinner.

Por. That cannot be.
His Ring do I accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you shew my Youth old *Shylock's* House.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I'll see if I can get my Husband's Ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,
That they did give the Rings away to Men;
But we'll out-face them and out-swear them too:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good Sir, will you shew me to this House?
[Exeunt.

A C T

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

S C E N E *Belmont.*

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. **T**H E Moon shines bright. In such a Night as this,
When the sweet Wind did gently kiss the Trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a Night,
Troilus methinks mounted the *Trojan* Wall
And sigh'd his Soul toward the *Grecian* Tents,
Where *Cressid* lay that Night.

Jes. In such a Night,
Did *Thisby* fearfully o'er-trip the Dew,
And saw the Lion's Shadow e'er himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a Night,
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her Hand
Upon the wild Sea-banks, and waft her Love
To come again to *Carthage*.

Jes. In such a Night,
Medea gather'd the Inchant'd Herbs
That did renew old *Æson*.

Lor. In such a Night,
Did *Jessica* steal from the wealthy *Jew*,
And with an unthrift Love did run from *Venice*,
As far as *Belmont*.

Jes. In such a Night
Did young *Lorenzo* swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her Soul with many Vows of Faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a Night,
Did pretty *Jessica* (like a little Shrew)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no Body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a Man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast, in silence of the Night?

Mes. A Friend.

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Lor. A Friend! What Friend? Your Name, I pray you, Friend?

Mes. *Stephano* is my Name, and I bring word My Mistress will before the break of Day Be here at *Belmont*: She doth stray about By holy Crosses. where she kneels and prays For happy Wedlock Hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her Maid. I pray you is my Master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him: But go we in I pray thee. *Jessica*, And ceremoniously let us prepare Some Welcome for the Mistress of the House.

Enter Launcelot.

Lanc. Sola. sola; wo ha, ho, sola, sola.

Lor. Who calls?

Lanc. Sola, did you see Master *Lorenzo* and Mrs. *Lorenza*?
Sola. sola.

Lor. Leave hollowing, Man: Here:

Lanc. Sola, where? where?

Lor. Here.

Lanc. Tell him, there's a Post come from my Master, with his Horn full of good News; my Master will be here ere Morning.

Lor. Sweet Love, let's in, and there expect their coming; And yet no matter: Why should we go in? My Friend *Stephano*, signifie, I pray you, Within the House, your Mistress is at hand, And bring your Musick forth into the Air. How sweet the Moon-light sleeps upon this Bank; Here will we sit, and let the sounds of Musick Creep in our Ears; soft Stilness, and the Night. Become the touches of sweet Harmony, Sit, *Jessica*. look how the Floor of Heav'n Is thick inlay'd with Patterns of bright Gold; There's not the smallest Orb which thou behold'st; But in his Motion like an Angel sings, Still quiring to the young-ey'd Cherubims; Such Harmony is in immortal Souls;

But

But whilst this muddy Vesture of Decay,
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a Hymn,
With sweetest Touches pierce your Mistress Ear,
And draw her Home with Musick,

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet Musick.
Musick.

Lor. The Reason is, your Spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton Herd,
Or Race of youthful and unhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot Condition of their Blood;
If they but hear perchance a Trumpet sound,
Or any Air of Musick touch their Ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
Their savage Eyes turn'd to a modest Gaze
By the sweet Power of Musick. Therefore the Poet
Did fain that *Orpheus* drew Trees, Stones, and Floods,
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of Rage,
But Musick for the time doth change his Nature:
The Man that hath no Musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with Concord of sweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils;
The Motions of his Spirit are dull as Night,
And his Affections dark as *Erebus*:
Let no such Man be trusted. Mark the Musick.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That Light we see is burning in my Hall:
How far that little Candle throws his Beams;
So shines a good Deed in a naughty World.

Ner. When the Moon shone we did not see the Candle.

Por. So doth the greater Glory dim the less;
A Substitute shines brightly as a King
Until a King be by; and then his State
Empties it self, as doth an inland Brook
Into the Main of Waters. Musick, hark! [*Musick*]

Ner. It is the Musick, Madam, of your House.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without Respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by Day.

Ner. Silence bestows the Virtue on it, Madam.

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Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The Nightingale, if she should sing by Day,
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musician than the Wren.
How many things by Season season'd are
To their right Praise and true Perfection?
Peace, how the Moon sleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awak'd!

Musick ceases.

Lor. That is the Voice.
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.

Por. He knows me as the blind Man knows the Cuckow,
By the bad Voice.

Lor. Dear Lady, welcome Home.

Por. We have been praying for our Husband's welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our Words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a Messenger before,
To signifie their coming.

Por. Go in, *Nerissa*,
Give Order to my Servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Jessica* nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your Husband is at hand, I hear his Trumpet:
We are no Tell-tales, Madam, fear you not.

Por. This Night methinks is but the Day-light sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a Day,
Such as the Day is when the Sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bass. We should hold Day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in Absence of the Sun.

Por. Let me give Light, but let me not be light;
For a light Wife doth make a heavy Husband,
And never be *Bassanio* so from me;
But God fort all: You are welcome home, my Lord.

Bass. I thank you, Madam, give welcome to my Friend;
This is the Man, this is *Anthonio*,

To

To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all Sense be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our House;
It must appear in other ways than Words;
Therefore I scant this breathing Courtesie.

Gra. By yonder Moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith I gave it to the Judge's Clerk: [To Nerissa,
Would he were gelt that had it for my Part,
Since you do take it, Love, so much at Heart.

Por. A Quarrel, hoe, already; what's the Matter?

Gra. About a Hoop of Gold. a paltry Ring
That she did give me, whose Poesie was
For all the World like Cutler's Poetry
Upon a Knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the Poesie or the Value?
You swore to me when I did give it you,
That you would wear it 'till the Hour of Death,
And that it should lye with you in your Grave:
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement Oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a Judge's Clerk! but well I know
The Clerk will ne'er wear Hair on's Face that had it.

Gra. He will, and if he live to be a Man.

Ner. If! if a Woman live to be a Man.

Gra. Now by this Hand I gave it to a Youth,
A kind of Boy, a little scrubbed Boy,
No higher than thy self, the Judge's Clerk,
A prating Boy that begg'd it as a Fee:
I could not for my Heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your Wife's first Gift,
A thing stuck on with Oaths upon your Finger,
And so riveted with Faith unto your Flesh.
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,
I dare be sworn to him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his Finger, for the Wealth
That the World masters. Now in Faith, *Gratiano,*

You

You give your Wife too unkind a Cause of Grief;
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left Hand off,
And swear I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gave his Ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it. and indeed
Deserv'd it too; and then the Boy, his Clerk,
That took some Pains in Writing. be begg'd mine,
And neither Man nor Master would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gave you, my Lord?
Nor that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a Lie unto a Fault,
I would deny it; but you see my Finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. And even so void is your false Heart of Truth.
By Heav'n, I will ne'er come into your Bed
Until I see the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, 'till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the Strength of your Displeasure.

Por. If you had known the Virtue of the Ring,
Or half her Worthiness that gave the Ring,
Or your own Honour to contain the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring.
What Man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any Terms of Zeal, wanted the Modesty
To urge the thing held as a Ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some Woman had the Ring.

Bass. No, by mine Honour, Madam, by my Soul,
No Woman had it, but a civil Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducats of me,
And begg'd the Ring; the which I did deny him,

And

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very Life
Of my dear Friend. What should I say, sweet Lady?
I was forc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with Shame and Courtesie;
My Honour would not let Ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the Night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The Ring of me, to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my House,
Since he hath got the Jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me:
I will become as liberal as you,
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my Body, nor my Husband's Bed;
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lye not a Night from Home; watch me like *Argos*:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine Honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have the Doctor for my Bedfellow.

Ner. And I his Clerk; therefore be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own Protection.

Gra. Well, do you so; let me not take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young Clerk's Pen.

Ant. I am th'unhappy Subject of these Quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced Wrong;
And in the hearing of these many Friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair Eyes,
Wherein I see my self —

Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine Eyes he doubly sees himself,
In each Eye one; swear by your double self,
And there's an Oath of Credit!

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this Fault, and by my Soul I swear,
I never more will break an Oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my Body for thy Wealth, [*To Bass.*
Which but for him that had your Husband's Ring [*To Por.*
Had quite miscarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My Soul upon the Forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more break Faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his Surety; give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here Lord *Bassanio*, swear to keep this Ring.

Bass. By Heav'n it is the same I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: Pardon me, *Bassanio*;
For by this Ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that same scrubbed Boy, the Doctor's Clerk,
In lieu of this last Night did lye with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of High-ways
In Summer, where the Ways are fair enough:
What, are we Cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly; you are all amaz'd;
Here is a Letter, read it at your Leisure;
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellarion*:

There you shall find that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerissa there her Clerk. *Lorenzo* here,
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,

And but even now return'd: I have not yet
Entred my House. *Antonio*, you are welcome,
And I have better News in store for you
Than you expect; unseal this Letter soon,
There you shall find three of your Argosies
Are richly come to Harbour suddenly.

You shall not know by what strange Accident
I chanced on this Letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clerk that is to make me Cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the Clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a Man.

Bass. Sweet Doctor, you shall be my Bedfellow;
When I am absent, then lye with my Wife.

Ant. Sweet Lady, you have given me Life and Living;
For here I read for certain, that my Ships

Are

Are safely come to *Rhodes*.

Por. How now, *Lorenzo*?

My Clerk hath some good Comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a Fee.
There do I give to you and *Jessica*,
From the rich *Jew*, a special Deed of Gift,
After his Death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair Ladies, you drop *Manna* in the way
Of starved People.

Por. It is almost Morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfy'd
Of these Events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there on Interrogatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first Interrogatory
That my *Nerissa* shall be sworn on, is,
Whether 'till the next Night she had rather stay,
Or go to Bed, now being two Hours to Day.
But were the Day come, I should wish it dark,
'Till I were couching with the Doctor's Clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerissa's* Ring. [Exeunt omnes.





As you Like it.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Frederick, Brother to the Duke, and Usurper of his Dukedom.

Amiens, } Lords attending upon the Duke in his
Jaques, } Banishment.

Le Beau, A Courtier attending on Frederick.

Oliver, Eldest Son to Sir Rowland de Boys, who had formerly been a Servant of the Duke.

Jaques, }
Orlando, } Younger Brothers to Oliver.

Adam, an old Servant of Sir Rowland de Boys, now following the Fortunes of Orlando.

Dennis, Servant to Oliver.

Charles, A Wrestler, and Servant to the Usurping Duke Frederick.

Touchstone, a Clown attending on Celia and Rosalind.

Corin, }
Sylvius, } Shepherds.

A Clown, in Love with Audrey.

William, another Clown, in Love with Audrey.

Sir Oliver Mar-text, a Country Curate.

Rosalind, Daughter to the Duke.

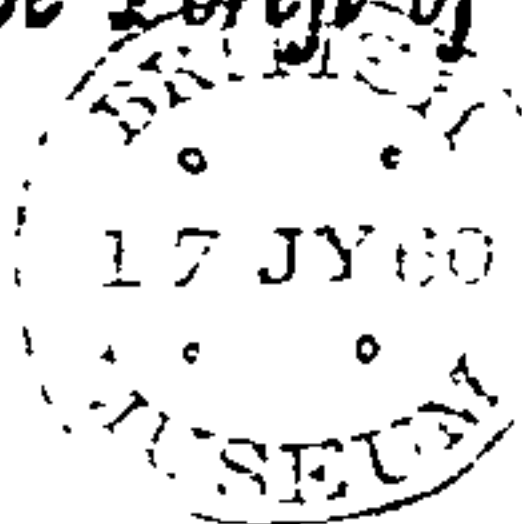
Celia, Daughter to Frederick.

Phœbe, a Shepherdess.

Audrey, a Country Wench.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes, with Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lyes first near Oliver's House, and afterwards partly in the Duke's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.



As



As you Like it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *an Orchard.*

Enter Orlando and Adam.

ORLANDO.



AS I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this Fashion bequeath'd me by Will, but a poor Thousand Crowns, and as thou say'st, charg'd my Brother on his Blessing to breed me well; and there begins my Sadness: My Brother *Faques* he keeps at School, and Report speaks goldenly of his Profit; for my part he keeps me rustically at home, or to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that Keeping for a Gentleman of my Birth, that differs not from the Stalling of an Ox? His Horses are bred better, for besides that they are fair with their Feeding, they are taught their Manage, and to that end Riders dearly hired: But I, his Brother, gain nothing under him but Growth, for the which his Animals on his Dunghill's are as much bound to him as I. Besides this Nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the Something that Nature gave me, his Countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his Hinds, bars me the place

place of a Brother, and as much as in him lyes, mines my Gentility with my Education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me, and the Spirit of my Father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this Servitude. I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wise Remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your Brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou shalt hear how he will snake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orla. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy Brother of yours, with Idleness.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and be naught a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your Hogs, and eat Husks with them? What Prodigal Portion have I spent, that I should come to such Penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest Brother, and in the gentle Condition of Blood you should so know me: The Courtesie of Nations allows you my better, in that you are the First Born; but the same Tradition takes not away my Blood, were there twenty Brothers betwixt us; I have as much of my Father in me, as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his Reverence.

Oli. What Boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder Brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay Hands on me; Villain?

Orla. I am no Villain: I am the Youngest Son of Sir *Roland de Boys*, he was my Father, and he is thrice a Villain that says such a Father begot Villains. Wert thou not my Brother, I would not take this Hand from thy Throat,

Throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy Tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thy self.

Adam. Sweet Master, be patient, for your Father's Remembrance, be at Accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not 'till I please: You shall hear me. My Father charg'd you in his Will to give me good Education: You have train'd me up like a Peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all Gentleman-like Qualities; the Spirit of my Father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: Therefore allow me such Exercises as may become a Gentleman, or give me the poor Allottery my Father left me by Testament; with that I will go buy my Fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: You shall have some part of your Will, I pray you leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old Dog.

Adam. Is old Dog my Reward? Most true, I have lost my Teeth in your Service: God be with my old Master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exe. Orlando and Adam.*]

Oli. Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will Phylick your Rankness, and yet give no thousand Crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's Wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes Access to you.

Oli. Call him in; 'twill be a good way; and to morrow the Wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good Morrow to your Worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur *Charles*, what's the new News at the new Court?

Char. There's no News at the Court, Sir, but the old News; that is, the old Duke is banish'd by his younger Brother the new Duke, and three or four loving Lords have put themselves into a voluntary Exile with him, whose Lands and Revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind*, the Duke's Daughter, be banish'd with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Duke's Daughter her Cousin so loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that she would have followed her Exile, or have died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no less beloved of her Uncle, than his own Daughter, and never two Ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the Forest of *Arden*, and a many merry Men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they say many young Gentlemen flock to him every day, and spend the time carelessly, as they did in the golden World.

Oli. What you wrestle to morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry do I, Sir, and I come to acquaint you with a matter: I am given, Sir, secretly to understand, that your younger Brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a Fall; to morrow, Sir, I wrestle for my Credit, and he that escapes me without some broken Limb, shall acquit him well; your Brother is but young and tender, and for your Love I would be loath to foil him, as I must for mine own Honour if he come in; therefore out of my love to you. I came hither to acquaint you withal. that either you might stay him from his Intendment, or brook such Disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my Will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy Love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite: I had my self notice of my Brother's Purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, *Charles,* he is the stubbornest young Fellow of *France*, full of Ambition, an envious Emulator
of

of every Man's good Parts. a secret and villanous Contriver against me his natural Brother; therefore use thy Discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his Neck as his Finger. And thou wert best look too't; for if thou dost him any slight Disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by Poison, to entrap thee by some treacherous Device, and never leave thee 'till he hath ta'en thy Life by some indirect means or other: For I assure thee, and almost with Tears I speak it; there is not one so young and so villanous this day living: I speak but brotherly of him; but should I Anatomize him to thee, as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to morrow, I'll give him his Payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for Prize more; and so God keep your Worship. [Exit.

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I stir this Gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my Soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he; yet he's gentle, never school'd, and yet learned, full of noble Device. of all sorts enchantingly beloved. and indeed so much the Heart of the World, and especially of my own People, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised; but it shall not be so long; this Wrestler shall clear all: Nothing remains. but that I kindle the Boy thither, which now I'll go about. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Duke's Palace.*

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear *Celia*, I show more Mirth than I am Mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd Father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary Pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee; if my Unkle, thy banished Father, had banished thy Unkle, the Duke my Father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my Love to take

thy Father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the Condition of my Estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no Child but I, nor none is like to have, and truly when he dies thou shalt be his Heir; for what he hath taken away from thy Father perforce, I will render thee again in Affection; by mine Honour I will, and when I break that Oath, let me turn Monster: Therefore, my sweet *Rose*, my dear *Rose* be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, Coz. and devise Sports: Let me see, what think you of falling in Love!

Cel. Marry, I prethee do, to make sport withal; but love no Man in good earnest, nor no further in Sport neither, than with safety of a pure Blush thou may'st in Honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be the Sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good Housewife Fortune from her Wheel, that her Gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her Benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind Woman doth most mistake in her Gifts to Women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill favoured.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's Office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in Gifts of the World, not in the Lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a fair Creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the Fire? Tho' Nature hath given us Wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this Fool to cut off this Argument?

Ros. Inceed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's Natural, the Cutter off of Nature's Wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's Work neither, but Nature's, who perceiving our natural Wits too dull to reason
reason

reason of such Goddeses, hath sent this Natural for our Whetstone: For always the Dulness of the Fool, is the Whetstone of the Wits. How now, whither wander you?

Clo. Mistress, you must come away to your Father.

Cel. Were you made the Messenger? [you.

Clo. No by mine Honour, but I was bid to come for

Ros. Where learned you that Oath, Fool?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pancakes, and swore by his Honour the Mustard was nought: Now I'll stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great Heap of your Knowledge?

Ros. Ay marry, now unmuzzle your Wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now; stroke your Chins, and swear by your Beards that I am a Knave.

Cel. By our Beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my Knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn; no more was this Knight swearing by his Honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is that thou mean'st?

Clo. One that old *Frederick* your Father loves.

Ros. My Father's Love is enough to honour him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for Taxation one of these Days.

Clo. The more pity that Fools may not speak wisely, what wise Men do foolishly.

Cel. By my Troth thou say'st true; for since the little Wit that Fools have was silenc'd, the little Foolery that wise Men have makes a great Shew: Here comes Monsieur *Le Beau*.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his Mouth full of News.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as Pigeons feed their Young.

Ros. Then shall we be News-cram'd,

Cel. All the better, we shall be the more marketable.
Bon-jour, Monsieur le Beau, what News?

Le Beau. Fair Princess,
 You have lost much Sport.

Cel. Sport; of what Colour?

Le Beau. What Colour, Madam? How shall I answer you?

Res. As Wit and Fortune will.

Cló. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a Trowel.

Cló. Nay, if I keep not my Rank —

Res. Thou lovest thy old Smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, Ladies: I would have told you
 of good Wrestling, which you have lost the Sight of.

Res. Yet tell us the manner of the Wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the Beginning, and if it please
 your Ladyships, you may see the End, for the best is yet
 to do, and here where you are, they are coming to per-
 form it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old Man and his three Sons.

Cel. I would match this beginning with an old Tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young Men of excellent Growth
 and Presence.

Res. With Bills on their Necks: Be it known unto all
 Men by these Presents.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with *Charles*
 the Duke's Wrestler, which *Charles* in a Moment threw
 him, and broke three of his Ribs, that there is little Hope
 of Life in him: So he serv'd the second, and so the third:
 Yonder they lye, the poor old Man their Father making
 such pitiful Dole over them, that all the Beholders take his
 Part with weeping.

Res. Alas!

Cló. But what is the Sport, Monsieur, that the Ladies
 have lost?

Le Beau. Why this that I speak of.

Cló. Thus Men grow wiser every Day. It is the first
 time that ever I heard breaking of Ribs was Sport for
 Ladies.

Cel.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musick in his Sides? Is there yet another doats upon Rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, Coulin?

Le Ben. You must if you stay here, for here is the Place appointed for wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder sure they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charies, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the Youth will not be entreated, His own Peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the Man?

Le Ben. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, Daughter and Cousin; Are you crept hither to see the Wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my Leige, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little Delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the Man: In Pity of the Challenger's Youth, I would feign dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, Ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur *Le Ben.*

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by.

Le Ben. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princess calls for you.

Orls. I attend her with all Respect and Duty.

Ros. Young Man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the Wrestler?

Orls. No, fair Princess; he is the General Challenger, I come but as others do, to try with him the Strength of my Youth.

Cel. Young Gentleman, your Spirits are too bold for your Years: You have seen cruel Proof of this Man's Strength. If you saw your self with your own Eyes, or knew your self with your Judgment, the fear of your Adventure would counsel you to a more equal Enterprize.

We pray you for your own Sake to embrace your own Safety, and give over this Attempt.

Ros. Do, young Sir, your Reputation shall not therefore be misprised; we will make it our Suit to the Duke, that the Wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you punish me not with your hard Thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent Ladies any thing. But let your fair Eyes and gentle Wishes go with me to my Trial, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my Friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the World no Injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the World I fill up a Place, which may be better supply'd, when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little Strength I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

Ros. Fare you well; pray Heav'n I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your Heart's Desires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this young Gallant, that is so desirous to lye with his Mother Earth?

Orla. Ready Sir, but his Will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one Fall.

Char. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily perswaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mockt before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now *Hercules* be thy speed, young Man.

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong Fellow by the Leg. [*They Wrestle.*]

Ros. O excellent young Man!

Cel. If I had a Thunderbolt in mine Eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout.*]

Duke. No more, no more. [*Charles is thrown.*]

Orla. Yes, I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How do'st thou, *Charles*?

Le Bea.

Le Ben. He cannot speak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away.

What is thy Name, young Man?

Orla. *Orlando*, my Liege, the youngest Son of Sir *Rowland de Boys*.

Duke. I would thou hadst been Son to some Man else;
The World esteem'd thy Father honourable,
But I did find him still mine Enemy:

Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this Deed,
Hadst thou descended from another House.

But fare thee well, thou art a gallant Youth,
I would thou hadst told me of another Father.

[*Exit Duke.*]

Cel. Were I my Father, Coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowland's* Son,
His youngest Son, and would not change that Calling
To be adopted Heir to *Frederick*.

Ros. My Father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his Soul,
And all the World was of my Father's Mind:
Had I before known this young Man, his Son,
I should have given him Tears unto Entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him;
My Father's rough and envious Disposition
Sticks me at Heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd,
If you do keep your Promises in Love,
But justly as you have exceeded all in Promise,
Your Mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
Wear this for me; one out of Suits with Fortune,
That could give more, but that her Hand lacks Means.
Shall we go, Coz?

Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair Gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? My better Parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a Quintine, a more lifeless Block.

Ros. He calls us back: my Pride fell with my Fortunes.
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call Sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown

More

More than your Enemies:

Cel. Will you go, Coz?

Ros. Have with you : fare you well.

[*Exe. Ros. and Cel.*]

Orla. What Passion hangs these Weights upon my
Tongue?

I cannot speak to her; yet she urg'd Conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poor *Orlando!* thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau Good Sir, I do in Friendship counsel you
To leave this Place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High Commendation, true Applause, and Love;
Yet such is now the Duke's Condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is indeed
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you Sir, and pray you tell me this,
Which of these two was Daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wrestling?

Le Beau Neither his Daughter, if we judge by Manners;
But yet indeed the shorter is his Daughter;
The other is Daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping Uncle
To keep his Daughter Company, whose Loves
Are dearer than the natural Bond of Sisters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en Displeasure 'gainst his gentle Niece,
Grounded upon no other Argument,
But that the People praise her for her Virtues,
And pity her for her old Father's sake;
And on my Life his Malice 'gainst the Lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better World than this,
I shall desire more Love and Knowledge of you. [Exit.]

Orla. I rest much bounden to you: Fare you well!

Thus must I from the Smoke into the Smother;

From Tyrant Duke, unto a Tyrant Brother:

But heav'nly *Rosalind!*

[Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why Cousin, why *Rosalind*; *Cupid* have Mercy; not a word!

Ros. Not one to throw at a Dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon Curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with Reasons.

Ros. Then there were two Cousins laid up, when the one should be lam'd with Reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my Father's Child. Oh how full of Briers is this working-Day-world.

Cel. They are but Burs, Cousin, thrown upon thee in Holiday Foolery; if we walk not in the trodden Paths, our very Petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my Coat; these Burs are in my Heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry Hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy Affections.

Ros. O they take the Part of a better Wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good Wish upon you; you will try in time in despite of a Fall; but turning these jests out of Service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest Son?

Ros. The Duke my Father lov'd his Father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his Son dearly? By this kind of Chase I should hate him, for my Father hated his Father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No Faith, hate him not for my Sake.

Cel. Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him; Because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel.

Cel. With his Eyes full of Anger.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me, Uncle!

Duke. You, Cousin.

Within these ten Days if that thou bee'st found
So near our publick Court as twenty Miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace
Let me the Knowledge of my Fault bear with me:
If with my self I hold Intelligence,
Or have Acquaintance with my own Desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
As I do trust I am not, then dear Uncle,
Never so much as in a Thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke. Thus do all Traitors,
If their Purgation eide consist in Words,
They are as innocent as Grace it self:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your Mistrust can not make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy Father's Daughter, there's e-
nough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his Dukedom,
So was I when your Highness banish'd him;
Treason is not inherited, my Lord,
Or if we did derive it from our Friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor:
Then good my Liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my Poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Sovereign hear me speak.

Duke. Ay *Celia*, we staid her for your sake,
Else had she with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your Pleasure, and your own Remorse;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her; if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an Instant, learn'd, plaid, eat together,

And

And wheresoe'er we went, like *Juno's* Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee, and her Smoothness,
Her very Silence, and her Patience,
Speak to the People, and they pity her:
Thou art a Fool, she robs thee of thy Name,
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous
When she is gone; then open not thy Lips,
Firm and irrevocable is my Doom,
Which I have past upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that Sentence then on me, my Liege,
I cannot live out of her Company.

Duke. You are a Fool; you Neice provide your self,
If you out-stay the time, upon mine Honour,
And in the Greatness of my Word, you die.

[Exit Duke, &c.]

Cel. O my poor *Rosalind*, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change Fathers! I will give thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more Cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, Cousin,
Prishee be cheerful; know'st thou not the Duke
Has banish'd me his Daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? *Rosalind* lacks then the Love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be fundred? Shall we part, sweet Girl?
No, let my Father seek another Heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,
And do not seek to take your Charge upon you,
To bear your Grievs your self, and leave me out:
For by this Heav'n, now at our Sorrows pale,
Say what thou can'st, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my Uncle in the Forest of *Ardens*.

Ros. Alas, what Danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh Thieves sooner than Gold.

Cel. I'll put my self in poor and mean Attire;
And with a kind of Umber smutch my Face,
The like do you, so shall we pass along,
And never stir Assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all Points like a Man;
A gallant Curtelax upon my Thigh,
A Bore-spear in my Hand, and in my Heart
Lie there what hidden Woman's Fear there will;
We'll have a swashing and a martial Outside,
As many other mannish Cowards have,
That do outface it with their Semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a Man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a Name than *Jove's* own Page,
And therefore look you call me *Ganymed*;
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a Reference to my State:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But Cousin, what if we assaid to steal
The clownish Fool out of your Father's Court:
Would he not be a Comfort to our Travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide World with me,
Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,
And get our Jewels and our Wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from Pursuit that will be made
After my Flight: Now go we in Content
To Liberty, and not to Banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Forest.*

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords like Foresters.

Duke Sen. NOW my Co-mates, and Brothers in Exile,
Hath not old Custom made this Life more
sweet

Than that of painted Pomp? Are not these Woods
More free from Peril than the envious Court?
Here feel we not the Penalty of *Adam*,
The Season's Difference, as the Icie phang
And churlish chiding of the Winter's Wind?
Which when it bites and blows upon my Body,
Even 'till I shrink with Cold, I smile, and say,
This is no Flattery: These are Counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the Uses of Adversity,
Which like the Toad, ugly and venomous;
Wears yet a precious Jewel in his Head:
And this our Life exempt from publick Haunt,
Finds Tongues in Trees, Books in the running Brooks,
Sermons in Stones, and Good in every thing.

Amien. I would not change it; happy is your Grace
That can translate the Stubbornness of Fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a Style.

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us Venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled Fools,
Being native Burghers of this desert City,
Should in their own Confines with forked Heads,
Have their round Haunches goar'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Faques* grieves at that,
And in that kind swears you do more usurp,
Than doth your Brother that hath banish'd you:
To Day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my self,
Did steal behind him as he lay along

Under

Under an Oak, whose antick Root peeps out
 Upon the Brook that brawls along this Wood,
 To the which Place a poor sequestred Stag
 That from the Hunters Aim had ta'en a Hurt,
 Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord,
 The wretched Animal heav'd forth such Groans,
 That their Discharge did stretch his leathern Coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round Tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent Nose
 In piteous Chase; and thus the hairy Fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy *Faques*,
 Stood on th'extreamest Verge of the swift Brook,
 Augmenting it with Tears.

Duke Sen. But what said *Faques*?
 Did he not moralize this Spectacle?

1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand Similies.
 First, for his Weeping into the needles Stream;
 Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a Testament
 As Worldlings do, giving thy Sum of more
 To that which had too much. Then being alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet Friends;
 'Tis right, quoth he, thus Misery doth part
 The Flux of Company: Anon a careless Herd
 Full of the Pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth *Faques*,
 Sweep on, you fat and greazy Citizens,
 'Tis just the Fashion; wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken Bankrupt there?
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The Body of the Country, City, Court,
 Yea, and of this our Life, swearing that we
 Are meer Usurpers. Tyrants, and what's worse
 To fright the Animals, and to kill them up
 In their assign'd and native dwelling Place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this Contempla-
 tion?

2 Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing Deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the Place,
 I love to cope him in these sullen Fits,

For

For then he's full of Matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *The Palace.*

Enter Duke with Lords.

Duke. Can it be possible that no Man saw them?
It cannot be; some Villains of my Court
Are of Consent and Sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The Ladies, her Attendants of her Chamber,
Saw her abed, and in the Morning early
They found the Bed untreasur'd of their Mistrefs.

2 Lord. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing:
Hesperia, the Princess Gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'er-heard
Your Daughter and her Cousin much commend
The Parts and Graces of the Wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy *Charles*,
And she believes where-ever they are gone,
That Youth is surely in their Company.

Duke. Send to his Brother, fetch that Gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this suddenly,
And let not Search and Inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish Runaways.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *Oliver's House.*

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orla. Who's there?

Adam. What my young Master? oh my gentle Master,
Oh my sweet Master, O you Memory
Of old Sir *Rowland*! Why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do People love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny Priser of the humorous Duke?
Your Praise is come too swiftly Home before you

Know

Know you not, Master, to some kind of Men
Their Graces serve them but as Enemies?

No more do yours; your Virtues, gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy Traitors to you.

Oh what a World is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy Youth,

Come not within these Doors; within this Roof
The Enemy of all your Graces' lives:

Your Brother — no; no Brother, yet the Son,
Yet not the Son, I will not call him Son;

Of him I was about to call his Father,

Hath heard your Praises, and this Night he means

To burn the Lodging where you use to lye,

And you within it; if he fail of that

He will have other Means to cut you off;

I overheard him, and his Practices;

This is no Place, this House is but a Butchery;

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither *Adam* wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my Food,

Or with a base and boisterous Sword enforce

A thievish living on the common Road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the Malice

Of a diverted Blood, and bloody Brother.

Adam. But do not so, I have five hundred Crowns,

The thrifty Hire I sav'd under your Father,

Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,

When Service should in my old Limbs lye lame,

And unregarded Age in Corners thrown;

Take that, and he that doth the Ravens feed,

Yea providently caters for the Sparrow,

Be Comfort to my Age; here is the Gold,

All this I give you, let me be your Servant,

Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,

For in my Youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious Liquors in my Blood,
Nor did I with unbashful Forehead woo
The Means of Weakness and Debility;
Therefore my Age is as a lusty Winter,
Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you,
I'll do the Service of a younger Man
In all your Business and Necessities.

Orla. Oh good old Man, how well in thee appears
The constant Service of the antick World;
When Service sweat for Duty, not for Meede!
Thou art not for the Fashion of these Times,
Where none will sweat, but for Promotion,
And having that, do choak their Service up,
Even with the having; it is not so with thee;
But poor old Man, thou prun'st a rotten Tree,
That cannot so much as a Blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy Pains and Husbandry;
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful Wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low Content.

Adam. Master go on, and I will follow thee
To the last Gasp with Truth and Loyalty.
From seventeen Years 'till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen Years many their Fortunes seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a Week;
Yet Fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my Master's Debter. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *The Forest.*

*Enter Rosalind in Boys Cloaths for Ganimed, Celia drest like
a Shepherdess for Aliena, and Clown.*

Ros. O *Jupiter*, how merry are my Spirits?

Clo. I care not for my Spirits, if my Legs were not
weary.

Ros. I could find in my Heart to disgrace my Man's
Apparel, and cry like a Woman; but I must comfort the
weaker Vessel, as Doublet and Hose ought to shew it self
Coura-

Courageous to a Petticoat ; therefore Courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you bear with me, I can go no further.

Clo. For my part. I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I should bear no Cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no Mony in your Purse.

Ros. Well. this is the Forest of *Arden*.

Clo. Ay, now am I in *Arden*, the more Fool I, when I was at home I was in a better place; but Travellers must be content.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Ros. Ay, be so, good *Touchstone*; look you who comes here, a young Man and an old. in solemn Talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou can'st not guess,
Tho' in thy Youth thou wast as true a Lover,
As ever sigh'd upon a Midnight Pillow;
But if thy Love were ever like to mine,
As sure I think did never Man love so;
How many Actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy Fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didst then ne'er love so heartily;
If thou remembrest not the slighted Folly
That ever Love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd;
Or if thou hast not fate as I do now,
Wearying thy Hearer in thy Mistress Praise,
Thou hast not lov'd.
Or if thou hast not broke from Company,
Abruptly as my Passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*.

[*Exit Sil.*]

Ros. Alas poor Shepherd! searching of thy Wound,
I have by hard Adventure found my own.

Clo. And I mine; I remember when I was in Love, I
broke my Sword upon a Stone, and bid him take that for
coming a Nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember the Kif-
sing

sing of her Batlet, and the Cow's Dugs that her pretty chopt Hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a Peascod instead of her, from whom I took two Cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping Tears, wear these for my sake; we that are true Lovers run into strange Capers; but all is Mortal in Nature, so is all Nature in Love mortal in Folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own Wit, 'till I break my Shins against it.

Ros. *Fove! Fove!* this Shepherd's Passion
Is much upon my Fashion:

Clo. And mine, but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond Man,
If he for Gold will give us any Food,
I faint almost to Death.

Clo. Holla; you Clown.

Ros. Peace Fool, he's not thy Kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your Betters, Sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace I say; good Even to you, Friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, Shepherd, if that Love or Gold
Can in this desert Place buy Entertainment;
Bring us where we may rest our selves, and feed;
Here's a young Maid with Travel much oppressed,
And faints for Succour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My Fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am a Shepherd to another Man,
And do not sheer the Fleeces that I graze;
My Master is of churlish Disposition,
And little wreaks to find the way to Heav'n
By doing Deeds of Hospitality:
Besides, his Coat, his Flocks, and Bounds of feed
Are now on Sale, and at our Sheep-Cote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,

And

And in my Voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his Flock and Pasture?

Cor. That young Swain that you saw here but ere while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with Honesty,
Buy thou the Cottage, Pasture, and the Flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy Wages;
I like this Place, and willingly could waste
My time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold;
Go with me, if you like upon Report,
The Soil, the Profit, and this kind of Life,
I will your very faithful Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

S O N G.

*Under the green-wood Tree,
Who loves to lye with me,
And tune his merry Note,
Unto the sweet Bird's Throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see no Enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.*

Faq. More, more, I prethee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholly, Mounseur *Faques*

Faq. I thank it; more, I prethee, more,
I can suck Melancholy out of a Song,
As a Weazel sucks Eggs: More, I prethee, more.

Ami. My Voice is rugged, I know I cannot please you.]

Faq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing;

Come, come, another Stanzo: Call you 'em Stanzo's?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur *Faques*.

Faq.

Faq. Nay, I care not for their Names, they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your Request, than to please my self.

Faq. Well then, if ever I thank any Man, I'll thank you; but that they call Complement is like th' Encounter of two Dog-Apes. And when a Man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a Penny, and he renders me the beggarly Thanks. Come sing, and you that will not, hold your Tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the Song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will Dine under this Tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Faq. And I have been all this day to avoid him, He is too disputable for my Company: I think of as many Matters as he, but I give Heav'n thanks, and make no Boast of them. Come, warble, come.

S O N G.

*Who doth Ambition shun
 And loves to lye i'th' Sun,
 Seeking the Food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets;
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall you see, no Enemy,
 But Winter and rough Weather.*

Faq. I'll give you a Verse to this Note,
 That I made yesterday in despite of my Invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Faq. Thus it goes.

*If it do come to pass,
 That any Man turn Ass;
 Leaving his Wealth and Ease,
 A stubborn Will to please,
 Ducdame, Ducdame, Ducdame;
 Here shall he see, gross Fools as he,
 And if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that Ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a *Greek* Invocation, to call Fools into a Circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the First-born of *Egypt*.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke,
His Banquet is prepar'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear Master, I can go no further;
O I die for Food! Here lye I down,
And measure out my Grave. Farewel, kind Master.

Orla. Why how now, *Adam*! no greater Heart in thee?
Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thy self a little.
If this uncouth Forest yield any thing Savage,
I will either be Food for it, or bring it for Food to thee:
Thy Conceit is nearer Death, than thy Powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold Death a while
At the Arm's end: I will be here with thee presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eat,
I will give thee leave to die. But if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my Labour.
Well said, thou look'st cheerly.
And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou liest
In the bleak Air. Come, I will bear thee
To some Shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lack of a Dinner,
If there live any thing in this Desert.
Cheerly, good *Adam*.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Duke Sen. and Lords.

[*A Table set out.*]

Duke Sen. I think he be transform'd into a Beast,
For I can no where find him like a Man.

1 Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of Jars, grow Musical,
We shall have shortly Discord in the Spheres:

Go

Go seek him, tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my Labour by his own Approach.

Duke Sen. Why how now, Monsieur, what a Life is this,
That your poor Friends must woo your Company?
What, you look merrily.

Jaq. A Fool, a Fool, I met a Fool i'th' Forest,
A motley Fool; a miserable World!
As I do live by Food, I met a Fool,
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good Terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley Fool.
Good morrow, Fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not Fool, 'till Heav'n hath sent me Fortune;
And then he drew a Dial from his Poak,
And looking on it, with lack-lustre Eye,
Says, very wisely, it is ten a Clock:
Thus we may see, quoth he, how the World wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven,
And so from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a Tale. When I did hear
The motley Fool thus moral on the Time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleer,
That Fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his Dial. O noble Fool,
A worthy Fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What Fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy Fool! one that hath been a Courtier,
And says, if Ladies be but young and fair,
They have the Gift to know it: And in his Brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder Bisket
After a Voyage, he hath strange Places cram'd
With Observation, the which he vents
In mangled Forms. O that I were a Fool!
I am ambitious for a motley Coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only Suit,
 Provided that you weed your better Judgments
 Of all Opinion that grows rank in them,
 That I am Wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a Charter as the Wind,
 To blow on whom I please, for so Fools have;
 And they that are most gauled with my Folly,
 They most must Laugh: And why, Sir, must they so?
 The way is plain, as way to Parish Church;
 He that a Fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth, very foolishly, altho' he smart,
 Seem senseless of the Bob. If not,
 The wise Man's Folly is Anatomiz'd
 Even by the squandring Glances of a Fool.
 Invest me in the motley, give me leave
 To speak my Mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul Body of th'infected World,
 If they will patiently receive my Medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldst do:

Jaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul Sin, in chiding Sin:
 For thou thy self hast been a Libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish Sting it self,
 And all th'imbossed Sores, and headed Evils,
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
 Would'st thou disgorge into the general World.

Jaq. Why who cries out on Pride,
 That can therein tax any private Party:
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
 Till that the weary very means do ebb.
 What Woman in the City do I name,
 When that I say the City Woman bears
 The cost of Princes on unworthy Shoulders?
 Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
 When such a one as she, such is her Neighbour?
 Or what is he of basest Function,
 That says his Bravery is not on my cost,
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein sutes
 His Folly to the mettle of my Speech,
 There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein

My

My Tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild Goose flies
Unclaim'd of any Man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.

Faq. Why I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shalt not, 'till Necessity be serv'd.

Faq. Of what kind should this Cock come?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, Man, by thy Distress?
Or else a rude Despiser of good Manners,
That in Civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orla. You touch'd my Vein at first, the thorny Point
Of bare Distress hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth Civility; yet am I Inland bred,
And know some Nuture: But forbear, I say,
He dies that touchies any of this Fruit,
'Till I and my Affairs are answered.

Faq. And you will not be answered with Reason,
I must die.

Duke Sen. What would you have?
Your Gentleness shall force, more than your Force
Move us to Gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for Food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our Table.

Orla. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you,
I thought that all things had been Savage here,
And therefore put I on the Countenance
Of stern Commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this Desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy Boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping Hours of Time;
If ever you have look'd on better Days;
If ever been where Bells have knoll'd to Church;
If ever sate at any good Man's Feast;
If ever from your Eye-lids wip'd a Tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let Gentleness my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope I blush and hide my Sword.

Duke Sen. True is it that we have seen better Days,
 And have with holy Bell been knoll'd to Church,
 And fate at good Mens Feasts, and wip'd our Eyes
 Of drops, that sacred Pity hath engendred:
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
 And take upon command what help we have,
 That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orla. Then but forbear your Food a little while,
 Whiles, like a Doe, I go to find my Fawn,
 And give it Food. There is an old poor Man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limp'd in pure Love; 'Till he be first suffic'd,
 Oppress'd with two weak Evils, Age and Hunger,
 I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
 And we will nothing waste 'till you return.

Orla. I thank ye, and be bless'd for your good Comfort.
[Exit,

Duke Sen. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
 This wide and universal Theatre
 Presents more woful Pageants than the Scene
 Wherein we play.

Jaq. All the World's a Stage,
 And all the Men and Women meerly Players;
 They have their *Exits* and their Entrances,
 And one Man in his time plays many Parts:
 His Acts being seven Ages. At first the Infant,
 Mewling and puking in the Nurse's Arms:
 And then, the whining School-boy with his Satchel,
 And shining Morning-face, creeping like Snail
 Unwillingly to School. And then the Lover,
 Sighing like Furnace, with a woful Ballad
 Made to his Mistress' Eye-brow. Then a Soldier,
 Full of strange Oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
 Jealous in Honour, sudden and quick in Quarrel,
 Seeking the Bubble Reputation,
 Even in the Canon's Mouth. And then the Justice
 In fair round Belly, with good Capon lin'd,
 With Eyes severe, and Beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise Saws, and modern Instances,
 And so he plays his Part. The sixth Age shifts Into

Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With Spectacles on Nose, and Pouch on side;
His youthful Hose well fav'd, a World too wide
For his shrunk Shank, and his big manly Voice
Turning again toward childish treble Pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful History,
Is second Childishness, and meer Oblivion,
Sans Teeth, sans Eyes, sans Taste, sans every thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: Set down your venerable Burthen,
And led him feed.

Orla. I thank you most for him:

Adam. So had you need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for my self.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your Fortunes.
Give us some Musick, and good Cousin, sing.

S O N G.

*Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind,
Thou art not so unkind, as Man's Ingratitude;
Thy Tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen;
Altho' thy Breath be rude.*

*Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the green Holly;
Most Friendship is feigning; most Loving meer Folly:
Then heigh ho, the Holly,
This Life is most Folly.*

*Freeze, Freeze, thou bitter Sky, that dost not bite so nigh.
As Benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the Waters warp, thy Sting is not so sharp,
As Friend remembered not,
Heigh ho, sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's Son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine Eye doth his Effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your Face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke

That lov'd your Father: The residue of your Fortune,
 Go to my Cave and tell me. Good old Man,
 Thou art right Welcôme, as thy Master is;
 Support him by the Arm; give me your Hand,
 And let me all your Fortunes understand. [Exeunt.]

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

S C E N E *The Palace.*

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke. NOT see him since? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
 But were I not the better part made Mercy,
 I should not seek an absent Argument
 Of my Revenge, thou present: But look to it,
 And out thy Brother wheresoe'er he is,
 Seek him with Candle; bring him dead or living.
 Within this Twelve-month, or turn thou no more
 To seek a Living in our Territory.
 Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our Hands,
 'Till thou canst quit thee by thy Brother's Mouth,
 Of what we think against thee.

Oli. Oh that your Highness knew my Heart in this:
 I never lov'd my Brother in my Life.

Duke. More Villain thou. Well, push him out of Doors,
 And let my Officers of such a Nature
 Make an Extent upon his House and Lands:
 Do this expediently, and turn him going. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. *The Forest.*

Enter Orlando,

Orla. Hang there my Verse, in witness of my Love;
 And thou thrice Crowned Queen of Night survey,
 With thy chaste Eye, from thy pale Sphere above,
 Thy Huntress Name, that my full Life doth sway.
 O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Books,
 And in their Barks my Thoughts I'll character,

That

That every Eye, which in this Forest looks,
Shall see thy Virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, *Orlando*, carve on every Tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

[*Exit:*

Enter Corin and Clown.

Cor. And how like you this Shepherd's Life, *Mr. Touchstone*?

Clown. Truly, Shepherd, in respect of it self, it is a good Life; but in respect that it is a Shepherd's Life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile Life. Now in respect it is in the Fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare Life, look you, it fits my Humour well; but as there is no more Plenty in it, it goes much against my Stomach. Has't any Philosophy in thee, Shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: And that he that wants Mony, Means, and Content, is without three good Friends. That the Property of Rain is to wet, and Fire to burn: That good Pasture makes fat Sheep; and that a great cause of the Night, is Lack of the Sun: That he that hath learned no Wit by Nature, nor Art, may complain of good Breeding, or comes of a very dull Kindred.

Clown. Such a one is a natural Philosopher. Was't ever in Court, Shepherd?

Cor. No truly.

Clown. Then thou art Damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope——

Clown. Truly thou art Damn'd, like an ill-roasted Egg; all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? Your reason.

Clown. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good Manners; if thou never saw'st good Manners, then thy Manners must be wicked; and Wickedness is Sin; and Sin is Damnation: Thou art in a parlous State, Shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchstone*: Those that are good Manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the Behaviour of the Country is most mockable at the Court.

You told me, you Salute not at the Court, but you Kifs your Hands; that Courtesie would be uncleanly, if Courtiers were Shepherds.

Clown. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our Ewes, and their Fels, you know, are greasie.

Clown. Why, do not your Courtiers Hands sweat? And is not the Grease of Mutton as wholesome as the Sweat of a Man? Shallow, shallow; a better Instance, I say: Come.

Cor. Besides, our Hands are hard.

Clown. Your Lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: A more founder Instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our Sheep; and would you have us kifs Tar? The Courtiers Hands are perfumed with Civet.

Clown. Most shallow, Man: Thou Worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of Flesh indeed; learn of the Wise and Perpend; Civet is of a baser birth than Tar; the very uncleanly Flux of a Cat. Mend the Instance, Shepherd.

Cor. You have too Courtly a Wit for me; I'll rest.

Clown. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow Man; God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no Man Hate, envy no Man's Happiness; glad of other Mens good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my Pride is, to see my Ewes graze, and my Lambs suck.

Clown. That is another simple Sin in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rams together, and to offer to get your Living by the Copulation of Cattle, to be a Bawd to a Bell-weather, and to betray a She-Lamb of a Twelve-month to a crooked Pated old Cuckoldly Ram, out of all reasonable Match. If thou be'st not Damn'd for this, the Devil himself will have no Shepherds; I cannot see how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes Mr. Ganimed, my new Mistress's Brother.

You told me, you Salute not at the Court, but you Kifs your Hands; that Courtesie would be uncleanly, if Courtiers were Shepherds.

Clown. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

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Cor. Here comes Mr. Ganimed, my new Mistress's Brother.

Enter Rosalind with a Paper.

Ros. *From the East to Western Inde,
No Jewel is like Rosalind,
Her Worth being mounted on the Wind,
Through all the World bears Rosalind.
All the Pictures fairest Lind,
Are but black to Rosalind;
Let no Face be kept in mind,
But the Face of Rosalind.*

Clo. I'll Rhime you so, eight Years together; Dinners, and Suppers, and sleeping Hours excepted: It is the right Butter-womens rank to Market.

Ros. Out Fool.

Clo. For a taste.

*If a Hart doth lack a Hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind,
If the Cat will after Kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter Garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that Reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to Cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest Meat hath sowrest Rind,
Such a Nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest Rose will find,
Must find Loves prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of Verses; why do you infect your self with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull Fool, I found them on a Tree.

Clo. Truly, the Tree yields bad Fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a Medler; that it will be the earliest Fruit i'th' Country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right Virtue of the Medler.

Clo. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the Forest judge.

Enter

Enter Celia with a Writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my Sister reading, stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a Desert be?*

For it is unpeopled. No;

Tongues I'll hang on every Tree,

That shall civil Sayings show.

Some, how brief the Life of Man

Runs his erring Pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a Span,

Buckles in his sum of Age,

Some of violated Vows,

'Twixt the Souls of Friend and Friend,

But upon the fairest Boughs,

Or at every Sentence End,

Will I Rosalinda write;

Teaching all that read, to know

This Quintessence of every sprite,

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd,

That one Body should be fill'd

With all Graces wide enlarg'd;

Nature presently distill'd:

Helen's Cheeks. but not her Heart,

Cleopatra's Majesty;

Atalanta's better Part;

Sad Lucretia's Modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts,

By heav'nly Synod was devis'd,

Of many Faces, Eyes and Hearts,

To have the touches dearest priz'd.

Heav'n would that she these Gifts should have,

And I to live and die her Slave.

Ros. O most gentle *Jupiter!* what tedious Homily of Love have you wearied your Parishioners withal, and never cry'd, Have Patience, good People?

Cel. How now, back Friends! Shepherd go off a little: Go with him, Sirrah.

Clo.

Clo. Come, Shepherd, let us make an Honourable Retreat, tho' not with Bag and Baggage, yet with Scrip and Scrippage. [Ex. Cor. and Clown.

Cel. Didst thou hear these Verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more Feet than the Verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the Feet might bear the Verses.

Ros. Ay, but the Feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the Verse, and therefore stood lamely in the Verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondring, how thy Name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these Trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: For look here what I found on a Palm-tree; I was never so berhimed since *Pythagoras's* time, that I was an *Irish* Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a Man?

Cel. And a Chain that you once wore, about his Neck: Change you Colour?

Ros. I prethee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for Friends to meet; but Mountains may be removed with Earth-quakes. and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prethee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping.

Ros. Good my Complexion, dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a Man, I have a Doublet and a Hose in my Disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South Sea of discovery. I prethee tell me, who is it, quickly, and speak apace? I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed Man out of thy Mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd Bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prethee
take

take the Cork out of thy Mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a Man in your Belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of Man? Is his Head worth a Hat? or his Chin worth a Beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little Beard.

Ros. Why God will send more, if the Man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his Beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his Chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that trip'd up the Wrestler's Heels, and your Heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the Devil take mocking; speak, sad Brow, and true Maid.

Cel. I'faith, Coz, 'tis he.

Ros. *Orlando!*

Cel. *Orlando.*

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my Doublet and Hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me *Gargantua's* Mouth first; 'tis a Word too great for any Mouth of this Age's size: To say ay and no to these Particulars, is more than to answer in a Catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this Forest, and in Man's Apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easie to count Atoms as to resolve the Propositions of a Lover? but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a Tree like a dropp'd Acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd *Jove's* Tree, when it drops forth such Fruit.

Cel. Give me Audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Ros. Tho' it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the Ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to thy Tongue, I prethee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Ros. O ominous, he comes to kill my Heart.

Cel. I would sing my Song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a Woman, when I think I must speak: Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he, flink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your Company; but good faith, I had as lief have been my self alone.

Orla. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too, for your Society.

Jaq. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do desire we may be better Strangers.

Jaq. I pray you marr no more Trees with writing Love-Songs in their Barks.

Orla. I pray you marr no more of my Verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. *Rosalind* is your Love's name?

Orla. Yes, Just.

Jaq. I do not like her Name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was Christen'd.

Jaq. What Stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my Heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty Answers; have you not been acquainted with Goldsmiths Wives, and conn'd them out of Rings?

Orla. Not so: But I answer you right, painted Cloth; from whence you have studied your Questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble Wit; I think it was made of *Atalanta's* Heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our Mistress the World, and all our Misery.

Orla. I will chide no Breather in the World but my self, against whom I know no faults.

Jaq.

Faq. The worst fault you have, is to be in Love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best Virtue; I am weary of you.

Faq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the Brook, look but in, and you shall see him.

Faq. There I shall see mine own Figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a Fool, or a Cypher.

Faq. I'll stay no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love. [Exit.

Orla. I am glad of your Departure: Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

Ros. I will speak to him like a sawcy Laquey, and under that Habit play the Knave with him: Do you hear, Forester.

Orla. Very well, what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a Clock?

Orla. You should ask me what time o'day; there's no Clock in the Forest.

Ros. Then there is no true Lover in the Forest, else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy Foot of Time, as well as a Clock.

Orla. And why not the swift Foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, Sir: Time travels in divers Paces, with divers Persons; I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orla. I prethee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young Maid, between the Contract of her Marriage, and the Day it is Solemniz'd: If the interim be but a fennight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a Priest that lacks Latin, and a rich Man that hath not the Gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily, because he feels no Pain: The one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen

burthen of heavy tedious Penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a Thief to the Gallows: For though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Whom stays it withal?

Ros. With Lawyers in the Vacation; for they sleep between Term and Term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty Youth?

Ros. With this Shepherdess, my Sister; here in the Skirts of the Forest, like Fringe upon a Petticoat.

Orla. Are you Native of this Place?

Ros. As the Cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your Accent is something finer, than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious Unkle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his Youth an Inland Man, one that knew Courtship too well; for there he fell in Love. I have heard him read many Lectures against it. I thank God, I am not a Woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy Offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole Sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal Evils that he laid to the Charge of Women?

Ros. There were none Principal. they were all like one another, as half pence are; every one's fault seeming monstrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I prethee recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my Physick, but on those that are Sick. There is a Man haunts the Forest, that abuses our young Plants with carving *Rosalind* on their Barks; hangs Odes upon Hawthorns, and Elegies on Brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the Name of *Rosalind*. If I could meet that Fancy-monger, I would give him some good Counsel, for he seems to have the Quotidian of Love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is so Love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your Remedy.

Ros.

Ros. There is none of my Unkle's Marks upon you; he taught me how to know a Man in Love; in which Cage of Rushes, I am sure you are not Prisoner.

Orla. What were his Marks?

Ros. A lean Cheek, which you have not; a blue Eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable Spirit, which you have not; a Beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having no Beard, is a younger Brother's Revenue; Then your Hose should be ungarter'd, your Bonnet unbanded, your Sleeve unbutton'd, your Shoo untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless Desolation; but you are no such Man, you are rather Point device in your Accoutrements, as loving your self, than seeming the Lover of any other:

Orla. Fair Youth, I would I could make thee believe I Love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the Points, in the which Women still give the Lie to their Consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the Verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orla. I swear to thee, Youth, by the white Hand of *Rosalind*, I am he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in Love, as your Rhimes speak?

Orla. Neither Rhime nor Reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is meerly a Madnes, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark House, and a Whip, as mad Men do: And, the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the Lunacy is so ordinary, that the Whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by Counsel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his Love, his Mistress: and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a moonish Youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of
Tears,

Tears, full of Smiles; for every Passion something, and for no Passion truly any thing, as Boys and Women are for the most part Cattle of this Colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drive this Suitor from his mad Humour of Love, to a living Humour of Madnes, which was to forswear the full Stream of the World, and to live in a Nook meerly Monastick; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your Liver as clear as a sound Sheep's Heart, that there shall not be one Spot of Love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, Youth.

Ros. I would cure you if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come every Day to my Cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now by the Faith of my Love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the Forest you live; Will you go?

Orla. With all my Heart, good Youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me *Rosalind*: Come Sir, will you go? [Exeunt]

S C E N E III.

Enter Clown, Audrey and Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your Goats, *Audrey*; and, now, *Audrey*, am I the Man yet? Doth my simple Feature content you?

Aud. Your Features, Lord warrant us; what Features?

Clo. I am here with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. O Knowledge ill inhabited, worse than *Jove* in a Thatch't House.

Clo. When a Man's Verses cannot be understood, nor a Man's good Wit seconded with the forward Child, Understanding; it strikes a Man more dead than a great Reckoning in a little Room; truly, I would the Gods had made thee Poetical.

Aud.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is; is it honest in Deed and Word; is it a true thing?

Clo. No truly; for the truest Poetry is the most feigning, and Lovers are given to Poetry; and what they swear in Poetry, may be said as Lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poetical?

Clo. I do truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clo. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for Honesty coupled to Beauty, is to have Honey a Sauce to Sugar.

Jaq. A material Fool.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away Honesty upon a foul Slut, were to put good Meat into an unclean Dish.

Aud. I am not a Slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods for thy Foulness; Slut-tishness may come hereafter: But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the Vicar of the next Village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this Place of the Forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this Meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us Joy.

Clo. Amen. A Man may, if he were of a fearful Heart, stagger in this Attempt; for here we have no Temple but the Wood, no Assembly but Horn-beasts. But what tho'? Courage. As Horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a Man knows no End of his Goods; right: many a Man has good Horns, and knows no End of them. Well, that is the Dowry of his Wife, 'tis none of his own getting; Horns? even so——poor Men alone---no, no, the noblest Deer hath them as huge as the Rascal: Is the single Man therefore blessed? No. As a wall'd Town is more worthier than a Village, so is the Fore-head

head of a married Man more honourable than the bare Brow of a Bachelor; and by how much Defence is better than no Skill, so much is a Horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver: Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this Tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappel.

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the Woman?

Clo. I will not take her on Gift of any Man.

Sir Oli. Truly she must be given, or the Marriage is not lawful.

Faq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good Even, good Master What ye call: How do you Sir, you are very well met: Godild you for your last Company, I am very glad to see you, even a Toy in Hand here Sir: Nay; pray be covered.

Faq. Will you be married, *Motley*?

Clo. As the Ox hath his Bow, Sir, the Horse his Curb, and the Falcon his Bells, so Man hath his Desire; and as Pigeons bill, so Wedlock would be nibbling.

Faq. And will you, being a Man of your Breeding, be married under a Bush like a Beggar? Get you to Church, and have a good Priest that can tell you what Marriage is; this Fellow will but join you together as they join Wain-scot, then one of you will prove a shrunk Pannel, and like Timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the Mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good Excuse for me hereafter to leave my Wife.

Faq. Go thou with me,
And let me counsel thee.

Clo. Come, sweet *Audrey*,
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry:
Farewell good Mr. *Oliver*; not O sweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee: But wind away, be gone I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical Knave of them all shall flout me out of my Calling.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.**Ros.* Never talk to me, I will weep.*Cel.* Do I prethee, but yet have the Grace to consider that Tears do not become a Man.*Ros.* But have I not Cause to weep?*Cel.* As good Cause as one would desire, Therefore weep.*Ros.* His very Hair
Is of a dissembling Colour.*Cel.* Something browner than *Judas's*:
Marry, his Kisses are *Judas's* own Children.*Ros.* I'faith his Hair is of a good Colour.*Cel.* An excellent Colour:
Your Chestnut was ever the only Colour.*Ros.* And his Kissing is as full of Sanctity,
As the touch of holy Bread.*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of chaste Lips of *DIANA*; a
Nun of Winter's Sisterhood kisses not more religiously;
the very Ice of Chastity is in them.*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this Morn-
ing, and comes not?*Cel.* Nay, certainly there is no Truth in him.*Ros.* Do you think so?*Cel.* Yes, I think he is not a Pick-purse, nor a Horse-
stealer; but for his Verity in Love, I do think him as
concave as a cover'd Goblet, or a worm-eaten Nut.*Ros.* Not true in Love?*Cel.* Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in.*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.*Cel.* Was, is not, is; besides, the Oath of a Lover is no
stronger than the Word of a Tapster; they are both the
Confirmer of false Reckonings; he attends here in the
Forest on the Duke your Father.*Ros.* I met the Duke Yesterday, and had much question
with him: He askt me of what Parentage I was; I told him
of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what
talk we of Fathers, when there is such a Man as *Orlando*?*Cel.*

Cel. O that's a brave Man, he writes brave Verses, speaks brave Words, swears brave Oaths, and breaks them bravely; quite travers athwart the Heart of his Lover, as a puisny Tilter, that spurs his Horse but on one Side, breaks his Staff like a noble Goose; but all's brave that Youth mounts, and Folly guides: Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and Master, you have oft enquir'd
After the Shepherd that complain'd of Love,
Whom you saw sitting by me on the Turf,
Praising the proud disdainful Shepherdess
That was his Mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a Pageant truly plaid
Between the pale Completion of true Love,
And the red Glow of Scorn and proud Disdain;
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O come let us remove,
The Sight of Lovers feedeth those in Love:
Bring us to this Sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busie Actor in their Play.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* do not scorn me, do not, *Phebe*;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness; the common Executioner,
Whose Heart th' accusom'd Sight of Death makes hard,
Falls not the Ax upon the humbled Neck,
But first begs Pardon: Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody Drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia *and* Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy Executioner,
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is Murther in mine Eyes;
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That Eyes that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward Gates on Atomies,

Should

Should be call'd Tyrants, Butchers, Murtherers;
 Now, I do frown on thee with all my Heart,
 And if mine Eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
 Now counterfeit to swoon, why now, fall down,
 Or if thou can'st not, oh for Shame, for Shame,
 Lie not, to say mine Eyes are Murtherers.
 Now shew the Wound mine Eyes hath made in thee;
 Scratch thee but with a Pin, and there remains
 Some Scar of it; lean but upon a Rush,
 The Cicatrice and capable Impressure
 Thy Palm some Moment keeps: But now mine Eyes
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in Eyes
 That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
 If ever, as that ever may be near,
 You meet in some fresh Cheek the Power of Fancy,
 Then shall you know the Wounds invisible
 That Love's keen Arrows make.

Phe. But 'till that time
 Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy Mocks, pity me not,
 As 'till that time I shall not pity thee.

Res. And why I pray you, who might be your Mother,
 That you insult, exult, and all at once
 Over the wretched? What thought you have no Beauty,
 As, by my Faith, I see no more in you
 Than without Candle may go dark to Bed:
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
 Why what means this? Why do you look on me
 I see no more in you than in the Ordinary
 Of Nature's Sale-work? 'ods my little Life,
 I think she means to tangle mine Eyes too:
 No Faith, proud Mistress, hope not after it,
 'Tis not your inky Brows, your black silk Hair,
 Your bugle Eye-balls, nor your Cheek of Cream
 That can entame my Spirits to your Worship.
 You foolish Shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
 Like foggy South, puffing with Wind and Rain?
 You are a thousand times a properer Man

Than

Than she a Woman. 'Tis such Fools as you
That makes the World full of ill-favour'd Children:
'Tis not her Glass, but you that flatters her,
And out of you she sees her self more proper
Than any of her Lineaments can show her.
But Mistrefs, know your self, down on your Knees,
And thank Heav'n, fasting, for a good Man's Love;
For I must tell you friendly in your Ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all Markets.
Cry the Man Mercy, love him, take his Offer,
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a Scoffer:
So take her to thee, Shepherd, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet Youth, I pray you chide a Year together;
I had rather hear you chide than this Man woo.

Rof. He's fall'n in love with your Foulness, and she'll
Fall in love with my Anger. If it be so, as fast
As she answers thee with frowning Looks, I'll sauce
Her with bitter Words: Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no Ill-will I bear you.

Rof. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than Vows made in Wine;
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my House,
'Tis at the Tuft of Olives, here hard by:
Will you go, Sister? Shepherd, ply her hard:
Come Sister; Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud; tho' all the World could see,
None could be so abus'd in Sight as he.
Come, to our Flock.

[*Exit.*

Phe. Deed Shepherd, now I find thy Saw of Might,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first Sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*!

Phe. Hah: What say'st thou, *Silvius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee, gentle *Silvius*;

Sil. Where-ever Sorrow is, Relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my Grief in Love,
By giving Love, your Sorrow and my Grief;
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my Love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Pho. Why that were Covetousness.

Silvius. the time was, that I hated thee ;
And yet it is not that I bear thee Love ;
But since that thou canst talk of Love so well,
Thy Company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too :
But do not look for further Recompence,
Than thine own Gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my Love,
And such a Poverty of Grace attends it,
That I shall think it a most plenteous Crop
To glean the broken Ears after the Man
That the main Harvest reaps : Lose now and then
A scattered Smile, and that I'll live upon.

Pho. Know'st thou the Youth that spoke to me ere
while ?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the Bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.

Pho. Think not I love him, tho' I ask for him ;
'Tis but a peevish Boy, yet he talks well,
But what care I for Words ? Yet Words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear :
It is a pretty Youth, not very pretty ;
But sure he's proud, and yet his Pride becomes him ;
He'll make a proper Man ; the best thing in him
Is his Complexion ; and faster than his Tongue
Did make Offence, his Eye did heal it up :
He is not very tall, yet for his Years he's tall ;
His Leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well ;
There was a pretty Redness in his Lip,
A little ripen, and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his Cheek ; 'twas just the Difference
Betwixt the constant Red and mingled Damask.
There be some Women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In Parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in Love with him ; but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more Cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me ?

He said mine Eyes were black, and my Hair black,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me;
I marvel why I answer'd not again,
But that's all one; Omittance is no Quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting Letter,
And thou shalt bear it, wilt thou, *Silvius*?

Sil. Phebe; with all my Heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The Matter's in my Head, and in my Heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, *Silvius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

S C E N E *The Forest.*

Enter Rosalind, Celia and Jaques.

Jaq. **I** Prithee, pretty Youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholly Fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than Laughing.

Ros. Those that are in Extremity of either, are abominable Fellows, and betray themselves to every modern Censure, worse than Drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad, and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a Post.

Jaq. I have neither the Scholars Melancholly, which is Emulation; nor the Musicians, which is fantastical; nor the Courtiers, which is proud; nor the Soldiers, which is ambitious; nor the Lawyers, which is politick; nor the Ladies, which is nice; nor the Lovers, which is all these, but it is a Melancholly of mine own, compounded of many Simples, extracted from many Objects, and indeed the fundry Contemplation of my Travels in which my often Ruminacion wraps me in a most humorous Sadness.

Ros. A Traveller! by my Faith you have great Reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own Lands, to see o-

her Mens; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich Eyes and poor Hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd Experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your Experience makes you sad: I had rather have a Fool to make me merry, than Experience to make me sad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good Day, and Happiness, dear *Rosalind*.

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, and you talk in blank Verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewel, Monsieur Traveller; look you lisp, and wear strange Suits; disable all the Benefits of your own Country; be out of love with your Nativity, and almost chide God for making you that Countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a Gondallo. Why how now *Orlando*, where have you been all this while? You a Lover? And you serve me such another Trick, never come in my Sight more.

Orla. My fair *Rosalind*, I come within an Hour of my Promise.

Ros. Break an Hour's Promise in Love? He that will divide a Minute into a thousand Parts, and break but a Part of the thousandth Part of a Minute in the Affairs of Love, it may be said of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' Shoulder, but I'll warrant him Heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Rosalind*.

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardy, come no more in my Sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snail.

Orla. Of a Snail?

Ros. Ay, of a Snail; for tho' he comes slowly, he carries his House on his Head: A better Jointure, I think, than you make a Woman; besides he brings his Destiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Ros. Why Horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your Wives for; but he comes 'armed in his Fortune, and prevents the Slander of his Wife.

Orla. Virtue is no Horn-maker; and my *Rosalind* is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better Leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a Holiday Humour, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, and I were your very, very *Rosalind*?

Orla. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take Occasion to kiss. Very good Orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for Lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanliest Shift is to kiss.

Orla. How if the Kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to Entreaty, and there begins new Matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved Mistress?

Ros. Marry that should you if I were your Mistress, or I should think my Honesty ranker than my Wit.

Orla. What of my Suit?

Ros. Not out of your Apparel, and yet out of your Suit.

Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orla. I take some Joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her Person, I say I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own Person I die.

Ros. No faith, die by Attorney; the poor World is almost six thousand Years old, and in all this-time there was not any Man died in his own Person, *videlicet*, in a Love Cause: *Troilus* had his Brains dash'd out with a *Grecian* Club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the Patterns of Love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair Year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd Nun, if it had not been for a hot Midsummer-Night; for, good Youth, he went but forth to wash in the *Hellepont*, and being taken with the Cramp was drown'd; and the foolish Chroniclers of that Age found it was *Hero* of *Sestos*. But these are all Lies; Men have died from time to time, and Worms have eaten them, but not for Love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this Mind, for I protest her Frown might kill me,

Ros. By this Hand it will not kill a Fle; but come now, I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming-on Disposition; and ask what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes faith will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, Sister, you shall be the Priest, and marry us. Give me your Hand, *Orlando*: What do you say, Sister?

Orla. Pray thee marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the Words.

Ros. You must begin, Will you *Orlando*—

Cel. Go to; will you *Orlando* have to Wife this *Rosalind*?

Orla. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for Wife.

Orla. I take thee *Rosalind* for Wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your Commission, But I do take thee *Orlando* for my Husband: There's a Girl goes before the Priest, and certainly a Woman's Thought runs before her Actions.

Orla. So do all Thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

Orla. For ever and a Day.

Ros. Say a Day without the ever: No, no, *Orlando*, Men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: Maids are *May* when they are Maids, but the Sky changes when they are Wives; I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* Cock-

Cock-Pigeon over his Hen, more clamorous than a Parrot against Rain; more new-fangled than an Ape; more giddy in my Desires than a Monkey; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to sleep.

Orla. But will my *Rosalind* do so?

Ros. By my Life she will do as I do.

Orla. O but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the Wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: Make the Doors fast upon a Woman's Wit, and it will out at the Casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the Key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the Smoak out at the Chimney.

Orla. A Man that had a Wife with such a Wit, he might say, Wit whither wilt?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your Wife's Wit going to your Neighbour's Bed

Orla. And what Wit could Wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry to say, she came to seek you there: You shall never find her without her Answer, unless you take her without her Tongue. O that Woman, that cannot make her fault her Husband's occasion, let her never nurse her Child her self, for she will breed it like a Fool.

Orla. For these two hours, *Rosalind*, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear Love, I cannot lack thee two Hours.

Orla. I must attend the Duke at Dinner, by two a Clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my Friends told me as much, and I thought no less; that flattering Tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so come Death: Two o'th' Clock is your hour!

Orla. Ay, sweet *Rosalind*.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty Oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your Promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic Break-Promise, and the most hollow Lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be cho-

sea out of the gross Band of the Unfaithful; therefore beware my Censure, and keep your Promise.

Orla. With no less Religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*; so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old Justice that examines all such Offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. [*Exit Orla.*]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our Sex in your Love-prate: we must have your Doublet and Hose pluck'd over your Head, and shew the World what the Bird hath done to her own Nest.

Ros. O Coz, Coz, Coz, my pretty little Coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in Love; but it cannot be funderd: My Affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of *Portugal*.

Cel. Or rather bottomless, that as fast as you pour Affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of Thought, conceiv'd of Spleen, and born of Madness, that blind rascally Boy, that abuses every ones Eyes, because his own are out, let him be Judge, how deep I am in Love; I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*: I'll go find a Shadow, and sigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters:

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the Deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a *Roman Conqueror*, and it would do well to set the Deer's Horns upon his Head, for a branch of Victory; have you no Song, Forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'Tis no matter how it be in Tune, so it make Noise enough.

Musick, Song.

What shall he have that kill'd the Deer?

His Leather Skin and Horns to wear;

Then

*Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burthen;
Take thou no scorn to wear the Horn,
It was a Crest ere thou wast born,
Thy Father's Father wore it,
And thy Father bore it,
The Horn, the Horn, the lusty Horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to Scorn.*

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two a Clock?
And here much Orlando.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure Love and troubled
Brain,

Enter Sylvius,

He hath ta'en his Bow and Arrows, and is gone forth
To sleep: Look who comes here.

Syl. My Errand is to you, fair Youth,
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this:
I know not the Contents, but, as I guess,
By the stern Brow, and waspish Action
Which she did use as she was Writing of it,
It bears an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless Messenger.

Ros. Patience her self would startle at this Letter,
And play the Swaggerer; bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair, that I lack Manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were Man as rare as Phenix: 'Od's my will,
Her Love is not the Hare that I did hunt,
Why writes she so to me? Well, Shepherd, well,
This is a Letter of your own device.

Syl. No, I protest, I know not the Contents,
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a Fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of Love.
I saw her Hand, she has a leathern Hand,
A Free-stone coloured Hand; I verily did think
That her old Gloves were on, but 'twas her Hands;

She has a Huswife's Hand, but that's no matter;
I say, she never did invent this Letter,
This is a Man's Invention, and his Hand.

Syl. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel Stile,
A Stile for Challengers; why, she defies me,
Like *Turk* to Christian; Woman's gentle Brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude Invention,
Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their Effect
Than in their Countenance; will you hear the Letter?

Syl. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phebe's* Cruelty.

Ros. She *Phebes* me, mark how the Tyrant writes,
[Reads] *Art thou God to Shepherd turn'd,*
That a Maiden's Heart hath burn'd?
Can a Woman rail thus.

Syl. Call you this Railing?

Ros. [Reads] *Why, thy Godhead laid apart,*
Warr'st thou with a Woman's Heart?
Did you ever hear such Railing?
Whiles the Eye of Man did woo me,
That could do no Vengeance to me.
Meaning me a Beast.

If the Scorn of your bright Eyne
Have power to raise such Love in mine,
Alack, in me, what strange effect
Would they work in mild Aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love,
How then might your Prayers move?
He that brings this Love to thee,
Little knows that Love in me;
And by him seal up thy Mind,
Whether that thy Youth and Kind
Will the faithful Offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my Love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Syl. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor Shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity: Wilt
thou

thou love such a Woman? What, to make thee an Instrument, and play false Strings upon thee? Not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see Love hath made thee a tame Snake, and say this to her, That if she love me. I charge her to love thee: If she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true Lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more Company.

[Exit Syl.]

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know, Where in the Purlews of this Forest stands A Sheep-cote, fenc'd about with Olive trees?

Cel. West of this place down in the Neighbour bottom, The rank of Osiers, by the murmuring Stream Left on your Right-hand, brings you to the place; But at this hour the House doth keep it self, There's none within.

Oli. If that an Eye may profit by a Tongue, Then should I know you by Description, Such Garments, and such Years: The Boy is fair, Of female Favour, and bestows himself Like a ripe Sister: But the Woman low, And browner than her Brother. Are not you The Owner of the House I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both, And to that Youth he calls his *Rosalind* He sends this bloody Napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am; what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my Shame, if you will know of me. What Man I am, and how, and why, and where This Handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the young *Orlando* parted from you, He left a Promise to return again Within an hour; and pacing through the Forest, Chewing the Food of sweet and bitter Fancy, Lo what befel! he threw his Eye aside, And mark what Object did present it self Under an old Oak, whose Boughs were moss'd with Age,
And

And high Top bald of dry Antiquity;
 A wretched ragged Man, o'er-grown with Hair;
 Lay sleeping on his Back; about his Neck
 A green and gilded Snake had wreath'd it self,
 Who with her Head, nimble in threats, approach'd
 The opening of his Mouth; but suddenly
 Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it self,
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a Bush, under whose Bushes shade
 A Lionsess, with Udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching Head on Ground, with Catlike watch
 When that the sleeping Man should stir; for 'tis
 The Royal Disposition of that Beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead;
 This seen, *Orlando* did approach the Man,
 And found it was his Brother, his elder Brother.

Cel. O I have heard him speak of that same Brother,
 'And he did render him the most unnatural,
 That liv'd 'mongst Men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
 For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But to *Orlando*; did he leave him there
 Food to the suck'd and hungry Lionsess?

Oli. Twice did he turn his Back, and purpos'd so:
 But Kindness nobler ever than Revenge,
 And Nature stronger than his just Occasion,
 Made him give Battel to the Lionsess:
 Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
 From miserable Slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his Brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I dot shame
 To tell you what I was, since my Conversion
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody Napkin?

Oli. By and by,
 When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
 As how I came into that desert Place;

In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh Array and Entertainment,
Committing me unto my Brother's Love,
Who led me instantly unto his Cave,
There strip'd himself, and here upon his Arm
The Lions had torn some Flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd in fainting upon *Rosalind*.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his Wound,
And after some small space, being strong at Heart,
He sent me hither, Stranger as I am,
To tell this Story, that you might excuse
His broken Promise, and to give this Napkin,
Dy'd in his Blood, unto the Shepherd Youth
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why, how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*?

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on Blood.

Cel. There is no more in it: Cousin *Ganimed*!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you take him by the Arm.

Oli. Be of good cheer, Youth; you a Man?

You lack a Man's Heart,

Ros. I do so, I confess it.

Ah, Sirra, a body would think this was well counterfeit-
ed, I pray you tell your Brother how well I counterfeit-
ed: Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great Testi-
mony in your Complexion, that it was passion of Earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good Heart, and counterfeit to
be a Man.

Ros. So I do: But i'faith, I should have been a Woman
by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you draw
homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I must bear Answer back,
How you excuse my Brother, *Rosalind*.

Ros. I shall devise something; but I pray you commend
my counterfeiting to him: Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*
A C T

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

S C E N E *the Forest.**Enter Clown and Audrey.*

Clo. WE shall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey*.

Aud. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the old Gentleman's saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir *Oliver*. *Audrey*, a most vile *Martext*. But *Audrey*, there is a Youth here in the Forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no Interest in me in the World; here comes the Man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is Meat and Drink to me to see a Clown; by my troth, we that have good Wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good Ev'n, *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good Ev'n, *William*.

Will. And good Ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good Ev'n, gentle Friend. Cover thy Head, cover thy Head; nay, prethec be cover'd. How old are you, Friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe Age: Is thy Name *William*?

Will. *William*, Sir.

Clo. A fair Name. Was't born i'th' Forest here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: A good Answer:
Art Rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so, so.

Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty Wit.

Clo. Why, thou say'st well: I do now remember a Saying, The Fool doth think he is wise, but the Wise Man knows

knows himself to be a Fool. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a Desire to eat a Grape, would open his Lips when he put it into his Mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eat, and Lips to open.

You do love this Maid?

Will. I do Sir.

Clo. Give me your Hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have. For it is a Figure in Rhetorick, that Drink being poured out of a Cup into a Glais, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all our Writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: Now you are not *ipse*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir. that must marry this Woman; therefore you Clown, abandon; which is in the Vulgar, leave the Society; which in the Boorish, is Company. of this Female; which in the Common, is Woman; which together is, abandon the Society of this Female; or, Clown, thou perishest; or to thy better Understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy Life into Death, thy Liberty into Bondage; I will deal in Poison with thee, or in Bastinado, or in Steel; I will bandy with thee in Faction, I will o'er-run thee with Policy, I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry, Sir.

[*Exit*]

Enter *Corin*.

Cor. Our Master and Mistrefs seek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audrey*, trip *Audrey*; I attend, I attend.

S C E N E II.

Enter *Orlando* and *Oliver*.

Orla. Is't possible, that on so little Acquaintance you should like her? That, but seeing, you should love her? And loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli.

Oli. Neither call the Giddiness of it in question, the Poverty of her, the small Acquaintance, my sudden Wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love *Aliena*; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your good: For my Father's House, and all the Revenue, that was old Sir *Rowland's*, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orla. You have my Consent.

Let your Wedding be to Morrow; thither will I Invite the Duke, and all's contented Followers: Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for look you, Here comes my *Rosalind*.

Ros. God save you, Brother.

Oli. And you, fair Sister.

Ros. Oh my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy Heart in a Scarf.

Orla. It is my Arm.

Ros. I thought thy Heart had been wounded with the Claws of a Lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the Eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your Brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shew'd me your Handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater Wonders than that,

Ros. O, I know where you are: Nay, 'tis true: There was never any thing so sudden, but the Fight of two Rams, and *Cesar's* Thraasonical Brag, of, I came, saw and overcame: For your Brother, and my Sister, no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the Reason; no sooner knew the Reason, but they sought the Remedy; and in these Degrees have they made a Pair of Stairs to Marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before Marriage; they are in the very Wrath of Love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

O. la. They shall be married to Morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into Happiness through another Man's Eyes; by so much

much the more shall I to Morrow be at the Height of Heart-Heaviness, by how much I shall think my Brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to Morrow I cannot serve your Turn for *Rosalind*?

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle Talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a Gentleman of good Conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good Opinion of my Knowledge; insomuch, I say, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater Esteem than may in some little Measure draw a Belief from you to do your self good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things; I have, since I was three Years old, conversed with a Magician, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalind* so near the Heart, as your Gesture cries it out, when your Brother marries *Aliena* you shall marry her. I know into what Streights of Fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your Eyes to Morrow; Human as she is, and without any Danger.

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober Meanings?

Ros. By my Life I do, which I tender dearly, tho' I say I am a Magician: Therefore put you on your best Array, bid your Friends: For if you will be Married to Morrow, you shall, and to *Rosalind*, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a Lover of mine, and a Lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To shew the Letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: It is my Study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful Shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good Shepherd, tell this Youth what 'tis to love:

Sil. It is to be made all of Sighs and Tears, And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros.

Ros. And I for no Woman.

Sil. It is to be made all of Faith and Service;
And so am I for *Phoebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no Woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of Fantasie,
All made of Passion and all made of Wishes,
All Adoration, Duty and Observance,
All Humbleness, all Patience, and Impatience,
All Purity, all Trial all Observance;
And so am I for *Phoebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And so am I for no Woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, Why blame you me to love you?

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you no more of this; 'tis like the Howling of *Irish* Wolves against the Moon; I will help you if I can; I would love you if I could: To Morrow meet me all together; I will marry you, if ever I marry Woman, and I'll be married to Morrow; I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfy'd Man, and you shall be married to Morrow; I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to Morrow. As you love *Rosalind* meet, as you love *Phoebe* meet, and as I love no Woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you Commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Cl. To Morrow is the joyful Day, *Audrey*: to Morrow will we be married.

Aud.

Aud. I do desire it with all my Heart; and I hope it is no dishonest Desire, to desire to be a Woman of the World. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest Gentleman.

Cl. By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a Song.

2 *Page.* We are for you, sit i'th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only Prologues to a bad Voice,

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a Tune, like two Gypsies on a Horse.

S O N G.

*It was a Lover and his Lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green Corn-field did pass
In the Spring time; the pretty Spring time,
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Lovers love the Spring.*

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For Love is crowned with the prime,
In the Spring time, &c.*

*Between the Acres of the Rye,
With a hey, and a ho and a hey nonino,
These pretty Country-folks would lye,
In the Spring time, &c.*

*The Carrol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
How that a Life was but a Flower,
In the Spring time, &c.*

Cl. Truly young Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the Ditty, yet the Note was very untunable;

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept Time, we lost not our Time.

Cl.

Cl. By my troth, yes: I count it but Time lost to hea^r such a foolish Song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your Voices. Come, *Audrey*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke Sen. Dost thou believe, *Orlando*, that the Boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our Compact is urg'd: You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*, [To the Duke,] You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I Kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say you will have her when I bring her? [To Orlando.]

Orla. That would I, were I of all Kingdoms King.

Ros. You say you'll Marry me, if I be willing. [To Phe.]

Phe. That will I, should I die the Hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give your self to this most faithful Shepherd.

Phe. So is the Bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have *Phebe*, if she will?

[To Silvius.]

Sil. Tho' to have her and Death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even; Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your Daughter; You, yours, *Orlando*, to receive his Daughter:

Keep you your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me; Or else refusing me, to wed this Shepherd.

Keep your word, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her, If she refuse me; and from hence I go

To make these Doubts all even. [Ex. *Ros. and Celia.*]

Duke Sen. I do remember in this Shepherd-Boy, Some lively Touches of my Daughter's Favour.

Orla.

Orla. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a Brother to your Daughter; But, my good Lord, this Boy is Forest born, And hath been tutor'd in the Rudiments Of many desperate Studies by his Uncle, Whom he reports to be a great Magician, Obscured in the Circle of this Forest.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Faq. There is sure another Flood toward, and these Couples are coming to the Ark. Here comes a pair of very strange Beasts, which in all Tongues are call'd Fools.

Clo. Salutation and Greeting to you all.

Faq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the Motley-minded Gentleman that I have so often met in the Forest: He hath been a Courtier he swears.

Clo. If any Man doubt that, let him put me to my Purgation; I have trod a Measure, I have flatter'd a Lady, I have been politick with my Friend, smooth with mine Enemy, I have undone three Tailors, I have had four Quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Faq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the Quarrel was upon the seventh Cause.

Faq. How the seventh Cause? Good my Lord, like this Fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, I desire you of the like: I press in here, Sir, amongst the rest of the Country Copularives, to swear, and to forswear, according as Marriage binds, and Blood breaks: A poor Virgin, Sir, an ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own, a poor Humour of mine, Sir, to take that that no Man else will. Rich Honesty dwells like a Miser, Sir, in a poor House, as your Pearl in your foul Oyster.

Duke Sen. By my Faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the Fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet Disceals.

Faq. But for the seventh Cause; how did you find the Quarrel on the seventh Cause?

Clo. Upon a Lie seven times removed; (bear your Body more seeming, *Audrey*) as thus, Sir; I did dislike the Cut of a certain Courtier's Beard; he sent me word, If I said his Beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, it was well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself. This is call'd the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my Judgment: This is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is call'd the Countercheck Quarrelsome; And so the Lie Circumstantial, and the Lie Direct.

FAQ. And how oft did you say his Beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial; nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct, and so we measur'd Swords, and parted.

FAQ. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the Lie?

Clo. O. Sir, we quarrel in Print, by the Book; as you have Books for good Manners. I will name you the Degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too. with an If. I knew when seven Justices could not take up a Quarrel, but when the Parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as, If you said so, then I said so; and they shook Hands, and swore Brothers. Your If is the only Peace-maker; much virtue in If.

FAQ. Is not this a rare Fellow, my Lord? He's good at any thing, and yet a Fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his Folly like a Stalking-Horse, and under the Presentation of that he shoots his Wit.

Enter

Enter Hymen, Rosalind in Woman's Cloaths, and Celia.

Still Musick.

Hym. *Then is there Mirth in Heav'n,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.*

*Good Duke receive thy Daughter,
Hymen from Heav'n brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her Hand with his,
Whose Heart within his Bosom is.*

Ros. *To you I give my self; for I am yours.*

[To the Duke.

To you I give my self; for I am yours. [To Orlando.

Duke Sen. If there be truth in fight, you are my Daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in fight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If fight and shape be true, why then my Love adieu.

Ros. *I'll have no Father if thou be not he;*

I'll have no Husband, if thou be not he;

Nor ne'er wed Woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace ho; I bar Confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange Events:

Here's eight that must take Hands,

To join in Hymen's Bands,

If Truth holds true Contents.

You and you no Cross shall part;

You and you are Heart in Heart;

You to his Love must accord,

Or have a Woman to your Lord.

You and you are sure together,

As the Winter to foul Weather:

Whiles a Wedlock Hymn we sing,

Feed your selves with questioning:

That Reason, Wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

S O N G.

*Wedding is great Juno's Crown,
 O blessed Bond of Board and Bed!
 'Tis Honour Peoples ev'ry Town,
 High Wedlock then be honoured:
 Honour, high Honour and Renown
 To Hymen, God of every Town.*

Duke Sen. O my dear Neice, welcome thou art to me,
 Even Daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word. now thou art mine,
 Thy Faith, my Fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have Audience for a Word or two:
 I am the second Son of old Sir Rowland,
 That bring these Tidings to this fair Assembly.
 Duke Frederick hearing how that every day
 Men of great Worth resorted to this Forest,
 Address'd a mighty Power which were on foot
 In his own Conduct, purposely to take
 His Brother here, and put him to the Sword:
 And to the Skirts of this wild Wood he came,
 Where meeting with an old Religious Man,
 After some question with him, was converted
 Both from his Enterprize, and from the World;
 His Crown bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
 And all their Lands restor'd to them again
 That were with him Exil'd. This to be true,
 I do engage my Life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young Man:
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy Brother's Wedding;
 To one his Lands with-held, and to the other
 A Land it self at large, a potent Dukedom.
 First, in this Forest, let us do those Ends
 That here were well begun, and well begot:
 And after, every of this happy Number
 That have endur'd shrewd Days and Nights with us
 Shall share the good of our returned Fortune,

Accord.

According to the measure of their States.
 Mean time, forget this new-fall'n Dignity,
 And fall into our Rustick Revelry:

Play Musick, and you Brides and Bridegrooms all,
 With Measure heap'd in Joy, to th' Measures fall.

Faq. Sir, by your patience: If I heard you rightly,
 The Duke hath put on a Religious Life,
 And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

Faq. de B. He hath.

Faq. To him will I: Out of these Convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
 You to your former Honour I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*
 Your Patience, and your Virtue well deserves it:
 You to a Love that your true Faith doth merit; [*To Orlo.*
 You to your Land, and Love, and great Allies; [*To Oli.*
 You to a long and well-deserved Bed; [*To Syl.*
 And you to Wrangling; for thy loving Voyage
[*To the Clown.*

Is but for two Months victuall'd: So to your Pleasures:
 I am for other than for Dancing Measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Faques*, stay

Faq. To see no Pastime, I: What you would have,
 I'll stay to know at your abandon'd Cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed, we will begin these Rites,
 As we do trust they'll end in true Delights.

Ros. It is not the Fashion to see the Lady the Epilogue;
 but it is no more unhandsome than to see the Lord the
 Prologue. If it be true, that *good Wine needs no Bush*. 'tis
 true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good
 Wine they do use good Bushes; and good Plays prove
 the better by the help of good Epilogues. What a case
 am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor
 cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good Play?
 I am not furnish'd like a Beggar; therefore to beg will
 not become me. My way is to conjure you and I'll
 begin with the Women. I charge you, O Women, for
 the love you bear to Men, to like as much of this Play
 as pleases you: And I charge you O Men for the love
 you bear to Women, (as I perceive by your Snoring,

none of you hates them) that between you and the Women, the Play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kiss as many of you as had Beards that pleas'd me, Complexions that lik'd me, and Breaths that I defy'd not: And, I am sure, as many as have good Beards, or good Faces, or sweet Breaths, will for my kind Offer, when I make Courtie, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





THE
TAMMING
OF THE
SHREW.
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

A Lord, before whom the Play is suppos'd to be
plaid.

Christopher Sly, a drunken Tinker.

Hostess.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants at-
tending on the Lord.

The Persons of the Play it self are

Baptista, Father to Katharina and Biancha, very rich.

Vincentio, an old Gentleman of Pisa.

Lucentio, Son to Vincentio, in Love with Biancha.

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

Gremio, } Pretenders to Biancha.
Hortensio, }

Tranio, } Servants to Lucentio.
Biondello, }

Grumio, Servant to Petruchio.

Pedant, an old Fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

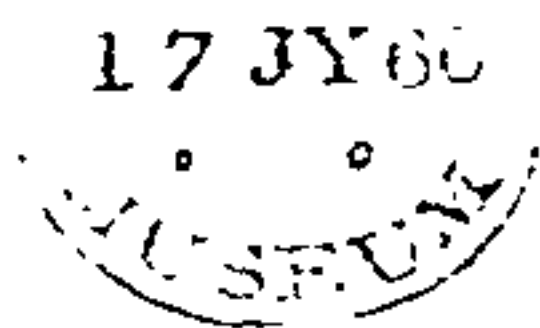
Katharina, the Shrew.

Biancha, her Sister.

Widow.

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

SCENE in the latter End of the third, and
beginning of the fourth Act, in Petruchio's
House in the Country; for the rest of the
Play in Padua.



The



The Taming of the SHREW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

S L Y.



I'll 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 Head-borough.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough. I'll and by Law; I'll not budge an Inch, Boy; let him kindly. [Exit Hostess.]

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 imboft, And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd Brach.

294 *The Taming of the Shrew.*

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 meereſt 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?

Hun. He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with
This were a Bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly. [Ale,

Lord. O monſtrous Beaſt! how like a Swine he lyes!
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?

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

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 warme 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

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;
Persuade 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.

Enter Servant.

How now? Who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honour, Players
That offer Service to your Lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now Fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your Honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to Night?

2 Play. So please your Lordship to accept our Duty.

Lord. With all my Heart. This Fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a Farmer's eldest Son;
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your Name; but sure that Part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. I think 'twas *Soto* 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.

N. A.

There.

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.

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 Obeifance.
 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 watry 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, Gate, and Action of a Gentlewoman.

I long to hear him call the Drunkard, Husband,
And how my Men will stay themselves from Laughter,
When they do Homage to this simple Peasant;
I'll in to counsel them: Haply my Presence
May well abate the over-merry Spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into Extreams.

*Enter Sly with Attendants, some with Apparel, Basin
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 Con-
serves?

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 Shooes 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 Deicent,
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-beath*. by Birth a Paddler, by Education a Card-maker, by Transmutation a Bear-herd, and now by present Profession a Tinker? Ask *Marrarian Hacket*. the fat Ale-wife of *Wincot*, 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 bestraught: here's . . .

1 Man. Oh this it is that makes your Lady mourn.

2 Man. Oh this it is that makes your Servants droop.

Lord Hence comes it that your Kindred shun your House,
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacy.
Oh noble Lord, bethink thee of thy Birth,
Call home thy ancient Thoughts from Banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly Dreams:

Look how thy Servants do attend on thee,

Each in his Office ready at thy Beck.

Wilt thou have 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 Harne's 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 Eccoes from the hollow Earth.

1 *Man*. Say thou wilt course, thy Grayhounds are as swift
As breathed Stags; ay, fleetier than the Roe.

2 *Man*. Dost thou love Pictures? We will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running Brook,

And *Citherea* all in Sedges hid,

Which seem to move, and wanton with her Breath,

Even 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 waining 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.

Sly. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Lady?

Or do I dream? Or have I dream'd 'till now?

I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;

I smell sweet Savours, and I feel soft Things:

Upon my Life I am a Lord indeed,

And

And not a Tinker, nor *Christopher Sly*.

Well, bring our Lady hither to our Sight,
And once again a Pot o'th' smallest Ale.

2 *Man*. Wil'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 Turph*, 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 amendes.

All. Amen.

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 *Foan* Madam!

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords call Ladies.

Sly.

Sly. Madam Wife, they say that I have dream'd,¹
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.

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.

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 Melancholly 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 Comonty,
a *Christmas* Gambold, 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.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great Desire I had
To see fair *Padua* Nursery of Arts,

I am arriv'd for fruitful *Lumbardy*,

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

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 *Bentivellii*,
Vincentio's 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 to, that treats of Happiness,
 By Virtue specially to be atchiev'd.

Tell me thy Mind, for I have *Pisa* left,
 And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
 A shallow Plash to plunge him in the Deep,
 And with Satiery seeks to quench his Thirst

Tru. Me Pardonato, gentle Master mine,
 I am in all affected as your self;
 Glad that you thus continue your Resolve,
 To suck the Sweets of sweet Philosophy:
 Only, good Master, while we do admire
 This Virtue, and this moral Discipline,
 Let's be no Stoicks. nor no Stocks, I pray;
 O: so devote to *Aristotle's* Checks,
 As *Ovid* be an Outcast quite abjur'd.
 Talk Logick with Acquaintance that you have,
 And practice Rhetorick in your common Talk;
 Musick and Poesie use to quicken you,
 The Mathematicks, and the Metaphysicks,
 Fall to them as you find your Stomach serves you:
 No Profit grows, where is no Pleasure ta'en:
 In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

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

Tran

Tra. Master, some Shew to welcome us to Town.
Enter Baptista with Katharina and Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importuæ me not 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 those 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 Noddle 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 Peat, it is best put Finger in the Eye
 And 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 maist 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
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. *Katherina*, 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.*

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 together, and
fast it fairly out. Our Cake's Dow on both sides. Fare-
wel; yet for the Love I bear my sweet *Bianca*, if I can
by any means light on a fit Man to teach her that where-
in 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 yet never 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.

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 lewd Alarms, why, Man, there be good Fellows in the World, and a Man could light on them, would take her with all her Faults, and Mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her Dowry with this Condition, to be whip'd at the High-cross 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 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. Manet Tra. and Luc.*]

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 the effect of Love in Idleness. And now in plainness to confess to thee, That art to me as secret and as dear As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was, *Tranio*, I burn, I pine, I perish, *Tranio*, If I atchieve not this young modest Girl: Counsel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou 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.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the Maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet Beauty in her Face,
Such as the Daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her Hand,
When with his Knees he kiss'd the *Cretan* Strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her Sister
Began to Scold, and raise up such a Storm,
That mortal Ears might hardly endure the Din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her Coral Lips to move,
And 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 to atchieve 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 she 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 be in *Padua* here *Vincentio's* Son.
Keep House, and ply his Book, welcome his Friends,
Visit his Countrymen. and banquet them?

Luc. Basta, content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any House,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our Faces,
For Man or Master: Then it follows thus.

Thou

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Thou shalt be Master, *Tranio*, in my stead;
 Keep House, and Port, and Servants, as I should.
 I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
 Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner Man of *Pisa*.
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio*, at once
 Uncase thee: Take my colour'd Hat and Cloak,
 When *Biandello* comes, he waits on thee,
 But I will charm him first to keep his Tongue.

Tra. So had you need.
 In brief, 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 thral'd my wounded Eye.

Enter Biandello.

Here comes the Rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bian. 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?

Bian. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.

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

Bian. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith Boy, to have the next Wish af-
 ter, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptista's* youngest Daughter.
 But,

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 'mong these Wooers; if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my Reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

The Presenters above speak.

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

Sly. Yes, by Saint *Anne*. do I; a good matter surely.
Come's there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of Work, Madam Lady,
would 'twere done. [*They sit and mark.*

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

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.

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom should I knock? is there any
Man has rebus'd your Worship?

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

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? Why, Sir, what am I, Sir,
That I should knock you here Sir?

Pet. Villain, I say. knock me at this Gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your Knave's Pate.

Gru. My Master is grown quarrellome:
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,

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I'll try how you can *Sol, Fa,* and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the Ears.*]

Gru. Help, Mistress, help, my Master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: Sirrah, Villain.

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the Matter? My old Friend *Grumio*, and my good Friend *Petruchio*! How do you all at *Verona*?

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the Fray?

Con tutti le core bene trovato may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto molto honorato Signior 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 soundly, 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 soundly? And come you now with knocking at the Gate?

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

Hor. *Petruchio*, patience, I am *Grumio*'s Pledge: Why this is a heavy Chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient trusty pleasant Servant *Grumio*; And tell me now, sweet Friend, what happy Gale Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona*?

Pet. Such Wind as scatters young Men through the World, To seek their Fortunes farther than at home, Where small Experience grows but in a few. Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me, *Antonio* my Father is deceas'd, And I must thrust my self into this maze, Happily to Wive and Thrive, at best I may:

Crowns

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,
Affections edge in time. Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriatick* Seas,
I come to Wive it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Grm. 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 Mony comes
withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in Jest,
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a Wife
With Wealth enough, and Young and Beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that she is 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.

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Hor. Her Father is *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her Name is *Katherina 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.

Griss. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the Humour lasts.
O' my word, and 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; and he begin once, he'll rail in his rope Tricks.
I'll tell you what, Sir, and 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. Ocher more
Sutors to her, and Rivals in my Love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those Defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever *Katherina* will be woo'd;
Therefore this Order hath *Baptista* ta'en,
That none shall have access unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Katherine* the Curs'd have got a Husband.

Griss. *Katherine* 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,
The old *Baptista* as a School-master,
Well seen in *Mulick* 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.

Enter

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Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguis'd.

Gru. Here's no Knavery! See, to beguile the old Folks,
How the young Folks lay their Heads together.
Master, look about you: Who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, *Grumio*, it is the Rival of my Love.
Pertruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper Stripling, and an amorous.

Gre. O very well, I have perus'd the Note.
Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,
All Books of Love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other Lectures to her:
You understand me, over and beside
Signior *Baptista's* Liberality,
I'll mend it with a Largefs. Take your Paper 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!

Gru. Oh this Woodcock, what an Ass it is!

Pet. Peace, Sirrah.

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

Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortensio*.

Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Mino'a*;
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.

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

Gru. And that his Bags shall prove.

Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our Love.

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you News indifferent good for either.
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his Liking,
Will 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?

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

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you a little Din can daunt my Ears?

Have I not in my time heard Lions roar?

Have I not heard the Sea, puff'd up with Winds,

Rage like an angry Boar, chafed with Sweat?

Have I not heard great Ordnance in the Field?

And Heav'n's Artillery thunder in the Skies?

Have I not in a pitched 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, tear Boys with Bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. *Hortensio*, hark:

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My Mind preiumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor.

Hor. I promis'd we would be Contributors,
And bear his Charge of wooing whatsoe're.

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

Grw. I would I were as sure of a good Dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the House of Signior *Baptista Minola*?

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

Tia. 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 Sutor 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. 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 Sutors have, and me for one.
Fair *Leda's* Daughter had a thousand Wooers,
Then well may one more 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.

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O

Pet.

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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 is the other 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 Sutors,
And will not promise her to any Man,
Until the eldest Sister first be Wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. It 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 Sutor,
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 Mistresses' Health,
And do as Adversaries do in Law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as Friends.

Gre. Eicn. O excellent Motion: Fellows, let's be gone.

Hor. The Motion's good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your *Ben venuto.* [Exeunt.]

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good Sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a Bondmaid 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

So well I know my Duty to my Elders.

Kath. Of all thy Sutors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'st best: See thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me Sister, of all the Men alive
I never yet beheld that special Face,
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest; is it 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 envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while;
I prethee, 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 Inso-
Bianca, stand aside; poor Girl, she weeps; [*lence?*]
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame, thou Hilding of a devilish Spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her Silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*]

Bap. What, in my sight? *Bianca*, get thee in. [*Ex. Bian.*]

Kath. What, 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,
'Til I can find occasion of Revenge. [*Exit Kath.*]

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

Enter Gremio, Lucentio *in the Habit of a mean Man*, Pe-
truchio *with Hortensio like a Musician*, Tranio and Bi-
ondello *bearing a Lute and Books.*

Gre. Good morrow, Neighbour *Baptista*.

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Bap. Good morrow, Neighbour *Gremio*: God save you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you, good Sir; Pray have you not a Daughter Call'd *Katherina*, 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 sake.
But for my Daughter *Katharine*, 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. *Petruchio* is my Name, *Antonio's* Son,
A Man well known throughout all *Italy*.

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

Gre. Saving your Tale, *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are
poor Petitioners speak too. *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 of my self, that have been

More

More kindly beholding to you than any:
Free leave give unto this young Scholar, that hath
Been long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning [*Presenting Luc*
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*:
Weclome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir,
Methinks you walk like a Stranger, [*To Tranio.*
May I be so bold, to know the Cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the Boldness is mine own,
That being a Stranger in this City here,
Do make my self a Sutor 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,
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.

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You know 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 Specialities be therefore drawn between us,
That Covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her Love: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: For I tell you, Father,
I am as peremptory as 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.

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 my Instrument my Pate made way,

And

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;
O' 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. Manet Petruchio*

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 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 Banns. and when be married.
But here she comes, and now *Petruchio* speak.

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 lye intaith 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 *Kates*; and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my Consolation,
Hearing thy Mildness prais'd in every Town,

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Thy Virtues spoke of, and thy Beauty founded,
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 hi-
Remove you hence; I knew you at the first [ther,
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 yet as heavy as my 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, I'faith you are too an-
gry.

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.

Pet. A combleſs 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 fower,

Kath. It is my Faſhion when I ſee a Crab.

Pet. Why here's no Crab, and therefore look not fower;

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then ſhew it me.

Kath. Had I a Glaſs I would.

Pet. What, you mean my Face?

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, 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 flow 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 Conference, ſoft, and affable.

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

Oh ſland'rous World: *Kate*, like the Hazle Twig,

Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as brown in hue

As Hazle Nuts, and ſweeter than the Kernels.

Oh 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 Gaite?

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

And then let *Kate* be chaſt, 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. Marry 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 Dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a Husband for your turn,
For by this Light, whereby I see thy Beauty,
Thy Beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no Man but me.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

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 *Katherine* to my Wife.

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 have 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 curst, 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 have '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.

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Pet. Be patient, Gentlemen, I chuse her for my self,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain being alone,
That she shall still be curst in Company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me; oh the kindest *Kate!*
She hung about my Neck, and kifs and kifs
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;
Provide the Feast, Father and bid the Guests,
I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but give me 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 kifs me *Kate*, we will be married a *Sunday*.

[*Ex. Petruchio and Katharina.*]

Gre. Was ever Match clapt up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, Gentlemen, now 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 have long looked for:
I am your Neighbour, and was Suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Than Words can witness or your Thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so Dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard, thy Love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'Tis Age that nourisheth.

Tra.

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Trā. 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 *Tirian* 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 bo'st with Pearl; Vallens of *Venice* Gold, in Needle-work; Pewter and Brass, and all things that belong To House, or Housekeeping: 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 strook in Years, I must confess, And if I die to Morrow, this is hers, If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Trā. 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 *Marsellies* Road.

What, have I choakt you with an *Argosie*?

Trā. *Gremio*, 'tis known my Father hath no less Than three great *Argosies*, besides two *Galliaffes*,

And

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, 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 waining Age
Set Foot under thy Table: tut, a Toy;
An old *Italian* Fox is not so kind, my Boy. [Exit]

Tra. A Vengeance on your crafty withered 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]

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
Have you so soon forgot the Entertainment
Her Sister *Katbarine* welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But wrangling Pedant, this is
The Patroness of Heav'nly-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 Ass, 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 whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in Tune?

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.

Hor. Madam, my Instrument's in tune,

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 froward our *Pedant* is!

Now for my Life that Knave doth court my Love;

Pedascuie, I'll watch you better yet:

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

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

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 Mulick in three Parts.

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

Hor. Madam, before you touch the Instrument,
To learn the Order of my Fingering,
I must begin with Rudiments of Art,
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my Trade;
And there it is in Writing fairly drawn.

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

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

Bian. *Gamut* I am, the Ground of all Accord,
Are, to plead *Hortensio's* Passion,
Beeme, *Bianca*, take him for thy Lord,
Cfaut, that loves thee with all Affection,
D sol re, one Cliff, two Notes have I,

Elami,

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Elam, show Pity, or I die.

Call you this *Gamut*? Tut, I like it not;
Old Fashions please me best; I am 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. [*Ex.*

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 that list; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Lucentio, Bianca, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed Day
That *Katharine* 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 Jest 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 Bans;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the World point at poor *Katherine*,
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?

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Whatever Fortune stays him from his Word,
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

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.

Enter Biondello.

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

Bap. Is it new and old too? How may that be?

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

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

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

Tra. But say, what to thine old News?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is coming in a new Hat and an old Jerkin; a Pair of old Breeches thrice turn'd; a Pair of Boots that have been Candle-Cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty Sword ta'en out of the Town-Armory, with a broken Hilt, and Chapeleis, with two broken Points; his Horse hip'd with an old mothy Saddle, the Stirrops of no Kindred; besides 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-leg'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 Letters for her Name, fairly set down in Studs, and here and there piec'd with Packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion,

Bion. Oh Sir, his Lackey, for all the World caparison'd like the Horse, with a linnen Stock on one Leg, and a kersey Boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue List, an old Hat, and the Humour of forty Fancies prickt up in't for a Feather: A Monster, a very Monster in Apparel, and not like a Christian Foot-boy, or Gentleman's Lackey.

Tran. '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. *Fanny*, I hold you a Penny
A Horse and a Man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically habited.

Pet. Come, where be these Gallants? who's at Home?

Bap. You are welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tran. Not so well Apparell'd as I with 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-sore to our solemn Festival.

Tran. 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. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth I am come to keep my Word,

Tho'

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 marreid, not unto my Clothes:
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.

Tra. But, Sir, Love concerneth us to add
Her Father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As before I imparted to your Worship,
I am to get a Man, what e'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;
Which once perform'd, let all the World say no,
I'll keep mine 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*.

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The narrow prying Father *Minola*,
The quaint Musician amorous *Licio*;
All for my Master's sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio:

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. Curster 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-wcons, 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 cczen him.

But after many Ceremonies done,
He calls for Wine: A Health, quoth he; as if
He had been Aboard carowzing to his Mates
After a Storm; quaff off the Muscadel,
And threw the Sops all in the Sexton's Face;
Having no other Reason, but that his Beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
His Sops 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 did Eccho; 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.*

Enter

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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 intreat 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.

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 whiles your Boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone '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; prethee 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.

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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;
Carowse 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 are 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.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with Laugh-
ing.

Tra. Of all mad Matches, never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your Opinion of your Sister?

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

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bride-
groom wants

For to supply the Places at the Table;

You know there wants no Junkets at the Feast:

Lucentio. you shall 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*: Come, Gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Grumio.

Grum. Fie, fie on all tired Jades, on all mad Masters, and
all foul ways: Was ever Man so beaten? was ever Man so
raide?

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 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, being slow in thy hot Office.

Curt. I prethee, 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 Houle trimm'd, Rushes strew'd, Cobwebs swept, the Serving-
men

men in their new Fustian, their white Stockings, and every Officer his wedding Garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, Carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: And therefore I pray thee what News?

Gr. First, know my Horse is tired, my Master and Mistress fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gr. Out of their Saddles into the Dirt; and thereby hangs a Tale.

Curt. Let's ha'r, good *Grumio*.

Gr. Lend thine Ear.

Curt. Here.

Gr. There.

[*Strikes him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a Tale, not to hear a Tale.

Gr. 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?

Gr. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why a Horse.

Gr. Tell thou the Tale. But hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst have heard how her Horse fell, and she under her Horse: thou shouldst have heard in how miery 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.

Gr. 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*, *Sugersop*, and the rest: Let their Heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue Coats brush'd, and their Garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsie with their left Legs, and not presume to touch

a hair of my Master's Horse Tail, 'till they kiss their Hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? You must meet my Master, to Countenance my Mistress.

Gru. Why she hath a Face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou it seems, that call'st for Company to Countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to Credit her.

Enter four or five Serving men.

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home, *Grumio*.

Phil. How now, *Grumio*?

Jos. What, *Grumio*!

Nick. 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—Cocks Passion. silence, I hear my Master.

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 Ser. 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 Peasant 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:

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There was no Link to colour *Peter's* Hat,
 And *Walter's* Dagger was not come from sheathing:
 There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*,
 The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly,
 Yet as they are, they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, Rascals, go and fetch my Supper in. [*Exit Ser.*
 Where is the Life that late I led?

Where are those? — Sit down *Kate*,
 And welcome. Soud, foud, foud, foud.

Enter Servants with Supper.

Why when I say? Nay, good sweet *Kate* be merry.
 Off with my Boots, you Rogue: You Villains, when?

It was the Friar of Orders grey, [*Sings.*
As he forth walketh on his way.

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 musk 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?
 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.

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, to morrow't shall be mended,
And for this Night we'll fast for Company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy Bridal Chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants severally.

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

Peter. He kills her in her own Humour.

Gris. 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.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my Reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My Faulcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And 'till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her Lure.
Another way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keeper's call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.
She 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, another 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,

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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.]

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, Friend *Licio*, that Mistress *Bianca*
 Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?
 I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have 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. Oh despightful Love, unconstant Womankind!
 I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

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

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard
 Of your entire Affection to *Bianca*,
 And since mine Eyes are 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.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned Oath,
Never to marry with her, tho' she would entreat.
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the World but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keep mine Oath, [her.]
I will be Married to a wealthy Widow,
Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful Haggard.
And so farewell, Signior *Lucentio*.
Kindness in Women, not their beauteous Looks,
Shall win my Love; and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit *Hor.*]

Tra. Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such Grace,
As longeth to a Lover's blessed Case:
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Tranio*, you jest: But have you both forsworn
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. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, *Tranio*.

Tra. 'Faith he is 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.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Master, Master, I have watch'd so long,
That I am Dog-weary; but at last I 'spied
An ancient Angel coming down the Hill
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, *Biondello*?

Bion. Master, a Marcantant, or a Pedant;
I know not what; but formal in Apparel;
In Gate and Countenance surly, like a Father.

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Luc. And what of him, *Tranio*?

Trz. 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.

Trz. 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.

Trz. What Countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

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

Ped. My Life, Sir; how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Trz. '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 are 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.

Trz. Well, Sir, to do you Courtesie,
This will I do, and this I will 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.

Trz. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A Merchant of incomparable Wealth.

Trz. He is my Father, Sir; and sooth to say,
In Count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bian.

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.

Peil. 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*]

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

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Grum. **N**O, 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 present 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,

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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 prethee go, and get me some Repast;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome Food.

Gru. What say you to a Neat's Foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prethee 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 is 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.

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 am 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.

Kate. I thank you, Sir.

Hor:

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are to blame :
Come, Mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you Company.

Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me,
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 Knav'ry.
What, hast thou Din'd? The Taylor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy Body with his ruffling Treasure.

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 to the uttermost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou say'st true, it is a paltry Cap,
A custard Coffin, a Bauble, a filken Pie,
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

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Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the Cap,
And it I will have, 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 slish, 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 have 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:

Grm. I gave him no Order, I gave him the Stuff.

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

Grm. Marry, Sir, with Needle and Thread.

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

Grm. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tay.

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 testifie.

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 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, and I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it:

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the Bill, give me thy mete Yard, and spare not me.

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

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

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

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

Gru. Villain, not for thy Life: Take up my Mistrefs's Gown for thy Master's use!

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

Gru. Oh, Sir, the Conceit is deeper than you think for; Take up my Mistrefs'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.

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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 Tayl.]

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will unto your Father's,
Even in these honest mean Habiliments:
Our Purfes 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:
Lock 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.*]

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

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, Sir, here comes your Boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him; Sirrah *Biondello*,
Now do your Duty throughly 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.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Tra. Signior *Baptista*, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the Gentleman I told you of;
I pray you stand, good Father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my Patrimony.

Ped. Soft, Son. Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in some Debts, my Son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty Cause
Of Love between your Daughter and himself:
And for the good Report I hear of you,
And for the Love he beareth to your Daughter,
And she to him; to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good Father's Care
To have him match'd, and if you please to like
No worse than I, Sir, upon some Agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *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,

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Your Son shall have my Daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir, where then you do know best
Be we affied, and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either Parts Agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my House, *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers have Ears, and I have many Servaats;
Besides old *Gremio* is hearkning still,
And haply we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my Lodging, and 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 are like to have a thin and slender Pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.

Cambio, bid you home, and bid *Bianca* make her ready
straight:

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

Luc. I pray the gods she may with all my Heart. [*Exit.*]

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

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 follow you. [*Exeunt.*]

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 Mortal of his Signs and Tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. *Baptista* is safe talking with the de-
ceiving Father of a deceitful Son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion.

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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 solism.* to th' Church take the Priest, Clark, 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 Parsely 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 we doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: It shall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. [Exit.

Eneer Petruchio, Katharina, and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on a God's name, once more towards 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 my self, It shall be Moon, or Star, or what I list, Or e'er 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.

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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 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, Company is coming here.

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 Heav'n with such Beauty,
As those two Eyes become that heav'nly Face?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her Beauties sake.

Hor. He will make the Man mad, to make a Woman
of him.

Kath. Young budding Virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet:
Whither away, or where is thy Abode?
Happy the Parents of so fair a Child;
Happier the Man whom favourable Stars
Allots 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 Grandfir, 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 Mistrefs,
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 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.*]

Enter Biondello, *Lucentio* and *Bianca*, *Gremio* walk-
ing 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 Mistrefs as soon as I can. [*Exeunt.*]

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,

Thi:

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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.

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 from *Padua*, and here looking out of the Window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, so his Mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why how now, Gentleman! why this is flat Knavery to take upon you another Man's Name.

Ped. Lay Hands on the Villain. I believe he means to cozen some Body in this City under my Countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the Church together, God send 'em good Shipping: But whō 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, did'st 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. Prethee, *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 you 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 on 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?

Gre. Stay, Officer, he shall not go to Prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio*: I say he shall go to Prison.

Gre.

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.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

Bapt. Away with the Dotard, to the Jail with him.

Enter Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus Strangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh monstrous Villain.

Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.]

Luc. Pardon, sweet Father,

[Kneeling.]

Vin. Lives my sweet Son?

Bion. 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 b'eer'd thine Eyn.

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 Bliss;
What *Tranio* did, my self enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet Father, for my Sake.

Vin. I'll slit the Villain's Nose that would have sent me
to the Jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my
Daughter without asking my good Will?

Vin. Fear not, *Baptista*, we will content you; go to:
but I will in, to be reveng'd on this Villain. *[Exit.]*

Bap. And I to sound the Depth of this Knavery. *[Exit.]*

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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 kiss me, *Kate*, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the Street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, Sir, God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why then let's Home again: Come, Sirrah, let's a-
way.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a Kiss; now pray thee
Love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet *Kate*;
Better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.]

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

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Katharina, Grumio, Hortensio and Widow. *Tranio's Servants bringing in a Banquet.*

Luc. **A**T 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;
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.

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Pet. Now for my Life *Hortensio* fears his Widow.

Hor. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my Sense:
I mean *Hortensio* is afeard 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 Widow.

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,
Measure's 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 butt? an hasty-witted Body

Would say, your Head and Butt were Head and Horn.

Vin. Ay, Mistress Bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me, therefore I'll sleep a-
gain.

Pet. Nay, that thou shall 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. [Exit *Bianca*, *Kath.* and *Widow*.

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here Signior *Tranio*,
This Bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not,

There-

Therefore a Health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his Master.

Pet. A good swift Simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well. Sir, that you hunted for 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.

Bap. Now in good Sadness, Son *Petruchio*,
I think thou hast the veriest Shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no; and therefore for Assurance,
Let's each one send unto his Wife,
And he whose Wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the Wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content, what's the Wager?

Luc. Twenty Crowns.

Pet. Twenty Crowns!

I'll venture so much on my Hawk or Hound,
But twenty times so much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, *Biondello*, bid your Mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[Exit]

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my self.

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

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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,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: 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 vild, intolerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirrah *Grumio*, go to your Mistrefs,

Say I command her to come to me.

[Exit *Grumio*.]

Hor. I know her Answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler Fortune mine, and there's an end.

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 *Kath.*]

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.

Enter

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, and 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*,
Hath cost me an hundred Crowns since Supper-time.

Bian. The more Fool you for laying on my Duty!

Pet. Katherine, I charge thee tell these headstrong Women,
What Duty they owe to their Lords and Husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no
telling.

Pet. 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 threatening 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 Duty as the Subject owes the Prince,

362 *The Taming of the Shrew.*

Even such a Woman oweth to her Husband:
 And when she is froward, peevish, sulcen, 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 Mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My Heart is great, my Reason haply more,
 To bandy Word for Word, and Frown for Frown;
 But now I see our Lances are but Straws,
 Our Strength is weak, our Weakness past compare,
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are:
 Then vail 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.

[*Exit 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.

[*Exeunt.*]





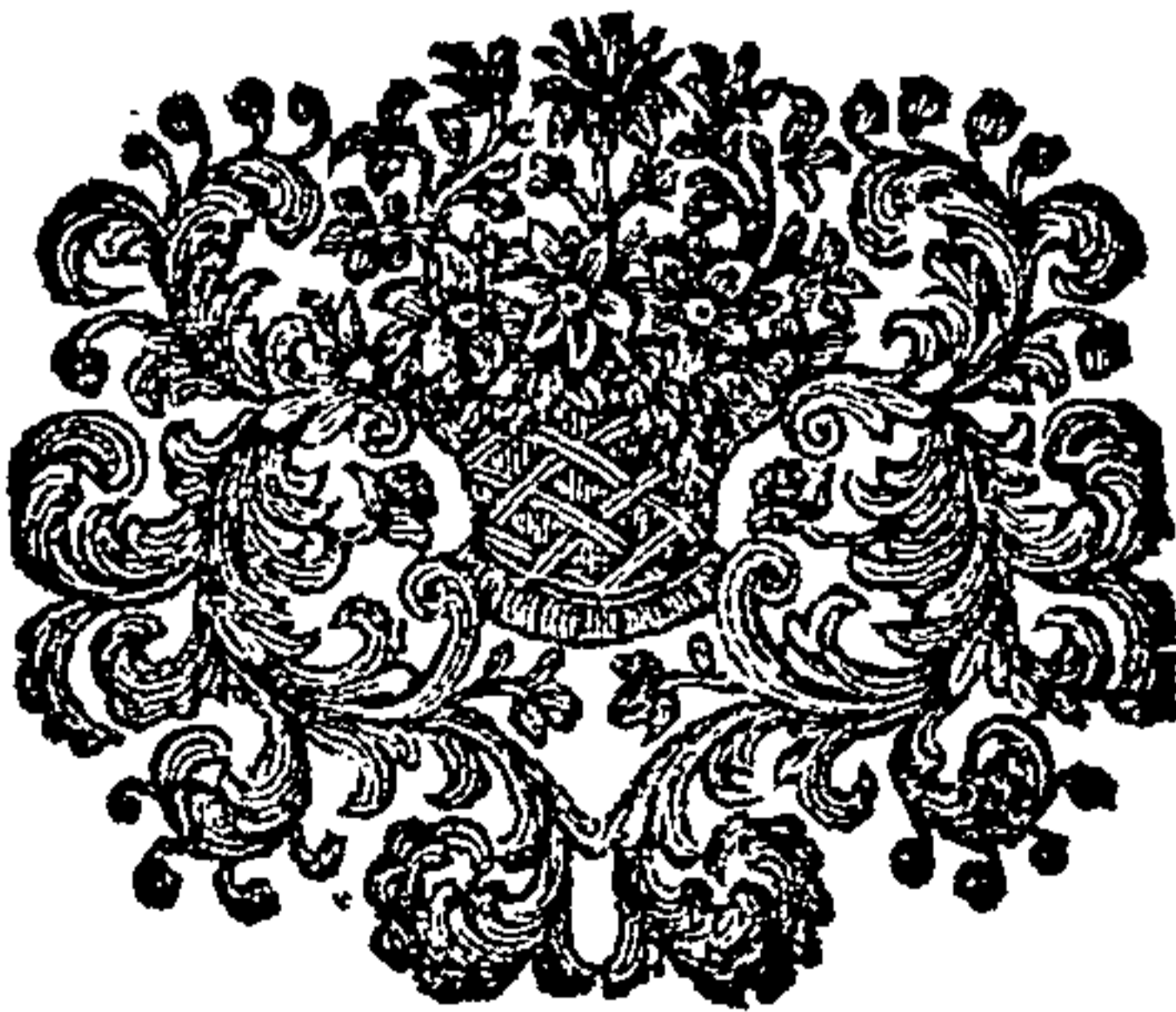
ALL'S WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING of France.

Duke of Florence.

Bertram, Count of Rossilion.

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 Rossilion.

Countess of Rossilion, 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.

The SCENE lyes partly in France,
and partly in Tuscany.



All's



All's well that Ends well.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rossilion, Helena,
and Lafeu in Mourning.*

C O U N T E S S.



IN 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, ever-
more 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 were 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 lo-
sing of Hope by Time.

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 li-
ving, 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 achieves her Goodness.

Laf. Your Commendations, Madam, get from her Tears.

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 liveliness from her Cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more, lest it be rather thought you 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. 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

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 blefs 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.*]

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't, but *Bertram's*.

I am undone, there is no Living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one.

That I should love a bright peculiar 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' Ambition in my Love thus plagues it self;

The Hind, that would be mated by the Lion,
Must dye for Love. 'Twas pretty; tho' a Plague,

To see him ev'ry 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 is 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 sit so fit in him,

That they take place, when Virtues steely Bones

Look bleak i' th' cold Wind; withal, full oft we see
Cold Wisdom waiting on superfluous Folly.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on Virginitie?

Hel. Ay: you have some stain of Soldier in you; let me ask you a Question. Man is Enemy to Virginitie, how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails, and our Virginitie, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: Unfold us some warlike Resistance.

Par. There is none: Man setting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor Virginitie from Underminers, and Blowers up. Is there no military Policy how Virgins might blow up Men?

Par. Virginitie being blown down, Man will quicklier be blown up: Marry in blowing him down again, with the Breach your selves made, you lose your City. It is not Politick in the Commonwealth of Nature, to preserve Virginitie. Loss of Virginitie is rational Encrease, and there was never Virgin got. 'till Virginitie was first lost. That you were made of, is Metal to make Virgins. Virginitie, 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 Virginitie, is to accuse your Mother; which is most infallible Disobedience. He that hangs himself is a Virgin: Virginitie murders it self, and should be buried in High-ways out of all sanctified Limit, as a desperate Offenders against Nature. Virginitie breeds Mites; much like a Cheese, consumes it self to the very Paring, and so dies with feeding its own Stomach. Besides, Virginitie is peevish, proud, idle, made
of

of self-love, which is the most inhibited 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 good. 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 unfutable, just like the Brooch and the Toothpick, which we wear not now: Your Date is better in your Pye and your Porrege, 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 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,
Another, and a Mistress, and a Friend,
A Phoenix, Captain, and an Enemy,
A Guide, a Goddess, and a Sovereign,
A Counfeller, a Traitors, and a Dear;
His humblest Ambition, proud Humility,
His jarring Concord, and his Discord Duleet,
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 ——

Par. What's Pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a Body in't,
Which might be felt, that we 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 Waters have so kept you 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. 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 Instrument shall serve to Naturalize thee, so wilt thou be capable of the 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.]

Hel. Our Remedies oft in our selves do lye,
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 Pains in Sense, and do suppose

What

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 Intent is fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*
*Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France with Letters, and
divers Attendants.*

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoy*s are by th' Ears,
Have fought with equal Fortune, and continue
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 amplest 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 *Rossillion*, my good Lord, young
Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Father's Face,
Frank Nature rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Father's moral Parts
Might 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

Disc.

Discipl'd of the bravest. 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
 Block to it self, 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 demonstrate them now
 But Goers backward.

Ber. His good Remembrance, Sir,
 Lyes 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,
 (This his good Melancholly 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.

2 *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 Sicknefs
Debate it at their Leisure. Welcome, Count,
My Son's no dearer.

Ber. Thanks to you Majesty.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Countess, Steward and Clown.

Count. I will now hear, what say you of this Gentlewoman?

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 out the Clearness of our Deservings, when of our selves we publish them.

Count. What do's 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 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, though many of the Rich are damn'd; but if I have your Ladyship's good Will to go to 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 Bearn's are Blessings.

Count. Tell me the reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo.

Clo. My poor Body, Madam, requires it, I am driven on by the Flesh, and he must needs go that the Devil drives.

Court. Is this all your Worship's Reason?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy Reasons, such as they are.

Court. 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.

Court. Thy Marriage sooner than thy Wickedness.

Clo. I am out of Friends, Madam, and I hope to have Friends for my Wife's Sake.

Court. 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 ears 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 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 *Poyssam* the Papist, howsome'er their Hearts are sever'd in Religion, their Heads are both one, they may joul Horns together like any Deer i'th' Herd.

Court. 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 the Ballad will repeat, which Men full true shall find,
Your Marriage comes by Destiny, your Cuckow sings by kind.

Court. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, Madam, that he bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to speak.

Court. 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*?

Fond done, done fond; was this King *Priam's* Joy?
With that she sigh'd as she stood, *bis*,
And gave this Sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
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'! and we might
have a good Woman born but o'er every blazing Star, or
at an Earthquake, 'twould mend the Lottery well; a Man
may pray his Heart out ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir Knave, and do as I com-
mand you?

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 communi-
cate to her self, her own Words to her own Ears; she
thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any Stran-
ger Sense. Her Matter was, she lov'd your Son; For-
tune, she said, was no Godjess, that had put such Diffe-
rence 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

she deliver'd in the most bitter Touch of Sorrow that e'er I heard 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 never 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.]

Enter Helena.

Count. Even so it was with me when I was young ;
If ever 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 impress 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. You know, *Helena*, I am a Mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable Mistress.

Count. Nay, a Mother ; why not a Mother ? when I
said Mother,

Methought you saw a Serpent ; what's in Mother,
That you start at it ? I say, I am your Mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of those
That were enwomb'd 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 Eye ?
Why——that you are my Daughter ?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say I am your Mother.

Hel.

Hel. Pardon, Madam.

The Count *Rossillion* cannot be my Brother;
I am from humble, he from honoured 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. 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, *Hellen*, 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 Mist'ry of your Loveliness, and find
Your salt Tears Head; now to all Sense 'tis gross,
You love my Son; Invention is ashamed
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 have 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

The State of your Affection, for your Passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then I confess

Here on my Kneee, before high Heavens 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 should 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 Loving,
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 true, 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 Sovereignty; 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

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 from the Conversation of my Thoughts
Happily 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, for the 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 unto thy Attempt:
Be gone to Morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. [Exit

A C T

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

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; and you, my Lords,
farewel;

Share the Advice betwixt you. If both gain, all
The Gift doth stretch it self as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. 'Tis our Hope, Sir,
After well entered Soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in Health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my Heart
Will not confes he owes the Malady
That doth my Life besiege; farewel, 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 Question shrinks; find what you seek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I say, farewel.

2 Lord. Health at your bidding serve your Majesty.

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.

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.

Par. And thy Mind stand to it, Boy;
Steal away bravely.

Ber. I stay here the Forehorse to a Smock,
Creeking my Shooes on the plain Mafonry,
'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 Accessary, 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.

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 wear them-
selves in the Cap of the Time, there do muster true Gate,
eat, speak, and move under the Influence of the most re-
ceiv'd Star; and tho' the Devil lead the Measure, such are
to be follow'd: After them, and take a more dilated fare-
wel.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy Fellows, and like to prove most finewy
Sword-men. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Laféu.

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my Tidings

King. I'll see thee to stand up. [*Pardon.*]

Laf. Then here's a Man stands that hath brought his
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.

382 *All's well that Ends well.*

Laf. Goodfaith a Cross, 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 Medicine
That's able to break Life into a Stone,
Quicken a Ruck, and make you dance Canary
With sprightly Fire and Motion, whose simple Touch
Is powerful to araise 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 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 *Lafes*,
Bring in the Admiration, that we with thee
May spend our Wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondring 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.

In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my Praises towards 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 bad 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 our most learned Doctors leave us, and
The congregated Colledge have concluded,
That labouring Art can never ransom Nature
From her unaidable Estate: I say, 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.

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May spend our Wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondring 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 am *Cressed's* Uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

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 Praises towards 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,
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So stain our Judgment, or corrupt our Hope,
To prostitute our past-cure Malady
To Empericks, or to disserve so
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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 wish 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

From simple Sources; and great Seas have dried,
 When Miracles have by the great'st been denied.
 Oft Expectation fails, and most oft there
 Where most it promises: And oft it hits,
 Where Hope is coldest, and Despair most fits.

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. Impi'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 Guess 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 Hoses 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 Glas
 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's 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

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. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my Scepter, and my hopes of help.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kindly 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*;

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.

Court. To the Court? why what Place make you special, when you put off that with such Contempt? but to the Court!

Clo. 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, kiss his Hand, and say nothing, has neither Leg, Hands, Lip, nor Cap; and indeed such a Fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court, but for me, I have an Answer will serve all Men.

Court. 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.

Court. Will your Answer serve fit to all Questions?

Clo. As fit as ten Groats is for the Hand of any 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.

Court. 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.

Court. 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.

Court. To be young again, if we could: I will be a Fool in 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.

Court. Sir, I am a poor Friend of your's, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, Sir-----thick, thick, spare not me.

Court.

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. Do you Cry, O Lord, Sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed, your O Lord Sir, is very frequent to your whipping: You would answer very well to a whipping if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worfe 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 Business: Give *Hellen* 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 Employment for you, you understand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there before my Legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt.]

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. They 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 latter 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. 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 the 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.

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 Corranco.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre*, is not this *Hellen*?

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 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

O'er whom both Sovereign 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 refused;
Let the white Death sit on thy Cheeks 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 impartial *Jove*; 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 is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this Choice, than throw
A Deaux-ace for my Life.

Hel. The Honour, Sir, that flames in your fair Eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
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 *Jove* grant, and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? And 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 Fortuæ, 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 *Afs*, 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 Highness
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 has 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. '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 of mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,

A poor Physician's Daughter, thou dislike'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 dropp'd 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 Sire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our Acts we them derive
Than our Fore-goers: The meer word's a Slave
Debos'd 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 can'st like this Creature as a Maid,
I can create the rest: Virtue and she,
Is her own Dower; 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; both my Revenge and Hate
 Loosing 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 enobled,
 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 Bailance 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 do's err. [*Exeunt.*

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 Re-
 cantation.

Par. Recantation? my Lord? my Master?

Laf. Ay, is it not a Language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood with-
 out bloody succeeding. My Master?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Rossilion*?

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is Man.

Laf. To what is Count's Man; Count's Master is of
 another Stile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it satisfie you, you are
 too old.

Laf.

Laf. I must tell thee, Sirrah, 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 trial ; 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 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. 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 can meet him with any convenience, and 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, and 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 breath 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 Pomegranat; 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.*]

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 have 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 my Mother: What th' Import is, I know not yet.

Par.

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 Capriccio 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 away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King has done you wrong: but hush, 'tis so. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My Mother greets me kindly, is she well?

Clo. 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 want's 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?

Clo. Truly she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she is 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.

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?

Clo. So that you had her Wrinkles and I her Mony, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Clo. 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.

Clo. 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.

Clo. 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,
Strengthened 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.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his Will.

Par. I shall report it so.

[*Exit Par.*]

Hel. I pray you come, Sirrah.

[*Exe.*]

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 transgress'd against his Valour, and my State that way is dangerous, since I cannot 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 Sir's 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 Horse, and to Night, When I should take Possession of the Bride—— And e'er 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.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, Boots and Spurs and all, like him that leaps 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 spoken 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.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the King, and have procured 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 therefore am I found So much unsetled: 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,

Exit

But that I am your most obedient Servant.

Ber. Come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true Observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely Stars have fail'd
To equal my great Fortune.

Ber. Let that go: my haste is very great. Farewel:
Hie home.

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 timorous 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 toward 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.

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

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords,
with Soldiers.

Duke. SO 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
Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful
On the Opposer,

Duke

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 uncertain Grounds to fail
As often as I guesst.

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.*]

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd all as I would have had it, 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. 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 Brains
of my *Cupid*'s knock'd out, and I begin to love, as an
old Man loves Mony, with no Stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. In that you have there.

[*Exit.*]

Countess

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.

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 have 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, I pray you?

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward, from thence we came;

And,

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 prethee, Lady, have a better Cheer.
If thou engross'est all the Grievs 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. 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 Mistrefs. Who was with him?

1 Gen. A Servant only, and a Gentleman which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?

1 Gen. Ay, my good Lady, he.

Count.

Count. A very tainted Fellow, and 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. Y'are 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.*]

Hel. 'Till I have no Wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in *France* until he has no Wife!
Thou shalt have none, *Rossilion*, 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 Musquets? O you leaden Messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of Fire,
Fly with false aim, move the still piercing Air
That 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, *Rossilion*,
Whence Honour but of danger wins a Scar,
As oft it loses 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.

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.
*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Drum and
 Trumpets, Soldiers, Parolles.*

Duke. The 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
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
 To th' extream edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
 And Fortune play upon thy prosperous Helm,
 As thy auspicious Mistress.

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.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! 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

*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 me, Madam,
If I had given you this over night,
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, reprieve 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 have 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.

[*Exeunt.*]

A Tucket afar off.

*Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and
Mariana, with other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay come.
For if they do approach the City,
We shall lose all the fight.

Dia. They say, the French Count has done
Most honourable Service.

Wid.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has ta'en their greatest Commander,
And that with his own Hand he flew
The Duke's Brother. We have lost our labour,
They are gone a contrary way: Hark,
You may know by their Trumpets.

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 in her Name,
And no Legacy is so rich
As Honesty.

Wid. I have told my Neighbour
How you have been sollicitated 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, and 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 Maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade Succession, but that they are limed with the Twigs that threatens 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. Jacques 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. 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 *Rossilier*: 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 cursely 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. Alas, 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 shrew'd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous Count sollicites her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed,
And brooks with all that 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.

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 Gentleman?

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 would poison that vile Rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Jack-an-apes with Scarfs. Why is he melan-
choly?

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. and 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. *Faques* 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.]

Enter

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.

1 *Ld.* Nay, good my Lord, put him to't: Let him have his way.

2 *Ld.* If your Lordship find him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your Respect.

1 *Ld.* On my Life, my Lord, a Bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far Deceiv'd in him?

1 *Ld.* 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 *Ld.* 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 *Ld.* None better than to let him fetch off his Drum; which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Ld.* I, with a Troop of *Florentines*, will suddenly Surprise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the Enemy: We will bind and hood-wink 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 Forfeit of his Soul upon Oath, never trust my Judgment in any thing.

1 *Ld.* 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.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Ld.* 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 Drum sticks sorely in your Disposition.

2 *Ld.* 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 *Ld.* 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 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 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 of 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 Dilemmaes, 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.

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, Farewel.

Par. I love not many Words. [Exit.]

1 Ld. 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't, and dares better be damn'd
than to do't.

2 Ld. You do not know him, my Lord, as we do;
certain it is, that he will steal himself into a Man's Fa-
vour, 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 Ld. None in the World, but return with an Inven-
tion, and clap upon you two or three probable Lies; but
we have almost imboast him, you shall see his Fall to Night;
for indeed he is not for your Lordship's Respect.

1 Ld. We'll make you some sport with the Fox ere
we Case him. He was first smok'd by the old Lord *La-*
fess; when his Disguise and he is parted, tell me what a
Sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very
Night.

2 Ld. I must go and look my Twigs,
He shall be caught.

Ber. Your Brother he shall go along with me.

2 Ld. As't please your Lordship, I'll leave you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the House, and shew you
the Lads I spoke of.

1 Ld. 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 have done: She's a fair Creature,
Will you go see her?

1 Ld. With all my Heart, my Lord,

[Exeunt.]
Enter

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 Couſel 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 he wooes your Daughter,
Lays down his wanton Siege before her Beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her in ſine conſent,
'As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it.
Now his importunate Blood will naught 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 e'er repented after.

Wid. Now I ſee the Bottom of your Purpoſe.

Hel. Now 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 ſine, delivers me to fill the Time,
Her ſelf moſt chaſtly abſent: 'fter this
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand Crowns;
To what is paſt already.

Wid.

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 Eeves, 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 IV. SCENE I.

*Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six Soldiers
in Ambush.*

Lord. HE can come no other way but by this Hedge-
Corner; when you sally upon him, speak what
terrible Language you will, though you understand it not
your selves, no matter; for we must not seem to under-
stand 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 Linsie-woolsie 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 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 smock 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 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?

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.

Par. Or the baring of my Beard, and to say it was in Stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my Cloaths, and say I was stript.

Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the Window of the Cittadel.

Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty Fathom.

Lord.

Lord. Three great Oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any Drum of the Enemies, I would swear I recover'd it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon.

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 *Kerelybonto*, Sir, betake thee to thy Faith, for seventeen Poniards are at thy Bosom.

Par. Oh.

Int. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Marcha 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. O 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 lintæ.*

Come on, thou art granted space. [*Exit.*]

[*A short Alarum within.*]

Lord. Go, tell the Count *Rossillion* and my Brother,
We have caught the Woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them.

416 *All's well that Ends well.*

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.*]

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your Name was *Fontibell*.

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 prethee 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 basely 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 you tell me,
If I should swear by *Jove's* great Attribute,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my Oaths,

When

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,
Who then recover. Say thou art mine, and ever
My Love, as it begins, shall so perlever.

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 though 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.]

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 Ld. You have not given him his Mother's Letter?

2 Ld. I have deliver'd it an Hour since; there is something in't that stings his Nature, for on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another Man.

1 Ld. He has much worthy Blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a Wife, and so sweet a Lady.

2 Ld. Especially, he hath incurred the everlasting Displeasure of the King, who had ever 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 Ld. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the Grave of it.

2 Ld. He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman here in *Florence* of a most chaste Renown, and this Night he fleshes his Will in the Spoil of her Honour; he hath given her his monumental Ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste Composition.

1 Ld. Now God delay our Rebellion; as we are our selves, what things are we!

2 Ld. 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

Action contrives against his own Nobility in his proper Stream, o'er-flows himself.

1 *Lord* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the Trumpeters of our unlawful Intent? 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 Judgments, wherein so seriously 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 *Ld* In the mean time, what hear you of those Wars?

2 *Ld*. I hear there is an Overture of Peace.

1 *Ld*. Nay, I assure you a Peace concluded.

2 *Ld*. What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he travel higher, or return again into *France*?

1 *Ld*. I perceive by this Demand, you are not altogether of his Council.

2 *Ld*. Let it be forbid, Sir, so should I be a great deal of this Act.

1 *Ld*. 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 Heav'n.

2 *Ld*. How is this justified?

1 *Ld*. 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 *Ld*. Hath the Count all this Intelligence?

1 *Ld*. Ay, and the particular Confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the Verity.

2 *Ld*. I am heartily iorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Ld*. How mightily sometimes we make us Comforts of our Losses.

2 *Ld*.

2 *Ld.* 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 encountred with a Shame as ample.

1 *Ld.* 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 Commendation to the King.

2 *Ld.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Ld.* 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 Busineses, a Month's length a Piece, by an Abstract of Success; I have congied with the Duke, done my Adieu with 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 *Ld.* 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 *Ld.* 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 *Ld.*

1 *Ld.* 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 confest 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 confest?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Ld.* 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.

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A Plague upon him, muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush.

1 *Ld.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa.*

Int. He calls for the Tortures; what, will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know, without constraint; If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

Int. *Bosko Chimurcho.*

1 *Ld.* *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 unserviceable; the Troops are all scatter'd, and the Commanders 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 *Ld.* 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 *Ld.* 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.

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.

I Ld. 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 present Hour I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Faques* so many; *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowick* and *Gratii* two hundred and fifty each; mine own Company, *Chitopher*, *Vaunmond*, *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?

I Ld. 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 a 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. Demain them singly.

Int. Do you know 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.

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 lowfie.

Ld. Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your Lord 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 a 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 do's it well.

Ld. 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 Allurement of one Count Rossillion, 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 Virginitie, and devours up all the Fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both sides Rogue.

Inter. *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 not to kiss.

424 *All's well that Ends well.*

*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,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the Army with this Rime in his Forehead.

2 Ld. This is your devoted Friend, Sir, the manifold Linguist, and the Armi-potent Soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before, but a Cat, and he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the General's Looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

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 confests 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; 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 Ld. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this Description of thine Honesty? A Pox upon him for me, h'as 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

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 *Ld.* He hath out-villan'd Villany 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 Carducue he will sell the Fee-simple of his Salvation, the Inheritance of it, and cut th' Intail from all Remainders, and perpetual Succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

2 *Ld.* Why do's 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 *Rossillion*.

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, Heads-man, 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

So look about you; know you any here?

Bert. Good Morrow, noble Captain.

2 Ld. God blefs you, Captain *Parolles*.

1 Ld. God save you, noble Captain.

2 Ld. Captain. what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France*.

1 Ld. Good Captain, will you give me a Copy of that same Sonnet you writ to *Diana* in Behalf of the Count *Rossillion*, and I were not a very Coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

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.*

Par. Yet am I 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.*

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana:

Hel. That 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 Heav'n 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, Mistrefs,
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 sawcy 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,⁶
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;
What-e'er the Curse, the End is the Renown, [*Exeunt.*

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your Son was misled with a snipt
taffata Fellow there, whose villanous Saffron 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

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 Sallets ere we light on such another Herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, she was the sweet Marjoram of the Sallet, or rather the Herb of Grace.

Laf. They are not Sallet-Herbs, you Knave, they are Noie-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much Skill in Grass.

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. 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 am a woodland Fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great Fire, and the Master I speak of ever keeps a good
Fire,

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 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 Sauciness, 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 *Marsellies*, of as able a Body as when he numbred thirty; he will 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.

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, yonders 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.*

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

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. **B**UT this exceeding posting Day and Night,
Must wear your Spirits low, we cannot help it.
But since you have 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.

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. 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 *Rossilion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do 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.

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good Mr. *Levatch*, give my Lord *Lafess* this Letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher Cloaths; but I am now, Sir, muddied in Fortune's Mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong Displeasure.

Clo.

Clo. Truly Fortune's Displeasure is but stutish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's butt'ring. Prethee, allow the Wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your Nose, Sir; I speak but a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your Metaphor stink, I will stop my Nose, or against any Man's Metaphor. Prethee get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this Paper.

Clo. Foh! prethee stand away; a Paper from Fortune's Close-stool, to give to a Nobleman. Look here he comes himself.

Enter. Lafeu.

Clo. Here is a pur of Fortune's, Sir, or of Fortune's Cat, but not a Muscat; that hath fall'n into the unclean Fish-pond 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 Smiles 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 Cardcue 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.

Par. It lyes in you, my Lord, to bring me in some Grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee Knave, dost thou put upon me at once, both the Office of God and 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.]

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords with Attendants.

King. We lost a Jewel of her, and 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 deep Perfection, Hearts that scorn'd to serve, Humbly call'd Mistresses.

King. Praising what is lost, Makes the Remembrance dear. Well——call him hither, We are 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 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.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a Day of Season,
For thou maist 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. Adrairingly, 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 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 Sores away

From

From the great 'Compt; but Love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful Pardon slowly carried,
To the great Sender, turns a fowre Offence,
Crying, that's good that's 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 *Hellen'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 every Hair that's on't, *Hellen*, that's dead,
Was a sweet Creature: Such a Ring as this,
The last that e'er she took her leave at Court,
I saw upon her Finger.

Ber. Hers 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 *Hellen*,
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,
How e'er it pleases you to take it so,
The Ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my Life,
I have seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it
At her Life's Rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

436 *All's well that Ends well.*

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 *Hellen'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 conjectural 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 lift 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.*]

Enter

Enter a Gentleman.

Kin. I am wrap'd in dismal Thinking.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I have 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 Rossilion 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 Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a Son-in-Law in a Fair, and Toll him for this. I'll none of him.

King. The Heav'ns have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*,
To bring forth this discov'ry. Seek these Sutors:
Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid the Life of *Hellen* (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 marry. What Woman's that!

Enter Widow, and Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,
Derived from the ancient *Capilet*;

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 Women?

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 Daughter;
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 Highness
Lay a more noble Thought upon mine Honour,
Than for 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,
Then in my Thought it lyes.

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.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of six preceding Ancestors, that Gemm
Confer'd by Testament to th' sequent 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 loath 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 of 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.

King. The Story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.

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 Wo-
man.

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 command.

Laf. He's a good Drum, my Lord, but a naughty O-
rator.

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 Sathan, 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.

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 Glöve, 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 am 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, 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

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 the shadow of a Wife you see,
 The Name, and not the Thing,

Ber. Both, both, O pardon!

Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
 I found you wondrous 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. 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 kep't a Wife her self, thy self a Maid:

Of that and all the Progress more and less,

Resolvedly more leisure shall express:

All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,

The bitter past, wore welcome is the sweet.

[*Exeunt.*]

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EPILOGUE.

THE 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.

The End of the Second Volume.

