THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SECOND,

CONTAINING,

AS YOU LIKE IT.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
The WINTER'S TALE.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: or, WHAT YOU WILL.
The MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.

LONDON:
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and the Executors of B. DODD.
M.DCC,LXV.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.

Vol. II.
Dramatis Personæ. *

D U K E.
Frederick, brother to the Duke, and usurper.
Amiens, Lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.
Jaques, 
Le Beu, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
Oliver, eldest son to Sir Rowland de Boys.
Jaques, Younger brothers to Oliver.
Orlando, 
Adam, an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys.
Touchstone, a clown.
Corin, Shepherds.
Sylvius, 
William, in love with Audrey.
Sir Oliver Mar-text, a country curate.
Charles, wrestler to the usurping Duke Frederick.
Dennis, servant to Oliver.

Rosalind, daughter to the Duke.
Celia, daughter to Frederick.
Phebe, a shepherdesse.
Audrey, a country wench.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foresters, and other attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver’s house; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke’s Court; and partly in the Forest of Arden.

The first Edition of this play is in the Folio of 1623.

* The list of the persons being omitted in the old Editions, was added by Mr. Rowe.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

OLIVER's Orchard.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

ORLANDO.

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me. By Will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his Blessing to breed me well. And there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit.

For...
For my part, he keeps me rustically at home; or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this, nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, 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.

recommends for this scanty provision, he charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well.

Warburton.

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point misplaced, and an omission of a word which every hearer can supply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes.

I read thus: As I remember, Adam, it was in this fashion besought me. By will but a poor thousand crows; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well. What is there in this difficult or obscure? the nominative me: father is certainly left out, but so left out that the auditor infers it, in spite of himself.

2 Stays me here at home, unkept.] We should read stays, i. e. keeps me like a brute. The following words — for call you that keeping — that differs not from the stalling of an ox, confirms this emendation. So Caliban says,

And here you sty me in this hard rock.

Warb.

Stays is better than stays, and more likely to be Shakespeare's.

3 His countenance seems to take from me.] We should certainly read his discountenance.

Warburton.

There is no need of change, a countenance is either good or bad.

Scene
Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.
Orla. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.
Ol. Now, Sir, what make ye here?
Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.
Ol. What mar ye then, Sir?
Orla. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar That which God made; a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idlenes.
Ol. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while. 4

Orla.

4 Be better employ'd, and be nought a while.] Mr. Theobald has here a very critical note; which, though his modesty suffered him to withdraw it from his second edition, deserves to be perpetuated, i.e. (says he) be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing. Your idleness as you call it may be an exercise, by which you may make a figure, and endear your self to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptuous Cypher. The poet seems to me to have that trite proverbial sentiment in his eye quoted, from Attilius, by the younger Pliny and others; Satius est otiolum esse quam nihil agere. But Oliver in the perverdenes of his dispozition would reverse the doctrine of the proverb. Does the Reader know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will assure him——be nought a while is only a north-country proverbial curse equivalent to, a mischief on you. So the old Poet Stelton,

Correct first thy selfe, walke and be nought,
Deeme what thou liest, thou knowest not my thought.

But what the Oxford Editor could not explain, he would amend, and reads,

—and do aught a while.

Warburton.

If be nought a while has the signification here given it, the reading may certainly stand; but till I learned its meaning from this note, I read,
Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? what Prodigal's portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtsey 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. 5

Oli. What, boy! [menacing with his hand.

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. [collaring him.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain: 6 I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is

Be better employed, and be naught a while.

In the same sense as we say, it is better to do mischief, than to do nothing.

5 Albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.] This is sense indeed, and may be thus understood,— The reverence due to my father is, in some degree, derived to you, as the first born—but I am persuaded that Orland did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himself; something of both which there is in that sense. I rather think he intended a satirical reflection on his brother, who by letting him feed with his bints treated him as one not so nearly related to old Sir Robert as himself was. I imagine therefore Shakespeare might write,— albeit your coming before me is nearer to his reverence, i.e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned, indeed, you are nearer in estate. Warburton.

6 I am no villain.] The word villain is used by the elder brother, in its present meaning, for a wicked or bloody man, by Orland in its original signification for a fellow of base extraction.
thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, 'till I please. You shall hear me.

—My father charg'd you in his Will to give me good education; you have train'd me up like a peafant, 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.

SCENE III.

Oli. Is it even so?—Begin you to grow upon me?
—I will physic you your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worship?

B.4

Oli.
ASYOU LIKE IT.

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—[Exit Dennis.] 'Twill be a good way; and to morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your Worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new Court?

Cha. There's no news at the Court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him; whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the old Duke's daughter, be banish'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new Duke's daughter her cousin so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the Court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved, as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

7 The old Duke's daughter.

The words old and new which seem necessary to the perspicuity of the dialogue, are inserted from Sir I. Hanmer's Edition.

Cha.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Cba. Marry, do I, Sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguise'd against me to try a fall. To morrow, Sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he, that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him; as I must for 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 myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by under-hand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, Charles, he is the stubbarest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother. Therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck, as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for I assure thee, (and almost with tears I speak it) there is not one so young and so villainous 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.

Cba. 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. Fare-
AS YOU LIKE IT.

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 him. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all Sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether mispris'd. 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 IV.

Changes to an Open Walk, before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I Pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Rof. 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 teach me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thoulov'lt me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banish'd father, had banish'd thy uncle, 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.

Rof. 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
that oath, let me turn monter. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Rose. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise Sports. Let me see—What think you of falling in love?

Col. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport, neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Rose. What shall be our Sport then?

Col. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Rose. 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.

Col. 'Tis true; for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.

Rose. 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 Touchstone, a Clown.

Col. No! when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this Fool to cut off this argument?

Rose. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's Natural the cutter off of nature's Wit.

Col. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work, neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such Goddes's, hath sent this

--- mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel.] The wheel of fortune is not the wheel of a housewife, Shakespeare has confounded fortune whose wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the definite that spins the thread of life, though indeed not with a wheel.

Natural
Natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, Wit, whither wander you?

Clo. Mistress, you must come away to your father.
Col. Were you made the messenger?
Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?
Clo. Of a certain Knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

Col. 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.
Col. 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.

Col. Prythee, who is that thou mean'st?
Clo. 9 One, that old Frederick your father loves.
Col. My father's love is enough to honour him:

9 Clo. One, that old Frederick your father loves.
Ros. My Father's Love is enough to honour him eno:gh:] This Reply to the Crown is in all the Books plac'd to Rosalind; but Frederick was not her Father, but Celia's: I have therefore ventured to prefix the Name of Celia. There is no Countenance from any Passage in the Play, or from the Dramatis Personae, to imagine, that Both the Brother-Dukes were Namefakes; and One call'd the Old, and the Other the Younger Frederick; and, without some such Authority, it would make Confusion to suppose it.

Theobald. Mr. Theobald seems not to know that the Dramatis Personae were first enumerated by Rowe.

—enough!
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'lt true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show: here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

**SCENE V.**

*Enter Le Beau.*

_Rof._ With his mouth full of news.

_Cel._ Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

_Rof._ 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 Princes, you have loft much good Sport.

_Cel._ Sport; of what colour?

_Le Beau._ What colour, Madam? How shall I answer you?

_Rof._ As wit and fortune will.

_Clo._ Or as the destinies decree.

_Cel._ Well said; that was laid on with a trowel. —

_Clo._ Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

_Rof._ Thou losest thy old smell.

_Le Beau._ You amaze me, ladies. I would have

--- since the little wit that fools have was silenced. [Shakespeare probably alludes to the use of fools or jesters, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts, an unbridled liberty of cenfure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated.]

--- laid on with a trowel. [I suppose the meaning is, that there is too heavy a mass of big words laid upon a slight subject.]

--- you amaze me, ladies. To amaze, here, is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuse; as, to put out of the intended narrative.
told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the
fight of.

Ros. 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 perform it.

Cel. Well—the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three
sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent
growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks: Be it known unto
all men by these presents, *—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles
the Duke's Wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw
him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little
hope of life in him: so he serv'd the Second, and so
the Third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man their
father making such pitiful Dole over them, that all
the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

* With bills on their necks: Be it known unto all men by these
presebs:—]. The ladies and the
you, according to the mode of
wit at that time, are at a kind
of crafty partakes. Where the words
of one speaker are wrestled by
another, in a repartee, to a dif
ferent meaning. As where the
Clown says just before—Nay,
if I keep not my rank. Rosalind
replies—Thou keepest thy old
smell. So here when Rosalind had said,
With bills on their necks, the
Clown, to be quits with her, puts
in, Know all men by these pre
sents. She spoke of an instru
ment of war, and he turns it to
an instrument of law of the fame
name, beginning with these words:
So that they must be given to
him. Warburton.

This conjecture is ingenious.
Where meaning is so very thin,
as in this vein of jocularity, it is
hard to catch, and therefore I
know not well what to deter
mine; but I cannot see why Ros
alind should suppose, that the
competitors in a wrestling match
carried bills on their shoulders,
and I believe the whole conceit
is in the poor resemblance of pre
fence and presents.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Clo. But what is the Sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this, that I speak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But, is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, Cousin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

SCENE VI.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on. Since the Youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

--- is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides? A stupid error in the copies. They are talking here of some who had their ribs broke in wrestling: and the pleantry of Rosalind's repartee must confit in the allusion she makes to composing in musick. It necessarily follows therefore, that the poet wrote—SET this broken musick in his sides.

Warburton.

If any change were necessary I should write, feel this broken musick, for see. But see is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we say every day, see if the water be hot; I will see which is the best time; she has tried, and sees that she cannot lift it. In this sense see may be here used. The sufferer can, with no propriety, be said to see the musick; neither is the allusion to the act of tuning an instrument, or pricking a tune, one of which must be meant by setting musick. Rosalind hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs gradually shortening, and some musical instruments, and therefore calls broken ribs, broken musick.

Le Beau.
Le Beau. Even he, Madam.
Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks success-
fully.
Duke. How now, Daughter and Cousin; are you
crept hither to see the wrestling?
Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.
Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell
you, there is such odds in the * men: 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 Beau.
Duke. Do so. I’ll not be by. [Duke goes apart.
Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse call
for you.
Orla. I attend them with all respect and duty.
Ros. Young man, have you challeng’d Charles the
wrestler?
Orla. No, fair Prince; he is the general challenger:
I come but in, 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 yourself with your own eyes, or
knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your
adventure would counsel you to a more equal enter-
prise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace
your own safety, and give over this attempt.

* Sir T. Hanmer. In the old
Editions, the man.
6 — If you saw yourself
with your eyes, or knew yourself
with your judgment,] Absurd!
The sense requires that we should
read, our eyes, and our judgment.
The argument is, Your spirits are
so bold, and therefore your judg-
ment deceives you; but did you see
and know yourself with our more
impartial judgment you would for-
bear.  
Warburton. I cannot find the absurdity of
the present reading. If you were
not blinded and intoxicated, says
the princesse, with the spirit of
enterprise, if you could use your
own eyes to see, or your own
judgment to know yourself, the
fear of your adventure would coun-
sel you.

Ros.
AS Y O U L I K E I T.

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, where 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 supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heav’n, I be deceiv’d in you.

Cel. Your heart’s desires be with you!

Chas. Come, where is this young Gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, Sir. But his Will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one Fall.

Chas. No—I warrant your Grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me 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!
As You Like It.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Shout.

Duke. No more, no more. [Charles is thrown.

Orla. Yes, I beseech your Grace. I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. 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 shouldst have b'ter 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, with his train.

Scene VII.

Manent Celia, Rosalind, Orlando.

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.

Rof. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have giv'n him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him;
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

_Rof._ Gentleman,
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune, 8
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
—Shall we go, coz? [Giving him a Chain from her Neck.
_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 quintaine, 9 a meer lifeless block.
_Rof._ 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 than your enemies.
_Cel._ Will you go, coz?
_Rof._ Have with you—Fare you well.
[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.
Orla._ What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her; yet the urg'd conference.

8 — one out of suits with fortune.] This seems an allusion to cards, where he that has no more cards to play of any particular fort is out of suit.

9 Is but a quintaine, a meer lifeless block.] A Quintaine was a Post or Butt set up for several kinds of martial exercizes, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. The allusion is beautiful, I am, says Orlando, only a quintaine, a lifeless block on which love only exercises his arms in jest; the great disparity of condition between Rosalind and me, not suffering me to hope that love will ever make a serious matter of it. The famous satirist Regnier, who lived about the time of our author, uses the same metaphor, on the same subject, tho' the thought be different.

Et qui depuis dix ans, jusq'en ses derniers jours,
A foistenu le prix en l'escrire d'amours;
L'offre en fin de servir au peuple de quintaine,
_Elle &c._ ———_WARBURTON._

C 2
Enter
Enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.
Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.
Orla. I thank you, Sir. And, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was Daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wrestling?
Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter.
The other's daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping Uncle
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle Niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare ye 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 ye well!
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant Brother:
But, heav'nly Rosalind! — [Exit.

—the Duke's condition.]  
The word condition means character, temper, disposition. So Antonio the Merchant of Venice,  
is called by his friend the best conditional man.

SCENE
Scene VIII.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Re-enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, Cousin; why, Rosalind—Cupid have mercy—not a word!

Rof. 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.

Rof. 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?

Rof. No, some of it is for my father’s child. Oh, how full of briars 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.

Rof. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Rof. I would try, if I could cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Rof. O, they take the part of a better Wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despight of a Fall.—But turning these jets 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?

Rof. The Duke my father lov’d his father dearly.

2 — for my father’s child. The old Editions have it, for my child’s husband, by Mr. Theobald, for my future father, that is, as it is explained.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

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.

Ref. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.
Cel. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

SCENE IX.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Ref. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.
Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our Court.

Ref. No, Uncle!
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found So near our publick Court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

Ref. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me: If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
As I do trust, I am not, then, dear Uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

[by this kind of chase,]

That is, by this way of foliating the argument. Dear is used by Shakespeare in a double sense, for beloved, and for hurtful, hateful, baleful. Both senses are autho-

Rifed, and both drawn from etymology, but properly beloved is dear, and hateful is dear. Re-

fined uses dearly in the good, and Celia in the bad sense.
Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.
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.

Dear Sovereign, hear me speak.
Ay, Celia, we but flaid her for your sake;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.
I did not then entreat to have her flay;
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 infant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wherefo'er we went, like Juno's Swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

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 shew 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.

*And thou wilt shew more bright, and seem more virtuous.*
This implies her to be some how remarkably defective in virtue; which was not the speaker's thought. The poet doublet wrote,

*C 4*

i.e. her virtues would appear more splendid, when the lustre of her cousin was away.

WARBURTON.

The plain meaning of the old and true reading is, that when she was seen alone, she would be more noted.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my Liege; I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool—You, Niece, provide yourself;
If you out-play the time, upon mine Honour,
And in the Greatness of my word, you die.

[Exeunt Duke, &c.

SCENE X.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine:
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Rof. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou haft not, cousin; Prythee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the Duke Has banish'd me his daughter?

Rof. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? 5 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 change 6 upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:
For by this heav'n, now at our forrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

5 —— Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I are one. The poet certainly wrote — which teacheth me. For if Rosalind had learnt to think Celia one part of her- self, she could not lack that love which Celia complains she does.

Warburton. Either reading may stand. The sense of the established text is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying, You know not the law which teaches you to be right.

6 —— take your change upon you. In all the later editions, from Mr. Rowe's to Dr. Warburton's, change is altered to change, without any reason.

Rof.
Ref. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my Uncle in the forest of Arden.
Ref. 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 myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.
Ref. Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant Curtel-axe 7 upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
I'll have 8 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?
Ref. 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 Alienè.
Ref. But, Cousin, what if we affaid 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;
Devile 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.

7 — curtel-axe, or cutlace, a broad sword.
8 Pl' have] Sir T. Hamner, for we'll have.
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 but the penalty of Adam,
The Seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even 'till I shiver 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.

\[5\] In former editions, Hurful was not the Penalty.] What was the Penalty of Adam, hinted at by our Poet? The being sensible of the Difference of the Seasons. The Duke says, the Cold and Effects of the Winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he not then feel the Penalty? Doubtless. the Text must be referred as I have corrected it: and it is obvious in the Course of these Notes, how often it and but by Misfortune have changed Place in our Author's former Editions.

Thesbald.

\[\text{Witch, like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.}\] It was the current opinion in Shakespeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indulgences of the skull.

Ami.
Ami. I would not change it. * Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this delict city,
Should in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches goar'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy Jaques 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 myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestred flag,
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 chaise; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy fum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends:

*I would not change it.*] Mr. and makes Amiens begin, Happy
Up to, not without probability, is your Grace,
gives these words to the duke,

'Tis
'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 flays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy 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 contemplation?

2 _Lord._ We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the lobbing deer.

_Duke S.n._ Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these fullen fits.
For then he's full of matter.

2 _Lord._ I'll bring you to him straight.  

[Exeunt.

**Scene II.**

_Changes to the Palace again._

Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.

_Duke._ CAN it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be. Some villains of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 _Lord._ I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

— to cope him,] To encounter him; to engage with him.

2 _Lord._
Lord. My lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the Princess' Gentlewoma,
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 surefy 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.

SCENE III.

Changes to 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 bony Prizer of the humorous Duke?
Your Praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their Graces serve them but as enemies?

3 In the former editions, The bonny Prizer——] We should read boney Prijer. For this wrestler is characterised for his strength and bulk, not for his gayety or good-humour.

WARBURTON.

No
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no; no brother—yet the son,—
Yet not the son—I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his practices:
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Orla. 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 shoul'd in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take That: and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

* — diverted blood.] Blood turned out of the course of nature.
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your servant;
Thou'lt 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,
Frothy, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orla. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world;
When service sweat for duty, not for need!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And, having That, do cloak 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 recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE VI.

Changes to the Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind in Boys clothes for Ganied, Celia dressed like a Shepherdess for Aliena, and Touchstone the Clown.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits? 6

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you bear with me; I can go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I should bear no croos, if I did bear you; for, I think you have no mony in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Clo. Ay; now I am in Arden, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

6 O Jupiter! how merry are my spirits?] And yet, within the Space of one intervening Line, She says, She could find in her Heart to disgrace her Man's Apparel, and cry like a Woman. Sure, this is but a very bad Symptom of the Erilasci of Spirits: rather a direct Proof of the contrary Disposition. Mr. Warburton and I, concurred in conjecturing it should be, as I have reformed in the Text: —— been weary a e my Spirits? And the Clown's Reply makes this Reading certain. Rendering...
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 canst not guess,
Thou’st 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
Haft thou been drawn to by thy fancy?
Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Sil. O, thou didst then ne’er love so heartily.
If thou remember’st not the slightest folly, 7
That ever love did make thee run into;
Thou hast not lov’d.—
Or if thou hast not fate as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy mistress praise,
Thou hast not lov’d.—
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me;
Thou hast not lov’d.—

[Exit Sil.
O Phebe! Phebe! Phebe!
Ros. Alas, poor Shepherd! Searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found my own.
Cle. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love,
I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that
for coming a-nights to Jane Smile; and I remember
the kissing of her batlet, 8 and the cow’s dugs that her
pretty chopt hands had milk’d; and I remember the
wooning of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took

7 I am inclined to believe that from this passage Suckling took the hint of his song.

Honest lover, whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Were one extruding thought, thy
flame
Were not even, still the same.

VOL. II.  D  two

Know this
Thou love’st amiss,
And to love true
Thou must be in again and love
another, &c.

8 — batlet,—] The instrument with which walkers beat their coarse cloaths.
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 as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly. 9

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall n'er be aware of mine own wit, 'till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this Shepherd's passion is much upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man, If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla! you, Clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your Betters, Sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say—Good Even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am Shepherd to another man,

9 For as it would be more like feme to read jem, which having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers.
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My Master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his Cote, 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 ye will feed on; but what is, come see;
And in my voice most welcome shall ye be.

Ros. What is he, that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain, that ye 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.

SCENE V.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG.

Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,

[And in my voice right well, as far as I have power to bid you welcome, as far as I have a voice or vote, as]
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.

Jacq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ari. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jacques.

Jacq. I thank it — more, I pr'ythee, more — I can suck melancholy out of a Song, as a weazel sucks eggs: more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ari. My voice is rugged*; I know, I cannot please you.

Jacq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing; come, come, another stanza, call you 'em stanza's?

Ari. What you will, Monsieur Jacques.

Jacq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing. — Will you sing?

Ari. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jacq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but That, they call Compliments, is like the encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.— Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.—

Ari. 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.

Jacq. 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.

* In old editions, *agzel.*

SONG
AS YOU LIKE IT.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i'th' Sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall be see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn a'st,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame; *
Here shall be see
Gros fools as be,
And if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that's ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.——I'll go to 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.

[Execunt, severally.

* Old edition, to live.
† For ducdame Sir J. Hanmer, very acutely and judiciously, reads, duct ad me. That is, bring him to me.
SCENE VI.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food! here lie 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 thyself a little. If this uncouth Forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour.—Well said—thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with you 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.

SCENE VII.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter Duke Sen. and Lords. [A Table set out.

Duke Sen. I think, he is transform'd into a beast, For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence; Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres. Go, seek him. Tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke
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 heaven hath sent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, it is ten a-clock:
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot.
And thereby hangs a tale; when I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to caw like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, fans intermission,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,

—A motley fool; a miserable world!] What! because he
met a motley fool, was it therefore a miserable world? This is
sadly blundered; we should read,

—a miserable varlet.

His head is altogether running
on this fool, both before and af-
ter these words, and here he calls
him a miserable varlet, notwithstanding he rail'd on lady fortune
in good terms, &c. Nor is the

2 change we make so great as
appears at first sight.

WARBURTON.

I see no need of changing fool
to varlet, nor, if a change were
necessary, can I guess how it
should be certainly known that
varlet is the true word. A misfe-
urable world is a parenthetical ex-
clamation, frequent among me-
lancholy men, and natural to
Jaques at the sight of a fool, or
at the hearing of reflections on
the fragility of life.
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; 

Provid'd, 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 gaul'd with my folly, They mock must laugh: and why, Sir, must they so? The why is plain, as way to parish church;

* He, whom a fool doth very wisely hit, Doth very foolishly, although he smart, Not to seem senile of the bob. If not, *

The wife man's folly is anatomiz'd Even by the squandering glances of a fool,

which I have supplyed, were either by Accident wanting in the

Maugerius Copy, or by inadvertence were left out.

THEOBALD,

* If not, &c.] Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power, and the wife man will have his folly anatomized, that is, dissected and laid open by the squandering glances, or random foils of a fool.
Inveit me in my motley, give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

_Duke Sen._ Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldest do.

_Jaq._ What, for a counter, would I do but good?

_Duke Sen._ Moit mischievous soul sin, in chiding fin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself; 5
And all the embossed fores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haft caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

_Jaq._ Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
'Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her;
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That lays, his bravery is not on my cost;
Thinking, that I mean him; but therein futes
His folly to the metal of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? let me see
wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man——But who comes here?

---

5 As sensual as the brutish sting.] Though the brutish sting is capable of a sense not inconvenient in this passage, yet as it is a harsh and unusual mode of speech, I should read the brutish sty.
SCENE VIII.

Enter Orlando, with Sword drawn.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.—

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shalt thou, 'till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. What kind should this Cock come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,

That in civility thou seem't it 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 nurture. But forbear, I say:

He dies, that touches any of this fruit,

'Till I and my affairs are answer'd.

Jaq. If you will not

Be answer'd 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 what' e'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 fate at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And known what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentlenesses my strong enforcement be.
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

[Sheathing his sword.

Duke Sen. True is it, that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And fate at good men’s feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore fit you down in gentlenesses,
And take upon command what help we have, 7
That to your wanting may be ministered.

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 blest for your good com-
fort!

[Exit.

SCENE IX.

Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone un-
happy:
This wide and universal Theatre

7 Then take upon command what help we have.] It seems ne-
cessary to read, then take upon demand wi at help, &c. that is, have it.

Pre-
Presents more woeful pageants, than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaa. All the world's a Stage,
And all the men and women merely 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 woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye brow. Then a soldier:
Full of strange caths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances, 8
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts 9
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthfull hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his trunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

8 Full of wise saws and mod- 

ern instances.] It is remark- 

able that 'wise saws and mod- 

ern instances' in the double sense that the Greeks 

ied usage, both for recents and 

ferences. Warburton.

9 —The sixth age shifts 

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons.] There is a greater 

beauty than appears at first sight 

in this image. He is here com- 

paring human life to a stage play, 
of seven acts, (which was no 

usual division before our au- 

tor's time.) The sixth he calls 

the lean and slipper'd pantaloons, 
alluding to that general charac-

ter in the Italian comedy, called 

II Pantalone; who is a thin ema-
ciated old man in slippers; and 

well designed, in that epithet, 

because Pantalone is the only cha-

acter that acts in slippers. Warb.

And
And whistles in his wound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful History,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, fans eyes, fans taste, fans every thing.

SCENE X.

Enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some musick; and, good cousin, sing.

Amiens sings.

SONG.

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,
Alibò thy breath be rude.

1 —Set down your venerable burden.] Is it not likely that Shakespeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoses*?

2 —Phys hunceris, venerabile onus
Cytberius heros.

* Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,]
This song is designed to suit the Duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by ungrateful flatterers. Now the winter wind, the song says, is to be preferred to man's ingratitude. But why? Because it is not seen. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in secret, not seen, but was the very circumstance that made the keenness of the ingratitude of his faith-
Heigh bo! sing, heigh bo! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning; most loving meer folly:
Then heigh bo, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That doth not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' then the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remem'ried not.
Heigh bo! sing, &c.

fable's courtiers. Without doubt, Shak. wrote the line thus.

Bring they then art not seen.

i.e. smiling, grinning, like an ungrateful court servant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reason for giving the shorter wound the preference. So in the Alchemist's Night's Dream,

Spargled far right seen.

and several other places. Chaucer uses it in this sense,

Your blissful lady Lucina the seen.

And fear x,

The facetious Angel took his Target seen,
And by the Christian Champion fiend a seen.

The Oxford editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occasion from thence to alter the whole line thus,

Then carest not thou seen.

But, in his rage of correction, he forgot to leave the reason, which is now wanting. Why the winter wind was to be preferred to man's ingratitude. Warburton.

I am afraid that no reader is satisfied with Dr. Warburton's emendation, however vigorously enforced: and it is indeed enforced with more art than truth. Seen, i.e. smiling, grinning. That seen signifies grinning is easily proved, but when or where did it signify smiling? Yet smiling gives the sense necessary in this place. Sir T. Hanmer's change is less uncouth, but too remote from the present text. For my part I question whether the original line is not loft, and this substituted merely to fill up the measure and the rhyme. Yet even out of this line, by strong agitation, may sense be elicited, and sense not unsuitable to the occasion. Thou winter wind, lays the Duke, thy rudeness gives the lift pain, as thou art not seen, as thou art an enemy that dost not brace us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult.

Duke
A S Y O U L I K E I T.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's Son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were, And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face, Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke,
That lov'd your Father. The residue of your fortune Go to my cave and tell me. Good old Man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is. —Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.

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

The P A L A C E.

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

D U K E.

NOT see him since?—Sir, Sir, that cannot be—
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument ¾
Of my revenge, thee present: but look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth; or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
’Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother’s mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

¾ An absent argument.] An argument is used for the contents of a book, thence Shakespeare considered it as meaning the subject, and then used it for subject in yet another sense.

Oli.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Oli. Oh, that your highness knew my heart in this; I never lov'd my brother in my life.

And let my offices of such a nature
Make an Extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expeditiously, and turn him going. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Forest.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Hurray, 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 huntsmen's name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this Forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando, carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive She. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Corin and Clown.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Mr. Touchstone?

4 Expeditiously.] That is, expeditiously.

5 Thrice crowned Queen of night.] Alluding to the triple character of Proserpina, Cybele, and Diana, given by some Mythologists to the same God-

6 Unexpressive, for inexpressible.
Clo. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, 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. Haft 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, great cause of the night, is lack of the Sun:
that he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art,
may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very
dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philosopher. 7 Wait ever
in Court, shepherd?

7 He that hath learned no wit by nature or art, may complain of
good breeding, or comes of very
dull kindred.] Common sense re-
quires us to read,
may complain of gross breed-
ing.
The Oxford editor has greatly
improved this emendation by
reading——bad breeding.

WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether the
custom of the language in Shakes-
peare's time did not authorize
this mode of speech, and make
complain of good breeding the same
with complain of the want of good
breeding. In the last line of the
Merchant of Venice we find that
to fear the keeping is to fear the
not keeping.

8 Such a one is a natural philo-
sopher.] The shepherd had said
all the Philosophy he knew was
the property of things, that
rain wetted, fire burnt, &c. And
the Cloven's reply, in a satire on
Physics or Natural Philosophy,
though introduced with a quib-
ble, is extremely just. For the
Natural Philosopher is indeed as
ignorant (notwithstanding all his
parade of knowledge) of the
efficient cause of things as the
Rufic. It appears, from a thou-
sand
Cor. No, truly.
Clo. Then thou art damn'd.
Cor. Nay, I hope —
Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.
Cor. For not being at Court? your reason:
Clo. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.
Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the behaviour of the Country is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if Courtiers were shepherds.
Clo. Instance, briefly; come, instance.
Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fels, you know, are greasy.
Clo. Why, do not your Courtiers' hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? shallow, shallow? — a better instance, I say: come.
Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

and instances, that our poet was well acquainted with the Physics of his time: and his great penetration enabled him to see this remediless defect of it.

Warburton.

9 Like an ill-roasted egg.] Of this jest I do not fully comprehend the meaning.

Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never, &c.] This reasoning is drawn up in imitation of Friar John's to Pernel in Rabelais. Si tu es Cogus, ergo tu femme fera belle; ergo tu seras bien traité d'elle; ergo tu aura des Amis beaucoup; ergo tu seras sauvé. The last inference is pleasantly drawn from the popular doctrine of the intercession of Saints. And, I suppose, our peculiar English proverb, concerning this matter, was founded in Friar John's logic.

Warburton.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again:—a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kifs tarr? the Courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Most shallow man!—thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh—indeed!—learn of the wife, and perpend. Civet is of a baser birth than tarr; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd; God help thee, shallow man; God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer, I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs fuck.

Clo. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together; and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be a bawd to a bell-weather; and to betray a she-lamb of a 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 else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

---O excellent King, Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures Angel-y'd King, wouchsafe at i. e. to make him understand serve thy favour; what he would be at.

---And so proceeds to incision—

WARBURTON.

---Bawd to a Bell-weather.] Wether and Ram had anciently the same meaning.

E 2 SCENE
SCENE IV.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper.

Rof. 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 limn’d,
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-woman’s rate to market.  

Rof. Out, fool!

Clo. For a tisfe.

If a hart doth lack a bind,
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 nut hath sweetest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love’s prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

*Rate to market. So Sir T. Hanmer. In the former Editions rank to market.
Ref. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.
Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.
Ref. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medler; then it will be the earliest fruit i' th' country; for you will 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.

SCENE V.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Ref. 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. 5
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.

5 That shall civil sayings show. Civil is here used in the same sense as when we say civil wisdom or civil life, in opposition to a solitary state, or to the state of nature. This desert shall not appear unpeopled, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life.
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; 7
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heartly Johnson was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the Touches 9 dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I should live and die her slave.

Ref. O most gentle Jupiter! —what tedious homily of love have you wearied your Parishioners with, and never cry'd, Have patience good people?

6 Therefore heaven nature charg'd.] From the picture of Athene, or the accomplishments of Pandora.
Παλαιαν, ην ταυτα δουμαι δειπνησαι
Δεξοι ισασθεν—
So before,
——— But thou
So perfect, and so perils art conued
Of every creature's best.

Perhaps from this passage Swift had his hint of Eddy Fyrd.

7 Atalanta's better part.] I know not well what could be the better part of Atalanta here ascribed to Rosalind. Of the Atalanta most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the better part seems to have been her heels, and the worse part was so bad that Rosalind would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure Atalanta, a Huntress and a Heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was the better part.
Shakespear was no despicable Mythologist, yet he seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta.

8 Sad, is grave, sober, not light.

9 The Touches.] The features; les traits.

1 O most gentle Jupiter!] We shoul read Juniper, as the following words shew, alluding to the proverbial term of a Juniper lecture: A sharp or unpleasing one! Juniper being a rough prickly plant. Warburton: Surely Jupiter may stand.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Col. How now? back-friends!—shepherd, go off a little—go with him, sirrah.

Clo. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [Exeunt Corin and Clown.

SCENE VI.

Col. 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.

Col. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.
Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not hear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Col. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?
Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came; for, look here, what I found on a palm-tree; *I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras's time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Col. Trow you, who hath done this?
Ros. Is it a man?

*I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras's time, that I was an Irish rat.] Rosalind is a very learned Lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an Irish rat, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death.

The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his fatares, and Temple in his treatises. Dr. Gray has produced a similar passage from Randolph.

——My Poets Shall with a taytre steeped in vinegar
Rhyme them to death, as they do rats in Ireland.

E 4 Col.
And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ref. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be mov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ref. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ref. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping——

Ref. 3 Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? 4 One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it; quickly, and speak apace; I would thou couldst 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

3 Good my complexion!] This is a mote of criticism, Mr. Theobald says, which he could reconcile to common sense. Like enough; and so too the Oxford Editor. But the meaning is, Tell good my complexion, i.e. let me not blunder.

WARBURTON.

4 One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.] This is stark nonentity; we must read—off discovery, i.e. from discovery. "If you delay me one "inch of time longer, I shall "think this secret as far from "discovery as the South-sea is."

WARBURTON.

This sentence is rightly noted by the Commentator as nonentity, but not so happily restored to sense. I read thus:

One Inch of delay more is a South-sea. Discover, I pr'ythee; tell me who is it quickly!—When the transcriber had once made discovery from discover, I, he easily put an article after South-sea. But it may be read, with still less change, and with equal probability, Every Inch of delay more is a South-sea discovery: Every delay, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of discovery on the South-sea. How much voyages to the South-sea, on which the English had then first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined.

all.
all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak, sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando!

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose? what did he, when thou saw'st him? what said he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes he here? did he ask for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's fize. 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 easy to count atoms, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my find-

—Garagantua's mouth.] Ros.[fold requires nine questions to be answered in one word. Celina tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua the giant of Rabelais.
58. A S Y O U L I K E I T.

ing him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn. 6

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 pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden; thou bring'lt me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak—Sweet, say on.

S C E N E V I I.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; flink by, and note him.

[Celia and Rosalind retire.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself 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.

--- I fixed him under a tree

like a dropp'd acorn. We should
read,

Under an oak tree.

This appears from what follows

—like a dropp'd acorn. For how
did he look like a dropp'd acorn
unless he was found under an
oak-tree. And from Rosalind's
reply, that it might well be called
Jove's tree: For the Oak was sa-
cred to Jove. Warburton.

Jaq.
I pray you marr no more trees with writing love-longs in their barks.

Ora. I pray you, marr no more of my Verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind, is your love’s name?

Ora. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Ora. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christend.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Ora. 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?

Ora. 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.

Ora. I will chide no breather in the world but my self, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Ora. ’Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you,

Ora. He is drown’d in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

— But I answer you right painted cloth.] This alludes to the Fashion, in old Tapestry Hangings, of Motto’s and moral Sentences from the Mouths of the Figures work’d or painted in them. The Poet again hints at this Custom in his Poem, call’d, Tarspin and Lucrece:

Who fears a Sentence, or an old Man’s Saw,
Shall by a painted Cloth be kept in Awe.

Sir T. Hammon reads, I answer you right, in the file of the painted cloth. Something seems wanting, and I know not what can be proposed better.

Ora.
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.

SCENE VIII.

Orla. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good
Monseigneur melancholy! [Curtain.

Res. I will speak to him like a fawcy lacquey, and
under that habit play the knave with him—Do you
hear, forester?

Orla. Very well; what would you?

Res. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orla. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's
no clock in the Forest.

Res. 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?

Res. By no means, Sir: time travels in divers paces,
with divers persons; I'll tell you whom time ambles
withal, whom time trots withal, whom time gallops
withal, and whom he stands still withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Res. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, be-
tween the contrac't of her marriage, and the day it is
solemniz'd: if the interim be but a sennight, time's
pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who ambles withal?

Res. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man
that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, be-
cause he cannot study; and the other lives merrily,
because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden
of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no
burden of heavy tedious study. These time ambles
withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Res. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go
as
as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Whom stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this 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 Uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an * inland man, one that knew courtship too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pray thee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, 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.

*—inland man.] Is used in this play for one civilized, in opposition to the rustic of the prict.

Orla.
Orla. I am he, that is to love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my Uncle's marks upon you, he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not;—but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger Brother's revenue;—then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoes untied, and every thing about you demonstrating carefless desolation. But you are no such man, you are rather point-de-vice in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her, that you love, believe it; which, I warrant she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lye to their consciences. But, in good faith, are you he that hangs the Verfes on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am That 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 merely a madness, and, I tell you,

---an unquestionable spirit.

That is, a spirit not inquisitive, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shake---
deerves 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 woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; 9 which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook meery 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 wooe 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,

--- to a living humour of madness;'] If this be the true reading we must by living understanding, or permanent, but I cannot forbear to think that some antithesis was intended which is now lost; perhaps the passage stood thus, I drave my suitor from a dying humour of love to a living humour of madness. Or rather thus, from a mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness, that is, from a madness that was love, to a love that was madness. This seems somewhat harsh and strained, but such modes of speech are not unnatural in our poet; and this harshness was probably the cause of the corruption.

by
by the way, you shall tell me where in the Forest you live. Will you go?

Ori. With all my heart, good youth.
Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me Rosalind—Come, sister, will you go?

[Exeunt.

S C E N E I X.

Enter Clown, Audrey and Jaques watching them.

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, Lo!d 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. [aside] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than 
José in a thatch’d houfe!

Clo. When a man’s verfes cannot be understood, nor 
John’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.

And.

1 — it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phrase of the quarter of hour of Rabelais: who said, there was only one quarter of hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it. Yet the delicacy of our Oxford Edit would correct this into, It strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are disposed to laugh. One of the company says a good thing; the jest is not taken; all are silent, and he who said it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a great reckoning. Had not Shake...
As you like it.

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 swearest 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-favoured; for honestly coupled to beauty, is, to have honey a fawce to sugar.

Jaq. [Aside] A material fool! *

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest!

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul. +

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter: but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [Aside] I would fain see this meeting.

Warburton. * — and what they swear in poetry, &c.] This sentence seems perplexed and inconsequent, perhaps it was better read thus, What they swear as lovers they may be said to feign as poets.

2 A material fool!] A fool with matter in him; a fool stocked with notions.

† By foul is meant coy or frowning.

Hanmer.

Vol. II.

Aud.
Audem. 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 forehead 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, 4 you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, the must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [discovering himself] Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good master what ye call: how do you, Sir? you are very well met: God'ild you for your last company! I am very glad to see you — even a toy in hand here, Sir — nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horse his

3 — what tho? What then.
4 Sir Oliver.] He that has taken his first degree at the University, is in the academical style called Dominus, and in common language was heretofore termed Sir. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates assumed it in their own writings; so Trevifan the historian writes himself Sir John de Trevifan.
curb, and the faulcon his bells, so man hath his desire; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

**Jaq.** And will you being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunken pannell, and, like green 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.

**Jaq.** Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

**Clo.** Come, sweet Audrey, we must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewel, good Sir Oliver; not 5 O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee, but wind away, begone, I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

**Sir Oli.** 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my Calling. [Exeunt.

---

5 Not O sweet Oliver, O brave, [etc.] Some words of an old ballad.  

**Warburton.** Of this speech, as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the same breath he calls his mistress to be married, and sends away the man that should marry them. Dr. Warburton has very happily observed, that O sweet Oliver is a quotation from an old song; I believe there are two quotations put in opposition to each other. For when I read ascend, the old word for go. Perhaps the whole passage may be regulated thus,

**Clo.** I am not in the mind, but it were better for me 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—Come, sweet Audrey, we must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

**Jaq.** Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee. [they whisper.

**Clo.** Farewel, good Sir Oliver, not O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee,  

---

Wend away,  
Begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee

[Exeunt.

Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as shall appear necessary to the sense, or conducive to the humour.
SCENE X.

Changes to a Cottage in the Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ref. Never talk to me—I will weep.
Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.
Ref. But have I not cause to weep?
Cel. As good cause as one would desire, therefore weep.
Ref. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.
Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry his kissses are Judas's own children.
Ref. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour. 6
Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.
Ref. And his kisssing is as full of sanctity, as the touch of holy Beard. 7
Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana; a nun of Winter's sisterhood 8 kissses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

6 There is much of nature in this petty perfections of Rosalind; the faults in her lover, in hope to be contrived, and when Cassio in separate instance too readily seconded her inclination, the contrives itself, rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication.
7 —at the touch of holy bread.] We should read bread, that is, as the kissses of an holy saint or hermit, called the kisss of charity: This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd. WARBURTON.
8 —a nun of Winter's sisterhood.] This is finely exprest. But Mr. Thobald says, the nun gives him no idea. And 'tis certain, that words will never give men what nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter, he substitutes Winter's sisterhood. And, after so happy a thought, it was to no purpose to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, Shakespear meant an unfruitful sisterhood, which had devoted itself to chastity. For a those who were of the sisterhood of
Ros. But why did he swear he would come this
morning, and comes not?
Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.
Ros. Do you think so?
Cel. Yes. I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-
stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as
concave as a cover’d goblet, or a worm-caten 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 confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here
in the Forest on the Duke your Father.
Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much que-
tion with him: he asked me, of what parentage I
was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh’d,
and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when
there is such a man as Orlando.
Cel. O, that’s a brave man! he writes brave verses,
speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks
them bravely, quite travers, athwart the heart of his
lover;
of the spring were the votaries
of Venus; those of summer, the
votaries of Ceres; those of au-
tumn, of Pomona; so these of
the sisterhood of winter were the
votaries of Diana: Called, of
winter, because that quarter is
not, like the other three, pro-
ductive of fruit or increase. On
this account, it is, that, when
the poet speaks, of what is most
frosty, he instances in winter, in
these fine lines of Othello,

| But richer endles is as poor as winter |
| To him that ever fears he shall be poor, |

The other property of winter that
made him term them of its sister-
hood is its coldness. So in Mid-
summer Night’s Dream,

| To be a barren filter all your life, |
| Chanting faint hymns to the cold |
| fruitless morn. |

Warburton.

| 9 —— I concave as a cover’d goblet, | Why a cover’d? Because a goblet is never kept cover’d but when empty. Shakespeare never throws out his ex-
| ppressions at random. |

Warburton.

| 1 —— quite travers, athwart, &c.] An inexperienced lover is here compared to a pure Filter, |

| to whom it was a disgrace to have |

| his |
lover; as a puishy tilter, that spurs his horse but one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired 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.

Ces. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love, And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain; Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Ref. Come, let us remove; The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:

his Lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of Courage or Address. This happen'd when the horse flew on one side, in the carrier: And hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase of breaking the horse only on one side. Now as breaking the Lance against his Adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it across against his breast was, for the reason above, dishonourable: Hence it is, that Sidney, in his Arcadia, speaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas says, The wind took such hold of his Staff that it crost quite over his breast &c. And to break across was the usual phrase, as appears from some wretched verses of the same author, speaking of an unskilful Tilter,

Mis'tought some Staves he mist; if so, not much mis:

For when he mist did hit, he was yet did mist.

One said he brake across, full well it so might be &c.

This is the allusion. So that Orland; a young Gallant, affecting the fashion (for brave is here used, as in other places, for fashionable) is represented either unskilful in courtship, or timorous.

The Lover's meeting or appointment corresponds to the Tilter's Career: And as the one breaks Staves, the other breaks Oaths. The bufnes is only meeting fairly, and doing both with Address: And 'tis for the want of this, that Orland is blamed.

Warburton.

Bring
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy Actor in their Play.  [Exeunt.

SCENE XI.

Changes to another part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

SIL. Weet 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' accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sternly be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia and Corin.

PHEB. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eyes;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frailst and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,

Either Dr. Warburton's emendation, except that the word
deals wants its proper construction, or that of Sir T. Hanmer may
serve the purpose; but I believe
they have fixed corruption upon
the wrong word, and should rather read,

Than be that dies his lips by
bloody drops?

Will you speak with more sternness than the executioner, whose
lips are used to be sprinkled with
blood? The mention of drops implies some part that must be
sprinkled rather than dipped.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Should be call’d tyrants, butchers, murderers!—
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counter it to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, oh, for shame, for shame,
Lye not to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee;
Scrape thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some fear of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure.
Thy Palm some moments 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.

Phb. 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.

Ro. And why, I pray you?—Who might be your
That you insult, exult, and all at once.

3 The cicatrice and capable impressure is here not very properly used; it is the fear of a wound. Cicatrice impressure always mean.
4 power of fancy.] Fancy is here used for love, as before in 2.1. Summer Night’s Dream.
5 Who might be your mother.] It is common for the poet to express cruelty by laying of those who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or suckled by ruffians.
6 That you insult, exult, and all at once! If the Spenser intended to accuse the person spoken to only for insulting and excelling; then, instead of—sil et suo, it ought to have been, te et suo. But by examining the crime of the person accused, we shall discover that the line is to be read thus,
Over the wretched? what though you have 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 false-work: odds, my little life!
I think, she means to angle mine eyes too:
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bulge 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 proper man,
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill favour'd children;
'Tis not her glafs, but you, that flatter her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself; 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.

That you insult, exult, and rail,
at once.
For these three things Phoebe was
guilty of. But the Oxford Edit.
ions improves it, and, for rail at
once, reads d miner. W.A.B.
—what though you have
no beauty.] That all the printed
Copies agree in this Reading, it
is very accurately observed to me
by an ingenious unknown Cor-
respondent, who signs himself
L.H. (and to Whom I can only
here make my Acknowledg-
ments) that the Negative ought
to be left out. TEEBOLD.

8 Of nature's false-work:] i.e.
those works that nature makes
up carelessly and without exact-
ness. The allusion is to the prac-
tice of Mechanics, whose work
bespoke is more elaborate than
that which is made up for chance
customers, or to sell in quantities
to retailers, which is called false-
work.

WARBURT.

9 That can entame my spirits
to your eyes:]] I should rather
think that Shakespeare wrote en-
traine, draw, allure. WARB.
The common reading seems
unexceptionable.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scroffer:  
So take her to thee, shepherd—fare thee well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;  
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. [Aside] He’s fallen in love with her foulness,  
and she’ll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as  
fast as the answers thee, with frowning looks, I’ll fauce  
her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me;  
For I am falser than vows made in wine;  
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,  
’Tis at the tuft of Olives, here hard by.

Will you go, Sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard—  
Come, sister—shepherdess, look on him better,  
And be not proud. Though all the world could see,  
None could be so abus’d in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [Exeunt Ros. Cel. and Corin.

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy Saw of might;  
Who ever lov’d, that lov’d not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe!

Phe. Hah: what say’st thou, Silvia?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am forry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Where-ever sorrow is, relief would be;

The sense of the received reading is not fairly represented, it is,  
The ugly seem not? ugly when, though ugly, they are scroffers.

Sir T. Hamlet, the other editions,  
your foulness.

Though all the world could see,  
None could be so abus’d in sight  
as he.] Though all mankind could look on you, none  
could be so deceived as to think  
you beautiful but he.
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your Sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

_Phe._ Thou haft my love; is not that neighbourly?

_Sil._ I would have you.

_Phe._ Why, that were Covetousness.

_Silvius._ the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

_Sil._ So holy and so perfect is my love,
And in such a poverty of grace,
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 scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

_Phe._ Know'st thou the youth, that spoke to me ere-while?

_Sil._ Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
That the old Carlot once was master of.

_Phe._ Think not, I love him, tho' I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy—yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them, pleases those that hear:
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty——
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man; the best thing in him
Is his Complexion; and fatter 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, and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper, and more lufty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
AS YOU LIKE IT.

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. Phèbè, with all my heart.

Phèb. 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.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues in the FOREST.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

JAQUES.

I

Pry'thee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted
with thee.

Rof. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Rof. 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.

Rof.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, on which my often ruminations wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other mens; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd me 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, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller; look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own Country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think, you have swam in a Gondola. — Why, how now, Orlando, where have you

4 — swam in a Gondola.]

That is, been at Venice, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion.

The fashion of travelling which prevailed very much in our author's time, was considered by the wiser men as one of the principal causes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely cenfured by Ascham in his Schoolmaster,
you been all this while? You a lover?—an you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orla. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour’s promise in love! he that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be paid of him, that Cupid hath clapt him o’ th’ shouder, but I’ll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my fight. 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 can make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What’s that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are sail to be beholden to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the flander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very, very Rosalind?

Orla. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravell’d for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out,

mastet, and by Bishop Hall in his other passages ridiculed by Shaks. Quo Vadis, and is here, and in speare.

they
they will spit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orla. How if the kisses be denied?

Rof. Then she puts you to entreaty, 'and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Rof. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Or'a. What, of my suit?

Rof. 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.

Rof. Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own person I die.

Rof. 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 Hellespont, 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.

Rof. By this hand, it will not kill a fly—but come;

5 —chroniclers of that age.] Sir advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of T. Hamner reads, coroners, by the some anonymous critic.
now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on dis-
position; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Or a. Then love me, Rosalind.

Rof. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and
all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Rof. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say’st thou?

Rof. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope so.

Rof. 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.

Rof. You must begin—Will you, Orlando—
Cel. Go to—Will you, Orlands, have to wife this
Rosalind?

Orla. I will.

Rof. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Rof. Then you must say, I take thee Rosalind for
wife.

Orla. I take thee Rosalind for wife.

Rof. 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.

Rof. Now tell me, how long would you have her,
after you have possess’d her.

Orls. For ever and a day.

Rof. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Or-
lands, men are April when they woo, December when
they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but
the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more
jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his
hen;
hen: more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more
ew-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 dis-
pos'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?
Rof. By my life, she will do as I, do.
Orla. O, but she is wise.

Rof. 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; flux
that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; strop 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, whether wilt?

Rof. 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?
Rof. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You
shall never take her without her answer, unless you
take her without her tongue. O that woman, that
cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her
never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like
a fool!

Orla. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave
thee.
Rof. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.
Orla. I must attend the Duke at dinner. By two
o'clock I will be with thee again.

6 — and when you are inclin'd to sleep.} We should read,
to weep. — Warburton: I know not why we should
read to weep. I believe most men
would be more angry to have their sleep hindered than their grief
interrupted.

7 — Wit, whether wilt?} This must be some allusion to a
story well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable.

8 make her fault her husband's occasion,} That is, represent her
fault as occasioned by her hus-
band. Sir T. Hanmer reads, her
husband's occasion.

Vol. II. G
Rof.
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 pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old Justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [Exit Orla.

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 founded: 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 baftard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv’d of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rashly boy, that abuses every

--- I will think you the most pathetical break-promise.]

There is neither sense nor humour in this expression. We should certainly read, atheistical break-promise. His answer confirms it, that he would keep his promise with no less religion, than—

Warburton: I do not see but that pathetical may stand, which seems to afford as much sense and as much humour as atheistical.
one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, 
how deep I am in love; I'll tell thee, Aliena, I can-
not be out of the sight of Orlando; I'll go find a sha-
[Exeunt.

do, and sigh 'till he come.
Cel. And I'll 'sleep.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.
Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?
Lord. Sir, it was I.
Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman
Conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns
upon his head, for a branch of Victory; have you no
Song, Forester, for this purpose?
For. Yes, Sir.
Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it
make noise enough.

Musick, Song.
What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leatber skin and horns to wear;
Then sing him home:—take thou
no Scorn
To wear the horn, the horn, 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 born,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

SCENE

\footnote{In former Editions: Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burden.] This is no admirable instance of the sagacity of our preceding Editors, to say nothing worse. One should expect, when they were Poets, they would at least have taken care of the Rhime, and not foiled in what has nothing to answer it. Now, where is the Rhime to, the rest shall bear this Burden? Or, to ask another Question, where is the Sense of it? Does the Poet mean, that He, that kill'd the Deer, shall be}
SCENE V.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Rof. How say you now, is it not past two o'clock? I wonder much, Orlando is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep: look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you fair youth, My gentle Phoebe bid me give you this: [Giving a letter.] 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 tenour. Pardon me, I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Rof. [reading.] Patience herself 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 phoenix. 'Odds my will! Her love is not the hare that I do hunt. Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well, This is a letter of your own device.

be sung home, and the rest shall bear the Deer on their backs? This is laying a Burden on the Pests, that We must help him to throw off. In short, the Mystery of the Whole is, that a Marginal Note is wisely thrust into the Text: the Song being designate to be sung by a single Voice, and the Stanza's to close with a Burden to be sung by the whole Company. Theobald.

This note I have given as a specimen of Mr. Theobald's jo-}

ularity, and of the eloquence with which he recommends his emendations.

* * * The foregoing noisy scene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Rosalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando sending his excuse. I do not see that by any probable division of the acts this absurdity can be obviated.

Sil.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents; Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you're a fool, And turn'd into th' extremity of love. I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand, A free-stone-colour'd hand; I verily did think, That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hand; 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.

Sil. 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 Ethiope words, blacker in their effect Than in their countenance. Will you hear the let-
ter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet; Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebe's me—mark, how the tyrant writes,

[Reads.] Art thou God to shepherd turn'd, That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [Reads.] Why, thy Godhead laid apart, Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whilest the eye of man did woo me, That could do no vengeance * to me.

Meaning me a beast.

* Vengeance is used for a mischief.
If the scorn of your bright eye
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me, what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?

He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind,
Whether that thy Youth and Kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny.
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?
Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity—
Wilt thou love such a woman?—what, to make thee
an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not
to be endured!—Well, go your way to her; for I see
love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to
her; "that if she love me, I charge her to love thee:
"if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou
"intreat for her." If you be a true lover, hence, and
not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit Silvius.

SCENE VI.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you
know
Where, in the purlews of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote fence’d about with olive-trees?

[Youth and Kind.] Kind is the old word for nature.
Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of offers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place;
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
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 Sifter: 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?

Rof. 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 befell! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself.
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age;
And high top bald with dry antiquity;
A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
Laying sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth, but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlook'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away

* We must read, within two hours.
§8 AS YOU LIKE IT.

Into a bush; under which bush’s shade
A Lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch
When that the sleeping man should stir; for ’tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his eldest brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same bro-
ther,
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv’d most right men.

Oli. And well he might so do;
For, well I know, he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando—did he leave him there,
Food to the suck’d and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos’d so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battel to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak’d.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu’d?

Cel. Was’t you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. ’Twas I; but ’tis not I; I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. 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 stripp’d himself, and here upon his arm

5 The
The lioness 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? Ganymed!—Sweet!—

Ganymed!

Rosalind faints.

Oli. Many will swoon, when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it:—cousin—Ganymed! *
Oli. Look, he recovers.

Rof. Would, I were at home!
Cel. We'll lead you thither.
—I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth—you a man?—you
lack a man's heart.

Rof. I do so, I confess it. Ah, Sir, a body would
think, this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell
your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great tes-

Rof. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit
to be a man.

Rof. 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,

* Cousin, Ganymed.] Celia in out Cousin, then recollects herself
her first fright forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls

How
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Rosalind. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.
The Forest.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Clown.

We shall find a time, Audrey—patience, gentle Audrey.

Audrey. Faith, the Priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Clown. Most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text—but Audrey, there is a youth here in the Forest lays claim to you.

Audrey. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no interest in me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clown. 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.

William. Good ev'n, Audrey.

Audrey. God give ye good ev'n, William.

William. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clown. Good ev'n, gentle friend—Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd.—How old are you, friend?

William. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clown. A ripe age: is thy name William?

William, Sir.
Clo. A fair name. Was 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 himself to be a fool. 6 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 rhetoric, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent, that is he: now you are not is he; 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 in-

6 The heathen philosopher, when be desired to eat a grape, &c.] This was designed as a finer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their lives, such as Diogenes, Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their wife sayings.
to bondage; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, Sir. [Exit.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip, Audrey; trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orla. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your Good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be

---

7 I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction, &c. ---

All this seems to be an allusion to Sir Thomas Overbury's affair. WARDURTON.
to morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers: go you, and prepare Alena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Rof. God save you, brother.

Orl. And you, 'fair sister.'

Rof. Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Rof. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rof. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shewed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rof. O, I know where you are—Nay, 'tis true—There was never any thing so sudden, but the sight of two rams, and Caesar's thrafonical 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.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall

8 And you, 'fair sister.' I know 'fair sister.
not why Oliver should call Rosalfnd sister. He takes her yet to be a man. I suppose we should read, and you, and your

9 Clubs cannot part them.) Alluding to the way of parting dogs in wrath.
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 talk.
ing. Know of me then, for now I speak to some pur-
pole, that I know, you are a gentleman of good con-
ceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good
opinion of my knowledge; infomuch, 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 yourself 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, conversit with a ma-
gician, most profound in his Art, and yet not damna-
able. 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 frights of for-
tune 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, ¹ and without any
danger.

Orla. Speak'ft thou in sober meaning?

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 mar-
rried to morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you
will.

¹ Human as she is.] That is, not a phantom, but the real Ro-
salind, without any of the dan-
ger generally conceived to at-
tend the rites of incantation.
² Which I tender dearly, tho' I say, I am a magician:] Hence it
appears this was written in James's
time, when there was a severe in-
quision after witches and magi-
cians. - Warburton.
SCENE III.

Enter Silvia 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.

Rof. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despightful 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 so am I for Ganymed.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Rof. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be made all of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymed.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Rof. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
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 Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymed.

Orla. And so am I for Rosalind.

Rof. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To Rof.

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To Phe.

Orla.
Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Rof. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you?
Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear?
Rof. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon—I will help you if I can; [To Orlando.] —I would love you, if I could; [To Phebe.] —to morrow meet me all together—I will marry you, [To Phebe.] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to morrow—I will satisfy you, [To Orlando.] if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to morrow—I will content you, [To Silvius.] if, what pleases you, contents you; and you shall be married to morrow—As you love Rosalind, meet [To Orlando.] —as you love Phebe, meet [To Silvius.] —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.

Scene IV.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the joyful day, Audrey—to morrow will we be married.

And. I do desire it with all my heart; and, I hope, it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: come, sit, sit, and a Song.

2 Page. We are for you. Sit i'th' middle.

1 Page.
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?

Page. 'Faith, 'faith, and both in a tune, like two Gypsys on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
   With a hey, and a ho, and a heynonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
   In the spring time, the pretty spring time,
When birds did sing, heynonino, heynonino,
   Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
   With a hey, and a ho, and a heynonino,
These pretty country-folks would lie,
   In the spring time, & c.

The Carol they began that hour,
   With a hey, and a ho, and a heynonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
   In the spring time, & c.

And therefore take the present time,
   With a hey, and a ho, and a heynonino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
   In the spring time, & c.

Clo. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.  

Page.
Page. You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish Song. God b'w'you, and God mend your voices. Come, Audrey. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to another Part of the Forest.

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.

Rof. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:

[As those that fear their hap, and know their fear.

i. e. As those who fear the issue of a thing when they know their fear to be well grounded.

Warburton.

The depravation of this line is evident, but I do not think the learned Commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus,

As those that fear with hope, and hope with fear.

Or thus, with less alteration,

As those that fear, they hope, and now they fear.
As You Like It.

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.

Rof. And you say, you will have her when I bring her? [To Orlando.

Orla. That would I, were I of all Kingdoms King.

Rof. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing. [To Phebe.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Rof. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Rof. You say, that you will have Phebe, if she will? [To Silvius.

Sil. Tho' to have her and death were both one thing

Rof. I've promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter:

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me; and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Rof. and Celia.

Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought, he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good Lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle;
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

H 2. SCENE
SCENE VI.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the Ark. Here come a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation, and greeting, to you all!

Jaq. Good, my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a Courtier, he swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was That ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith, we met; and found, the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How the seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, I desire you of the like: I prefs in here, Sir, amongst the rest of the country copulative, to swear, and to forswear, according as

---

6 Here come a pair of very strange beasts, &c. What! strange beasts? and yet such as have a name in all languages? Noah's Ark is here alluded to; into which the clean beasts entered by sevens, and the unclean by two, male and female. It is plain then that Shakespeare wrote, here come a pair of unclean beasts, which is highly humourous.

WARBURTON.

Strange beasts are only what we call odd animals. There is no need of any alteration.

7 We found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.] So all the copies; but it is apparent from the sequel that we must read, the quarrel was not upon the seventh cause.

---I desire you of the like.] We should read, I desire of you the like. On the Duke's saying, I like him very well, he replies, I desire you will give me cause that I may like you too.

WARB.
marriage binds, and blood breaks—a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own—a poor humour of mine, Sir, to take That that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

"Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases.*

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lye seven times removed; (bear your body more seeming, Audrey) as thus, Sir; I did dislike the cut of a certain Courtier's beard; ' he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd the Retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself. This is call'd the Quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment. This is call'd the Reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true. This is call'd the Reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lye. This is call'd the Countercheck quarrell'some; and so, the Lye circumstantial, and the Lye direct.

9 According as marriage binds, and blood breaks.] The construction is, to fiewar as marriage binds. Which I think is not English. I suspect Shakespeare wrote it thus, to fiewar and to for-fiewar, according as marriage binds, and blood bids break.

Warburton.

I cannot discover what has here puzzled the Commentator: to fiewar according as marriage binds, is to take the oath enjoin'd in the ceremonial of marriage.

* Dulcet dizefes.] This I do not understand. For dizefes it is easy to read discourses: but, perhaps the fault may lie deeper.

1 As thu, Sir; I did dislike the cut of a courtier's beard;] This folly is touched upon with high humour by Fletcher in his Queen of Corinth.

—Has he familiarly
Dislik'd your yellow starch, or
Said your doublé?

Was not exactly fenced off—
or drawn your sword.

Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has
Le given the lye
In circle or oblique or semi-circle
Or direct parallel; you must
call n_e_lim. Warb.

Jaq,
As You Like It.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further than the Lye circumstantial; nor he durst not give me the Lye direft, and so we measur'd swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the Lye?

Clo. * O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you

conditional lies, or the lye circumstantial. V. Of the lye in general. VI. Of the lye in particular. VII. Of false lies. VIII. A conclusion touch'd by the wrestling or returning back of the lye, or the countercheck quarrelsome. In the chapter of conditional lies speaking of the particle if, he says—Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally thus—if thou hast said so or so, then thou liest. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often ariseth much contention, whereof no sure conclusion can arise. By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throats, while there is an if between. Which is the reason of Shakespeare's making the Clown say, I knew when seven justices could not make 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 were to make up a quarrel. Year if is the only peace-maker; much virtue in if. Caranaza was another of those authentick Authors upon the Duello. Fletcher in his last Act of Loy's Pilgrimage ridicules him with much humour. Warburton.
the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the
second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply chur-
lih; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the
Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lye with
circumstance; the seventh, the Lye direct. All these
you may avoid, but the Lye direct; and you may
avoid that too, with an If. I knew, when seven Ju-
tices could not take up a quarrel; but when the par-
ties 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 on-
ly peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord? he's good
at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalling horse,
and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind in woman's cloaths,
and Celia.

STILL MUSICK.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heav'n,
When eartly things made even
Atone together.

Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yea, brought her hither:
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Who's heart within his bosom is.

Rof. To you I give myself; for I am yours.

To you I give myself; for I am yours. [To the Duke.

To Orlando. [To Orlando.

Enter Hymen.] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the com-
pany to be brought by enchant-
ment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.
Duke Sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in sight, * you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true, Why, then my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he.

[To the Duke.

I'll have no husband, if you be not he. [To Orlando.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [To Phebe.

Hym. Peace, hoa! 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. 4
You and you no Cross shall part;

[To Orlando and Rosalind.

You and you are heart in heart;

[To Oliver and Celia.

You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord. [To Phebe.

You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather:

[To the Clown and Audrey.

While a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning:
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we meet, and these things finish.

* If there be truth in sight.]
The answer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando says, if there be truth in shape: that is, if a form may be trusted; if one cannot usurp the form of another.

4 If truth holds true contents.] That is, if there be truth in truth, unless truth fails of veracity.

SONG.
SONG.

Wedding is great Juno’s Crown,
O blessed bond of board and bed!
’Tis Hymen peoples every town,
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, God of every town!

Duke Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
Evn daughter-welcome, in no les degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word—now thou art mine,
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two—
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing, how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address’d a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His Crown bequeathing to his banish’d brother,
And all their lands restor’d to them again,
That were with him exil’d. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome young man:
Thou offer’st fairly to thy brother’s wedding;
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,

A land
A land itself at large, a potent Dukedom,  
First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
That here were well begun, and well beget:  
And, after, every of this happy number,  
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,  
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
According 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.  
  
Jaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,  
The Duke hath put on a religious life,  
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.  
Jaq. de B. He hath.  
Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.  
You to your former Honour I bequeath, [To the Duke,  
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it.  
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit;  
[To Orla.  
You to your land, and love, and great allies;  
[To Oli.  
You to a long and well deserved bed;  
[To Silv.  
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage  
[To the Clown.  

Is but for two months victual'd—so to your pleasures:  
I am for other than for dancing measures.  
Jaq. To see no pastime, I—what you would have,  
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd Cave.  
[Exit.  
Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites;  
As, we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
EPilogue.

Rof. It is not the fashion to see the lady the Epilogue; but it is not more unhandsome, than to see the lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good Plays prove the better by the help of good Epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good Play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O 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 simpering, none of you hate them).

5 — What a case am I in then, &c.] Here seems to be a chain, or some other depravation, which destroys the sentiment here intended. The reasoning probably stood thus, Good wine needs no bush, good plays need no epilogue, but bad wine requires a good bush, and a bad play a good Epilogue. What case am I in then? To restore the words is impossible; all that can be done without copies is, to note the fault.

6 — furnish'd like a beggar;] That is, dress'd: so before, he was furnish'd like a huntman.

7 — 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,—to like as much as pleases them, that between you and the women, &c. Without the alteration of You into Them the invocation is nonsensical; and without the addition of the words, to like as much as pleases them, the inference of, that between you and the women the play may pass, would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless Player, as a vicious redundancy.

Warburton.

The words you and you written as was the custom in that time, were in manuscript scarcely distinguishable. The emendation is very judicious and probable.
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 curt’ly, bid me farewell. [Exeunt omnes.]

8 — If I were a woman.
Note that in this author’s time the parts of women were always performed by men or boys.

HANMER.

9 Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of his work Shakespeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers.
LOVE’s LABOUR’s LOST.

A

COMEDY.
Dramatis Personæ.

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.
Biron.
Longaville, three Lords, attending upon the King in his retirement.
Dumain.
Boyet, Lords, attending upon the Princess of France.
Macard, Don Adrian de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.
Nathaniel, a Curate.
Dull, a Constable.
Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.
Coftard, a Clown.
Moth, Page to Don Adrian de Armado.
A Forester.
Princes of France.

Rosaline, Ladies, attending on the Princess.
Maria.
Catharine.
Jaquenetta, a Country Wench.

Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and Princess.

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

This enumeration of the persons was made by Mr. Rowe. Of this Play there is an edition in 4to 1598, by W. W. for Cathbeet Burby, which I have not seen.

LOVE's
ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

KING.

Let 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 scythe'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,
Nepare shall be the wonder of the world;
Our Court shall be a little academy,
Still and contemplative in living arts.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow Scholars; and to keep those Statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here.
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names:

That
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 groser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's bafer slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their profession 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 pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say, no, my liege, an' if you please;
I only swore to study with your Grace,
And stay here in your Court for three years' space.

1 With all these living in philosophy. The style of the rhyming scenes in this play is often entangled and obscure. I know not certainly to what all these is to be referred; I suppose he means that he finds love, pomp, and wealth in philosophy.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

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

Biron. By yea and nay, Sir, then I, swore in jest.

What is the end of study? let me know?

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

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

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know;

As thus; to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be this, and this be so,

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops, that hinder study quite;

And train our Intelligents to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eye-fight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile;

---The copies all have, When I to fast expressly am forbid.] But if Biron studied where to get a good Dinner, at a time when he was forbid to fast, how was this studying to know what he was forbid to know? Common Sense, and the whole Tenour of the Context require us to read, feast, or to make a Change in the last Word of the Verse.

When I to fast expressly am forebide,
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light, that it was blinded by.
Study is like the Heav'n's glorious Sun,
That will not be deep search'd with fawcy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is to know nought: but
fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

114  LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

4 Who dazzling so, that eye
shall be his heed.
And give him light, that it was
blinded by.] This is another
passage unnecessarily ob-
fuse: the meaning is, that when
he dazze'd, that is, has his eye
made weak, by fixing his eye upon
a fairer eye, that fairer eye shall
be his head, his direction: latterly
(See Midsummer Night's
Dream) and gives him light that
was blinded by it.

5 Too much to know, is to know
nought: but
fame.
And every Godfather can give a
name.] The first line in
this reading is absurd and imper-
tinent. There are two ways of
setting it right. The first is to
read it thus,
Too much to know, is to know
nought: but shame;
This makes a fine sense, and el-
ludes to Adam's Fall, which came
from the inordinate passion of
knowing too much. The other
way is to read, and point it thus,
Too much to know, is to know
nought: but feign, i.e. to
feign. As much as to say, the
affecting to know too much is the
way to know nothing. The sense
in both these readings, is equally
good: But with this difference;
If we read the first way, the fol-
lowing line is pertinent; and
to save the correction we must
judge it spurious. If we read the
second way, then the following
line compleats the sense.
Consequently the correction of
feign is to be preferred. To know
too much (lays the speaker) is
to know nothing; it is only feigning
to know what we do not: giving
names for things without know-
ing their natures; which is false
knowledge.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST. 115

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding. 6
Long. He weeds the corn, and still let's 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 inapring frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well; say, I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth? 7

At

knowledge: And this was the peculiar defect of the Peripatetick Philosophy then in vogue. These philosophers, the poet, with the highest humour and good sense, calls the Godfathers of Nature, who could only give things a name, but had no manner of acquaintance with their essences.

Warburton.

That there are two ways of setting a passage right gives reason to suspect that there may be a third way better than either. The first of these emendations makes a fine sense, but will not unite with the next line; the other makes a sense less fine, and yet will not rhyme to the correspondent word. I cannot see why the passage may not stand without disturbance. The consequence, says Biron, of too much knowledge, is not any real solution of doubts, but mere empty reputation.

6 Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.] To proceed is an academical term, meaning, to take a degree, as he proceeded bachelor in physic. The sense is, he has taken his degrees on the art of hindering the degrees of others.

7 Why should I joy in an abortive Birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
Than as the Snow in May's new-fangled Shows:
But like of each Thing, that in Season grows.] As the greatest part of this Scene (both what precedes and follows;) is strictly in Rhimes, either succedaneum, alternate, or triple; I am persuaded, the Copyists have made a slip here. For by making a Triplet of the three last Lines quoted, Birth in the Cloze of the first Line is quite defilite of any Rhyme to it. Besides, what
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 th' house to unlock the gate.

King. Well, fit you out—Go home, Biron: Adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord, I've sworn to stay with you.

And though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say;
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And 'bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding reconciles 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.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!  

Item,

what a displeasing identity of Sound recurs in the Middle and Cloze of this Verse?

That en joy a Snow in May's new-fangled Shows:

Again; new-fangled shows seems to have very little Propriety.
The Flowers are not new-fangled; but the earth is new-fangled by
the Profusion and Variety of the Flowers, that spring on its Bottom in May, I have therefore ventured to substitute, <Eurip., in
the Cloze of the 3d Line, which restores the alternate Measure. It
was very easy for a negligent Transcriber to be deceived by the
Rhyme immediately preceding; so mistake the concluding Word
in thesequent Line, and corrupt it into one that would chime with
the other. 

Theobald. 3 A dangerous Law against Gentility! I have ventured to
prefix the Name of Biron to this Line,
Item, [reading.] If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three Years, he shall endure such publick Shame as the rest of the Court can possibly devise.

This article, my liege, your self must break; For, well you know, here comes in embassy The French King's daughter with your self to speak, A maid of grace and compleat majesty, About Surrender up of Aquitain To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father: Therefore this article is made in vain, Or vainly comes th' admired Princess hither. King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot. Biron. So study evermore is overshot; 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 lopt. King. We must, of force, dispence with this decree, She must lye here on mere necessity. Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn Three thousand times within this three years' space: For every man with his affects is born: Not by might master'd, but by special grace. 9

Line, it being evident, for two Reasons, that it, by some Accident or other, slip out of the printed Books. In the first place, Longe-will confesses, he had confess'd the Penalty: and why he should immediately arraign it as a dangerous Law, seems to be very inconsistent. In the next place, it is much more natural for Biron to make this Reflexion, who is cavilling at every thing; and then for him to pursue his reading over the remaining Articles.— As to the Word Genti-
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me:
I am forsworn on meer necessity.
So to the laws at large I write my name,
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in Attainder of eternal shame.
Suggestions ¹ 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 ² granted?

King. Ay, that there is; our Court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain,
A man in all the world’s new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony:
² A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.

This

his extravagancies, speaks with
great juilenfs against the folly of
vows. They are made without
sufficient regard to the variations
of life, and are therefore broken by
some unforeseen necessity. They
proceed commonly from a pre-
sumptuous confidence, and a false
estimate of human power.

¹ Suggestions ] temptations.
² — quick recreation ] Lively
sport, spritely diversion.
³ A man of complements, whom
right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their
mutiny ] As very bad a Play
as this is, it was certainly Shake-
speare’s, as appears by many fine
matter-strokes scattered up and
down. An excessive complai-
sance is here admirably painted,
in the person of one who was
willing to make even right and
wrong friends: and to persuade
the one to recede from the ac-
customed stubbornness of her
nature, and wink at the liberties
of her opposite, rather than he
would incur the imputation of
ill-breeding in keeping up the
quarrel. And as our author, and
Johnson his contemporary, are,
confessedly, the two greatest wri-
ters in the Drama that our na-
tion could ever boast of, this
may be no improper occasion to take
notice of one material difference
between Shakespeare’s worst plays,
and the other’s. Our author
owed all to his prodigious na-
tural genius; and Johnson molt to
his acquired parts and learning.
This, if attended to, will ex-
plain the difference we speak of.
Which is this, that, in Johnson’s
bad pieces, we do not discover
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our Studies, shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a Knight
* From tawny Spain, loft in the world's debate. 5
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 minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own Knight.

the least traces of the author of the 
Rox and Alchemij; but, in the widest and most extravagant
noses of Shakespeare, you every
now and then encounter strains
that recognize their divine com-
poser. And the reason is this,
that he, after owing his chief ex-
cellence to art, by which he some-
times blinded himself to an un-
counted men, when he unbent
himself, had nothing to support
him, let tell below all likier's
ded to: while Shakespeare,
instead, more largely to nature
than the other to his acquired
theatres, could never, in his most
negligent hours, so totally divest
himself of his Genius but that
it would frequently break out
with amazing force and splen-
dour. WARBURTON.

This passage I believe means
no more than that Don Armado
was a man nicely versed in cer-
emonial distinctions, one who
could distinguish in the most
delicate questions of honour the
exact boundaries of right and
wrong. Compliment, in Shake-
speare's time, did not signify,
at least did not only signify ver-
bal civility, or phrases of cour-
tely, but according to its origi-
nal meaning, the trappings, or
ornamental appendages of a cha-
acter, in the same manner, and
on the same principles, of speech
with accomplishment. Compliment
is, as Armado well expresses it,
the warm bos of a complete man.
* From tawny Spain, &c.] i.e.
he shall relate to us the celebrated
stories recorded in the old
romances, and in their very stile.
Why he says from tawny Spain
is, because these romances being
of Spanish original, the Heroes
and the Scene were generally of
that country. Why he says, left
in the world's debate is, because
the subject of those romances
were the crusades of the Euro-
pean Christians against the Saracens
of Asia and Africa. So
that we see here is meaning in
the words. WARBURTON.

The world seems to be used in
the monastic life by the king
now devoted for a time to a mon-
astical life. In the world, in scents,
in the battle of human aff
airs, from which we are now
happily lequested, in the world,
to which the votaries of solitude
have no relation.
LONG. Costard the swain, and he shall be our sport;
And, to to study, three years are but short.

SCENE II.

Enter Dull and Costard with a letter,

Dull. Which is the King's own person? 6
Biron. This, fellow; what would't?
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 Arne,—Arne—commends you.
There's villainy 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 forever the matter, I hope in God
for high words.
Long. A high hope for a low having; 7 God grant
us patience!
Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?
Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately,
or to forbear both.
Biron. Well, Sir, be it as the Stile shall give us
cause to climb in the merriness.

6 In former editions;
Dull. Which is the Duke's own
Person? [The King of
Navarre is in several Passages,
tho' all the Copies, called the
Duke: but as this must have
sprung rather from the Inadvertence of the Editors, than a For-
gerfulness in the Poet, I have every where, to avoid Confusion,
refer'd King to the Text.
THEOBLAD.

7 In old editions, A high hope
for a low heaven;] A low hu-
man, sure, is a very intricate Mat-
ter to conceive. I dare warrant, I have retrieved the Poet's true
Reading; and the Meaning is this. "Th' you hope for high
"Words, and should have them,
"it will be but a low Acquisi-
tion at best." This our Poet
calls a low Having: and it is a
Substantive, which he uses in se-
veral other Passages.
THEOBLAD.
Cost.
Cofi. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning Ja-
quenetta.

The manner of it is, I was taken in the manner. 8

Biron. In what manner?

Cofi. In manner and form, following, Sir; all those three. I was seen with her in the Manor-house, sitting with her upon the Form, and taken following her into the Park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner: it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form, in some form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

Cofi. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cofi. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King reads. GReAT deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron——

Cofi. Not a word of Coflard yet.

King. So it is——

Cofi. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace——

Cofi. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words——


King. So it is, Besieged with fable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy heath-giving air; and as I am

8 —taken with the manner.] The following question arising from these words shews we should read—taken in the manner. And this was the phrase in use to signify, taken in the fact. So Dr. Downe in his letters, But if I melt into melancholy while I write, I do it be taken in the manner; and I fit by me, too tender to these impressions. Warburton.
a gentleman, betook myself to walk: The time, when? about the sixth hour, when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men set down to that nourishment which call’d supper: so much for the time, when. Now for the ground, which: which, I mean, I walkt upon; it is yeilded, thy park. Then for the place, where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beboldest, surmeyest, or feest. But to the place, where; It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth, (Cost. Me?) that unletter’d small-knowing soul, (Cost. Me?) that shallow vessel, (Cost. Still me?) which, as I remember, bight Costard; (Cost. O me!) sort’d and comforted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canzon, with, with——O with,—but with this, I passion to j. y. wherewith:

Cost. With a wench.

King. With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or for thy mere understanding, a woman; but, I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the need of punishment, by thy sweet Grace’s Officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing an estimation.

Dull. Me, an’t shall please you: I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel call’d) which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy law’s fury, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice bring her to trial. Thine in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

Don Adriano de Armado.

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

9 — base minnow of thy mirth; not be intended here. We may read, the base minnow of thy mirth.

King.
King. Ay; the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what lay you to this?

Coft. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Coft. 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.

Coft. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Coft. This was no damosel neither, Sir, she was a virgin.

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

Coft. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

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

Coft. This maid will serve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce sentence; you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Coft. 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.

Coft. I suffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the four cup of prosperity: affliction may one day smile again, and until then, fit thee down, sorrow.

Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE III.

Changes to Armado's House.

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. 1

Moth. No, no; O lord, Sir, no.

Arm. How can't thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenile?

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

Arm. Why, tough Signior? why, tough Signior?

Moth. Why, tender juvenile? why, tender juvenile?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenile, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

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

Arm. Pretty and apt.

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

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little! pretty, because little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, matter?

Arm. In thy commend praise.

1. — dear imp. J Imp was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell in his last letter to Henry VIII. prays for the imp his fon. It is now used only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our author's time it was ambiguous, in which state it suits well with this dialogue.

Moth.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST:

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 hear'st my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, Sir.
Arm. I love not to be crost.
Moth. He speaks the clean contrary, crostes love not him.
Arm. I have promis'd to study three years with the King.
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 easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell you.
Arm. A most fine figure.
Moth. To prove you a cypher.
Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so I am in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the hu-

--- crostes love not him. --- to Celia, if I should bear you I
By crostes he means money. So should bear no crost.
in As you like it, the Clown says

mourn
mour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate
thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner; and ran-
som him to any French courtier for a new devil's
curly. I think it scorn to sigh; methinks, I should
out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; what great men
have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear
boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be
men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master; he was a man of good car-
riage; great carriage; for he carried the town-gates
on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson, strongly-jointed Samson!
I do excel thee in my rapiers, as much as thou didst
me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was
Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

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

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

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

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but
to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson 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,
afflict me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and
pathetical!
Love's Labour's Lost

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 rhime, 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 precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Coflard; she deserves well——

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company is past.

Scene IV.

Enter Coflard, Dull, Jaquenetta a Maid.

Dul. Sir, the King's pleasure is, that you keep Coflard 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 allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm.
Arm. I do betray myself with blushing: maid,—
Jaq. Man,—
Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.
Jaq. That's here by.
Arm. I know, where it is situate.
Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!
Arm. I will tell thee wonders.
Jaq. With that face?
Arm. I love thee.
Jaq. So I heard you say.
Arm. And so farewell.
Jaq. Fair weather after you!
Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away. 

[Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offence, etc 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 punisht'd.
Cost. I am more bound to you, than your followers; 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 fast, being loose.
Moth. No, Sir, that were fast and loose; thou shalt to prifon.

3 Maid. Fair Weather after you. Come, Jaquenetta, away. Thus all the printed Copies: but the Editors have been guilty of much Inadvertence. They make Jaquenetta, and a Maid enter; whereas Jaquenetta is the only Maid intended by the Poet, and is committed to the Custody of Dull, to be conveyed by him to the Lodge in the Park. This being the Case, it is evident to Démonstration, that—Fair Weather after you—must be spoken by Jaquenetta; and then that Dull says to her, Come Jaquenetta, away, as I have regulated the Text. Theoald.
Mr. Theobald has endeavoured here to dignify his own industry by a very slight performance. The folios all read as he reads, except that instead of naming the persons they give their characters, enter Closen, Costable, and wench.
Coff. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of de-
Folation that I have seen, some shall see——

Moth. What shall some see?

Coff. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they
look upon. * It is not for prisoners to be silent in
their words, and therefore I will say nothing; I thank
God, I have as little patience as another man, and
therefore I can be quiet. [Exeunt Moth and Coffard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base,
where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot,
which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn,
which is a great argument of falshood, if I love.
And how can that be true love, which is falsely at-
tempted? 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’s club, and therefore too
much odds for a Spaniard’s rapier; the first and second
cause will not serve my turn; 5 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! ruft, rapier! be still, drum! for your ma-
nager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some ex-
temporal God of rhime, for, I am sure, I shall turn
sonneteer. Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole
volumes in folio.

[Ex.}

* It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words.] I suppose we should read, it is not for pris-
soners to be silent in their words, that is, in captivity, in the holds.

5 The first and second cause will
not serve my turn.] See the last
act of As you like it with the
notes.
ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's Palace.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Caterine, 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. Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem, To parley with the sole inheritor Of all perfections that a man may owe, Matchless Navarre; the plea, of no less weight Than Aquitain, a dowry for a Queen. Be now as prodigal of all dear grace, As nature was in making graces dear, When she did starve the general world beside, And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean, Needs not the painted flourish of your praise; Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not utter'd by base tale of chapmen's tongues. * I am less proud to hear you tell my worth, Than you much willing to be counted wise, In spending thus your wit in praise of mine. But now, to talk the talker; 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 seems it a needful course,

* Chatman he seems to signify the feller, not, as now commonly, the buyer. Cheap or cheeping was anciently Market, Chatman therefore is Marketman. The meaning is, that the estimation of beauty depends not on his uttering or proclamation of its feller, but on the eye of the boyer.
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, signify so much, while we attend,
Like humble-vigil'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so;
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous King?

Lord. Longueville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I knew him, Madam, at a marriage-feast;
Between lord Perigord and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge solemnized.

In Normandy saw I this Longueville,
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
* Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well:
The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil,) 
Is a sharp wit, + match'd with two blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still will's
It should spare none, that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry-mocking lord, belike. Is't so?

Mar. They say so moft, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Caih. 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.

* Well fitted, is well quali-*  + Match'd with, is combined
  or joined with.
And shape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alenson's once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthines.

Rafa. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard o' truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object, that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expeditor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies: are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise!

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I've learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his Court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.
Enter the King, Longueville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair Princes, 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 becometh 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?
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know, you did.
Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question?
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.

* Sir T. Hanmer reads not sin to break it. I believe erroneously. The Princess shews an inconvenience very frequently attending rash oaths, which whether kept or broken produce guilt. 

Biron.
LOVE’s LABOUR’s LOST.

Biron. Your wit’s too hot, it speeds too fast, ’twill tire.
Ros. Not ’till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o’ day?
Ros. The hour, that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none!
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but th’ one half of an entire sum,
Disbursted 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 Aquitaine 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 demands, 6
On payment of an hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,

6 The former editions read,
——— And not demands
One payment of an hundred thousand Crowns,
To have his Title live in Aquitaine I have restored, I
believe, the genuine Sense of the Passage. Aquitain was pledg’d,
it seems, to Navarre’s father, for 200,000 Crowns. The French

King pretends to have paid one
Moietie of this Debt, (which Navarre knows nothing of,) but
demands this Moietie back again: instead whereof (says Navarre)
he should rather pay the remaining Moietie and demand to have
Aquitain re-deliver’d up to him.
This is plain and easy Reasoning
upon the Fact suppos’d; and Na-
Than Agutain so gelded as it is.
Dear princes, 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 faith fully been paid.

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

Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto:
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthinefs.
You may not come, fair Princes, in my gates;
But here, without, you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Tho' so deny'd fair harbour in my house:
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell;
To morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires comfort your Grace!

King. Thy own Welsh wish I thee, in every place.

Exit.
Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.
Ros. I pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to see it.
Biron. I would, you heard it groan,
Ros. Is the fool sick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Ros. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Ros. My physick says, ay.
Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?
Ros. Non, point, with my knife.
Biron. Now God save thy life!
Ros. And yours from long living!
Biron. I can't stay thanksgiving. [Exit.
Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: what lady is that fame?
Boyet. The heir of Alanson, Rosaline her name.
Dum. A gallant lady; Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.
Long. I beseech you, a word: what is she in white?
Boyet. 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 herself; to desire That, were a shame.
Long. Pray you, Sir, whose daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's blessing on your beard! *
Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Faulconbridge.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, Sir; that may be. [Exit Long.
Biron. What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. Catharine, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded, or no?
Boyet. To her will, Sir, or so.

* That is, may'st thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such idle catches of wit.
Biron. You are welcome, Sir: adieu!

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

[Exit Biron.

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prit. 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.

Prit. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.

The 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 lies,

By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prit. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.

Prit. Your reason?

---

7 My lips are not common though several they are. Several is an inclosed field of a private proprietor, so Maria says, her lips are private property. Of a Lord that was newly married one observed that he grew fat; yes, said Sir Walter Raleigh, any beast will grow fat, if you take him from the common and graze him in the several.
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the Court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-fight 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 crystal for some Prince to buy;
Who tendering their own worth, from whence they were gladst,
Did point out to buy them, along as you past.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
An' you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd;
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lye.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. 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?

* His tongue all impatient to speak and not see.] Perhaps we may better read, to see his tongue being impatiently desirous, only by looking.
Ref. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Park; near the Palace,

Enter Armado and Moth.

ARMADO.

WARBLE, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolin!——

Arm. Sweet Air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain; bring him feitfully hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my love.

9 Boyet. You are too hard for me.] Here, in all the Books, the 2d Act is made to end: but in my Opinion very mistakenly. I have ventur'd to vary the Regulation of the four last Acts from the printed Copies, for these Reasons. Hitherto, the 2d Act has been of the Extent of 7 Pages; the third but of 5; and the 5th of no less than 29. And this Disproportion of Length has crowded too many Incidents into some Acts, and left the others quite barren. I have now reduced them into a much better Equality; and distributed the Business likewise, (such as it is,) into a more uniform Cast.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has reason enough to propose this alteration, but he should not have made it in his book without better authority or more need. I have therefore preferred his observation, but continued the former division.

1 Enter Armado and Moth.] In the folios the direction is, enter Braggart and Moth, and at the beginning of every Speech of Armado stands Brag. both in this and the foregoing Scene between him and his boy. The other personages of this play are likewise noted by their characters as often as by their names. All this confusion has been well regulated by the later Editors.

*Here is apparently a song lost.

Moth.
Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How mean’st thou, brawling in French?

Moth. No, my compleat master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue’s end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note and sing a note; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallow’d love with singing love; sometimes through the nose, as if you sniff’d up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o’er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crost on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit 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 compliments, these are humours; these betray nice wenches that would be betray’d without these, and make the men of note: do you note men, that are most affected to these?

Arm. How hast thou purchas’d this experience?

Moth. By my pen of observation.

Arm. But O, but O——

Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot.  

---

2 Canary was the name of a spritely nimble dance. Theob.

* Dr. Warburton has here changed compliments to compliments for accomplishments, but unnecessarily.

3 The former Editors:

——the’d betray nice Wenches, that would be betray’d without these, and make them Men of Note.] But who will ever believe, that the odd Attitudes and Affectations of Lovers, by which they betray young Wenches, should have power to make those young Wenches Men of Note? His Meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young Girls, but make the Men take notice of too, who affect them.

Theobald.

4 Arm. But O, but O——

Moth. The Hobby-horse is forgot.] In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was drest up representing Maid Marian; another, like a Fryar; and another rode on a Hobby-horse, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the reformation took place, and Precept of multiplied, these latter rites
Arm. Call'st thou my love hobby-horse?
Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt,* and your love, perhaps, a hackney: but have you forgot your love?
Arm. Almost I had.
Moth. Negligent Student, learn her by heart.
Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.
Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.
Arm. What wilt thou prove?
Moth. A man, if I live: And this by, in, and out of, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.
Arm. I am all these three.
Moth. And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.
Arm. Fetch hither the swain, he must carry me a letter.
Moth. A message well sympathis'd; a horse to be ambassador 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?

rites were look'd upon to favour of paganism; and then maid Marian, the fryar, and the poor Hobby-horse, were turn'd out of the games. Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the dilute of the Hobby-horse, no doubt, satiriz'd this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculously, and cry out, But oh! but oh! —— humourously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph.

Theobald.

* Colt is a hot mad-brained unbroken young fellow, or sometimes an old fellow with youthful desires.

Moth.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

Moth. Minimè, honest master: or rather, master, no.
Arm. I say, lead is slow.
Moth. You are too swift, Sir, to say so. 5
Is that lead flow, Sir, which is sir'd from a gun?
Arm. Sweet smook 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 figh in thy face.
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

SCENE II.

Re-enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master, here's a Costard broken in a shin.
Arm. Some enigma, some riddle; come,—thy *envoy—begin.
Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no falve in the male, Sir. 7
O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no l'envoy, no l'envoy, or false, Sir, but plantan.

5 You are too swift, Sir, to say so.] How is he too swift for saying that lead is slow? I fancy we should read, as well to supply the rhyme as the sense,

You are too swift, Sir, to say so, so soon
Is that lead flow, Sir, which is sir'd from a gun?

6 By thy favour, sweet welkin] Welkin is the sky, to which Ar-
meda, with the false dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for fighting in its face.

7 No false in the male, Sir.] The old folio reads, no false in thee male, Sir, which in another folio, is no falsch, in the male, Sir. What it can mean is not easily discovered: if mail for a packet or bag was a word then in use, no false in the mail may mean no false in the mountebank's budget. Or shall we read, no egma, no riddle, no l'envoy—in the vale, Sir—O, Sir, plantain. The matter is not great, but one would wish for some meaning of other.
Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs pro-
vokes me to ridiculous smiling: O pardon me, my
flars! Dost the inconsiderate take salve for l’envoy, and
the word l’envoy for a salve?

Moth. Doth the wife think them other? is not l’envoy
a salve?

Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue or discourse, to
make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been fain.
I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and
do you follow with my l’envoy
The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There’s the moral, now the l’envoy:

Moth. I will add the l’envoy; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And staid the odds by adding four.
A good l’envoy, 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, an’ your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fat and loose.
Let me see a fat l’envoy; that’s a fat goose.

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

Moth. By saying, that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call’d you for a l’envoy.

Cost. True, and I for a plantan;
Thus came the argument in;
Then the boy’s fat l’envoy, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

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

* Costard is the name of a species of apple. Moth.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.
Cost. Thou haft no feeling of it, Moth. I will speak that Vенье.
Costard running out, that was safely within, Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.
Cost. 'Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirrah, Costard, I will infranchize thee.
Cost. O, marry me to one Francis; I smell some Vенье, some goose in this.
Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty; enfreedoming thy person; thou wart immured, restrained, captivated, bound.
Cost. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.
Arm. I give thee thy liberty, let thee from duration, and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this; bear this significant to the country-maid Jaquenetta; there is remuneration; [Giving him something.] for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow.—

Moth. Like the sequel, I. 8 Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh, my in-cony Jew! 9 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 ince? a penny: No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a

8 Like the sequel, I.] Sequel, in French, signifies a great man's train. The joke is that a single page was all his train.

9 My in-cony Jew!] Incony or kony in the merio signifies, fine, delicate—as a kony thing, a fine thing. It is plain therefore, we should read, my in-cony Jewel.

WARBURTON.
fairer name than a French crown. I will never buy and fell out of this word.

**SCENE III.**

*Enter Biron.*

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

**Cost.** Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

**Biron.** What is a remuneration?

**Cost.** Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

**Biron.** O why then three farthings worth ofפילk.

**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 Prince 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,

---

1 No, I'll give you a remuneration: Why? It carries its remuneration. Why? It is a fairer name than a French crown.] Thus this passage has hitherto been writ, and pointed, without any regard to common sense, or meaning. The reform, that I have made, slight as it is, makes it both intelligible and humorous. Theobald.

Vol. II. | L | And
And Rosaline they call her; ask for her,
And to her sweet hand see thou do commend
This seal’d-up counsel. There’s thy guerdon; go.

[He gives him a shilling.

Czw. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than
remuneration, eleven pence farthing better: most sweet
guerdon! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, remu-
neration.— [Exit.

Biron. O! and I, forlooth, in love!
I, that have been love’s whip;
A very beadle to a humourous sigh:
A critic; 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 Junio’s giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.

Regan

2 This Signior Junio’s giant-dwarf; Dan Cupid.] It was
some time ago ingeniously hinted
to me, (and I readily came in-
to the Opinion;) that as there
was a Contrast of Terms in giant-
dwarf; so, probably, there should
be in the Word immediately pre-
ceding them; and therefore that
we should restore,

This Senior-junior, giant-dwarf;
Dan Cupid.

i. e. this old, young Man. And
there is, indeed, afterwards in
this play, a Description of Cupid,
which forth very aptly with such
an Emendation.

That was the way to make his
Godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand
years a Boy.

The Conjecture is exquisitely
well imagined, and ought by all
means to be embraced, unless
there is reason to think, that, in
the former Reading, there is an
Allusion to some Tale, or Char-
acter in an old Play. I have
not, on this Account, ventured
to disturb the Text, because
there seems to me some reason
to suppose, that our Author is here
alluding to Beaumont and Flew-
er’s Bionica. In that Tragedy
there is the Character of one
Junius, a Roman Captain, who
falls in Love to Distraction with
one of Bionica’s Daughters; and
becomes an arrant whining slave
to this Passion. He is afterwards
cured of his Infirmitie, and is an
absolute a Tyrant against the Sen-
Now, with regard to these two
Extremes, Cupid might very prob-
ably be styled Junius’s giant-
dwarf: a Giant in his Eye, while
the Dotage was upon him; but
shrunk into a Dwarf, so soon as
he had got the better of it.

Theorid.

Mr. Upton has made a very in-
genious.
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed Sovereign of sighs and groans:
Leige of all loiterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of plackets, King of codpieces:
Sole Imperator, and great General
Of trotting * paritors: (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his File, 3
And wear his colours! like a tumbler's hoop!
What? what? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A Woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may still go right:
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all:
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,
Tho' Argus were her eunuch and her guard;

genious conjecture on this passage. He reads, This Signior Julio's Giant-dwarf. Shakespeare, says he, intended to compliment Julio Romano, who drew Cupid in the character of a Giant-dwarf. Dr. Warburton thinks, that by Juno is meant youth in general.
* An apparitor, or paritor, is the officer of the bishop's court who carries out citations; as citations are most frequently illused for fornication, the paritor is put under Cupid's government.

3 In former Editions,
And I to be a Corporal of his Field,
And wear his Colours like a Tumbler's hoop!
A Corporal of a Field is quite a new Term: neither did the Tumblers ever adorn their Hoops with Ribbands, that I can learn: for

Those were not carried in Parade about with them, as the Fencer carries his Sword: Nor, if they were, is the Similitude at all pertinent to the Cafe in hand. I read, like a tumbler's hoop. To sleep like a Tumbler agrees not only with that Profession, and the servile Condescenions of a Lover, but with what follows in the Context. The wife's transcribers, when once the Tumbler appear'd, thought his Hoop must not be far behind.

Warburton.
The conceit seems to be very forced and remote, however it be understood. The notion is not that the hoop adorns colours, but that the colours are worn as a tumbler carries his hoop, hanging on one shoulder and falling under the opposite arm.

And
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! go to!—It is a plague,
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty, dreadful, little, Might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavillon in the Park near the Palace.

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

PRINCESS.

Was that the King, that spur'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyer. 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 murderer in?

For. Here by, 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, madam: for I meant not so.

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

O short-liv'd pride! not fair? alack, for wo!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

* To this line Mr. Theobald extended his second act, not injudiciously, but, as was before ob-
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST. 149

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here—good my glass—take this for telling true;

[Giving him money.
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 fav'd by merit.

O here! 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 detected crimes;

When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart.

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-love-reignty

Only for praise-fake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

4 Here—good my glass—]. To understand how the princes has her glases so ready at hand in a casual conversation, it must be remembered that in those days it was the fashon among the French ladies to wear a looking glas, as Mr. Bayle coarsely represents it, in their bellies; that is, to have a small mirror set in gold hanging at the girdle, by which they occasionally viewed their faces, or adjusted their hair.

5 When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part.

We bend to that the working of the heart.] The harmony of the measure, the earnestness of the expression, and the good sense in the thought, all concur to recommend these two lines to the reader's notice. WARE.

6—that my heart means no ill.] We should read, this my heart— WARD.

That my heart means no ill, is the same with to whom my heart means no ill: the common phrase suppresses the particle, as I mean him [not to him] no harm.

Enter
Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady, that subdues her lord.

Enter Costard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common
wealth. 7

Cost. Good dig-you-den all; pray you, which is the
head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that
have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest? It is so, truth is
truth.

An' your waste, mistress, were as slender as my wit, 8
One of 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?

7 A member of the commonwealth.] Here, I believe, is a kind
of jest intended; a member of the commonwealth is put for one
of the common people, one of
the meanest.

8 An' your waste, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids girdles for
your waste should be fit.] And was not one of her maid's
girdles fit for her? It is plain that
my and your have all the way
changed places, by some accident or other; and that the lines
should be read thus,

An' my waste, mistress, was
as slender as your wit,
One of these maids girdles for
my waste should be fit.

The lines are humorous enough,
both as reflecting on his own
great shape, and her slender wit.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture is ingenious
enough, but not well considered.
It is plain that the Ladies girdles
would not fit the princes. For
when he has referred the clown
to the thickest and the tallest, he
turns immediately to her with the
blunt apology, truth is truth;
and again tells her, you are the
thickest here. If any alteration
is to be made, I should propose,

An' your waist, mistress, were
as slender as your wit.

This would point the reply; but
perhaps he mentions the slender-
ness of his own wit to excuse his
bluntness.

Cost.
Cof. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer.—__Boyet, you can carve; Break up this capon._

B*oyet. I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here; It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax,^ and every one give ear.

B*oyet 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 itself, have commiseration on thy hercical vassal. The magnanimous and most illustrious King Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and be 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; be came, one; saw, two; overcame, three.' Who came? the King. Why did be

---

9 Boyet, you can carve: Break up this Capon.] i.e. open this Letter.

Our Poet uses this Metaphor, as the French do their Poulet; which signifies both a young Fowl, and a Love-letter. Poulet, anatoria Literæ, says Richet: and quotes from Voiture, Recevoir au plus obligeant Poulet du Monde; 'To reply to the most obliging Letter in the World. The Italians use the same manner of Expression, when they call a Love-Epistle, una Pollaritta amo-

^ I owed the Hint of this equivocal use of the Word to my ingenious friend Mr. Bijby. The.

Still alluding to the capon.

2 King Cophetua.] This story is again alluded to in Henry IV.

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof. But of this King and Beggar the story then, doubtless, well known, is, I am afraid, lost. Zenelophon not the appearance of a female name, but since I know not the true name, it is idle to guess.
come? to see. Why did be see? to overcome. To whom
came be? to the beggar. What saw be? the beggar,
Whom overcame be? the beggar. The conclusion is vic-
tory; on whose side? the King's; the captive is en-
rich'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 wittest the thy
lowness. 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
titles? titles: for thy self? me. Thus expecting thy
reply, I prophan 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 ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

3 Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
   And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou strive (poor soul) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited
this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear
better?

Beyl. I am much deceived, but I remember the
stile.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere
while. +

3 Thus dost thou hear, &c. ] These six lines appear to be a
quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time.

WARBURTON.

4 — ere while.] Just now; a little while ago. So Raleigh,
Here lies Hobbinol ear foepted, while e'er.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST. 153

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in Court,
A phantasm, a monarch, and one that makes sport
To the Prince, and his book-mates.
Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?
Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord to which lady?
Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.
Prin. Thou hast mistaken this letter. Come, lords; away.
Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.
[Exit Princess attended.

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?
Rof. Shall I teach you to know?
Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Rof. 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.

Rof. Well then, I am the shooter.
Boyet. And who is your Deer?
Rof. 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?
Rof. 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?

5 — a monarch.] Sir T. Perhaps the Princess said rather
Hammer reads, a mammuccio.
6 — Come, lords, away.] The rest of
the scene deserves no care.

Boyet.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

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.

Rof. Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it. [Singing.
Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An' I cannot, cannot, cannot;
An' I cannot, another can. [Exit Rof.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant; how both did fit it.

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

Boyet. A mark? O, mark but that mark! a mark, says my lady;
Let the mark have a prick in't; to meet at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' th' bow-hand; 'tis faith, your hand is out.

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

Boyet. An' 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. [Exeunt all but Costard.

Cost. By my foul, a swain; a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests, most incoy vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenity; 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
And his Page o’ t’other side, that handful of Wit;  
Ah, heav’n’s! it is a most pathetical Nit.

[Exit Costard.  
[Shouting within.

SCENE II.

7 Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Sir Nathaniel.

Natb. Very reverend sprott, 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 hangeth like a jewel in

7 Enter— Holofernes.] There is very little personal reflexion in Shakespeare. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our author, has so effectt,  
that his satire is, for the moit part, general, and as himself says,  
—his taxing like a wild game flies,  
Unclaim’d of any man.—  
The place before us seems to be an exension. For by Holofernes is design’d a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author’s time, one John Florio,  
a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small dictionary of that language under the title of A world of words, which in his Epistle Dedicatory he tells us, is of little yf value than Stephens’s treasure of the Greek tongue, the most compleat work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls those who had criticized his works Sea-dogs or Land-critics; Nostrlers of men, if not beasts rather than men; whose teeth are canibals, their tongues ad-sers fork, their lips after poison, their eyes basilisk, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like wordes of Turks that strive which shall dive deepest into a Christian lying bound before them. Well therefore might the mild Nathaniel desire Holofernes to abrogate his ferility. His profession too is the reason that Holofernes deals so much in Italian sentences. There is an edition of Love’s Labour’s lost, printed 1598, and said to be presented before her Highness this last Christmas 1597. The next year 1598, comes out our John Florio with his World of Words, recentibus editis; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the stage. There is another sort of leering cats, that rather narle than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who lightig on a good foment of a gentle-man’s, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a pet than to be countex, called the author a Rymer.  
—Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plays, and sooner: their mouths on Socrates; those very mouths they make to tell he shall be the means to amplify his virtue, &c. Here Shakespeare is so plain-
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

the ear of Calv, 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 epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, Sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, baud credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a baud credo, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation; yet a kind of infinuation, as it were in via, in way of explication;

ly marked out as not to be mistaken. As to the sonnet of The Gentleman his friend, we may be assured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very sonnet beginning with The praisefull Princesse, &c. in which our author makes Holofernes say, He will something affect the letter; for it argues facility. And how much John Florio thought this affiuation argued facility, or quickness of wit, we see in this preface where he falls upon his enemy, H. S. His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unless it be as H. S. is twice as much and a half, as half an A S. With a great deal more to the same purpose; concluding his preface in these words, The residue John Florio. From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that Shakespeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his Pedant of Trubal Holoferne.

WARBURTON.

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the satire of Shakespeare is so seldom personal. It is of the nature of personal invectives to be soon unintelligible; and the author that gratifies private malice, animan in volvere pentit, destroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and sacrifices the esteem of succeeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the sarcasms which, perhaps, in the author's time set the playhouse in a roar, are now lost among general reflections. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithstanding the plausibility of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre-conceptions. Before I read this note I considered the character of Holofernes as borrowed from the Rhombus of Sir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of pastoral entertainment exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, has introduced a schoolmaster so called, speaking a leaf of languages at once, and puzzling himself and his auditors with a jargon like that of Holofernes in the present play. Sidney himself might bring the character from Italy; for as Peacham observes, the Schoolmaster has long been one of the ridiculous personages in the farces of that country.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST. 157

facere, as it were, replication; or rather, offentare, to shew, as it were, his inclination; after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or rather unconfirmed fashion, to infert again my baud credo for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a baud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, bis colius; O thou mon-

fer ignorance, how deformed dost thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not replenished. He is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

Which we taste and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us, more than He.

— and such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be; which we taste, and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us more than be.] The Words have been ridiculously, 

cand stupidily, transpos'd and corrupted. I read, we thankful should be for those parts (which we taste and feel ingradare) that do fructify, &c. The emendation I have offer'd, I hope, restores the author: At least, it gives him sense and grammar: and answers extremly well to his metaphor taken from planting. Ingradare, with the Italian, signifies, to rise higher and higher; andare di gradai in grado, to make a progression; and so at length come to fructify, as the poet expresseth it. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads thus,

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

For those parts which we taste and feel do fructify in us more than be.

And Mr. Edwards, in his animad-

versions on Dr. Warburton's notes, applauds the emendation. I think both the editors mistaken, except that Sir T. Hamner found the metre though he miffed the sense. I read, with a slight change,

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be;

When we taste and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us more than be.

That is, such bare plants are exhibited in the creation, to make us thankful when we have more taste and feeling than be, of those parts or qualities which produce fruit in us, and preserve us from being likewise barren plants. Such is the sense, just in itself and pious, but a little clouded by the diction of Sir Nathaniel.

For
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscrct, 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 Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dtişynna, good-man Dull; Ditşynna, good-man Dull.

Dull. What is Ditşynna?

Natb. A title to Phæbe, to Luna, to the Moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more:
And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.

Th' allusion holds in the exchange. 9

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the Prince of kild.'

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 Prince of kild.' a pricket.

Natb. Perge, good master Holofernes, perge; for it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

* The meaning is, to be in a change.] i.e. the riddle is as good
school would as ill become a when I use the name of Adam,
patch, or low fellow, as folly would become me.

9 Th' allusion holds in the ex-
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Hol. I will somethings affet the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiseful Princess pierc'd and prick't
A pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say, a sore; but not a sore,
*Till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put L to sore,
Then sorel jumpt from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel,
The people fall a shooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore
Makes fifty sore's, o' sorel!
Of one sore I an hundred make,
By adding but one more L.

Natb. 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.

Natb. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parisoners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mobercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I

1 Makes fifty sore's, o' sorel!] We should read, of sorel, aluding to L being the numeral for 50. Concerning the beasts of chase, whereof the Buck, being the first, is called as followeth; the first year a Fawn; the second year a Pricket; the third year, a Sorel; the fourth year a Sore; the fifth year, a buck of the first head, &c. Manhood of the Laws of the Forest, p. 44. Warb. will
will put it to them. But vir sapit, qui paucas loquitur; a soul feminine saluteth us.

SCENE III.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.
Hol. Master Parson, quast Person. And if one should be pierc’d, which is the one?
Cost. Marry, master school-master, he that is likest to a hog’s head.
Hol. Of piercing a hog’s head. A good Lufter of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: ’Tis pretty, it is well.
Jaq. Good master 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.
Hol. *Fauste, precor, gelida quando pescus omne sub umbrâ.*

*Nath. Fauste, precor, gelida] Though all the Editions concur to give this Speech to Sir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeniously observed to me, it is evident, it must belong to Holinshed. The Curate is employ’d in reading the Letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the Stage may not stand still, Holinshed either pulls out a Book, or, repeating some Verse by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the Character of that Poet. Escitia Spagnula, (or named Mantuanus, from the Place of his Birth,) was a Writer of Poems, who flourish’d towards the latter End of the 15th Century. THEOBALD.

Fauste, precor gelida, &c.] A note of La Monnoye’s on these very words in Les Contes des Pierres, Nu. 42. will explain the humour of the quotation, and shew how well Shakespeare has sustained the character of his pendant.—Il designe le Carme Entêté Mantuan, dont au commencement du 16e siècle on lise par les Poètes pour eux mêmes alors, que, comme dit plaisamment Farnabe, dans sa préface sur Martial, les Pedans ne saissent nulle difficulté de préférer à l’Arme virumque cano, le Fausté precor gelida, c’est-à-dire, à l’Enéide de Virgile les Eclogues de Mantuan, la première de quelles commences par Fauste precor gelida.  

WARBURTON.
Ruminat, and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan, I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice; Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia. Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not:—ut se fol la mi fa. 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;
Tho' to my self forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Thos thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that Soul, that sees thee without wonder:
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.

Thy eye love's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder;
Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire.

In old Editions: Venice, Venice, who has never seen thee, has thee not in esteem. Theobald. The proverb, as I am informed, is this; He that fees Venice little, values it much; he that fees it much, values it little. But I suppose Mr. Theobald is right, for the true proverb would not serve the speaker's purpose.
Celestial as thou art, Oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings the heaven's praise with such an earthly
tongue.

Hol. You find not the Apostrophes, and so miss the
accent. Let me supervise the canzonet. Here are
only numbers ratify'd; but for the elegancy, facility,
and golden cadence of poesie, caret: Ovidius Naso
was the man. And why, indeed, Nasso; but for
smelling out the odorous flowers of fancy? the
jerks of invention? imitari, is nothing: so doth the
hound

4 Nath. Here are only Numbers
ratified: Tho' this Speech has
been all along pla'ed to Sir Na-
thaniel, I have ventur'd to join
it to the preceding Words of
Holofernes; and not without Rea-
son. The Speaker here is im-
peaching the Verfes; but Sir
Nathaniel, as it appears above,
thought them learned ones: be-
sides, as Dr. Thirlby observes,
amost every Word of this Speech
fathers itself on the Pedant. So
much for the Regulation of it:
now, a little, to the Contents.

And why, indeed, Nasso, but for
smelling out the odorous Flowers
of Fancy? the Jerks of Invention
imitary is no hing.

Sagacity with a Vengeance!
I should be abash'd to own my-
self a Piece of a Scholar, to pre-
tend to the Talk of an Editor, and
to pass such Stuff as this upon the
World for genuine. Who ever
heard of Invention imitary? In-
vention and Imitation have ever
been accounted two distinct
Things. The Speech is by a
Pedant; who frequently throws
in a Word of Latin amongst his
English; and he is here flouris-
ing upon the Merit of Invention,
beyond That of Imitation, or
copying after another. My Cor-
rection makes the whole so plain
and intelligible, that, I think,
it carries Conviction along with
it.

Theobald.

5 Ovidius Nasso was the man.
Our author makes his pedant af-
fect the being conversant in the
best authors: Contrary to the
practice of modern wits, who
reprefent them as despifers of all
such. But those who know the
world, know the pedant to be
the greatest affecter of politenes.

Warburton.

6 so doth the hound his master,
the ape his keeper, the tired
horse his rider. The pedant
here, to run down Imitation,
shews that it is a quality within
the capacity of beasts: that the
dog and the ape are taught to
co-
py tricks by their master and
keeper; and so is the sir'd horse
by his rider. This laft is a won-
derful instance; but it happens
not to be true. The author must
have wrote—the tried horse
his rider: i.e. one, exercit;
and broke to the manage: for he
obeys
hound his master, the ape his keeper, the try'd horse his rider: But Damasella Virgin, was this directly to you?

Jac. Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur Biron, to one of the strange Queen's Ladies.

Hol. I will overglance the superfluous. 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.

This Biron is one of the notaries 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 compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jac. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[Exeunt Cost. and Jac.

Natb. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and as a certain father faith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours.7 But, to return to the verses; did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Natb. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to day at the father's of a certain

obeys every sign, and motion of the rein, or of his rider. So in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, the word is used in the sense of trained, exercised; and how he cannot be a f e r m e n t.

Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world.

Warburton. 7 Colourable colours.] That is, specious, or farseeming appearances.
pupil of mine; where if (being repaft) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where will I prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (faith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; [To Dull.] you shall not say me, nay: Pauca verba. Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Biron, with a paper in his hand, alone.

Biron. The King is hunting the deer, I am courting my self. They have pitch't a toil, I am toiling in a pitch;* pitch, that defiles; defile! a soul 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; 'tis 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 melancholy; and here is part of my rhime; and here my melancholy. Well, the 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.

* Alluding to lady Rosaline's whole play, represented as a complexion, who is, through the black beauty.
Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. [aside.] Shot, by heav’n! proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, secrets.

King. [reads.] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows;

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;

Thou shin’st in every tear that I do weep;

No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,

So ridest thou triumphing in my woe,

Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will shew;

But do not love thy self, then thou wilt keep

My tears for glassies, and still make me weep.

O Queen of Queens, how far dost thou excel!

No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I’ll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[The King steps aside.

Enter Longueville.

What! Longueville! and reading!—Liften, ear.

Biron. [aside.] Now in thy likeness one more fool

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

[appears.

Biron. [aside.] Why, he comes in like a Perjurer,

wearing papers.

8 The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows.] I cannot think the night of dew the true reading, but know not what to offer.

9 He comes in like a perjurer.] The punishment of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.
Kinz. [aside.] In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame.

Biron. [aside.] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. [aside.] Am I the first, that have been perjur’d so?

Biron. [aside.] I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know;

Thou mak’st the triumvirry, the three-corner-cap of society,

The shape of love’s Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:

O sweet Maria, Empress of my love,

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [aside.] O, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid’s hooe:

Disfigure not his flop.

Long. The fame shall go. [he reads the sonnet,

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye

(‘Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)

Persuade 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 heavenly love:

Thy grace being gain’d, cures all disfigure in me.

Ob, Rhimes are Guards on
Cupid’s hooe;  
Disfigure not his Shop.] All the Editions happen to concur in this Error; but what Agreement in Sense is there between Cupid’s Hooe and his Shop? Or, what Relation can those two Terms have to one another? Or, what, indeed, can be understood by Cupid’s Shop? It must undoubtedly be corrected, as I have re-

form’d the Text. Slop: are large and wide-kneed Breeches, the Garb in Fashion in our Author’s Days, as we may observe from old Family Pictures; but they are now worn only by Boors and Sea-faring Men: and we have Dealers whose sole Business it is to furnish the Sailors with Shirts, Jackets, &c. who are call’d, Slop-men; and their Shops, Slop-shops.

Theobald.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, which on my earth doth shine,
Exhal it this vapour-vow; in thee it is;
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a Paradise?

Biron. [aside.] This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend us, we are much out o' th' way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this? — company? stay.—
Biron. [aside.] All hid, all hid, an old infant play;
Like a demy-god, here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully 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 profane coxcomb! [aside.
Dum. By heav'n, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.
[aside.

2 The liver vein.] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love.
3 Old Edition: By Earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.
Dumain, one of the Lovers in spite of his Vow to the contrary, thinking himself alone here, breaks out into short Soliloquies of admiration on his Mipres; and Biron, who stands behind as an Eves-dropper, takes Pleasure in contradicting his amorous Raptures. But Dumain was a young Lord: He had no Sort of Post in the Army: What Wit, or Allusion, then, can there be in Biron's calling him Corporal? I dare warrant, I have refors'd the Poet's true Meaning, which is this. Dumain calls his Mipres divine, and the Wonder of a mortal Eye; and Biron in flat Terms denies these hyperbolical Praifes. I scarce need hint, that our Poet commonly uses corporal as corporal. Theobald.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

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 I 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. [aside.
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode, that I have writ,
Biron. Once more I'll mark, how love can vary wit. [aside.

Dumain reads his sonnet,

On a day, (alack, the day!) Love, whose mouth is ever May, Spy'd a blossom passing fair, Playing in the wanton air: Through the velvet leaves the wind, All unseen, 'gan passage find; That the lover, sick to death, Wist'd himself the heaven's breath. Air, (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow Air, would I might triumph so! 4 But, alack, my hand is sworn, Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

4 Air, would I might triumph so.] Perhaps we may better read, Ah! would I might triumph so.
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 fend, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain;
O, would the King, Biron and Longueville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example Ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'd society. [coming forward.
You may look pale; but I should blush, I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, Sir, you blush; as his, your case is such; [coming forward.
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love Maria? Longueville
Did never sonnet for her fake compile;
Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart:
I have been closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.
You would for Paradise break faith and troth;

[To Long.

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[To Dumain.

---my true love's fasting
There is no need of any alteration; fasting is longing, hungry, wanting.
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? 6
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 hypocrisy.
Ah, good my Liege, I pray thee, pardon me.

[coming forward.

Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches: In your tears,
There is no certain Princeps that appears?
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush; none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not ashamed? 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 Knot! 7
To see great Hercules whipping a gigg,
And profound Solomon tuning a gigg!
And *Nebor* play at push-pin with the boys,
And Cynic *Timon* laugh at idle toys! 8
Where yles thy grief? O tell me, good *Dumain*;
And gentle *Longueville*, where yles thy pain?
And where my Liege's? all about the breast?

---

6 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it? We should certainly read, great, i.e. jeer, ridicule. *Warburton.*

To be is to exist, to skip for joy. It must stand.

7 To see a King transformed to a Knot? *Ann* has no sense that can suit this place. We may read jot. The rhymes in this play are such as that jot and jot may be well enough admitted.

8---Critick *Timon*---ought evidently to be Cynic. *Warburton.*
A candle, hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy jeft.

Are we betray’d thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray’d by you.

I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in.

I am betray’d by keeping company
With men-like men, of strange inconstancy.

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?

Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute’s time

In pruning me? when shall you hear, that I

Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waste,

A leg, a limb?

King. Soft, whither away so fast?

A true man or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go:

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the King!

King. What Present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain Treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it make nothing neither,

The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read,

Our Parson misdoubts it: it was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [He reads the letter.

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

With men like men,—] inconstancy. Warburton.

This is a strange senseless line, and should be read thus,

This is well imagined, but perhaps the poet may mean with

With vane like men, of strange men like common men.

King.
King. How now, what is in you? why dost thou
      tear it?
Biron. A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs
     not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore
     let's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were
      born to do me shame.       [To Coftard.
Guilty, my lord, guilty: I confes, I confes.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make
     up the mses.
He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this Audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four:
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, Sirs, away.
Coft. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors
     stay.       [Exeunt Coftard and Jaquenetta.
Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace:
     As true we are, as flesh and blood can be.
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven will shew his face:
     Young blood doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot crofs the cause why we were born:
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.
King. What, did these rent lines 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 vaffal head, and, ftrucken blind,
     Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven 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 itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues;

Fy, painted rhetorick! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs:
She passes praise; the praise, too short, doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy;

O, 'tis the fun, that maketh all things shine.

King. By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony,
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

1 She an attending star.] Something like this is a stanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the infection.

—To stars, the train of night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light:
Ye common people of the skies,

What are ye when the sun shall rise?

2 Is Ebony like her? O Word divine!] This is the Reading of all the Editions that I have seen: but both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur'd in reading, (as I had likewise conjectur'd,) O Wood divine!

THEOBALD.
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 frowl 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 deck’d,
It mourns, that Painting and usurping Hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect:
And therefore is she born to make black fair.

3 In former editions; The School of Night. Black, being the School of Night, is a Piece of Mystery above my Comprehension. I had guess’d, it should be, the Stole of Night: but I have prefer’d the Conjecture of my Friend Mr. Warburton, who reads the frowl of night, as it comes nearer in Pronunciation to the corrupted Reading, as well as agrees better with the other Images. Theobald.

4 And beauty’s crest becomes the heavens well: This is a contention between two lovers about the preference of a black or white beauty. But, in this reading, he who is contending for the white, takes for granted the thing in dispute; by saying, that white is the crest of beauty. His adversary had just as much reason to call black so. The question debated between them being which was the crest of beauty, black or white. Shakespeare could never write so absurdly: Nor has the Oxford Editor at all mended the matter by substituting drefs for crest. We should read,

And beauty’s crete becomes the heavens well, i.e. beauty’s white from creta.
In this reading the third line is a proper antithesis to the first. I suppose the blunder of the transcriber arose from hence, the French word creste in that pronunciation and orthography is crete, which he understanding, and knowing nothing of the other significations of crete from creta, critically altered it to the English way of spelling, creste.

Warburton.

This emendation cannot be received till its author can prove that crete is an English word. Besides, crest is here properly opposed to Baige. Black, says the King, is the badge of hell, but that which graces the heaven is the crest of beauty. Black darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: white adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST. 175

Her Favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself 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 wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did: for, Sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to day:

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

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

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face see.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she 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.

5 Some tricks, some quillets, is the peculiar word applied to how to cheat the devil.] Quillet law-chicane. I imagine the origi-
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need.
Have at you then, Affection's Men at arms; 6
Consider, what you first did swear unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly flate 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 women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the book, the academies,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire:
Why, universal plodding prions up
The nimble spirits in the arteries; 7
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 causer of your vow.
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye; 8

Learn.

6 Affection's men at arms.] A man at arms, is a soldier armed at all points both offensively and defensively. It is no more than, The soldiers of affection.

* This and the two following lines are omitted, I suppose, by mere over-fight, in Dr. Warburton's edition.

7 The nimble spirits in the arteries; In the old system of phisic they gave the same office to the arteries as is now given to the nerves; as appears from the name which is derived from ἀρτες τρέπων. Warburton.

8 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?] This line is absolute nonsensical. We should read,
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself; And where we are, our Learning likewise is. Then, when ourselves 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 practitioners, 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!

read DUTY, i.e. ethics, or the offices and doveries that belong to man. A woman's eye, says he, teaches observance above all other things. Warburton. This emendation is not so ill conceived as explained, but perhaps we might read, Reacheth such beauty.

9 In leaden contemplation have found out Such fiery numbers, ——] Alluding to the discoveries in modern astronomy; at that time greatly improving, in which the ladies eyes are compared, as usual, to stars. He calls them numbers, alluding to the Pythagorean principles of astronomy, which were founded on the laws of harmony. The Oxford Editor, who was at a loss for the conceit, changes numbers to notions, and so loseth both the sense and the gallantry of the allusion. He has better luck in the following line, and has rightly changed beauty's to beauteous. Warburton.

Numbers are in this passage nothing more than poetical measures. Could you, says Biron, by solitary contemplation, have attained such poetical fire, such spritely numbers, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty. The Astronomer, by looking too much aloft, falls into a ditch.
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
When the suspicious head of theft is stop't.

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 Sphinx; as sweet and musical

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:  
And when Love speaks the voice of all the Gods,  

Mark,

1 — the suspicious head of theft is stop't] i.e. a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey. But Mr. Theobald says, there is no contrast between a lover and a thief: and therefore alters it to theirs, between which and love, he says, there is a remarkable antithesis. What he means by contrast and antithesis, I confess I don't understand. But 'tis no matter: the common reading is theirs; and that is better than either one or the other. WARB.

2 For Valour is not Love a Hercules,  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?] The Poet is here observing how all the senses are refined by Love. But what has the poor Sense of Smelling done, not to keep its Place among its Brethren? Then Hercules' labour was not in climbing the trees, but in attacking the Dragon gardanct. I rather think that for valour, we should read f. aor, and the Poet meant that Hercules was allured by the Oour and Fragrance of the golden Apples. THEOBALD.

3 A bright Apollo's lute, strung  
with his hair:] This expression, like that other in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, of—  
Orpheus' harp was strung with poets' finesse, is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the Sun, is represented with golden hair; so that a lute strung with his hair means no more than strung with gilded wire. WARBURTON.

4 And when Love speaks the voice of all the Gods:  
Make, heav'n drowse with the harmony!  
This nonsense we should read and point thus,  
And when love speaks the voice of all the Gods:  
Mark, heav'n drowse with the harmony.

i.e. in the voice of love alone is included the voice of all the Gods. Alluding to the ancient Theogony, that love was the parent and support of all the Gods. Hence, as Suidas tells us, Palephatus wrote a poem called, Ἀφροδίτης ἄρθρον ἑμπορίαν ἀνάγει. The voice and speech of Venus and Love, which appears to have been a kind of Cosmogony, the harmony of which
Mark, Heaven drowsy 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 academies,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.

Then fools you were, these women to forswear:
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.

For wisdom's fake, a word, that all men love;
Or for love's fake, a word, that loves all men;
Or for men's fake, the author of these women;
Or women's fake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves;
Or else we lose ourselves, to keep our Oaths.

It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself 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;

Is so great that it calms and allays
all kinds of disorders; alluding
again to the ancient use of mu-
sic, which was to compose mo-
archs, when, by reason of the
cares of empire, they used to
pass whole nights in restless in-
quietude.

The ancient reading is, make
heaven.

---a word, that loves
all men;] We should read,
A word all women love,
the following line
Or for men's fake (the author
of these women);

which refers to this reading, puts
it out of all question.

Perhaps we might read thus,
transposing the lines,

Or for love's fake, a word that
loves all men;
For women's fake, by whom we
men are men;
Or for men's fake, the authors
of these women.

The antithesis of a word that all
men love, and a word which loves
all men, though in itself worth
little, has much of the spirit of
this play.

N 2

Pell-
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.
Pell-mell, down with them; but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the fun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing—lay these glozes by—
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

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

Biron. First, from the Park let us conduct them
thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress; in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape:
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

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

Biron. Allons! Allons! Town Cockle reap'd no
corn; 6
And justice always whirls in equal measure;
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.* [Exeunt.

6—Town cockle reap'd no corn.] This proverbial expression inti-
mates, that beginning with per-
jury, they can expect to reap no-
ting but falsehood. The fol-

* Here Mr. Theobald ends the
third act.
SATIS QUOD SUFFICIT.

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir, your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasent without feurillity, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam-day with a companion of the King’s, who is entitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano d’Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem, tanquam te. His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrafonical. He is too piqued, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it,

7 Your reasons at dinner have been, &c.] I know not well what degree of respect Shakespeare intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finishted representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to this character of the schoolmaster’s table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Caéfisaulone will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely diasted, and so nicely limited.

It may be proper just to note, that reason here, and in many other places, signifies discourse, and that audacious is used in a good sense for spirited, animated, confident. Opinion is the same with obstinacy or opiniatrete.

8 He is too piqued.] To have the beard piqued or shorn so as to end in a point, was in our Author’s time a mark of a traveller affecting foreign fashions: so says the Baffard in K. John.

— I catechize

My piqued man of countries.
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 phantastical phantasticks, such insidious and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak doute fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour vocatur nebour; neighe abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which we would call abominable: it insinuateth me of

9 this is abominable, &c.] He has here well imitated the language of the most redoubtable pedants of that time. On such sort of occasions, Trefph Scaliger used to break out, Abominem, exercer. Aefchus mast es, insue, &c. and calls his adversary Latim fierisse necerratam, Daemoniacum retrinuentum infelice, Sterculiuminum, Stercus Diabol, Scurabaus, Vurcaus, Pucus saltem tefilarum, infame frapiönum, uizique.

W. A. B.

1 In former Editions: It insinuateth me of infamy: Ne intelligis, Domine, to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

Hol. Bone, boon for boon Preiscian; a little Scratch, 'twill serve.] This Play is certainly none of the best in itself, but the Editors have been so very happy in making it worse by their Indolence, that they have left me Augers's Stable to cleanse: and a Man had need to have the Strength of a Hercules to heave out all their Rubbish. But to Business; Why should infamy be explained by making frantick, lunatick? It is plain and obvious that the Poet intended, the Pedant should coin an uncouth affected Word here, inane, from inanitas of the Latines. Then, what a Piece of unintelligible Jargon have these learned Critics given us for Latin? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have restored the Passage to its true Purity.

Nath. Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.

The Curate, addressing with Complaisance his brother Pedant, says, bone, to him, as we frequently in Terence find bone Vir; but the Pedant thinking, he had mistaken the Adverb, thus defants on it.

Bone?—bone for bene. Priscian a little scratched: 'twill serve. Alluding to the common Phrase, Diminuis Prisciani caput, applied to such as speake false Latin.

Theobald.

It insinuateth me of infamy: There is no need to make the
of Infinity: (Ne intelligis, Domine.) to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath. Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.
Hol. Bone? — bone, for bene; Priscian a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

SCENE II.

Enter Armado, Moth and Costard.

Nath. Videistine quis venit?
Hol. Video, & gaudeo.
Arm. Chirrah.
Hol. Quare Chirrah, not Sirrah?
Arm. Men of Peace, well encountred.
Hol. Most military Sir, salutation.
Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stole the scraps. [To Costard aside.
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 bono-rificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.
Moth. Peace, the peal begins.
Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?
Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book: What is A B spelt backward with a 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?

the pedant worse than Shakespeare made him; who, without doubt, wrote insanity. 

Warburton.

There seems yet something wanting to the integrity of this passage, which Mr. Theobald has in the most corrupt and difficult places very happily restored. For ne intelligis Domine, to make frantick, lunatick, I read (nonne intelligis, Domine?) to be mad, frantick, lunatick.

N 4 Moth.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, I. —

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it, o, u.

Arm. Now by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, 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 disprovest like an infant; go, whip thy gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy; circum circà; a gigg of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An' 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 pigeon-egg of discretion. O, that the heav'n's were so pleased, that thou wert but my baftard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me? go to, thou hast it ad dunghill; at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. Oh, I smell false Latin, dunghill for unguem.

Arm. Arts-man, præambula; we will be finged...
from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the
charge-houfe 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 Princes at her Pavilion,
in the posterior 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
affire you, Sir, I do affire.
Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my fa-
miliar; I do affire ye, my very good friend;—for what
is inward between us, let it pass—I do beseech thee,
remember thy courtly—I beseech thee, apparel thy
head,—and among other importunate and most se-
rious 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 moustachio; but sweet heart,
let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable;
some certain special honours it pleaseth his Greatness to
impait to Armada, 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 Princes (sweet
chuck) with some delightful ostentation, or show, or
pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understand-
ing 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 Wor-

* The author has before call'd the beard valour's excrement in
the Merchant of Venice.
thies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendred by our assistence at the King's command, and this molt gallant, illustreate and learned gentleman, before the Princeps: I say, none so fit as to present the nine Wor-thies.

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

Hol. Joshua, yourself; this gallant man, Judas Ma-cabees; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass Pompey the great; and the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, Sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his Enter and Exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device: for if any of the audi-ence his, 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 myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

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

Hol. Via! good man Dull, thou haft 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 tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest, Dull, to our Sport away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE III.

Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter Princess, and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
   If Fairings come thus plentifully in.
A lady will'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving King.
Rof. Madam, came nothing else along with That?
Prin. Nothing but this? Yes, as much love in
   rhime,
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.
Rof. That was the way to make his God-head wax,
   For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
Cath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Rof. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your
   sister.
Cath. He made her melancholy, sad and heavy,
And so she died; had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd.
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
Rof. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this
   light word?
Cath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.
Rof. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Cath. You'll marr the light, by taking it in snuff:
   Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.
Rof. Look, what you do; and do it still 'tis dark.
Cath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Rof. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.
Cath. You weigh me not; O, that's, you care not
   for me.

Rof.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

Ref. Great reason; for past Cure is still past Care.4
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd,
But, Rosaline, you have a Favour too:
Who lent it? and what is it?
Ref. 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 numbering too,
I were the fairest Goddess on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.
Prin. Any thing like?
Ref. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Ref. 'Ware pencils.5 How? let me not die your
debter,
My red dominical, my golden letter.
O, that your face was not so full of Oes!
Cath. Pox of that jest, and I beswore all shrews.6
Prin. But what was fent to you from fair Dumain?
Cath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Cath. Yes, Madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover.

--- for past Care is still past Cure.] The Transposition which I have made in the two Words, Care and Cure, is by the Direction of the ingenious Dr. Thirily.

5 'Ware pencils.] The former Editions read, were pencils. Sir T. Hauker here rightly restored them pencils. Rosaline, a black beauty, reproches the fair Catherine for painting.

6 Pox of that jest, and I be-
A huge translation of hypocrisy.
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longueville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

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

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers for't.

Rof. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That fame Biron I'll torture, ere I go.
0, that I knew he were but in by th' week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the seafon, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes,
And shape his service all to my behefts,
And make him proud to make me proud with jefts:
So portent-like would I o'erflay his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. *None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

7 In former copies:
So pertaunt-like would I o'erflay his state,
That he should be my Fool, and his Fate.

Warburton.

Mr. Theobald reads, so Pertenant-like.

8 These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention.
The blood of youth burns not in such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

SCENE IV.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter; where's her Grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare.
Arm, wenches, arm; Encounters 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.

9 Saint Dennis, to St. Cupid.] of her country, to oppose his
The Princes of France invokes, power to that of Cupid.
with too much levity, the patron

Aélion
Acton and accent did they reach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear;
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestic 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 prais'd bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, via! we will do't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cry'd, all goes well:
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears, *
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

* Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Beyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Muscovites, or Ruffians, as I guess.¹
Their purpose is to parley, court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his sever'al mistress; which they'll know
By Favours sever'al, which they did bestow.

* Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be taik't;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask't:
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.

¹ Spleen ridiculous is, a ridiculous fit.

¹ Like Muscovites, or Ruffians, as I guess. The settled commerce in Ruffia was, at that time, a matter that much ingross'd the concern and conversation of the publick. There had been several embassies employed thitheron that occasion; and several tracts of the manners and state of that nation written; so that a mask of Muscovites was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been since. Wardington.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

Hold, Rosaline, this Favour thou shalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his Dear:
Hold, take you 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, deceit'd by these removes.

*Ref.* Come on then, wear the Favours most in sight.
*Ceib.* But in this changing, what is your intent?
*Prin.* Th' effect of my intent is to cross theirs;
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several councils they unboast shall
To loves mistook, and so be mockt withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With villages display'd, to talk and greet.

*Ref.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?
*Prin.* No; to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his Part.

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

*Sound.*

*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds; be mark't, the maskers come.

[The Ladies mask.]

SCENE
Scene V.

Enter the King; Biron, Longueville, Dumain, and attendants, disguise'd like Muscovites; Moth with Musick, as for a masquerade.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties, no richer than rich taffata.  

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[The ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.

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, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe

Not to behold.

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes——

With your sun-beamed eyes——

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

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

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Rof. What would these strangers? know their minds,

Boyet.

* Beauties, no richer than rich Taffata.] i.e. The Taffata Macks they wore to conceal themselves. All the Editors concur to give this Line to Biron; but, surely, very absurdly: for he's One of the zealous Admirers, and hardly would make such an Inference. *See it is sneering at the Parade of their Address, is in the secret of the Ladies' Stratagem, and makes himself Sport at the Absurdity of their Proem, in complimenting their Beauty, when they were mask'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmost Propriety.

Theobald.
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 Prince's?
_Biron._ Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.
_Ref._ What would they, say they?
_Boyet._ Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.
_Ref._ Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
_Boyet._ She says, you have it; and you may be gone.
_King._ Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on the grass.

_Boyet._ They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
_Ref._ 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 Prince's bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile?
_Biron._ Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
_Boyet._ She hears herself.
_Ref._ How many weary steps
Of many weary miles, you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
_Biron._ We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like savages) may worship it.

_Ref._ My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
_King._ Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these * thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

_Ref._ O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

* When Queen Elizabeth he, to judge of stars in the
asked an ambassadour how he
liked her Ladies, It is hard, said

_King._
King. Then in our measure vouchsafe but one change;
Thou bid'st me beg, this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, musick, then; nay, you must do it soon.
Not yet?—no dance?—Thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? how come you thus estrang'd.
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's chang'd.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The musick plays, vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. 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?
Ros. Only to part friends;
Curt'ly, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize yourselves then; what buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. 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.
Ros. 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.
Biron. Therefore meet.
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,
Mar. Say you so? fair lord:
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you;
As much in private; and I'll bid adieu.
Caib. What, was your visor made without a
   tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Caib. O, for your reason! quickly, Sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
   And would afford my speechless visor half.
Caib. Veal, quoth the Dutch man; is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Caib. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Caib. No, I'll not be your half;
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
   mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Caib. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Caib. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
   As is the razor's edge, invincible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen:
   Above the sense of sense, so sensible

* To cog signifies to falsify the dice, and to falsify a narrative,
or to lie.

Seemeth
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST. 197

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings;
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff.—
King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[Exeunt King and Lords.

SCENE VI.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.
Are these the Breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit—kingly?—poor flout!
Will they not (think you) hang themselves to night?
Or ever, but in vizors, shew their faces?
This pert Biron was out of count'nance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases.
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dunain was at my service, and his sword:
No, point, quoth I; my servant staid was mute.

Cath. Lord Longueville said, I came o'er his heart;
And, trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Cath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps. 3

But

3 Better wits have sworn plain statute-caps.] This line is not universally understood, because every reader does not know that a statute cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Rosaline declares that her expectation was disappointed by these courtly
But will you hear? the King is my love sworn.

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

*Catb.* And Longueville 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 uncerflood.

*Boyet.* Fair ladies, maskt, are roses in their bud;

Courtly students, and that bitter evils may be found in the common places of education.

*Prin.* Fair ladies, maskt, are roses in the bud;

Dismaze, their damask sweet commixture frozen,

Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.] This strange nonsensé, made worse by the jumbling together and transposing the lines, I directed Mr. Theobald to read thus.

Fair ladies maskèd are roses in the bud;

Or angels veild in clouds:

Dismaze, their damask sweet commixture frozen.

But he willing to shew how well he could improve a thought, would print it,

— Or Angel-veiling Clouds,

i.e. clouds which veil Angels:

And by this means gave us, as the old proverb says, a cloud for a Juno. It was Shakespeare's purpose to compare a fine lady to an angel; it was Mr. Theobald's choice to compare her to a cloud: And perhaps the ill-bred reader will say a lucky one. However I supposed the Poet could never be so nonsensical as to compare a maskèd lady to a cloud, though he might compare her mask to one. The Oxford Editor who had the advantage both of this emendation and criticism, is a great deal more studie and refined, and says it should not be angels veild in cloud, but angels veiling clouds, i.e. copping the fun as they go by him, just as a man veils his bonnet.

WARBURTON.

I know not why Sir T. HAMMER'S explanation should be treated with so much contempt, or why veiling clouds should be cop.
LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST. 199.

Dismask'd, their damask sweet Commixture shewn,
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 vilely penn'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.]

SCENE VII.

Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the King, Biron, Longueville, and Dumain,
in their own habits; Boyet, meeting them.

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.

pin the fan. Ladies unmasked, says Boyet, are like angels wailing clouds, or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. What is there in this absurd or contemptible?
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas; And utters it again, when love doth please: He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares At wakes and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs: And we that fell by grofs, 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 kisft away his hand in courtefy; This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice, That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice In honourable terms: nay, he can sing A mean most mainly; and, in ushering, Mend him who can; the ladies call him sweet; The stairs, as he treads on them, kisft his feet. This is the flower, that smiles on every one, To shew his teeth, as white as whale his bone.—

And

6 This is the flower, that smiles on every one.] The broken disjointed metaphor is a fault in writing. But in order to pass a true judgment on this fault, it is still to be observed, that when a metaphor is grown so common as to defect, as it were, the figurative, and to be received into the common file, then what may be affirmed of the thing represented, or the substance, may be affirmed of the thing representing, or the image. To illustrate this by the instance before us, a very complaint, finical, over-gracious person, was so commonly called the flower, or as he elsewhere expresseth it, the pick of courtefy, that in common talk, or in the lowest file, that metaphor might be used without keeping up the image, but any thing affirmed of it as of an agnomen: hence it might be said, without offence, to smile, to flatter, &c. And the reason is this: in the more solemn, less-used metaphors, our mind is so turned upon the image which the metaphor conveys, that it expects, this image should be, for some little time, continued, by terms proper to keep it in view. And if, for want of these terms, the image be no sooner presented than dismissed, the mind suffers a kind of violence by being drawn off abruptly and unexpectedly from its contemplation. Hence it is that the broken, disjointed, and mixed metaphor so much shocks us. But when it is once become worn, and hacknied by common use, then even the very first mention of
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,
That put Armado’s Page out of his Part!

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine,
Boyet, and attendants.

Biron. See, where it comes; behaviour, what wert thou,
’Till this 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 soul, as I conceive.

King. Confute my speeches better, if you may.

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

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

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur’d men.

of it is not apt to excite in us the
representative image; but brings immediately before us the idea of
the thing represented. And then
to endeavour to keep up and con-
tinue the borrow’d ideas, by right
adapted terms, would have as ill
an effect on the other hand: Be-
cause the mind is already gone
off from the image to the sub-
stance. Grammarians would do
well to consider what has been
here said when they set upon
amending Greek and Roman writ-
gings. For the much-used hack-
neyed metaphors being now very
imperfectly known, great care is
required not to act in this case
terminarily. Warburton.

’Till this man shew’d thee? and
what art thou now?]
These are two wonderfully fine
lines, intimating that what courts
call manners, and value themselves so much upon teaching,
as a thing no where else to be
learnt, is a modest silent accom-
plishment under the direction of
nature and common sense, which
does its office in promoting so-
cial life without being taken no
tice of. But that when it dege-
erates into shew and parade it
becomes an unmanly courtly
quality. Warburton.

What is told in this lines is
undoubtedly true, but is not
comprised in the quotation.

King.
202 LOVE’s LABOUR’s LOST.

King. Rebuke me not for That, which you provoke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath. 3

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have spoke:

For virtue’s office never breaks men’s troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied 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 mels of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, Madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of flate.

Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:

My lady, to the manner of these days,

In courtely 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:

3 The virtue of your eye must break my oath. ] Common sense requires us to read, — made break my oath, i.e. made me. And then the reply is pertinent — It was the force of your beauty that made me break my oath, therefore you ought not to upbraid me with a crime which you yourself was the cause of. Warburton.

I believe the author means that the virtue, in which word goodness and power are both comprised, must disbelieve the obligation of the oath. The princes, in her answer, takes the most invidious part of the ambiguity.

Biron.
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.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye——

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

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

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor, that superfluous face,
That hid the worse, and shewed the better face.

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

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your Highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows, he'll swoon: why look you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I, lady, dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

9 This is a very lofty and elegant compliment.
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizor to my friend,
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song.
Taffata-phrases, skilful 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 ruffle yeas, and honest kersy noes:
And to begin, wench, (so God help me, law!)
My love to thee is found, jans crack or flaw.
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, 1 Lord have mercy on us, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
Those lords are visited, you are not free;
For the lord's tokens on you both I see.
Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.
Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us,
Ref. It is not so; for how can this be true, 2
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.
Ref.

---

1 Write, &c.] This was the inscription put upon the door of the houses infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himself and his companions; and persisting the metaphor finds the token likewise on the ladies. The tokens of the plague are the first spots or discolorations by which the infection is known to be received.

2 how can this be true, That you should forfeit being those that sue. That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process. The
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, 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?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear

As precious eye-fight; and did value me

Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heav’n, you did; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this; but take it, Sir, again.

Just lies in the ambiguity of sue which signifies to prosecute by law, or to offer a petition.

You force not is the same with you make no difficulty. This is a very just observation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance.

King.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

King. My faith, and this, to th' Princes I did give; I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Pric. 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 aforesaid of our merriment) To dash it, like a Christmas comedy. Some carry-tale, some please-man, some flight zany, Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd, Told our intents before; which once disclos'd, The ladies did change Favours, and then we, Following the signs, who'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' squier, And laugh upon the apple of her eye, And stand between her back, Sir, and the fire,  
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

---smile his cheek in years,—] Mr. Theobald says, he cannot, for his heart, comprehend the joy of this phrase. It was not his heart, but his head that stood in his way. In years, figuraes, into wrinkies. So in The Merchant of Venice, With mirth and laughter let old wrinkies come. See the note on that line.—  
But the Oxford editor was in the same cafe, and so alters it to seem, Warburton.  
---In will and error Mu:uponthis it is—And might not You.] I believe this passage should be read thus,
in will and error Boyet. Much upon this it is. Biron. And might not you, &c. You
You put our Page out: go, you are allow'd; 6
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave Manage, this Career, been run.

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

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit, thou partest a fair fray.

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

Biron. What are there but three?

Cost. No, Sir, but it is very fine;
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times three is nine?

Cost. Not so, Sir, under correction. Sir; I hope, it is not so.

You cannot beg us, 7 Sir; I can assure you, Sir, we know what we know: I hope, three times three, Sir—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, Sir, we know where until it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three thees 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 where until it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, Sir.

---go, you are allow'd:], i.e. you may say what you will; you are a licensed fool, a common jester. So Twelfth Night. Here is no slander in an allow'd soul.

Ward Burton.

---You cannot beg us. That is, we are not fools, our next relations cannot beg the wardship of our persons and fortunes. One of the legal tests of a natural is to try whether he can number.

Biron.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pom- pion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

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

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy
To have one Show worse than the King's 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.

**That sport best pleases, which doth least know how.**

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents;
Their form, &c.
The third line may be read better thus,

---The contents

---Die in the zeal of him which presents.

This sentiment of the Princess is very natural, but less generous than that of the Amazonian Queen, who says on a like occasion in Midsummer-Night's Dream,

I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
Nor duty in his service perishing.
SCENE IX.

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. 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 de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies: he presents Hezekiah of Troy; the swain, Pompée the Great; the parish-curate, Alexander; Armado’s page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabeus. And if these four Worthies in their first Show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There are five in the first Show.

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 again.

Enter Costard for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am—

\[A bare throw at Novum.\] This passage I do not understand. I fancy that Novum should be Neum, and the same allusion is intended between the play of nine pins and the play of the nine worthies, but it lies too deep for my investigation.
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 Las 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 Nathaniel for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv’d, I was the world’s
Commander;
By east, west, north and south, I spread my conquering
night;
My Scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.
Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands
too right.
Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender
smelling Knight.

[With Libbard’s head on knee.] This alludes to the old heroic
habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually, by way of
ornament, the resemblance of a Leopard’s or Lion’s head.

Warburton.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST. 211

Prin. The Conqueror is dismay'd: proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander.

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

Biron. Pompey the Great, —

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O Sir, you have overthrown Alisander the Conqueror. [to Nath.] You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this; your lion, that holds the poll-ax, sitting on a close-flool, will be given to Ajax; * he will be then the ninth Worthy. A Conqueror, and afraid to speak? run away for shame, Alisander. [Exit Nath.] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth, and a very good bowler; but for Alisander, alas, you see, how 'tis—a little o'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.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, [canus;

Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ego, I come with this apology——

[To Moth.] Keep some flake in thy Exit, and vanish.

Hol. Judas I am. [Exit Moth.

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, Sir;

2 Alluding to the arms given to the nine Worthies in the old History.

HANMER. P 2 Judas
Judas I am, scaped 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 haft no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer;
And now, forward; for we have put thee in counten-
ance.

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. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore as he is an af, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude; nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the As to the Jude; give it him. Jude-ay,
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. 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 lances Almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, —

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances Almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye

From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that Flower.

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longueville, 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;

[To the Princess.] Sweet Royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

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

P 3

Boyet.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST:

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not, by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal.

Cost. The Party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'th thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away; she's quick, the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Doth thou insinuate me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

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

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

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

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in his 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 flash; 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 ye not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat: what mean you? you will lose your reputation.

* More Ates.] That is, more mitigation. Ate was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed: — my arms —] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey.
Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

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

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

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

SCENE X.

Enter Macard.

Mac. God save you, Madam!

Prin. Welcome, Macard, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Mac. I'm sorry, Madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The King your father——

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mac. Even so: my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For my own part, I breathe free breath; I

* It was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linnen. This may possibly allude to a story, well known in our author's time, to this effect. A Spaniard at Rome falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his best services. The dying man told him he had but one request to make to him, but conjured him by the memory of their past friendship punctually to comply with it, which was not to suffer him to be stript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promised, the Spaniard closed his eyes, and expired with great composure and resignation. But his friend's curiosity prevailing over his good faith, he had him stript, and found, to his great surprize, that he was without a shirt.

WARBURTON.

P 4
have seen the days of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[Exeunt Worthy,]

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-fad soul, that you vouchsafe In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide, The liberal opposition of our spirits; If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath, your gentleness Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy lord; An heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue: Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks, For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms All causes to the purpose of his speed; And often, at his very loose, decides That, which long Process could not arbitrate. And though the mourning brow of Progeny Forbid the smiling courtely of love, The holy suit which fain it would convince; 

Yet

5 — I have seen the days of wrong through the little hole of discretion,—[This has no meaning, we should read, the day of right, i.e. I have foreseen that a day will come when I shall have justice done me, and therefore I prudently reserve myself for that time.

Warburton.

6 In the converse of breath,—[Perhaps converse may, in this line, mean interchange.

7 An heavy Heart bears not an humble Tongue:—] Thus all the Editions; but, surely, without either Sense or Truth. None are more humble in Speech, than they who labour under any Oppression. The Princess is defying, her Grief may apologize for her not expressing her Obligations at large; and my Correction is conformable to that Sentiment. Besides, there is an Antithesis between heavy and nimble; but between heavy and humble, there is none. Theobald.

8 — which fain it would convince;—We must read,
Yet since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow jumble it
From what it purpos'd: Since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the King.
For your fair fakes have we neglected time,
Play'd soul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to th' opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbesitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping in 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'ly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities;
Those heav'ly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make them: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false,

By

—which fain would it convince;
that is, the entertainments of love,
which would fain ever-power grief. So Lady Mackett declares,
That she will convince the chamberlain with wine.

9 Honest plain words, &c.—]
As it seems not very proper for
Biron to court the princes for
the king in the king's presence,
at this critical moment, I believe
the speech is given to a wrong person. I read thus,

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double:

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.

King. And by these badges, &c.

1 Suggested us— ] That
is, tempted us.

2 We to ourselves prove false,

By
By being once false, for ever to be true
To those that make us both; fair ladies, you:
An even that falseness, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to Grace.

Prin. We have receive’d your letters, full of love;
Your Favours, the embassadors of love:
And in our maiden council rated them
At courthip, pleasant jest, and courtefy;
As bombast, and as lining to the time: 3
But more devout than this, in our respects, 4
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.

Rof. We did not note them so. 5

King. Now at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short,
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur’d much,

By being once false, for ever to be true
To those that made us false.—] We should read,
We to ourselves prove true.

5 As bombast, than as lining to the time:] This line is obscure.

Bombast was a kind of loose texture not unlike what is now called
scadding, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increase of
weight; whereas the same name is yet given a tumour of words
unsupported by solid sentiment. The princes, therefore, says,
that they considered this courtship as but bombast, as some-
thing to fill out life, which not being closely united with it,
might be thrown away at pleasure.

4 But more devout, than these are our respects
Have we not been;——] This
nonfensive should be read thus,

But more devout than this, (save our respects)

Have we not been;——]

i.e. save the respect we owe to your majesty’s quality, your court-
ship we have laughed at, and
made a jest of. WARBURTON.

I read with Sir T. HAMMER,
But more devout than this, in
our respects.

5 We did not coate them s:] We should read, QUOTE, citeam, reckon.
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore, this—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial Signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere infociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and farts, 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; challenge me, by these deserts;
And by this virgin palm, now kiling thine,
I will be thine; and 'til 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 intirled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest; 6
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence, ever then, my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. 7 And what to me, my love? and what to me?

6 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest;] We should read, fetter up, i.e. the turbulence of his passion, which hindered him from sleeping, while he was uncertain whether she would have him or not. So that he speaks to this purpose, If I would not do more than this to gain my wanted rest, may that rest end in my death. 7 Biron. [And what to me, my love? and what to me?
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank,
You are attain'd 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?
Cath. 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?
Cath. 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.
Cath. Yet swear not, left 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;

Ros. You must be purged too:
your sins are rank:
You are attain'd 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.]
These fix Verstes both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to
think should be expung'd; and therefore I have put them be-
tween Crotchets: Not that they
were an Interpolation, but as the

Author's first Draught, which he
afterwards rejected; and exe-
cuted the same Thought a little
lower with much more Spirit and
Elegance. Shakespeare: not to
answer for the present absurd re-
petition, but his Aftor-Editors; who,
thinking Rosalind's Speech
too long in the second Plan, had
abridg'd it to the Lines above
quoted: but, in publishing the
Play, stupidly printed both the
Original Speech of Shakespeare,
and their own Abridgment of it.

THEOBALD.

Impose
Impose some service on me for thy love.

_Rec._ Oft have I heard of you, my lord _Biron_,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie 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 talk 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.

_Rec._ Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow-laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf with the clamours of their own * dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns; continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal:
But if they will not, throw away that spirit;
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your Reformation.

_Biron._ A twelve-month? well; befall, what will befall,
I'll jest a twelve-month in an Hospital.

_Prin._ Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave.

_[To the King._

_King._ No, Madam; we will bring you on your way.

*—_dear_ should here, as in many other places, be _dare_, sad, odious.

_Biron._
Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play; 
Jack hath not Jill; these ladies' courtely
Might well have made our sport a Comedy.
King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Biron. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Armado.
Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me—
Prin. Was not that Hector?
Dum. That worthy Knight of Troy.
Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a Votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteem'd Greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckow? it should have follow'd in the end of our Show.
King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.
Arm. Holla! approach.—

Enter all, for the Song.

This side is Homs, winter.
This Ver, the spring: the one maintained by the owl,
The other by the cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The SONG.

SPRING.

When daisies pied, and violets blue, 
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight; 9

* The first lines of this song that were transposed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald.
9 Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then on every Tree
Mock's married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oat'ed straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks:
The cuckow then on every tree
Mock's married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit! tu-who!

——— A merry note,
While greasy John 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 Marian's nose looks red and raw;

Delight;] This is a pretty rural song, in which the images are drawn with great force from nature. But this senseless expletive of painting with delight, I would read thus,

Do pant the meadows much-bedight,

i.e. much bedecked or adorned, as they are in spring-time. The epithet is proper, and the compound not inelegant.

Warburton.

Much less elegant than the present reading.

When
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the scaring owl
Tu-whit! tu-who!

———A merry note,
While greatly 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.]

* In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our Poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered, through the whole, many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakespeare.

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 119.

This child of fancy, that Armado bights, &c.] This, as I have shewn, in the note in its place, relates to the stories in the books of Chivalry. A few words therefore concerning their Origin and Nature may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer who has given any tolerable account of this matter, and especially as Monsieur Huett, the Bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of thee in that superficial work. For having brought down the account of romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon those composed by the barbarous western writers, which have now the name of Romances almost appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and, instead of giving us an account of these books of Chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he promised to treat of, he contented himself with a long account of the Poems of the Provincial Writers, called likewise Romances; and so, under the equivogue of a common term, drops his proper subject, and entertains us with another that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were of all others the fondlest of these fables, as suiting best their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew to excessive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable satire, to bring them back to their senses. The French suffered an easier cure from their Docteur Rabelais, who enough discredited the books of Chivalry, by only using the extravagant stories of its Giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of satire against the refined Poliuchi of
of his countrymen; of which they were as much possetted as the Spaniards of their Romantic Brovery. A bravery our Shake-
stein makes their characteristic, in this description of a Spanish Gentleman:

A man of compliments, whom
right and wrong.

Have chose as Umpire of their
mutiny:

This Child of fancy, that Ar-
mado bright,

For interim to our studies, fall
relate

In high-born words, the worth
of many a Knight,

From tawny Spain, lost in the
world's debate.

The sense of which is to this ef-
fect: This Gentleman, says the
speaker, shall relate to us the ce-
lebrated Stories recorded in the old
Romances, and in their very file.
Why he says, from tawny Spain, is
because, these Romances be-
ing of Spanish Original, the
Heroes and the Scene were gen-
erahly of that country. He says,
lost in the world's debate, because
the subject of those Romances
were the Crusades of the Euro-
pian Christians against the Sarac-
en of Asia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Chris-
tians against the Pagans were the
general subject of the Romances
of Chivalry. They all seem to
have had their groundwork in
two fabulous monkish Histiorians:
The one, who, under the name of
Turpin Archbishop of Rheims,
Wrote the Hilory and Achieve-
ments of Charlesmagne and his
twelve Peers; to whom, instead
of his father, they assigned the
talk of driving the Saracens out
of France and the South parts of
Spain: the other, our Geoffrey of
Monmouth.

Two of those Peers, whom
the old Romances have rendered
most famous, were Oliver and
Rowland. Hence Shakspeare
makes Alan fon, in the first part
of Henry VI. say, "Fiordard,
"a countryman of ours, re-
cords, England all Oliver's
"and Rowlands bred, during
"the time Edward the Third
"did reign." In the Spanish
Romance of Bernardo del Carpio,
and in that of Roncefvalles, the
seats of Roland are recorded un-
der the name of Roldan el en-
cantador; and in that of Palme-
rin de Oliva, or simply Oliva,
those of Oliver: for Oliva is
the same in Spanish as Oliver is
in French. The account of their
exploits is in the highest degree
monstrous and extravagant, as
appears from the judgment pass-
fed upon them by the Priest in
Don Quixate, when he delivers
the Knight's library to the secur-
lar arm of the house-keeper,
"Eccetuando a un bernardo
"del Carpio que anda por ay,
"y a otro llamado Roncefval-
"les; que estos en Llegando a
"mis manos, an de estar en las
"de la ama, y dallas en las del
"fuego sin remisión alguna." And of Oliver he says; "ella
"Oliva fe haga luego rajas, y
"se queme, que aun no quedan
"della las cenizas." The rea-
sonableness of this sentence may
be partly seen from one story in

1 B. I. c. 6.

Q. the
the Bernardo del Carpio, which tells us, that the cleft called Rol-
das, to be seen on the summit of an high mountain in the king-
dom of Valencia, near the town of Alicant, was made with a
singe back-stroke of that hero's broad sword. Hence came the
proverbial expression of our plain and sensible ancestors, who were
much cooler readers of these extravgances than the Spaniards,
of giving one a Rosuland for his Oliver, that is, of matching one
impossible lye with another: as, in French, faire le Roland means,
to swagger. This driving the Saracen out of France and Spain,
was, as we say, the subject of the elder Romances. And the
first that was printed in Spain was the famous Amadís de Gaula,
of which the Inquisitor Priest says: 'Segun he oysdo dezir, elle
libro fue el primero de Cavali-
erias que se imprimio en E-
pana, y todos los demas an
tomado principio y origen
dele;' and for which he
humourously condemns it to the
fire, como á Doymatizader de una
fieTa tan mala. When this sub-
ject was well exhausted, the af-
fairs of Europe afforded them
another of the fame nature. For
after that the western parts had
pretty well cleared themselves of
these inhospitable Guelfs: by
the excitements of the Popes,
they carried their arms against
them into Grecia and Asia, to
support the Byzantine empire,
and recover the holy Sepulchre.
This gave birth to a new tribe of
Romances, which we may call
of the second race or class. And
as Amadís de Gaula was at the
head of the first, so, correspond-
dently to the subject, Amadís de
Grecia was at the head of the
latter. Hence it is, we find,
that Trobiscende is as celebrated
in these Romances as Roncefoal-
el is in the other. It may be
worth observing, that the two
famous Italian epic poets, Ariosto
and Tasso, have borrowed, from
each of these classes of old Ro-
mances, the scenes and subjects
of their several stories: Ariosto
choosing the first, the Saracens
in France and Spain; and Tasso,
the latter, the Crusade against
them in Asia: Ariosto's hero be-
ing Orlando or the French Roland:
for as the Spaniards, by one way
of transplanting the letters, had
made it Roland, so the Italians,
by another, make it Orlando.

The main subject of these
fooleries, as we have said, had
its original in Turpin's famous
history of Charlemagne and his
twelve feirs. Nor were the mon-
frous embellishments of enchant-
ments, &c. the invention of the
Romancers, but formed upon
eastern tales, brought thence by
travelers from their crusades and
pilgrimages; which indeed have
a cast peculiar to the wild ima-
ginations of the eastern people.
We have a proof of this in the
travels of Sir J. Mannrevoul, whose excessive superstitition and
credulity, together with an im-
pudent monkish addition to his
genuine work, have made his
veracity thought much worse of
than it deserved. 'Tis his voyager,
speaking of the isle of Cos, in
the Archipeago, tells the follow-

3 Ibid.
ing story of an enchanted dra-
gon. "And also a zonge man,
that wile not of the Drakoun,
went out of a Schipp, and
went thorighe the Isle, till
that he cam to the Castelle,
and cam into the Cave; and
went so longe till that he
fond a Chamber, and there he
faughe a Damyselle, that
kember hire Hede, and lok-
edi in a Myrour: and sche
hadde meche Tresoure about-
en hire: and he troued that
sche hadde ben a comoun Wo-
man, that dwelled there to
reseveye Men to Folye. And
he abode, till the Damyselle,
faughe the schadewe of him
in the Myrour. And sche
turned hire toward him, and
asked him what he wolde.
And he fayde, he wolde ben
hire Limman or Paramour.
And sche asked him, if that
he were a Knyghte. And he
fayde, nay. And then sche
fayde, that he myghte not
ben hire Limman. But sche
had him gon azen unto his
Felowes, and make him
Knyghte, and come azen upon
the Morwe, and sche schold
come out of her Cave before
him; and thanne come and
ylfe hire on the Mowth and
have no drede. For I schalle
do the no maner harm, alle
be it that thou see me in lyke-
pefs of a Drakoun. For
thoughg thou see me hideouse
and horrible to loken onne, I
do the to wytene that it is
made by Enchaumentment. For
withouten doubte, I am none
other than thou feelt now, a
Woman; and herefore drede
thenoughte. And zif thou kyfse
me, thou shalt have all this Tre-
four, and bemy Lord, and Lord
also of all that lfe. And he
departed, &c." p. 29, 30.
Ed. 1725. Here we see the ve-
ry spirit of a Romance-advend-
ture. This honest traveller be-
lieved it all, and so, it seems,
did the people of the lfe. And
some Men Seyn (says he) that in
the lfe of Lango is zit the Dought-
tre of Ypocras in forme and lybe-
nesse of a great Drakoun, that is
an hundred Fadene in lengthe, as
Men Seyn: For I have not seen
hire. And thei of the lfe of laden
hire, Lady of the Land. We
are not to thinke then, these kind
of stori, believed by pilgres and travellers, would have les
credit either with the writers or
readers of Romances: which
humour of the times therefore
may well account for their birth
and favourable reception in the
world.

The other monkish historian,
who supplied the Romancers with
materials, was our Geoffy of
Monmouth. For it is not to be
supposed, that these Children of
Fanny (as Shakespeare in the place
quoted above finely calls them,
nARGINANT that Fancy hath its
infancy as well as manhood) shoul stop in the midft of so ex-
traordinary a carrier, or confine
themselves within the lfts of the
terra firma. From Him there-
fore the Spaniards Romancers took
the story of the Britis/Arthur,
and the Knights of his round-ta-
ble, his wife Guenever, and his
conjuror Merlin. But still it was
the fame subject, (essential to
books of Chivalry) the Wars of
Christian against Infidels. And
whether it was by blunder or de-
sign
sign they changed the Saxons into Saracens. I suspect by design: For Chivalry without a Saracen was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even that wooden Image, which turned round on an axis, and served the Knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called, by the Italians and Spaniards, Saracino and Sarazino; so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old Romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first Romance of Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the History of Saint Grael. This St. Grael was the famous relic of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vial by the Saint of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Eleison of Montauban. For in those days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made Saints of their Knights-errant, so they made Knights-errant of their tutelary Saints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of Chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a Saint or a Devil, they never wanted for the marvellous. In the old Romance of Lancelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and discipline of the Church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himself. "La confession (sait the "preacher) ne vaut rien si le "cœur n’est repentant; & si tu "es mout & eloigne de l’amour "de nofse Seigneur, tu ne pues

"estre raccordé fi non par trois "choiés: premierement par la "confeiion de bouche; fecon-
"dement par une contrition de "cœur, tiercement par peine de "cœur, & par ouvrer d’aumô-

"ne & charité. Telle est la "droite voye d’aider Dieu.

"va & fi te confesse en cette ma-

"niere & reçois la disciple of des 

"mains de tes confesseurs, car 

"c’est le signe de merite.—

"Or mande le roy ses evesques, 

"dont grande partie avoit en 

"l’oft, & vinrent tous en la 

"chapelle. Le roy vint devant 

"eux tout nudi en pleurant, & 

"tenant son plein point de me-

"nuës verges, fi les jetta de-

"vant eux, & leur dit en fou-

"pirant, qu’ils prissent de luy 

"vengeance, car je suis le plus 

"vil pecheur, &c.—Apres print 

"discipline & d’eux & mout 

"doucemment la receu."

Hence we find the divinity-lectures of Don Quixote and the penance of his Squire, are both of them in the ritual of Chivalry. Lastly, we find the Knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself, and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his course like Charis V. of Sp-in, in a Monastery; or turn’d Hermit, and became a Saint in good earnest. And this again will let us into the spirit of those Dialogues between Sancho and his master, where it is gravely debated whether he should not turn Saint or Archbiyt.

There were several causes of this strange jumble of nonsense and religion. As fi, the nature of the subject, which was a religious War or Crusade: zdly, The quality of the first Writers,
Writers, who were religious Men: And 3dly, The end in writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpose. We learn, that Clement V. interdicted Jufts and Tournaments, because he understood they had much hindered the Crusade decreed in the Council of Vienna. "Tor- neamenta ipsa & Hastiludia "five juxtas in regnis Franciae, "Angliae, & Almanniae, & aliis "nullis provinciis, in quibus "ea confuevere frequentius ex- "erceri, specialiter interdixit." Extrav. de Tornamentis C. unic. temp. Ed. I. Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the design of the Crusades by turning the fondness for Tilts and Tournaments into that channel. Hence we see the books of Knight-errantry so full of solemn Jufts and Tournaments held at Trebizond, Byzance, Trip- poly, &c. Which wise project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes’s intention to ridicule, where he makes his Knight propose it as the best means of subduing the Turk, to assemble all the Knights-errant together by Procla- ma- tion. * WARBURTON.

* See Part II. l. s. c. i.
THE

WINTER'S

TALE.
Dramatis Personae.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Mamillius, young Prince of Sicilia.
Florizel, Prince of Bohemia.
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomines, \{ Sicilian Lords.
Dion, Another Sicilian Lord.
Archidamus, a Bohemian Lord.
Roger, a Sicilian Gentleman.
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
A Mariner.
Goler.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, Queen to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, Wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.
Two other Ladies.
Mopfa, \{ Shepherdesses.
Dorcas, \{ Shepherdesses.

Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherdess, Shepherdesses, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antichamber in Leontes's Palace.

Enter Camillo, and Archidamus.

ARCHIDAMUS.

If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bobemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot; you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bobemia and your Sicilia.

Camb. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bobemia the visitation, which he justly owes him.

1 The Winter's Tale. This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, tho' agreeable, country tale, Our sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child, Warbles his native wood notes wild. Milton. This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the Play, as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection. Warburton.

Arch.
Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—
Cam. 'Beech you——
Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence—in rare—I know not what to say—we will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligible to our insufficiency, may, tho' they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.
Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.
Arch. Believe me, I speak, as my Understanding instructs me; and as mine honestly puts it to utterance.
Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Boemia; they were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their in encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, tho' absent; shook-hands, as over a Valt; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of op posed winds. The heaven's continue their loves!——
Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspaukeable comfort of your young Prince Mamilius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.
Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject, * makes old hearts fresh: they, that went

*—our entertainment, &c.] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousnes of our good-will shall justify us.

*—physicks the subject.] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery.

on
THE WINTER's TALE. 235

on crutches, ere he was born, desire yet their life to
see him a man.

Arb. Would they else be content to die?
Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuse why they
should desire to live.

Arb. If the King had no son, they would desire
to live on crutches 'till he had one.

SCENE II.

Opens to the Presence.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes,
and Attendants.

Pol. NINE Changes of the warly star hath been.
The shepherd's note, since we have left our
Throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother; with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one, we thank you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow.

No

--- THAT MAY BLOW.
No sneaping winds at home, &c.] This is nonlense, we should read
it thus,
--- MAY THERE BLOW, &c.
He had said he was apprehensive
that his presence might be want-
ed at home; but, left this should
prove an ominous speech, he en-
deavours, as was the custom, to
avert it by a deprecatory prayer.

--- MAY THERE BLOW.
No sneaping winds — to make us
joy,
This was put forth too truly.—
But the Oxford Editor, rather
than
THE WINTER’s TALE.

No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
“This is put forth too truly.” Besides, I have flay’d
To tire your royalty.
Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to.
Pol. No longer. Stay.
Leo. One ev’ning-night longer.
Pol. Very south, to-morrow.
Leo. We’ll part the time between’s then: and in that
I’ll no gain-saying.
Pol. Pres me not, ‘beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves. None, none i’th’
world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, altho’
’Twere needful I deny’d it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my flay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewel, our brother.
Leo. Tongue-ty’d, our Queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, Sir, to’ve held my peace, until
You’d drawn oaths from him not to stay: you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bobemia’s well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim’d; say this to him,
He’s beat from his best ward.
Leo. Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong,
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We’ll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I’ll adventure
[To Polixenes.

than be beholden to this correction, alters it to,
—there may blow

Some sneaping winds——— and so destroys the whole sentiment.

WARBURTON.

The
THE WINTER's TALE. 237

The borrow of a week. When at Bobemia
You take my Lord, I'll give you my commission, 6
To let him there a month, behind the gelt 7
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, (good heed) Leontes, 8
I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, Madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily?

You put me off with limber vows, but I,
Tho' you would seek t'unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going: verily,
"You shall not go;" a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, Madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,

6 — I'll give him my commission.] We should read,
—— I'll give you my commission,
The verb let, or hinder, which follows, shews the necessity of it: For she could not say she would give her husband a commission to let or hinder himself: The commission is given to Polixenes, to whom she is speaking, to let or hinder her husband.

Warburton.

7 — behind the gelt.] Mr. Theobald says, he can not discover the phrase, and therefore thinks it should be just: But the word gelt is right, and signifies a stage or journey. In the time of Royal Progresses the King's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the Herald's office, were called his gests; from the old French word giste, Diversorum.

Warburton.

8 — yet, good heed, Leontes.] i.e. yet take good heed, Leontes, to what I say. Which phrase, Mr. Theobald not understanding, he alters it to, good deed.

Warburton.
Than you to punish.

_Her._ Not your Goaler then,
But your kind Hofstes; come, I'll question you
Of my Lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

_Pol._ We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

_Her._ Was not my Lord the verier wag o'th' two?

_Pol._ We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd,
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, Not guilty; th' imposition clear'd, 9
Hereditary ours.

_Her._ By this we gather,
You have tript since.

_Pol._ O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

_Her._ Grace to boot!——
Of this make no conclusion, left you say,

_Your_

9 _— th' imposition clear'd._

_Her._ ediar; ours._ i.e. setting aside original sin; dating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protected our innocence to heaven.

_Warburton._

1 _Grace to boot!_

Of this make no conclusion, I suppose you say, Polixenes had said, that since the time of childhood and innocence, temptations had grown to them; for that, in that interval, the two Queens were become women. To each part of this observation the Queen answers in order. To that of temptations she replies, _Grace_
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;—
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not,
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my Lord.

Leo. At my request he would not:

Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when wasn't before?

I pr'ythee, tell me; cram's with prai'f, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongue-

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our prai'fes are our wages. You may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spuir we heat an acre, but to th'goal.

My last good deed was to intreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder filter,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spake to th' purpose? when?

Grate to boot! i.e. the' tempta-
tions have grown up, yet I hope
grace too has kept pace with them. Grate to boot, was a pro-

Warderton.

verbal expre'fion on these occa-
sions. To the other part, the
replies, as for our tempting you,
pray take heed you draw no con-
duction from thence, for that
would be making your Queen
and me devils, &c.

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tions have grown up, yet I hope
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duction from thence, for that
would be making your Queen
and me devils, &c.

Warderton.

i.e. good usage will win us to
any thing; but, with ill, we stop
short, even there where both our
interest and our inclination would
otherwise have carried us.

Warderton.

Nay,
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had four'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. 'Tis Grace, indeed.

Why, lo you now; I've spoke to th' purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th' other for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot——

[Aside.
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me——my heart dances;
But not for joy——not joy.——This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the Agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making praetis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' th' deer; \(^3\) oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mom. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. I fecks!

Why, that's my bawcock; what? has't smutch'd thy nose?

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; \(^*\) not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat. Still virginating \(^4\)

[Observing Polixenes and Hermione.

\(^3\) The mort o' th' deer;—— A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer. THEOBALD.

\(^*\) We must be neat.] Leontes, seeing his son's note smutched, cries, "We must be neat," then re-

collecting that neat is the term for horned cattle he says, "not neat, but cleanly."
THE WINTER's TALE: 241

Upon his palm?—how now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my Lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough path, and the shoots that
I have,
To be full like me.—Yet they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing, but were they false,
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me: Come, Sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye, 'tis sweet villain.
Most dear'st, my collop—can thy dam—may't be—
Imagination! thou dost stab to th' center.
Thou dost make possible things not be so held,
Communicat'st with dreams—(how can this be?)
With what's unreal, Thou co-active art,
And fellow'st Nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou dost;
And that beyond commission; and I find it;
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He someting seems unsettled.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much Distraction.
Are not you mov'd, my Lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderness! and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,

* As o'er-dy'd blacks,] Sir T. s welkin-eye] Blue
Banner understands, blacks died eye; an eye of the same colour
too much, and therefore rotten. with the welkin, or sky.

Vol. II. R In
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Left it should bite its master; and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squath, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for mony? 6

Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fetch.

Leo. You will!—why, * happy man be's dole!—

My brother,
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my foldier, states-man, all;
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that should thick my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my Lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lov'ist us, shew in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent 7 to my heart.

Her. If you will seek us,
We are yours i'th' garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.—I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not, how I give line;

[Aside, observing Her.

bird's nest; he therefore that has
eggs laid in his nest, is said
to be cucullatus, cuckold, or
cuckold.

* — happy man be's dole!—]

May his dle or spare in life be
to be a happy man.

7 Apparent—] That is, her apparent, or the next claimant.
Go to, go to.
How she holds up the ne’r! the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife

Mam. and Cam.

To her allowing husband. Gone already,
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o’er head and ears,—a *fork’d one.—

Go, play, boy, play—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac’d a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knel.—Go, play, boy, play—there have been,
Or I am much deceiv’d, cuckold’s ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th’ arm,
That little thinks, she has been fluc’d in’s absence;
And his pond fisk’d by his next neighbour, by:
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there’s comfort in’t,
While other men have gates; and those gates open’d,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for’t, there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where ’tis predominant; and ’tis powerful, think it.
From east, west, north and south. Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly. Know’t,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of’s
Have the disease, and feel’t not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.
Leo. Why, that’s some comfort.

What? is Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good Lord.
Leo. Go play, Mamillus—Thou’rt an honest man:

[Exit Mamil.

* — a fork’d one —] That is, a horned one; a cuckold.

SCENE
Camillo, this Great Sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leo. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions made;
His business more material.
Leo. Didst perceive it?
*They’re here with me already; whispering, rounding.*
Sicilia is a so-forth; ’tis far gone,
When I shall guilt it last. How came’t, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good Queen’s entreaty.
Leo. At the Queen’s be’t; good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is foaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is’t,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary; lower meslies, 9
Perchance, are to this business purlblind? say.
Cam. Business, my Lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leo. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leo. Ay, but why?

* They’re here with me al-
ready;——* Not Polixenes and
 Hermione, but casual observers,
people accidentally present.

Thirley.
8 whispering, rounding: i.e. rounding in
the ear, a phrase in use at that
time. But the Oxford Editor not
knowing that, alters the text to,
whispering round.

Warburton.
To round in the ear, is to whisper, or to tell secretly. The ex-
pression is very copiously ex-
plained by M. Cazauxon, in his

9 lower meslies,] Meis is a contraction of Master,
as Mes John, Master John; an
appellation used by the Scott, to
those who have taken their ac-
demical degree. Lower Meisles,
therefore, are graduates of a
lower form.
Cam. To satisfy your Highness, and th'entreaties of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfy Th'entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—Let that suffice. I've trusted thee, Camillo, With all the things nearest my heart; as well My chamber-councils, wherein, priest like, thou Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed Thy Penitent reform'd; but we have been Deceiv'd in thy integrity; deceiv'd In that, which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my Lord——

Leo. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest; or, If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward; Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining From courlé requir'd: or else thou must be counted A servant grafted in my serious Trust, And therein negligent; or else a fool, That feist a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn, And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious Lord, I may be negligent, foolish and fearful; In every one of these no man is free, But that his negligence, his folly, fear, Amongst the infinite doings of the world, Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my Lord, If ever I were wilful negligent, It was my folly; if industriously I play'd the fool, it was my negligence, Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful To do a thing, where I the issue doubted, Whereof the execution did cry out * Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear

*Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance,—*

This is one of the expressions by which Shakespeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This sounding phrase means, I think, no more than a thing necessary to be done.

R 3 Which
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my Lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass
By its own visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha'not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt, you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute;) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's not think it ;)
My wife is slippery? if thou wilt, confess;
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a flander-by, to hear
My sovereign Mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken; 'threw my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, tho' true. *

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is * meeting noxes?
Kissing with infide lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty :) horning foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only.
That would, unseen, be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;

* ——- were sin
For which you suspect her.

Warburton.

Your suspicion is as great a sin
As would be that (if committed)
for which you suspect her.

Dr. Thirlby reads, meeting noes; that
is, measuring noes.

The
The covering sky is nothing, Bobemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is; you lye, you lye:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected, as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hang-
ing
About his neck; Bobemia, — who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more Doing: I, and thou
His cup-bearer, (whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may't see
Plainly, as heav'n sees earth, and earth sees heav'n,
How I am gall'd;) thou might'st be-spike a cup,
To give mine enemy a lafting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my Lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work,
Maliciously,

3 But with a lingering dram, that should not work,
Maliciously, like poison: ——— — that
The thought is here beautifully expressed. He could do it with a dram that should have none of those visible effects that detect the poisoner. These effects he finely calls
Maliciously, like poison. But I cannot * Believe this crack to be in my dread mistres, So soveraignly being honourable.

Leo. I've lov'd thee.—Make's thy Question, and go rot:
Do't think, I am so muddy, so unsettled, To appoint myself in this vexation? Sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets, (Which to preferve, is sleep; which being spotted, Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps:) Give scandal to the blood o' th' Prince, my son, Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine, Without ripe moving to't? would I do this?

calls the malicious workings of poison, as if done with design to betray the user. But the Oxford Editor would mend Shakespeare's expression, and reads,

——that should not work L.ke a malicious poison:——

So that Camillo's reason is lost in this happy emendation. Warb.

Rap is hasty, as in another place, rapo gunpowder. Maliciously is m. ignantly, with effects openly hurtful. Shakespeare had no thought of betraying the user. The Oxford emendation is harmless and useless.

* In former copies,

——but I cannot Believe this Crack to be in my dread Missr's, So soveraignly being honourable. I have lov'd thee——— Leo. Make that thy Question and go rot: ] The last Hemistich assign'd to Camillo, must have been mistakeny placed to him. It is Disrespect and In- solence in Camillo to his King, to tell him that he has once lov'd him.—I have ventured at a Transposition, which seems self-evident. Camillo will not be persuaded into a Supicion of the Disloyaltie imputed to his Mistres. The King, who believes nothing but his Jealousy, pro-vok'd that Camillo is so obsti-nately diffident, finely starts into a Rage and cries;

Pve lov'd thee.—Make's thy Question, and go rot, i.e. I have tender'd thee well, Camillo, but I here cancel all former Respect at once. If thou any longer make a Question of my Wle's Disloyaltie, go from my Presence, and Perdition overtake thee for thy Stubbornness. Theobald.

I have admitted this alteration, as Dr. Warburton has done, but am not convinced that it is nece-sary. Camillo, desirous to defend the Queen, and willing to secure credit to his apology, begins, by telling the King that he has loved him, is about to give instances of his love, and to in-fer from them his prevalent zeal, when he is interrupted.
THE WINTER'S TALE. 249

Could man so brench?

Cam. I must believe you, Sir,
I do, and will fetch off Bobemia for't:
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your Highness
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bobemia,
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all;
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my Lord.

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor bras's, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one;
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forfake the Court; to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck.—Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bobemia.

SCENE
Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?——
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, moxt royal Sir!
Pol. What is the news i'th' court?
Cam. None rare, my Lord.

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he,
Waiting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and
dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk,
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, (which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle;?) I beseech you,
If you know aught, which does behave my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Doft thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, (whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,) that thou declare,
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you.

Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then, my best blood turn
To an infected gelly, and my name

5 In whose success we are gentle;—i.e.
whether success here does not
mean succession.

6 To vice you to, to draw, persuade you. The char-
acter called the Vice, in the old
plays, was the Tempter to evil.

WARBURTON.

Be
THE WINTER’s TALE.

Be yok’d with his, that did betray the best!  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A favour, that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive; and my approach be shun’d,  
Nay, hated too, worse than the great’st infection  
That e’er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear this though over  
By each particular star in heaven, and  
By all their influences; you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,  
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,  
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation  
Is pil’d upon his faith, and will continue  
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?  
Cam. I know not; but, I’m sure, ’tis safer to  
Avoid what’s grown, than question how ’tis born,  
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,  
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you  
Shall bear along impawn’d, away to night;  
Your followers I will whisper to the busines;  
And will by twos, and threes, at several pattens,  
Clear them o’th’ city. For myself, I’ll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
For by the honour of my parents, I  
Have utter’d truth; which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,  
Than one condemned by the King’s own mouth;

Cam. ——— Swear his  
Thought over  
By each particular star in Hea-

ven, &c.] The Trans-
position of a single Letter reconciles this Passage to good Sense;  
Police, in the preceding Speech, had been laying the deepest Im-
precations on himself, if he had  
ever abus’d Leontes in any Fa-
miliarity with his Queen. To  
which Camillus very pertinently  
replies:

— Swear this though over, &c.  
Theobald.

8 ——— whose foundation  
Is pil’d upon his faith,—] This  
folly which is founded upon set-
tled belief.

Thereon
Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
Profess'd to him; why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen's; part of his them, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo,
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your Highness,
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [Exeunt.

9 Good expedition be my friend,
   and comfort
The gracious Queen;—] But
how could this expedition comfort the Queen? on the contrary
it would increafe her Husband's suspicion. We should read,
   and comfort
The gracious Queen's;—
   i.e. be expedition my friend, and
be comfort the Queen's friend.
The Oxford Editor has thought
fit to paraphrase my correction,
and so reads,

—— Heaven comfort
The gracious Queen;

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture is,
I think, just; but what shall be
done with the following words,
of which I can make nothing?
Perhaps the line which connected
them to the rest, is lost.

ACT
ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

HERMIONE.

TAKË the boy to you; he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious Lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 Lady. Why, my sweet Lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my Lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; (yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.)

2 Lady. Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my Lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 Lady. Hark ye,
The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; good time encounter her!

Her.
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Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter.

I have one of spights and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good Sir.

Come on, fit down. Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your spights: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man——
Her. Nay, come fit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard; — I will tell it softly:

Yond-cricket shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scowr so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I
In my just cenasure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge — — — how accrues'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th' abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known

1 Alack, for lesser knowledge— That is, O that my knowledge were left.
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts——I have drunk, and seen the
spider.—

_Camillo_ was his help in this, his _Pander_:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All’s true, that is mistrusted: that false villain,
Whom I employ’d, was pre-employ’d by him:
He hath discover’d my design, and I *
Remain a pinch’d thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: how came the patterns
So easily open?

_Lord._ By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail’d than so
On your command.

_Leo._ I know too well.—
Give me the boy; [To Herm.] I’m glad, you did not
nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.—

_Her._ What is this, sport?

_Leo._ Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about
her;
Away with him, and let her sport herself
With that she’s big with: for it is _Polixenes_
Has made thee swell thus.

_Her._ But I’d say, he had not;
And, I’ll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe’er you lean to th’ nayward.

_Leo._ You, my Lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, she is a goodly lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
’Tis pity, she’s not honest, honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,

* He hath discover’d my design,
and I

Remain a pinch’d thing;——]
Alluding to the superition of the vulgar, concerning those who
were enchanted, and fastened to
the spot, by charms inferior to
their own. _Warburton._

(Which
(Which on my faith deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha,—these petry brands,
That calumny doth use: oh, I am out,—
That mercy do's; for calumny will fear
Virtue itself.—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: but be't known,
(From him, that has most cause to grieve it should be;)
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my Lord,
Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Left barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees;
And mannerly distinguisishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar.—I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have laid with whom:
More; she's a traitor, and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile Principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgar give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I mistake.

---if I mistake--- will not support the opinion I
The center, &c.— That is, have formed, no foundation can
If the proofs which I can offer be trusted.

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In these foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is far off guilty,*
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns;
I must be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping; as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: *beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The King's will be perform'd! —

Leo. Shall I be heard? —

Her. Who is't, that goes with me? *beseech your
Highness,
My women may be with me, for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,

[To her Ladies.

There is no cause; when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, * I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my Lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall. My women,—come, you've leave,

* He who shall speak for her,
   is far off guilty,
   But that he speaks ——
This cannot be the Speaker's Meaning, Lewtes would say, I
shall hold the Person in a great
measure guilty, who shall dare to
intercede for her: And this, I
believe Shakespeare ventur'd to
express thus:
He, who shall speak for her, is
   far of guilty, &c.
   i. e. partakes far, deeply, of his
   Guilt. Theobald.
   It is strange that Mr. Theobald
could not find out that far off
guilty, signifies, guilty in a re-
   mote degree.
   * ——this action, ——] The
word action, is here taken in the
lawyer's sense, for indictment,
charge, or accusation.
THE WINTER's TALE.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[Exit Queen, guarded; and Ladies.

Lord. 'Beseech your Highness call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in which three Great ones suffer,
Yourself, your Queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my Lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Please you t'accept it, that the Queen is spotless
L'th' eyes of heaven, and to you, I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwife, I'll keep my stable where 6
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see, no further trust her:
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peace,

Lord. Good my Lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-dam * him: be she honour-foul'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;

I'll keep my stable where
I lodge my wife, —
Stable (Stabilis statio as Spelman
interprets it) is a term of the Fo-
rest-Laws, and signifies a place
where a Deer-stealer fixes his
stand under some convenient co-
ver, and keeps watch for the
purpose of killing Deer as they
pass by. From the place it came
to be applied also to the person,
and any man taken in a forest in
that situation with a gun or bow
in his hand, was preumed to be
an offender, and had the name
of Stable-stand. In all former
editions this hath been printed
stable, and it may perhaps be
objected, that another syllable
added spoils the smoothness of
the verse. But by pronouncing
stable short the measure will very
well bear it, according to the
liberty allowed in this kind of
writing, and which Shakspeare
never scruples to use; therefore
I read, stable-stand. Hanmer,
* Land-damn him:] Sir T.
Hanmer interprets, flop his urine.
The second, and the third, nine, and * some five; 
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour, 
I'll gild 'em all: fourteen they shall not see, 
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs, 
And I had rather glib myself, than they 
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease; no more:
You smell this business with a sense as cold 
As is a dead man's nose; I see't and feel't, 
As you feel doing thus; and see withal 
The instruments that feel. [sinking his brow.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty; 
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten 
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my Lord, 
Upon this ground; and more it would content me 
To have her honour true, than your suspicion; 
Be blam'd for't, how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we 
Commune with you of this? but rather follow 
Our forceful instigation? our prerogative 
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness 
Imparts this; which, if you, or stupified, 
Or seeming so in skill, cannot, or will not 
Relish a truth like us; inform yourselves, 
We need no more of your advice; the matter, 
The los's, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all 
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my Liege, 
You had only in your silent judgment try'd it, 
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age, 
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo's flight,

* This is Mr. Theobald's correction; the former editions read, *some five.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only; nought for approbation, 7
But only seeing; all other circumstances
Made up to th' deed) do push on this proceeding;
Yet for a greater confirmation,
For, in an act of this importance, 'twere:
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomines and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: 8 Now, from the oracle
They will bring all: whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my Lord.

Leo. Tho' I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to th' minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confin'd:
Left that the treachery of the two, 9 fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to speak in publick; for this busines
Will raise us all.

Ant. [aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [Exeunt.

--- nought for approbation,
    But only seeing; -- ] Approbation, in this place, is put for proof.
--- stuff'd sufficiency; -- ] That is, of abilities more than enough.

9 Left that the treachery of the two, &c.— He has before declared, that there is a plot against his life and crown, and that Hermione is seducer with Polixenes and Camillo.
Scene III.

Changes to a Prison.

Enter Paulina, and Gentlemen.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him:

[Exit Gentleman.

Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady,

No court in Europe is too good for thee;

What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Goaler.

Now, good Sir,

You know me, do you not?

Goal. For a worthy lady,

And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,

Conduct me to the Queen.

Goal. I may not, Madam;

To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado to lock up honesty and honour

From the access of gentle visitors!

Is it lawful, pray you, to see her women?

Any of them? Emilia?

Goal. So please you, Madam,

To put a part these your attendants, I

Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now, call her:

Withdraw yourselves.

[Exeunt Gent.

Goal. And, Madam, I must be

Present at your conference.

Paul. Well; be it so, pr'ythee.

[Exit Goaler.

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,

As passions colouring.

Enter Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emilk As well, as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together; On her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater ;)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emilk A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lufty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, My poor prisoner,
I'm innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous, unsafe lunes i'th' King! 1 bestraw them,
He must be told on't, and he shall; the office
Becomes a woman best. I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more! Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the Queen,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'ft. We do not know,
How he may soften at the sight o' th' child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emilk Most worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot mis
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently

1 These dang'rous, unsafe Lunes
i'th' King! — I have no where, but in our Author,
observed this Word adopted in
our Tongue, to signify, Frenzy, Lunacy. But it is a Mode of
Expression with the French.—
Il y a de la lune: (i.e. He has
got the Moon in his Head; he
is frantick.) Cotgrave. Lune.
folie. Les femmes ont des lunes
dans la tete, Richelet.

Theobald.

Acquaint
THE WINTER's TALE

Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer,
Who but to day hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Left she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from 't,
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the Queen: please you, come something nearer,
Goat. Madam, if 't please the Queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

Goat. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords and other attendants.

Leo. N OR night, nor day, no rest;—it is but
weakness
To bear the matter thus; meer weakness, if
The cause were not in being—part o' th' cause,
She, the adultress—for the Harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank.  

And

And
THE WINTER's TALE.

And level of my brain; plot-proof, but she
I can hook to me: say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Att. My Lord.
Leo. How do's the boy?
Att. He took good rest to night; 'tis hop'd,
His sickness is discharg'd.
Leo. To see his nobleness! Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely; go,

[Exit Attendant.

See how he fares.—Fy, fy, no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me; in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance—let him be,
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow;
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina, with a Child.

Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay rather, good my Lords, be second to me:
Fear your his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.

Att.
THE WINTER's TALE.

Attent. [within] Madam, he hath not slept to night: commanded,
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good Sir; I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings; such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my Lord, but needful conference,
About some gosips for your Highness.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious lady.—Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my Lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What? can't not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can; in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo-you now, you hear.
When she will take the rein, I let her run,
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come——
And I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your phisician,
Your most obedient counsellor: yet that dares
Lest appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seems yours. I say, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen?

Paul. Good Queen, my Lord,
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Good Queen, I say, good Queen; And would by combat make her good, so were I. A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes, First hand me. On mine own accord, I'll off; But first, I'll do my errand. The good Queen, For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter, Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the child.

Leo. Out! A mankind witch! hence with her, out o' door: A moft intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so; I am as ignorant in that, as you In so intit'ling me; and no less honest Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant, As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the baftard.

[To Antigonus.

And would by combat make her good, so were I. A man, the worst about you.]

Paulina supposes the King's jealousy to be railed and inflamed by the courtiers about him; who, she finely says,

creep like shadows by him, and do sigh

At each his needless hearings:— Surely then, she could not say, that were the a man, the worst of these, she would vindicate her mistress' honour against the King's suspicions, in single combat. Shakespeare, I am persuaded, wrote,

so were I

A man, on th' worst about you. i.e. were I a man, I would vindicate her honour, on the worst of these sycophants that are about you.

Warburton. The worst means only the lowest. Were I the meanest of your servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser.

A mankind witch!—

A mankind woman, is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage. Witches are supposed to be mankind, to put off the softness and delicacy of women, therefore Sir Hugh, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, says, of a woman suspected to be a witch, that he does not like when a woman has a beard. Of this meaning Mr. Theobald has given examples.

Thou.
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unroofed
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say; give't to thy croan.

Paul For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take'st up the Princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did: then 'twere past all
doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leo. A nest of traytors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one, that's here; and that's himself. For he
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,
His-hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to flander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or stone was found.

Leo. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes.

Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my Lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; 'eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,

5 Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take'st up the Princess by that forced baseness] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to take up the
bastard, Paulina forbids him to touch the Princess under that appellation. Forced is false, ut-tered with violence to truth.
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good Goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haft
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; left she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

Leo. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural Lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not;
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,
But this most cruel usage of your Queen
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy, something favours
Of tyranny; and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me, I'll be gone.
—Look to your babe, my Lord, 'tis yours; Jove
send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell, we are gone.

[Exit.

"No yellow in't;"—] Yellow is the colour of jealousy.

SCENE
SCENE VI.

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't. Even thou, thou that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so:
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out: go take it to the fire,
For thou seest't on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can. My royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither:

Leo. You're liars all.

Lord. 'Befeech your Highness, give us better credit.
We've always truly serv'd you, and befeech you
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompend of our dear services
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel—

[they kneel.

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:
—It shall not neither.—You, Sir, come you hither;

[To Antigonus.

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life; (for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And noblenes's impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent; any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible; swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my Lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this: tho' a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savagenes aside, have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require; and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side!

--Poor thing condemn'd to loss.—[Exit, with the Child.

Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.

--- commend it strangely some place, as a stranger, with-
to some place, ] Commit to out more provision.

Enter
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your Highness, posts,
From those you sent to th' oracle, are come
An hour since. Cleomines and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
 Hastling to th' court.

Lord. So please you, Sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: this good speed foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords,
Summon a seession, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal Lady; for as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt severally.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Part of Sicily, near the Sea-side.

Enter Cleomines and Dion, with Attendants.

CLEOMINES.

The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion.

Fertile the isle,—] But
the temple of Apollo at Delphi
was not in an island, but in Pho-
cis, on the continent. Either

Shakespeare, or his Editors, had
their heads running on Delos, an
island of the Cyclades. If it was
the Editor's blunder, then Shake-
peare
THE WINTER's TALE.

Dion. I shall report, 9
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearmen. O, the sacrifice—
How ceremonious, solemn, and un-earthly
It was i' th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafning voice o' th' oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o' th' journey
Prove as successful to the Queen, (O be't so!)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleafant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to th' best! these proclamations,

Shakespeare was, Fertile the soil,—
which is more elegant too, than
the present reading.

Warburton.

Shakespeare is little careful of
geography. There is no need
of this emendation in a play of
which the whole plot depends
upon a geographical error, by
which Bohemia is supposed to be
a maritime country.

9 I SHALL report,
For most it caught me, &c.]
What will he report? And what
means this reason of his report,
that the celestial habits most
struck his observation? We should
read,

IT SHAMES report,
FOREMOST it caught me—
Chomine had just before said, that
the Temple much surpassed the com-
mon praise it bore. The other,
very naturally, replies — it
shames report, as far surpassing
what report said of it. He then
goes on to particularize the won-
ders of the place: Foremost, or
first of all, the priests garments,
their behaviour, their act of sac-
crifice, &c. in reasonable good
order. Warburton.

Of this emendation I see no
reason; the utmost that can be
necessary is, to change, it caught
me, to they caught me; but even
this may well enough be omitted.
It may relate to the whole spec-
tacle.

1 The time is worth the use
on't] It should be just
the reverse,
The use is worth the time on't.
and this alteration the Oxford
Editor approves. Warburton.

Either reading may serve, but
neither is very elegant. The time
is worth the use on't, means, the
time which we have spent in vi-
[...]

[...]

Vol. II.

So
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the business; when the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go—fresh
horses—
And gracious be the issue. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Represents a Court of Justice.

Leontes, Lords and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leo. THIS session, (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
Ev'n pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd;—let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
—Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his Highness' pleasure, that the Queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

Hermione is brought in, guarded; Paulina, and
Ladies, attending.

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King
of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high
treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of
Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the
life of our sovereign Lord the King, thy royal husband; the
the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my accusation; and The testimony on my part, no other But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me To say, Not guilty: mine integrity, Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, Be so receiv'd. But thus—If powers divine Behold our human actions, as they do, I doubt not then, but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience.—You, my Lord, best know, Who left will seem to do so, my past life Hath been as continent, as chast, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd, And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me A fellow of the royal bed, which owe A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter, The mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it As I weigh grief which I would spare: for honour, 'Tis a derivative from me to mine, And only that I stand for. I appeal To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes Came to your court, how I was in your grace,

pretence—] Is, in this place, taken for a scheme laid, a design formed; to pretend means to design, in the Gent. of Verona. mine integrity, &c.] That is, my virtue being accounted wickedness, my assertion of it will pass but for a lie. Falsehood means both treachery and lie. For life I prize it, &c.] Life is to me now only grief; and as such only is considered by me, I would therefore willingly dismit it.

T 2

How
276 THE WINTER's TALE.

How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd to appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act, or will
That way inclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ft of kin
Cry, Fy, upon my grave!
Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of those bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
Than to perform it first.
Her. That's true enough;
Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.
Leo. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistres of,
What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:

5 ——Since he came,
With what encounter so uncurren't I
Have strain'd t' appear thus.)
These lines I do not understand;
with the license of all Editors
what I cannot understand I supposse unintelligible, and therefore propose that they may be altered thus,

6 ——Since he came,
With what encounter so uncurren't have I
B'en strain'd to appear thus.

Which
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friend; whose love had
spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely;
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
(Wotting no more than I) are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.
Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not;
My life stands in the level of your dreams, 7
Which I'll lay down.
Leo. Your Actions are my dreams;
You had a Baftard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame, 8
(Thos of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
Look for no les than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek:

7 My life stands in the level of your dreams.] To be in the level is by a metaphor from archery to be within the reach.
8 ——As you were past all shame,
Those of your Fact are so, so past all truth.] I do not remember that fa2t is used any
where absolutely for guilt, which must be its sense in this place. Perhaps we may read,

Those of your Pack are so.

Pack is a low coarse word well suited to the rest of this royal
invective.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

To me can life be no commodity.
The crown and comfort of my life, your Favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
The first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder; myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, 'th' open air, before
I have got strength of limit. 9 Now, my Leige,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; mistake me not;—no life,
I prize it not a straw—but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, (all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake) I tell you,
'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle;
Apol'lo be my judge.

SCENE III.

Enter Dion and Cleomines.

LORD. This your request
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his Oracle.

HER. The Emperor of Russia was my father,

9 I have got strength of limit I
I know not well how strength of
limit can mean strength to pass the
limits of the childbed chamber,
which yet it must mean in this
place, unless we read in a more
caly phrase, strength of limb.
And now, &c.

Oh,
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of Pity, not Revenge!

Off. You here shall swear upon the Sword of Justice,
That you, Cleomines and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's Priest; and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.
Leo. Break up the Seals, and read.
Off. Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true Subject, Leontes a jealous Tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the King shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!
Her. Praised!
Leo. Haft thou read truth?
Off. Ay, my Lord, even so as it is here set down,
Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle;
The Session shall proceed; this is mere fallhood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord the King, the King,—
Leo. What is the business?
Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The Prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's Speed, is gone. *
Leo. How gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. Apollo's angry, and the heav'n's themselves

* The flatness of my misery.

\[^{1}\] Of the Queen's Speed.\[^{2}\] Of
That is, how low, how flat I am laid by my calamity.
so we still say, he sped well or ill.

T 4
Do
THE WINTER’s TALE.

Do strike at my injustice.——How now? there! [Hermione faints.]

Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o’er-charg’d; she will recover.

[Exeunt Paulina and ladies with Hermione.

SCENE IV.

I have too much believ’d mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. Apollo, pardon
My great Prophaneness’ gainst thine Oracle!
I’ll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my Queen, recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of Truth, of Mercy;
For being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the Minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift Command; tho’ I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten, and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (most humane,
And fill’d with Honour) to my kingly Guest
Unclasp’d my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: how he glitters
Through my dark Ruft! and how his Piety
Does my deeds make the blacker! 3

3 This vehement retractation of Leontes, accompanied with the
confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable
to our daily experience of the vi-
cissitudes of violent tempers, and
the eruptions of minds oppressed
with guilt.

SCENE
THE WINTER's TALE.

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, left my heart, cracking it,
Break too.

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, Tyrant, haft for me?
burning
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer, torture
Must I receive? whose every word deferves
To taste of thy most worth. Thy Tyranny
Together working with thy Jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine! O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad, for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but shew thee of a Fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a King: poor trespasse,

That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but shew thee of a Fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful.] I have ventur'd at a slight Alteration here, against the Authority of all the Copies, and for fool read foul. It is certainly too gross and blunt in Paulina, thro' she might impeach the King of Fooleries in some of his past Actions and Conduct, to call him downright a Fool. And it is much more pardonable in her to assign his Morals, and the Qualities of his Mind, than rudely to call him Idiot to his Face. Theob.——Shew thee of a fool—

So all the copies. We should read,——Shew thee off, a fool,—i.e. represent thee in thy true colours; a fool, an inconstant, &c. WARBURTON. Poor Mr. Thobald's courtly remark cannot be thought to deserve much notice. Dr. Warburton too might have spared his sagacity if he had remembered, that the present reading, by a mode of speech anciently much used, means only, It shew'd thee first a fool, then inconstant and ungrateful.
More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
The calling forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive a gross and foolish Sire
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer; but the last——O Lords,
When I have said, cry, Woe!——the Queen, the Queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance
for't
Not drop down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead: I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but Despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fastling,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault;
I' th' boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't.*

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,

* This is another instance to vehement and ungovernable
cf. the sudden changes incident minds.

I do
I do repent: alas, I've shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's past
help,
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my Liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman;
The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own Lord,
Who is lost too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst say but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and son;
One Grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear unto
Our shame perpetual; once a day I'll visit
The Chapel where they lie, and tears, shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Changes to Bohemia. A desert Country; the Sea at a little distance.

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon

5 Thou art perfect then,—] Speare for certain, well assured, or
Perfect is often used by Shake-well informed.

The
The deserts of Bobemia?

Mar. Ay, my Lord; and fear,

We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present bluffers. In my conscience,
The heav'n's with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! get thee aboard,

Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.

I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart to be so rid o' th' business.

Exit.

Ant. Come, poor babe; I have heard,

But not believ'd, the spirits of the dead

May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother

Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream

So like a waking. To me comes a creature,

Sometimes her head on one side, some another,

I never saw a vessel like sorrow

So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,

Like very sanctity, she did approach

My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,

And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes

Became two fpouts; the fury spent, anon

Did this break from her. " Good Antigonus,

" Since fate, against thy better disposition,

" Hath made thy person for the thrower-out

" Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,

" Places remote enough are in Bobemia,

" There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe

" Is counted lost for ever and ever, Perdita,

" I pray thee, call't. For this ungentle business,

" Put on thee by my Lord, thou ne'er shalt see.

" Thy
"Thy wife Paulina more."—And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber: Dreams are toys,
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the child.

There lie, and there thy character: there these,

[ Laying down a bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty one,
And still rest thine. The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow—weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurst am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this—Farewel!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heav'n's so dim by day. A savage clamour!*
Well may I get aboard—this is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

S C E N E. VII.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and
three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the
rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting
wenches with child, wronging the ancentry, stealing,

* A savage clamour.] This he cries, this is the chase, or, the
clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then facing the bear,
THE WINTER's TALE.

fighting—hark you now!—would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scarr'd away two of my best sheep, which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the matter; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [Taking up the child.] Mercy on's, a bearne! a very pretty bearne! a boy, or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one; sure, some 'scape: tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'til my son come: he hollow'd but even now; Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!——

Shep. What, art so near? if thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What aif'lt thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land; but I am not to say, it is a sea; for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chases, how it rages, how it takes up the shore; but that's not to the point; oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yeft and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's head. And then for the land service,—to see how the Bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it. But first, how the poor soul's roar'd,
roar'd, and the sea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

*Shep.* 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo.* Now, now, I have not wink'd since I saw these fights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

*Shep.* 'Would, I had been by to have help'd the old man.

*Clo.* I would, you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

*Shep.* Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now blest thyself; thou meet'lt with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't; so, let's see; it was told me, I should be rich by the fai-
ries. This is some changeling: open't; what's with-
in, boy?

*Clo.* You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way.

*Shep.* Would, I had been by to have help'd the old Man.] Tho' all the printed Copies concur in this reading, I am persuaded, we ought to restore, Nobleman. The Shepherd knew nothing of Antigonus's Age; besides, the Clown had just told his Father, that he said, his Name was Antigonus a Nobleman, and no less than three times in this short Scene, the Clown, speaking of him, calls him the Gentleman. THEOBALD.

In former copies, You're a mad old Man; if the Sins of your Youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all Gold! — ] This the Clown says upon his opening his Far-
del, and discovering the Wealth in it. But this is no Reason why he should call his Father a mad old Man. I have ventured to correct in the Text — You're a made old Man: i.e. your Fortune's made by this adventitious Treasure. So our Poet, in a Number of other Passages.

THEOBALD.
The Winter's Tale.

We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go see if the Bear be gone from the gentleman; and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Skep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

Skep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exeunt.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror Of good and bad, that make and unfold error; 
Now take upon me, in the name of Time, To use my wings. Impute it not a crime To me, or my swift passage, that I slide O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd 9

8 —— that make and unfold Error; ——] This does not, in my Opinion, take in the Poet's Thought. Time does not make mistakes, and discover them, at different Conjunctures; but the Poet means, that Time often for a Season covers Errors, which he afterwards displays and brings to Light. I chuse therefore to read; —— that make and unfold Error. Theobald.

9 — and leave the growth untry'd Of that wide gap; ——] The growth of what? The reading is nonsense. Shakespere wrote —— and leave the Gulf untry'd, i.e. unwaded thro'. By this means, too, the uniformity of the metaphor is restored. All the terms of the sentence, relating to a Gulf; as swift passage, slide over; untry'd — wide gap. Warburton. This emendation is plausible, but the common reading is confidant enough with our author's man-
The Winter's Tale.

Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The frame I am, ere ancient't order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times, that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glittering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it: your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention here a son o'th' King's, whom Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues,
I lift not prophecy. But let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,

manner, who attends more to
his ideas than to his words. The growth of the wide gap,
is somewhat irregular; but he
means, the growth, or progress of
the time which filled up
the gap of the story between
Perdita's birth and her sixteenth
year. To leave this growth untied,
is to leave the passages of the inter-
medate years unnoted and unexa-
mined. Untied is not, perhaps, the
word which he would have chosen,
but which his rhyme required.

1—since it is in my power, &c.] The reasoning of Time is not
very clear; he seems to mean,
that he who has broke so many
laws may now break another;
that he who introduced every
thing may introduce Perdita on
her sixteenth year; and he in-
treats that he may pass as of old,
before any order or succession of
objects, ancient or modern, di-
ficulted her periods.

2—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia;—Time
is every where alike. I know
not whether both sense and gram-
mar may not dictate,

—imagine we,
Gentle spectators, that you now
may be, &c.
Let us imagine that you, who be-
hold these scenes, are now in
Bohemia.

Vol. II. U And
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' * argument of time; of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may.  

[Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Court of Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

POLIXENES.

Pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate;
*Tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to
grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country;
though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I
desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent
King, my master, hath sent for me; to whole feeling
forrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think
so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the
rest of thy services by leaving me now; the need I
have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better
not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou
having made me businesses, which none, without thee,
can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute
them thyself, or take away with thee the very services
thou haft done; which if I have not enough consider'd,
(as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee
shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heap-

--- argument is the same rather begins the fourth act than
with subject.
3 I believe this speech of Time
Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee, speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ft him, and reconciled King my brother, whose los of his most precious Queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'lt thou the Prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Caius. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have mithingly noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo, and with some care so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have

---

4 and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.] This is nonsense. We should read, reaping friendships. The King had said his study should be to reward his friend's desert; and then concludes, that his profit in this study should be reaping the fruits of his friend's attachment to him; which refers to what he had before said of the necessity of Camillo's stay, or otherwise he could not reap the fruit of those businesses, which Camillo had cut out.

Warburton.

I see not that the present reading is nonsense; the sense of heaping friendships is, though like many other of our author's, unusual, at least unusual to modern ears, is not very obscure. To be more thankful shall be my study; and my profit therein the heaping friendships. That is, I will for the future be more liberal of recompense, from which I shall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I shall heap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us.

5 but I have (missingly) noted.] We should read, but I have (missing him) noted. This accounts for the reason of his taking note, because he often misfled him, that is, wanted his agreeable company. For a compliment is intended; and, in that sense, it is to be understood.

The Oxford Editor reads, musingly noted. Warburton.

I see not how the sense is mend'd by Sir T. Hamner's alteration, nor how it is at all changed by Dr. Warburton's.
this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise a part of my intelligence. But, I fear, the Angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the caule of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camil'lo—we must disguise ourselves.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Country.

Enter Automylcus singing.

W H E N daffodils begin to peer,
   With, heigh! the doxy over the dal;
W h y, then comes in the sweet o'th' year;
   For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale?

6 But I fear the Angle.] Mr. Theobald reads; and I fear the Angle.

7 if'ty, then COMES in the sweet o'th' year;
For the red blood REIGNS in
the winter's pale.] I think this nonsensë should be read thus,

W h y, then come in the s u e t o ' t h' year;
F o r e the red blood REINS in
the winter pale.
THE WINTER's TALE.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Dot set my pugging tooth on edge:
- For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
The lark, that tira-lyra chants,
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and in my time wore
three-pile, but now I am out of service.

But shall I mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go most right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the scow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheetes; when the kite builds, look to
lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolycus, being
litter'd

* * * Why then come in, or let
us enjoy, pleasure, while the sea-
son serves, before pale winter
ruins in the red or youthful blood;
as much as to say, let us enjoy
life in youth, before old age
comes and freezes up the blood.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby reads, perhaps
nightly, certainly with much more
probability, and easiness of con-
struction;
For the red blood runs in the
winter pale.
That is, for the red blood runs
pale in the winter.
Sir T. Hanmer reads,
For the red blood reigns o'er the
winter's pale.

* * * Pugging-tooth.] Sir T. Han-
mer, and after him Dr. Warbur-
tou, read, pugging tooth. It is
certain that puggling is not now
understood. But Dr. Thirlby ob-
serves, that this is the cant of
gypsies.

* * * My father nam'd me Autoli-
cus, &c.] Mr. Theobald says,
the allusion is unquestionably to O-
vid. He is mistaken. Not only
the allusion, but the whole
speech is taken from Lucian; who
appears to have been one of our
Poet's favourite authors, as may
be collected from several places
of his works. It is from his
discourse on judicial Astrology,
where Autolycus talks much in
the same manner; and 'tis only
on this account that he is called

U 3
THE WINTER's TALE.

litter'd under Mercury; who, as I am, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: with die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

SCENE III,

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see,—Every eleven weather tods, every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred thorn, what comes the wool too?

Ant. If the springe hold, the cock's mine ———

[Aside,

Clo. I cannot do't without compters.—Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast, three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice—what will this sifter of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearsers; three-man—song-men all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and baile; but one Puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden-pies, mace——dates——none—that's out of my

the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the Astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolycus was a thief.

WARBURTON.

I: my revenue is the silly cheat.] Silly is used by the writers of our author's time, for simple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the speech consists. I don't aspire to arduous and high things, as bridewell or the gallows; I am content with this humble and low way of life, as a snapper up of unconsider'd trifles. But the Oxford Editor, who, by his emendations, seems to have declared war against all Shakespeare's humour, alters it to, the sly cheat.

WARBURTON.
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note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o’th’ sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[Growling on the ground.

Clo. I’th’ name of * me —

Aut. Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off these rags, and then death, death —

Clo. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv’d, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb’d, Sir, and beaten; my mony and apparel ta’en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet Sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man’s coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I’ll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[Helping him up.

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha’ done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir; I have a kinfinan not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have mony, or

* I believe me should be blotted out.

U 4 any
any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clos. What manner of fellow was he, that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clos. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but * abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-servant, a bailiff; then he compais'd a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue; some call him Autolycus.

Clos. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;—he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clos. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am false at heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clos. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk, I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's,

* with trol my-dames: Trou- madans, French. The game of nine-holes. W ARBURTON.

+ to abide, here, must signify, to lie near, to live for a time without a settled habitation.

3 motion of the prodigal son.] i.e. the Puppet-crew, then called Motions. A term frequently occurring in our author. W ARB.
THE WINTER's TALE.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clo. Then, farewell, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

[Exit.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir!—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearsers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!

SONG.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily bent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

The Prospect of a Shepherd's Cott.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. THESE your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:

4 let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!]
Begging gipshes, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the shew of an incorporated body, from this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled if he does not so and so.

WARBURTON.

5 Your extremes.] That is, your excesses, the extravagance of your praises.
THE WINTER’s TALE.

Oh pardon, that I name them: your high self,
6 The gracious mark o’th’ land, you have obscured
With a swain’s wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank’d up. But that our feasts
In every maws have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom. I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass. 7

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight a-cross
Thy father’s ground.

Per. Now serve afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread, your greatness
Hath not been us’d to fear; even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: oh, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up! 8 what would he say, or how

6 The gracious mark o’ th’ land.] The object of all men’s notice
and expectation.
7 ——sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass.] i.e.,
one would think that in putting
on this habit of a shepherd, you
had sworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glass,
you shew me how much below
yourself you must defend before
you can get upon a level with me. The sentiment is fine, and
expresses all the delicacy, as well
as humble modesty of the character. But the Oxford Editor
alters it to,

——sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass.

What he means I don’t know.
But Perdita was not so much gi-
ten to swearing, as appears by
her behaviour at the King’s
threats, when the intrigue was
discovered. WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlely inclines rather to
Sir T. Hanmer’s emendation,
which certainly makes an easy
sense, and is in my opinion pre-
ferrable to the present reading.
But concerning this passage I
know not what to decide.

8 His work is noble, &c.] It
is impossible for any man to rid
his mind of his profession. The
authorship of Shakespeare has
supplied him with a metaphor,
which rather than he would lose
it, he has put with no great
propriety into the mouth of
a country maid. Thinking
of his own works his mind
passed naturally to the Binder.
I am glad that he has no hint
at an Editor.
Should I in these my borrow’d flaunts behold
The sternness of his presence!

Flo. Apprehend

Nothing but jollity: The Gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a bull, and bellow’d; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob’d *God,*
Golden *Apollo,* a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lufts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, dear Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when ’tis
Oppos’d, as it must be, by th’ power o’th’ King.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest *Perdita,*
With these forc’d thoughts, I pr’ythee, darken not
The mirth o’th’ feast; or I’ll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father’s. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Tho’ destiny say no. Be merry, Gentle,
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as ’twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

**SCENE**
THE WINTER's TALE.

SCENE V.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants; with Polixenes and Camillo disguis'd.

Flo. See, your guests approach; Address yourself to entertain them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.
Shep. Fy, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon This day she was both pantler, butler, cook, Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all; Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here At upper end o' th' table, now i' th' middle: On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire With labour; and the thing she took to quench it She would to each one slip. You are retired, As if you were a feasted one, and not The hostes of the meeting: pray you, bid These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is A way to make us better friends, more known. Come, quench your blustres, and present yourself That which you are, mistres o' th' feast. Come on, And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing, As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sirs, welcome. [To Pol. and Cam. It is my father's will, I should take on me The hosteship o' th' day; you're welcome, Sirs. Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend Sirs, For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep Seeming and favour: all the winter long: * Grace and remembrance be unto you both, And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdes,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient, Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth

* Grace and remembrance — ] old Gentlemen, be good, and may I suppose she means, May you, your memories be honoured.

Of
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o’th’ season
Are our carnations, and streak’d gilly-flowers,
Which some call nature’s basters; of that kind
Our rustick garden’s barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so over that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art,
That nature makes; you see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a barker of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art,
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them basters.
Per. I’ll not put
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, ’twere well; and only there-
fore
Desire to breed by me.—Here’s flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th’ sun,
And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. Y’are very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You’d be so lean, that blasts of January
Would
THE WINTER's TALE.

Would blow you through and through. Now, my fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o'th' spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty: violets dim, 9
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength; (a malady
Most incident to maids) * gold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lillies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O, these I lack
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To thr'ow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a coarse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a coarse; or if,—not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so, give alms;
Pray, so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th' sea, that you might ever do

--- violets dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, I suspect that
our author mithakes Juno for Pallai, who was the goddess of
blue-eyes. Sweeter than an eye-

lid is an odd image: but perhaps
he uses sweet in the general sense, for delightful.

* Gold is the reading of Sir T. Haurner; the former editions
have told.

Nothing
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. * Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crows what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are Queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unslain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But, come, our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my Perdita; so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em. ♩

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-for'd; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something, *
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The Queen of curds and cream.

* — Each your doing.] That
is, your manner in each act
owns the act.

I think, you have
As little skill to fear——] To
have skill to do a thing was a
phrase then in use equivalent to
our to have reason to do a thing.
The Oxford Editor, ignorant of this,
alters it to,

As little skill in fear,—
which has no kind of sense in
this place. Warburton.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.] I
fancy this half line is placed to a
wrong person, and that the king
begins his speech aside.

Pol. I'll swear for 'em,
This is the prettiest, &c.

* He tells her something,
That makes her Blood look on't:]
Thus all the old Editions. The
Meaning must be this. The
Prince tells her Something, that
calls the Blood up into her Cheeks,
and makes her bluffs. She, but a
little before, uses a like Expres-
son to describe the Prince's Sin-
cerity.

——— your Youth
And the true Blood, which peeps
forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an un-
slain'd Shepherd. Theo.

Dor.
Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopse must be your mistress; marry, garlic to mend her kisstiing with——

Mop. Now in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; * we stand upon our manners: come, strike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this, Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and he boasts himself To have a worthy feeding; but I have it Upon his own report, and I believe it: He looks like tooth; he says, he loves my daughter, I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon Upon the water, as he'll stand and read, As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain, I think, there is not half a kiss to chuse Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances neatly.

Shep. So she does any thing, tho' I report it That should be silent; if young Doricles Do light upon her, she shall bring him that Which he not dreams of.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell mony; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

* — we stand, &c. | That is, we are now on our behaviour.
3 — a worthy feeding; — ] Certainly breeding.

Ward Burton. I conceive feeding to be a pasture, and a worthy feeding to be a track of pasturage not incon siderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune.

Clo.
Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry, (which is strange) with such delicate burdens of idle-dos and fa-dings: jump her and thump her: and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, Whoop, do me no harm, good man; puts him off, flights him, with Whoop, do me no harm, good man.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow; has he any unbraided wares? *

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gros; inkles, caddifes, cambricks, lawns; why, he sings them over, 'as they were Gods and Goddefies; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-band, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach, singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

* Unbraided wares.] Surely we must read braided, for such are all the wares mentioned in the answer.

4 sleeve-band is put very properly by Sir T. Hanmer; it was before sleeve-band.
Enter Autolycus singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poaking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry.
Come buy, &c.

Cl. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no mony of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mops. I was promis'd them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Der. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mops. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Cl. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should wear their faces? is there not milking time, when you are going to bed, or killn-hole, to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well, they are whip'tring. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mops.

5 — clamour your tongues;] The phrase is taken from ring-

The phrase is taken from ring-
THE WINTER's TALE.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.
Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my mony?
Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad: therefore it behoves men to be wary.
Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.
Aut. I hope, so, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.
Clo. What hast here? ballads?
Mop. Pray now, buy some; I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are sure they are true.
Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how an usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty mony bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.
Mop. Is it true, think you?
Aut. Very true, and but a month old.
Dor. Bless me from marrying an usurer!
Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?
Mop. Pray you now, buy it.
Clo. Come on, lay it by, and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.
Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.
Dor. Is it true too, think you?

the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called clamouring them. The allusion is humorous.

WARBURTON.
THE WINTER's TALE.

Aut. Five justices hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.—

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, Two maids wooing a man; there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'llt bear a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part, you must know; 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go

Where it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whither?

Mop. O whither?

Dor. Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too, let me go this her:

Mop. Or thou goest to thy grange, or mill,

Dor. If to either, thou dost ill:

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What neither?

Aut. Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves, my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

SONG
SONG.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
And silk, and bread,
Any toys for your head
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the Pedlar;
Mony's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.

SCENE VII.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. 6 Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, 7 they call themselves

6 Master, there are three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, and three Swine-herds.—] Thus all the printed Copies hitherto. Now, in two Speeches after this, there are called four three's of Herdsmen. But could the Carters properly be called Herdsmen? At least, they have not the final Syllable, Herd, in their Names; which, I believe, Shakespeare intended, all the four three's should have. I therefore guess that he wrote; — Master, there are three Goat-herds, &c. And so, I think, we take in the four Species of Cattle usually tended by Herdsmen.

THEOBALD.

7 — all men of hair, ] i.e. nimble, that leap as if they rebounded: The phrase is taken from tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair. So in Henry V. it is said of a courser, He bounds as if his entrails were hairs. Warburton.

This is a strange interpretation. Errors, says Dryden, flow upon the surface, but there are men who will fetch them from the bottom. Men of hair are hairy men, or satyrs. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed
felves Saltiers: and they have a dance, which the
wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because
they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th' mind,
if it be not too rough for some, that know little but
bowling, * it will please plentifully.

Slep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too
much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary
you.

Pol. You weary those, that refresh us. Pray, let's
see these four-threes of herdsmen.

Sir. One three of them, by their own report, Sir,
hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of
the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' square.

Slep. Leave your prating; since these good men are
pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. [aside.] O, father, you'll know more of that
hereafter. 

Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them.
He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shep-
herd?

Your heart is full of something, that doth take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
dressed in close habits, tufted or
shagged all over, to imitate hair.
They began a wild dance, and in
the tumult of their merriment
one of them went too near a
candle and set fire to his satyr's
garb, the flame ran instantly over
the loose tufts, and spread itself
to the dress of those that were
next him; a great number of the
dancers were cruelly scorched,
being neither able to throw off
their coats nor extinguish them.
The king had set himself in the
lap of the dutches of Burgundy,
who threw her robe over him
and saved him.

* Bowling, I believe, is here
a term for a dance of smooth
motion without great exertion
of agility.

§ Pol. O, father, you'll know
more of that hereafter.] This
is replied by the King in answer
to the shepherd's saying, since
these good men are pleas'd. Yet
the Oxford Editor, I can't tell
why, gives this line to Florizel,
since Florizel and the old man
were not in conversation.

Warburton.

And
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks; I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasurey, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lips
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know,
She priz'd not such trifles as these are;
The gifts, she looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I've put you out—
But, to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'n, and all;
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own petition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Seph. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
   *Per.* I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
   *Shep.* Take hands, a bargain;
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't;
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
   *Flo.* O, that must be
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder. But come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
   *Shep.* Come, your hand,
And, daughter, yours.
   *Pol.* Soft, swain, a-while; 'beshooch you,
Have you a father?
   *Flo.* I have; but what of him?
   *Pol.* Knows he of this?
   *Flo.* He neither does, nor shall,
   *Pol.* Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate? 9
Lies he not bed-ridd? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish?
   *Flo.* No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.
   *Pol.* By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

9 ——*dispute his own estate]* be the same with talk over his
Perhaps for *dispute* we might read *affairs.*
*compute*; but *dispute his estate may*
Something unphilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else)
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't,

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No; he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son, he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,

[Discovering himself,

Whom 'ion I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect't a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I'm sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with——

Shep. O my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
* Far than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,

* Far than.] I think for far even so far off as Deucalion the
then we should read far as. We common ancestor of all.

will not hold thee of our kin

Tho*
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.

Per. Even here, undone,
I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?

[To Florizel.

I told you, what would come of this. Befeech you,
Of your own state take care:—this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?

Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir,

[To Florizel.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,

1 I was not much afraid; &c.] The Character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished on the King's discovery of himself, had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the King, had not become her education.

2 You have undone a man of fourscore three, &c.] These sentiments, which the Poet has heighten'd by a strain of ridicule that runs thro' them, admirably characterize the speaker; whose self-sufficiency is seen in concealing the adventure of Perdita; and here supported, by shewing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though fourscore three.

Warburton.

That
That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy’d,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me:
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch!

[To Perdita.
That knew’st, this was the Prince; and would’st ad-
venture
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv’d
To die when I desire. [Exit.

SCENE IX.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay’d,
But nothing alter’d: what I was, I am;
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your father’s temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, (which I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;) and as hardly.
Will he endure your flight as yet, I fear;
Then, ’till the fury of his Highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?——
Cam. Even he, my Lord.
Per. How often have I told you, ’twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till ’were known?
Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let nature crush the sides o’th’ earth together,
And mar the seeds within.—Lift up thy looks—
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advis’d.

Flo.
THE WINTER's TALE.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy;* if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honestly. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the fun fees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall mis'd me, as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more, cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd.
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita——
I'll hear you by and by. [To Camillo.

Cam. [aside.] He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the right again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy King, my matter, whom
I so much thirst to see.

* It must be remembered that fancy in this author very often,
as in this place, means love.
Flo. Now, good Camillo—
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, o’th’ love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv’d: it is my father’s musick
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompenc’d, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my Lord,
If you may, please to think I love the King;
And through him, what’s nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction.
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I’ll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highness, where you may
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,
There’s no disjunction to be made, but by
(As heav’n’s forefend!) your ruin. Marry her,
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontented father I’ll strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And after that truth to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you’ll go?

Flo. Not any yet;
* But as th’ unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profesi
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then lift to me.

* As chance has driven me to myself to chance to be conduc-
these extremities, so I commit ted through them.
This follows. If you will not change your purpose, 
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia; 
And there present yourself, and your fair Princess 
For so, I see, the must be, 'fore Leontes. 
She shall be habited, as it becomes 
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see 
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping 
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness, 
As 'twere i' th' father's person; kisses the hands 
Of your fresh Princess; o'er and o'er divides him, 
'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness: th' one 
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow 
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo, 
What colour for my visitation shall I 
Hold up before him?

Camillo. Sent by the King your father 
To greet him, and to give him comforts, Sir. 
The manner of your Bearing towards him, with 
What you, as from your father, shall deliver, 
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down; 
The which shall point you forth at ev'ry fitting, 
What you must say; that he shall not perceive, 
But that you have your father's bosom there, 
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you: 
There is some lap in this.

3 Things known betwixt us 
three I'll write you down, 
The which shall point you forth 
at ev'ry fitting, 
What you must say;—] Every 
Sitting, methinks, gives but a 
very poor idea. Every fitting, 
as I have venur'd to correct the 
Text, means, every convenient 
Opportunity: every Juncture, 
when it is fit to speak of such, 
or such, a Point. Theobald. 
The which shall point you forth 
4 at every fitting.] Every fitting, says Mr. Theobald, methinks, gives us but a very poor idea. But a poor idea is better than none; which it comes to, when he has alter'd it to every fitting. The truth is, the common reading is very expressive; and means, at every audience you shall have of the King and Council. The Council-days being, in our author's time, called, in common speech, the Sittings. Warburton.
THE WINTER's TALE.

Cam. A course more promising
   Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,
 Prosperity's the very bond of love,
 Whole fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'mth rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis Pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this:
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita——
But, oh, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our House! how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicily——-

Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene, you play, were mine. For instance, Sir,
That you may know you shall not want; one word.—
[They talk aside.

SCENE
THE WINTER's TALE.

SCENE X.

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool Honesty is! and Trulst, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glas, pomander, browch, table-hook, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring to keep my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My good Clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoes 'till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; you might have pinch’d a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a pursè; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick’d and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the King's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel and Perdita come forward.

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there, so soon as you arrive, shall clear that Doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes —

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All that you speak shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [Seeing Autolycus.

* This alludes to beads often particularly efficacious by the fold by the Romans, as made touch of some relic.

We'll
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

_Aut._ if they have over-heard me now,—why hang-

ing.  [Aside.

_Cam._ How now, good fellow;
Why shak'st thou so? fear not, man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

_Aut._ I am a poor fellow, Sir:

_Cam._ Why, be so still; here's no body will steal
that from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we
must make an exchange: therefore dis-case thee instant-
ly, thou must think, there's necessity in't, and change
garments with this gentleman: tho' the pennyworth,
on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some
* boot.

_Aut._ I am a poor fellow, Sir;—I know ye well

enough.  [Aside.

_Cam._ Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is
half dead already.

_Aut._ Are you in earnest, Sir?—I smell the trick

on't.  [Aside.

_Flo._ Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

_Aut._ Indeed, I have had Earneft, but I cannot with

conscience take it.

_Cam._ Unbuckle; unbuckle.
Fortunate Mistres!—let my Prophecy
Come home to ye,—you must retire yourself
Into some covert; take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face,
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own Seeming; that you may,
For I do fear eyes over you, to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

_Per._ I see, the Play so lies,
That I must bear a Part.

_Cam._ No remedy ———

* Boot, that is, something over and above, or; as we now say,
something to boot.

Vol. II.  Y  Have
Have you done there?
   _Flo_. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.
   _Cam_. Nay, you shall have no hat:
Come, Lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.
   _Aut_. Adieu, Sir.
   _Flo_. O _Perdita_, what have we twain forgot?
Fray you, a word.
   _Cam_. What I do next, shall be to tell the King
   [Aside.
Of this Escape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company.
I shall review _Sicilia_; for whose sight
I have a woman's Longing.
   _Flo_. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, _Camillo_, to th' sea-side.
   [Exit _Flor._ with _Per._
   _Cam_. The swifter speed, the better.
   [Exit.

_S C E N E _XI._

   _Aut_. I understand the business, I hear it: to have
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is ne-
cessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also,
to smell out work for th' other senses. I see, this is
the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an
exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot
is here, with this exchange? sure, the Gods do this
year connive at us, and we may do any thing extem-
por. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity;
stealing away from his father, with his clog at his
heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to
acquaint the King withal, I would do't; * I hold it
the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I con-
stant to my Profession.

* This is the reading of Sir _T. Hamner_, instead of if _I thought_ it were a piece of honesty to ac-
quaint the King withal, I'd not do it.
Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside,—here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the law go whittle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word; yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's broth-r-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.


Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this Farthel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my matter.

Clo. Pray heartily, he be at the Palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.—Let me pocket up my Pedler's * excrement.—Ho! now, rusticks, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Palace, an it like your Worship.

Aut. Your affairs there,—what? with whom? the

* What he means by his Pedler's excrement, I know not.
condition of that farthe? the place of your dwelling? your names? your age? of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting for to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lye; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, therefore they do not give us the lye. 5

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, an like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the air of the Court in these enfoldings? hath not my gate in it the measure of the Court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect not, on thy bafeness?—court-contempt. Think'st thou, for that I infinuate, or toze from thee thy bufiness, I am therefore no Courtier? I am courtier, Cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy businesse there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheasant cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet Nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

--- therefore they do not give us the lye.] Delic the negative: the sense requires it. The joke is this, they have a profit in lying to us, by advancing the price of their commodities; therefore they do lie. WARBURTON.

--- Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant:] This fatire, on the bribery of courts, not unpleasant. WARBURTON. This fatire or this pleasantery, I confess myself not well to understand.
THE WINTER's TALE.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.
Slep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A Great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'th' farthel?
Wherefore that box?
Slep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel and box, which none must know but the King; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haft loft thy labour.
Slep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Palace: he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the King is full of grief.

Slep. So 'tis said, Sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curfes he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say, he shall be fton'd; but that death is too soft, for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

7 A great man—by the picking of his teeth.] It seems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. So the bastard in King John, speaking of the traveller, says,

He and his pick-tooth at my worship's masts.
Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir, do you hear, 
an't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive, then 
'venointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's 
neft, then stand 'till he be three quarters and a dram 
dead; then recover'd again with Aqua-vite, or some 
other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the 
hottest day * prognostication proclaims, shall he be set 
against a brick-wall, the Sun looking with a south-
ward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with 
flies blown to death. But what talk we of these tra-
itory rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their 
offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to 
be honest plain men) what you have to the King; be-
ning something * gently consider'd I'll bring you where 
he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whis-
per him in your behalf, and if it be in man besides 
the King to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority; close with 
him, give him gold; and though authority be a flub-
born Bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold; 
shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his 
hand, and no more ado. Remember, ton'd, and 
flay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, Sir, to undertake the bu-
shine for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as 
much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I 
bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party 
in this busines?

Clo. In some sort, Sir; but tho' my case be a pity-
ful one, I hope, I shall not be flay'd out of it.

3 — the hottest day, &c.] * — gently consider'd] That is, 
That is, the hottest day foretold in 
the Almanack. 
I who am regarded as a gentle-
man will bring you to the king.

Aut.
Aut. Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son;—hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we must to the King, and shew our strange sights; he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd: and remain, as he says, your Pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you, walk before toward the seaside, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good.  
[Exeunt Shep. and Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: to him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[Exit.
Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A faint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,
Do as the heav'nshave done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself, which was so much,
That heir-lefs it hath made my Kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'ft companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my Lord;
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the All that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?
Kill'd? she I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'ft me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

9 In former editions,
Destroy'd the sweet'ft Companion,
that e'er Man
Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true, my Lord.] A
very slight Examination will con-
vince every intelligent Reader,
that, true, here has jumped out
its place in all the Editions.

This is a favourite thought;
it was bestowed on Miranda and
Rosella'd before.
Cleo. Not at all, good Lady; you might have spoke a thousand things, that would have done the time more benefit, and grac'd your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of thofe, would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not fo, you pity not the state, nor the remembrance of his moft sovereign name; confider little, what dangers (by his Highness' fail of issue) may drop upon his kingdom, and devour incertain lookers on. What were more holy, than to rejoice, the former Queen is well? What holier, than for royalty's repair, for prefent comfort, and for future good, to bles the bed of Majefty again with a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,

What were more holy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir,
'Till his loth child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My Lord should to the heav'n's be contrary;
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

[To the King.

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to th' worthiefr ; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina,
Who haft the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour: O, that ever I
Had sav'r'd me to thy counsel! then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treaure from her lips!

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speakeft truth:
No more such wives, therefore no wife; one worse,
And better us'd, would make her fainted spirit 
*Again posses her corps ; and on this stage,
(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vext,

* In the old copies,
would make her fainted
Spirit
Again posses her Corps, and on
this Stage
(Where we Offenders now ap
pear) soul-vext.
And begin, &c.] 'Tis obvious,
that the Grammar is defective; and the Sense consequently wants supporting. The flight Change,
I have made, cures both: and,
surely, 'tis an Improvement to
the Sentiment for the King to
say, that Paulina and he offended
his dead Wife's Ghost with the
Subject of a second Match; ra
ther than in general Terms to
call themselves Offenders, Sinners.

Theobald.

And
And begin, Why to me?

Paul. Had she such power,

She had just cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so,
Were I the ghost that walk’d; I’d bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me, for what dull part in’t
You chose her; then I’d shriek, that even your ears
Shou’d rift to hear me, and the words that follow’d
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals. Fear thou no wife,
I’ll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, Paulina; so be bless’d my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my Lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
* Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good Madam, pray, have done.

Paul. Yet, if my Lord will marry.—If you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuse you a Queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk’d your first Queen’s ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, ’till thou bid’st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first Queen’s again in breath:
Never till then.

* To affront, is to meet.

SCENE
THE WINTER's TALE.

SCENE II.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel, Son of Polixenes, with his Princess she, The fairest I have yet beheld, desires Access to your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not Like to his father's greatness; his approach, So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us, 'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few, And those but mean.

Leo. His Princefs, say you, with him?

Gent. Yes; the moft peerlesfs piece of earth, I think, That e'er the fun thone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione, As every present time doth boast itself Above a better, gone; so must thy grave Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself; Have faid, and writ fo; (but your writing now Is colder than that theme) she had not been, Nor was she to be equal'd; thus your verse Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd, To fay, you've been a better.

Gent. Pardon, Madam; The one I have almoft forgot, (your pardon) The other, when she has obtain'd your eye, Will have your tongue too. This is a creature, Would she begin a lefl, might quench the zeal Of all professors else, make profelytes Of who she but b'd follow.

— Sir, you yourself Have faid, and writ fo; —— The reader must obferve, that fo relates not to what precedes, but to what follows that, she had not been — equal'd.

Paul.
Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomines;
Yourself, assist'd with your honour'd friends,

[Exit Cleomines.

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our Prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.—

SCENE III.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
As your fair Princess, goddess!—oh! alas!
I loft a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do; and then I loft
(All mine own folly!) the society,
Amity too of your brave father, whom
Tho' bearing misery I desire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo.
Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King at friend
Can send his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bade me say so, more than all the scepters,
And those that bear them living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I've done thee flir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage
At least, ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much les,
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whose daughter 4
His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have crost'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your Highness; my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd,
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify

4 —— Whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his parting with her.] This is very un-
grammatical and obscure. We may better read,
—— Whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd her part-
ing with her.

The prince first tells that the Lady came from Lybia, the king
interrupting him, says, from Smalus; from him, says the Prince,
whose tears, at parting, shared her to be his daughter.
Not only my success in Libya, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here: You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Suck goodly things as you?

SCENE IV.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble Sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so high. Please you, great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has,
His dignity and duty both cast off;
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my message: to your court
Whilst he was haftning, in the chace, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming Lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty 'till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;

He's
He's with the King your father.

_Leo._ Who? _Camillo?_

_Lord. Camillo,_ Sir, I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches to quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves, as often as they speak:
_Bobenna_ stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

_Percy._ Oh, my poor father!
The heav'n sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

_Leo._ You are marry'd?

_Flet._ We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.

_Leo._ My Lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?

_Flet._ She is,
When once she is my wife.

_Leo._ That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

_Flet._ Dear, look up;
Though _Fortune_, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot

5 **Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty;**
Because _Lear_ was so far from disparaging, or thinking meanly of her worth, that, on the contrary, he rather esteems her a treasure; and, in his next

Speech to the Prince, calls her his precious mistress.

_Warburton._

_Worth_ is as proper as birth.

_Worth_ signifies any kind of _worthiness_, and among others that of high descent. The King means that he is sorry the Prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty.

_Hath_
The Winter's Tale.

Hath she to change our loves. 'Beseech you, Sir,
Remember, since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate. At your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistres,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my Liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made—But your petition

To Florizel.

Is yet unanswered; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my Lord.

[Exeunt.

Scene V.

Near the Court in Sicilia.

Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, Sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard
the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it;
whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all com-
mmanded out of the chamber. Only this, methought, I
heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the ultim of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;

Vol. II. Z but
but the changes I perceived in the King, and Camilla, 
were very notes of admiration; they seem'd almost, 
with staring on one another, to tear the cafes of their 
eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language 
in their very gesture; they cool'd, as they had heard 
of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd; a notable pas-
sion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest be-
holder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if 
th'importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremi-
ty of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more: 
the news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is ful-
fill'd; the King's daughter is found; such a deal of 

wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-
makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's Steward, he can deliver 
you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news, which 
is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of 
it is in strong suspicion; has the King found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by 
circumstance: That which you hear, you'll swear you 
see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of 
Queen Hermione,—her jewel about the neck of it,— 
the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know 
to be his character,—the majesty of the creature, in 
resemblance of the mother,—the affection of noblemen, 
which nature shews above her breeding,—and many 
other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the 
King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two 
Kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent.
3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so in such manner, that it seem’d, sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment; not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many Kings’ reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which James report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry’d hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho’ credit be asleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd’s son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 Gent. Wreckt the same instant of their master’s death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin’d for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfill’d. She lited the Prince from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.
1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes; for by such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which ang led for mine eyes, (caught the water, tho' not the fifth) was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; 'till, from one sign of colour to another, she did, with an alas! I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was moft marble, there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrows; if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gent. No. The Prince's hearing of her mother's statute, which is in the keeping of Paulina, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Giulio Romano; who, had he been, will say, had not animadverted on it.

Theobald. That rare Italian master, Julio Romano; &c.]

Mr. Theobald says, All the encomiums put together, that have been conferred on this excellent artist in Painting and Architecture, do not amount to the fine praise here given him by our Author. He was born in the Year 1492, liv'd just that Circle of Years which our Shakspeare did, and died eighteen Years before the latter was born. Fine and generous, therefore, as this Tribute of Praise must be own'd, yet it was a strange Aburdity, sure, to thrust it into a Tale, the Action of which is happen'd within the Period of Heathenism, and whilst the Oracles of Apollo were confulted. This, however, was a known and wilful Anachronism; which might have been set in Obeisance, perhaps Mr. Pope would have animadverted on it.

1. He makes his speaker say, that was Julio Romano the Gd of Nature, he would ould Nature. For this is the plain meaning of the words, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, he would beguile Nature of her custom. 2dly. He makes of this famous Painter, a Statew
himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 Gent. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 Gent. † Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let’s along. [Exeunt.

Aut. Now had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthing, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd’s daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of wea-

Statuary; I suppose confounding him with Michael Angelo; but, what is worth of all, a painter of stature, like Mrs. Salmon of her wax-work.

Warburton.

Poor Theobald’s encomium of this passage is not very happily conceived or expressed, nor is the passage of any eminent excellence; yet a little candour will clear Shakespeare from part of the impropriety imputed to him. By Eternity he means only Immortality, or that part of Eternity which is to come; so we talk of eternal renown and eternal infamy. Immortality may subsist without Divinity, and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimic nature.

* * * * * of her custom. That is, of her trade,—would draw her customers from her.

† It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shown again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and after the examination of the old shepherd, the young Lady might have been recognized in sight of the spectators.
ther continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

SCENE VI.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these cloaths? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were bel say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lye; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours,

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two King's call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princess my sister, call'd my father, father, and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.
THE WINTER's TALE.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will swear to the Prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and * franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be near so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no + tall fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; and, I would, thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Changes to Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords and attendants.

Leo. O Grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign Sir, I did not well, I meant well; all my services You have paid home. But that you have vouchsafed, With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

*—franklin, is a freeholder, + Ta'l, in that time, was the or yeoman, a man above a vil- word used for stout.

lain, but not a gentleman.
THE WINTER's TALE.

It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may laft to anfwer.

Lea. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To see the statue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we paif'd through, not without much content,
In many singularities; but we faw not
That, which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerles,
So her dead likenefs, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. 7 But here it is; prepare
To fee th' life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death; behold, and fay, 'tis well!

[Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers a statue.
I like your filence, it the more fhes off
Your wonder; but yet fpeak.—First you, my Leige,
Comes it not something near?

Lea. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may fay, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not fo much wrinkled, nothing.
So aged as this fems.

Pcl!. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,

—therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. ——] Love
A, i.e. charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderness.
The Oxford Editor reads,

Lonely, apart.

As if it could be apart without being alone. Warburton,
I am yet inclined to lonely, which in the old angular writing
cannot be distinguished from lovely. To fay, that I keep it
alone, separate from the rest, is a
pleonasm which scarcely any
nicety declines.

Which
Which lets go by some sixteen years; and makes her,
As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is.
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood;
Even with such life of Majesty, (warm life;
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am ashamed; do's not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? oh, royal piece!
There's magic in thy Majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From my admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience;—
The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's.
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many fummers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine)
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy

9 O patience.] That is, Stay a while, be not so eager.

May
May think anon, it move.

Leo. Let be, let be;

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it? see, my Lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd; and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Mafterly done!
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,

As we were mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.

My Lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O sweet Paulina,

Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleafure of that madness. Let alone.

Paul. I'm sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you;

but

I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a taffe as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear;
The ruddines upon her lip is wet;

9 Would I were deë, but that,
methinks, already—[ The sentence completed is,

— but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.

But there his passion made him break off. Warburton.

1 The fixture of her eye has motion in't. This is said nonsense. We should read,

The fixture of her eye—

i.e. the socket, the place where
the eye is. Warburton.

Fixture is right. The meaning is, that her eye, though fix-
ed, as in an earnest gaze, has
motion in it. Edwards.

You'll
THE WINTER's TALE.

You'll marr it, if you kis it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leo. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit present the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move, indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
Which, I protest against, I am assisted
By wick'd powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: then, all stand still:
And those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Musick; awake her; strike. [Musick.
'Tis time, descend; be stone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up; stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness; for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive, she flirs;
[Hermione comes down.
Start not; her actions shall be holy, as
You hear my spell is lawful; do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand;
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is she become the suitor,
Leo. Oh, she's warm; [Embracing her.
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol.
THE WINTER's TALE.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cer. She hangs about his neck;

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,

Or how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,

Tho' yet she speak not. Mark a little while.

Please you to interpose.—Fair Madam, kneel,

And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good Lady:

Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Herm.

Her. You Gods, look down,

And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head. Tell me, mine own,

Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how

found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,

Knowing by Paulina that the Oracle

Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd

Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;

Left they desire, upon this push, to trouble

Your joys with like relation. Go together,

* You precious winners all, your exultation

Partake to every one; I, an old turtle,

Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there

My mate, that's never to be found again,

Lament 'till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina:

Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,

As I by thine, a wife. This is a march,

And made between's by vows. Thou haft found mine,

* To precious winners all. You

who by this discovery have gain-

ed what you desired may join in

felicity, in which I, who have

lost what can never be recovered,

can have no part.

But
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far.
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted; and here justify'd
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What?—look upon my brother—Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This, your son-in-law,
And son unto the King whom heav'n's directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part:
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissembler'd. Haftily lead away.

[Exit all.]

Of this play no edition is known published before the folio
of 1623.
The story is taken from the novel of Dorotheus and Fannia,
which may be read in Shake-

This play, as Dr. Warburton
justly observes, is, with all its
aburdities, very entertaining.
The character of Autolycus is
very naturally conceived, and
strongly represented.

TWELFTH-
TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.
Dramatis Personæ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
Sebastian, a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.
Antonio, a Sea-captain, Friend to Sebastian.
Valentine, Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.
Curio,
Sir Toby Belch, Uncle to Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, a foolish Knight, pretending to Olivia.
A Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.
Fabian, Servant to Olivia.
Malvolio, a fantastical Steward to Olivia.
Clown, Servant to Olivia.

Olivia, a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, belov'd by the Duke.
Viola, in Love with the Duke.
Maria, Olivia's Woman.

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a City on the Coast of Illyria.

The first edition of this play is in the Folio of 1623.
The Persons of the Drama were first enumerated, with all the cant of the modern Stage, by Mr. Rowe.
TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

Duke.

If musick be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; 't is surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

That

[1 that, surfeiting, The appetite may sicken, and so die.] There is an impropriety of expression in the present reading of this fine passage. We do not say, that the appetite sicken, and dies thro' a surfeit; but the subject of that appetite. I am persuaded, a word is accidentally dropped, and that we should read, and point the passage thus, that, surfeiting The appetite, love may sicken, and so die. WARBURG.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Enough!—no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; so full of shapes in fancy,

It is true, we do not talk of the death of appetite, because we do not ordinarily speak in the figurative language of poetry; but that appetite sickens by a surfeit is true, and therefore proper.

That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O! it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.—[
Amongst the beauties of this charming similitude, its exact propriety is not the least. For, as a south wind, while blowing over a violet-bank, wafts away the odour of the flowers, it, at the same time, communicates its own sweetness to it; so the soft affecting musick, here described, tho' it takes away the natural, sweet, tranquillity of the mind, yet, at the same time, it communicates a new pleasure to it. Or, it may allude to another property of musick, where the same strains have a power to excite pain or pleasure, as the state is, in which it finds the hearer. Hence Milton makes the self-

fame strains of Orpheus proper to excite both the affections of mirth and melancholy, just as the mind is then disposed. If to mirth, he calls for such musick,

That Orpheus' self may have his head
From golden slumber's on a bid
Of beapt Elyxian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite sthrie
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

L'allegro.

If to melancholy—
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Sub: b notes as warbled to the string,
Draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And make Hell grant what bee did sick.

W arburton.

— so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantasi-
cal.] This complicated nonsen-
se should be rectified thus,
— so full of shapes in fancy,
That it alone is high fantas-

fical,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purged the air of pestilence;
That infant was I turn'd into a hart, *
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursu'd me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer:
The element itself, 'till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloystress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lafting in her fad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,

\_i.e. love is so full of shapes in fancy, that the name of fantastical is peculiarly given to it alone. But, for the old nonsence, the Oxford Editor gives us his new.

--- so full of shapes is fancy, And thou all o'er a high fantastical, Says the Critic.

Warburton.

* That instant I was turn'd into a hart, | This image evidently alludes to the story of Ateene, by which Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Ateene, who saw Diana naked, and was torn in pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his Wisdom of the Antients, supposes this story to warn us against enquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing, that those who knew that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants.

A a 2
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,
How will the love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart,
5 Three sov'reign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
6 Her sweet perfections, with one self-fame King!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowers.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.
The Street.

Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors.

Vic. WHAT country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, Lady.
Vis. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.—
Perchance, he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were fav'd.
Vio. O my poor brother! so, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, Madam: and to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number fav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat: I saw your brother,
Molt provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

6 these sov'reign thrones—] We should read three sov'reign thrones. This is exactly in the manner of Shakespeare. So, afterwards, in this play, Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, add'ning, and spirit, do give thee fivefold blazon. WARBURTON.
6 her sweet perfections,—] We should read, and point it thus, (O sweet perfection!); WARBURTON.
Vio.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Where to thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name. 7
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know,
What Great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair Ophelia.
Vio. What's the ?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.
Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world, 8
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is!
Cap. That were hard to compass;

7 A noble Duke in nature, as in name.] I know not whether the nobility of the name is comprised in Duke, or in Orsino, which is, I think, the name of a great Italian family.
8 And might not be deliver'd, &c.] I wish I might not be made publick to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design. Viola seems to have formed a very deep design with very little premeditation: she is thrown by shipwreck on an unknown coast, hears that the prince is a bachelor, and resolves to supplant the lady whom he counts.
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And tho' that nature with a beauiteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee,
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character:
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service,
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to
take the death of her brother thus? I
am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in
earlier a-nights; your niece, my lady, takes great ex-
ceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the
modest limits of order.

Sir
Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am; these cloaths are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to th' purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-degambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench? 1 Castilian-no Volgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

SCENE

1—— Castilian vulgo;] glīb, put on your Castilian countenance; that is, your grave, solemn
SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost, ———

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, Sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost, ———

Sir To. You mistake, Knight: accost, is, from her, board her, wooe her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'ft never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think, you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

leam looks. The Oxford Editor has taken my emendation: But, by Castilian countenance, he supposed is meant most civil and courtly looks. It is plain, he understands gravity and formality to be civility and courtliness.

Warburton.

Mar,
Mar. It's dry, Sir.  

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an afo, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry, now I let your hand go, I am barren.

[Exit Maria.

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'ft a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down: methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear Knight.

Sir And. What is pourquoy? do, or not do? I would, I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, doesn't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff;

---

2 It's dry, Sir. What is the jest of dry hand, I know not any better than Sir Andrew. It may possibly mean, a hand with no money in it; or, according to the rules of Physiognomy, she may intend to insinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moist hand being vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution.

3 In former copies, — thou seest, it will not curl my nature. We should read, it will not curl by nature. The joke is evident. 

Warburton.
and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be seen, or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Duke himself here, hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' th' Duke, she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world: I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton t'ot.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Moll's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig! I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace: what dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

--- and yet I will not compare with an old man.] This is intended as a satire on that common vanity of old men, in preferring their own times, and the past generation, to the present. Warburton.
What You Will, 363

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart. 5

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent.

[Exeunt.

Scene V.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you,

Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, hoa?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul. Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, 'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,

5 Taurus? that's sides and heart.] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in Almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body, to the predominance of particular constellations.

If
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

If she be so abandon’d to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my Lord; what then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a Nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my Lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it:
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: Diana’s lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden’s organ, shrill, and found,
And all is semblative—a Woman’s part. 6
I know, thy Constellation is right apt
For this affair.—Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I my self am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I’ll do my best
To woo your Lady; [Exit Duke.] yet, a barbarous strife!
Who-e’er I woo, myself would be his wife. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Changes to Olivia’s House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. NAY, either tell me where thou hast been,
or I will not open my lips so wide as a

6 —— a woman’s part.] That is, thy proper part in a play would be a woman’s. Women were then perforated by boys.
bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse; my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good ! lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars, and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my Lady; make your excuse wisely, you were belft.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Olivia, and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into a good fooling! thse wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee,
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,
may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus,
Better be a witty fool than a foolish wit. 2 God bless
thee, Lady!
Oli. Take the fool away.
Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the Lady.
Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you;
besides, you grow dishonest.
Clo. Two faults, Madonna, that drink and good
conscience will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then
is the fool not dry: Bid the dishonest man mend him-
selves; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he can-
not, let the butcher mend him. Any thing, that's
mended, is but patch'd; virtue, that transgresses, is
but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but
patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will
serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no
true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: the
Lady bade take away the fool, therefore, I say again,
take her away.
Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.
Clo. Misprision in the highest degree.—Lady, Cu-
cullus non facit monachum; that's as much as to say, I
wear not motley in my brain: that's good Madonna, give me
leave to prove you a fool.
Oli. Can you do it?
Clo. Dexterously, good Madonna.
Oli. Make your proof.
Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna; good
my moule of virtue, answer me.
Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I'll hide
your proof.
Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'ft thou?
Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.
Clo. I think, his soul is in hell; Madonna.

2 Hare, in his Chronicle, speaking of the death of Sir Thomas
More, says, that he knows not whether to call him a foolish
man, or a wise foolish man.

Oli.
Oli. I know his soul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madona, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heav'n: take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel, your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crows at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' Zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltles, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury induc thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Enter

--

9 Now Mercury induc thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools: this is a stupid blunder. We should read without pleasing, i.e. with eloquence, make thee a gracious and powerful speaker, for Mercury was the God of orators as well as cheats. But the first Editors, who did not understand the phrase, induc thee with pleasing, made this foolish correction, more excusable, however
Enter Maria.

_Mar._ Madam, there is at the gate a young Gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

_Oli._ From the Count Orsino, is it?

_Mar._ I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young Man, and well attended.

_Oli._ Who of my people hold him in delay?

_Mar._ Sir Toby, Madam, your Uncle.

_Oli._ Fetch him off, I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! Go you, _Malvolio_; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home: What you will, to dismiss it. [_Exit Malvolio._] Now you see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

_Clo._ Thou hast spoke for us, _Madona_, as if thy eldest Son should be a fool: whose scull _love_ cram with brains, for here comes one of thy Kin has a most weak _Pia Mater_!!

_SCENE VIII._

Enter Sir Toby.

_Oli._ By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, Uncle?

_Sir To._ A Gentleman.

_Oli._ A Gentleman? what Gentleman?

_Sir To._ 'Tis a Gentleman here. —— A plague o' these pickle herring! 'how now, sol?

_Clo._

however, than the last Editor's, who, when this emendation was pointed out to him, would make one of his own; and so in his Oxford edition, reads, _with learning_; without troubling himself to satisfy the reader how the first editor should blunder in a word so easy to be understood as _learning_, tho' they well might in the word _pleasing_, as it is used in this place. _Warburton._

I think the present reading more humourous. _May Mercury teach thee to see since thou liest in favour of fools._

1 'Tis a gentleman. _Here,—_)

He had before said it was a gentle-
Clo. Good Sir Toby.
Oli. Uncle, Uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?
Sir To. Letchery! I desie letchery: there's one at the gate.
Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?
Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.
Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?
Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.
Oli. Go thou and seek the Coroner, and let him sit o' my Uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go, look after him.
Clo. He is but mad yet, Madona, and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young Fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him, you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, Lady? he's fortified against any denial.
Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.
Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a Sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.
Oli.
Oli. What kind o' man is he?
Mal. Why, of mankind.
Oli. What manner of man?
Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll speak with you, will you or no.
Oli. Of what personage and years is he?
Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [Exit.

SCENE IX.

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the house, which is she?
Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: your will?
Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable Beauty—I pray you, tell me, if this be the Lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loth to...
WHAT YOU WILL.

cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very com-
tible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that Question's out of my Part. Good gentle One, give me modest assurance, if you be the Lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve; but this is from my Commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so * skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, Sir, here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your * Giant, sweet Lady.

B b 2

--- I am very comptile,] 1

Comptile for ready to call to account.

WARBURION. 2

--- skipping—.] Wild, frolick, mad.

4 Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances.
Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesie of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give it's the place alone. [Exit Maria.] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet Lady,——

Oli. A comfortable Doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereby. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commissin from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture.

Vio. [to Orsino.] I am a messenger.

Viola seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant.

Vio. — tell me your mind, I am a messenger.] These words must be divided between the two speakers thus,

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Viola growing troublesome, Olivia would dismiss her, and therefore cuts her short with this command, Tell me your mind. The other taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word mind, which signifies either business or inclinations, replies as if she had used it in the latter sense, I am a messenger. 

Warburton: Look
Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: is’t not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis Beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature’s own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruelest! She alive,
If you will lead these graces to the Grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell’d to my will. As, Item, two lips indifferent red. Item, two grey eyes, with lids to them. Item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you, what you are; you are too proud;
But if you were the Devil, you are fair.
My Lord and Master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recomposed, tho’ you were crown’d
The Non-pariel of Beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

This Complexion to day, I may wear another to morrow; jocu-
larly intimating, that she painted.
The other, vexes at the Jeft, says,
"Excellently done, if God did
"all." Perhaps, it may be true,
what you say in Jeft; otherwise
'tis an excellent Face. 'Tis in
Grain, &c. replies Olivia.

Warburton.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant;
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense:
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantos of condemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night:
Hollow your name to the reverberant hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: let him fend no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd poft, Lady; keep your purse:
My matter, not myself, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:—
I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art.

* Hollow your Name to the reverberate Hills. * I have corrected, reverberant. Theobald.

Thy
WHAT YOU WILL.

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon—not too fast—soft!
soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtile stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be——
What ho, Malvolio,——

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that fame peevish messenger,
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Oli. I do, I know not what; and fear to find

*Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, shew thy force; ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [Exit.

* Mine eye, &c.] I believe the meaning is; I am not mistress
of my own actions, I am afraid that my eyes betray me, and
flatter the youth without my consent, with discoveries of love.
WILL you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, in sooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy: but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather 8 to express myself: you must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian; which I call’d Roderigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of. He left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in one hour; if the heav’n’s had been pleas’d, would we had so ended! but you, Sir, alter’d that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown’d.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, tho’ it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful;

8 To express myself.] That is, to reveal myself.
but tho' I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly pub-
lis her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call
fair: she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water, tho'
I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

_Ant._ Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

_Seb._ O good _Antonio_, forgive me your trouble.

_Ant._ If you will not murther me for my love, let
me be your servant.

_Seb._ If you will not undo what you have done,
that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it
not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kind-
ness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother,
that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell
tales of me: I am bound to the Duke _Orsino's_ court;
farewel. [Exit.

_Ant._ The gentleness of all the Gods go with thee!
I have made enemies in _Orsino's_ court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
The danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

SCENE II.

_Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors._

_Mal._ Were not you e'en now with the Countess
_Olivia_?

_Vio._ Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have
since arrived but hither.

_Mal._ She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might

9 _With such estimable wonder._] These words Dr. Warburton calls
an interpolation of the players, but
what did the players gain by it? they are sometimes guilty of a
joke without the concurrence of the poet, but they never length-
en a speech only to make it long-
er. _Shakespeare_ often confounds
the active and passive adjectives. _Estimable wonder_ is _estimating won-
der, or wonder and esteem_. The
meaning is, that he could not
venture to think so highly as o-
thers of his alter.
have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate Assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your Lord’s taking of this: receive it so.

*Vio.* She took the ring of me, *I’ll* none of *it.*

*Mal.* Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return’d: if it be worth stooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

*Vio.* I left no ring with her; what means this Lady? Fortune forbid, my outsider have not charm’d her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue; For she did speak in starts distractedly:
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this childish messenger.
None of my Lord’s ring; why, he sent her none. I am the man—if it be so, (as, ’tis;)
Poor Lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper false?

---

1 *Her eyes had lost her tongue.* This is nonsensical: we should read,
   —*her eyes had cross’d her tongue*;
Alluding to the notion of the fascination of the eyes; the effects of which were called *croffing*.
   WARBURTON.
That the fascination of the eyes was called *croffing* ought to have been proved. But however that be, the present reading has not only sense but beauty. We say a man *loses* his company when they go one way and he goes another. So Olivia’s tongue lost her eyes; her tongue was talking of the Duke and her eyes gazing on his messenger.

2 *How easy is it, for the proper false* in women’s waxen hearts to fit their forms! This is obscure. The meaning is, how easily does their own falsehood, contained in their waxen changeable hearts, enable them to assume deceitful appearances.

The
WHAT YOU WILL.

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made, if such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? as I am man,
My fate is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, (now, alas the day!)
What thristless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' unty. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Changes to Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed
after midnight, is to be up betimes; and
Diligently surge, thou know'st.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I
know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it, as an unfill'd
Can; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then,
is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go
bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four
elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather
consists of eating and drinking.

The two next lines are perhaps transposed, and should be
read thus.

For such as we are made, if
such we be,
Alas, our frailty is the cause,
not we.

3 I think, it rather consists of
eating and drinking.] A ridicule
on the medical theory of that
time, which supposed health to
consist in the just temperament
and balance of these elements in
the human frame. WARDBURT.
Sir To. Th'art a scholar, let us therefore eat and drink. Maria! I say!——a stoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, 'tis faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, as, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigromeritus, of the Vapians passing the Equinoctial of Lucubus: 'twas very good, 'tis faith: I sent thee six-pence for thy Lemon, hadst it? 4

Clo. 5 I did impetico thy gratility; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-frock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houes.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a Song———

Sir To. Come on, there's Six-pence for you. Let's have a Song.

Sir And. There's a teatril of me too; if one Knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a Love-song, or a Song of good life?

Sir To. A Love-song, a Love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

4 I sent thee six pence for thy Lemon, hadst it?] But the Clown was neither Pantler, nor Butler. The Poet's Word was certainly mistaken by the Ignorance of the Printer. I have restor'd, lem-man, i. e. I sent thee Sixpence to spend on thy Mistress. Theod.
5 I did impetico, &c.] This, Sir T. Hanmer tells us, is the fame with impocket thy gratuity. He is undoubtedly right; but we must read, I did impetico thy gratuity. The fools were kept in long coats, to which the allusion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not understand.
WHAT YOU WILL.

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
    That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
    Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!
Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter,
    What's to come, is still unsure:
6 In delay there lies no plenty,
* Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.
Sir To. A contagious breath.
Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.
Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we 7 make the welkin dance, indeed?
Shall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will 8 draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

6 In delay there lies no plenty:] This is a proverbial saying corrupted; and should be read thus,
In decay there lies no plenty.
A reproof of avarice, which stores up perishable fruits till they decay. To these fruits the Poet, humorously, compares youth or virginity; which, he says, is a stuff will not endure. WAR. B.
I believe delay is right.
* Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty] This line is obscure; we might read,
Come, a kiss then, sweet, and twenty.

Yet I know not whether the present reading be not right, for in some counties sweet and twenty, whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment.
7 Make the welkin dance.] That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round.
8 draw three souls out of one weaver?] Our Author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have shewn the cause of it elsewhere. This expression of the power of musick, is familiar with our Author.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Moft certain? let our catch be, Thou knave.

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, Hold thy peace.

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith: come, begin.

[They sing a catch.]  

SCENE IV.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? if my Lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My Lady's a Catayan, we are politicians, Malvolio's a 'Peg-a-Ramsey, and Three merry men be we.

Am.

Shakespeare's purpose, to hint to us those surprising effects of mutick, which the antiquits speak of. When they tell us of amphiou; who moved stones and trees; Orpheus and Arion, who tamed savage beasts, and Timothew, who governed, as he pleased, the passions of his human auditors. So noble an observation has our Author conveyed in the ribaldry of this buffoon character.

WARBURTON.

9 This catch is loft.

'Peg-a-Ramsey I do not understand. Tilly valley was an interjection of contempt, which Sir Thomas More's lady is record-
WHAT YOU WILL: 383

Am not I confsanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly valley, Lady! there dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady. [Singing.

Clo. Beshrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,—[Singing.

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do ye make an ale-house of my Lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Sneck up!—[Hiccuphs.

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that tho' she harbours you as her Uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the House; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew, his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

ed to have had very often in her mouth.

A Cozier is a tailor, from seu or to loi. French.

Sir
TWELFTH-NIGHT: ÖR,

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [Singing.
Clo. What, an if you do?
Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?
Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.
Sir To. Out o'time, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a steward? doth thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too.
Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right.—Go, Sir, rub your chain with crumbs. 3—A floof of wine, Maria.—
Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; 4 she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.
Mar. Go shake your ears.
Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.
Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.
Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to night; since the youth of the Duke's was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a wayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think, I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.
Sir To. Possibly, possibly, tell us something of him.

3 Rule is, method of life; I suppose it should be read, rub your chain with crumbs.] 4 His Experi is tumult and riot.
5 Possibly. That is, inform us, tell us, make us matters of the matter.

Mar.
Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; * an affection'd afs, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths; the belt perfluated of himself; so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expression of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady your Neice; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nofe too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters, that thou wilt drop, that they come from my Neice, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an afs.


Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my phyllick will work with him. I will plant you two,  

* an affection'd afs. ] Affectioned, for full of affection. WARB.  

Vol. II. C e and
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.
Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.
Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?
Sir And. I was ador'd once too.
Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.
Sir And. If I cannot recover your Neice, I am a foul way out.
Sir To. Send for money, Knight; if thou haft her not i'th'end, call me Cut.
Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.
Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, Knight; come Knight. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some musick now.—Good morrow, friends—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song, we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms *
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

—Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your Lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

* Recollected, studied. W.R.B.

I rather think that recollected signifies, more nearly to its primitive sense, recalled, repeated, and alludes to the practice of composers who often prolong the song by repetitions.

Cur.
Cur. Feste, the jester, my Lord, a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[Ex. Curio. [Musick.

—Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;
For such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the feat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath straid upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.*

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my Lord.

Duke. Too old, by heav'n; let still the woman take
An elder than herself, so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,⁷
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my Lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

* The word favour ambiguously used.

⁷ Lost and worn.] Though lost and worn may mean lost and worn out, yet lost and worn being, I think, better, these two words coming usually and naturally together, and the alteration being very slight, I would so read in this place with Sir Tho. Hamner.
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

_Vio._ And so they are: alas, that they are so,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

_Enter Curio and Clown._

_Duke._ O fellow, come.—The song we had last night,
Mark it, _Cesario_, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth, *
And dallies with the innocence of love, 9
Like the old age. 

_Clo._ Are you ready, Sir?
_Duke._ Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [Musick.

_S O N G._

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, still all with yew,
O, prepare it.
My part of death no one so true
_Did share it._ 2

---

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_WARBURTON._

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1 The old age is the ages past, the times of simplicity.
2 My part of death no one so true
3 Did share it.]

3 The old age is the ages past, the times of simplicity.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones shall be strown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.
Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleasure in singing, Sir.
Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.
Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time
or other.
Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.
Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the
taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy
mind is a very opal! I would have men of such con-
stancy put to sea, that their business might be every-
thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that
always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond fame sovereign cruelty:

1 a very opal!] A precious
stone of almost all colours.

POPE.

2 that their business might be
every thing, and their intent every-
where:] Both the preserva-
tion of the antithesis, and the
recovery of the sense, require
we should read, and their
intent no where. Because a

man who suffers himself to run
with every wind, and so makes
his business every where, cannot
be said to have any intent; for
that word signifies a determina-
tion of the mind to something.
Besides, the conclusion of mak-
ing a good voyage out of nothing,
directs to this emendation.

WARBURTON.

Tell
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts, that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune:
* But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, Sir—

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some Lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

* But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,
That nature pranks her in, —[1
What is that miracle, and Queen of Gems? we are not told in this reading. Besides, what is meant by nature pranks her in a miracle?—We should read,

But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,
That nature pranks, her mind,

i.e. what attracts my soul, is not her Fortun, but her Mind, that miracle, and Queen of Gems that

nature pranks, i.e. sets out, adorns. Warburton.

The miracle and Queen of Gems is her beauty, which the commentator might have found without so impatical an enquiry. As to her mind, he that should be captious would say, that though it may be formed by nature it must be pranked by education.

Shakespeare does not say that nature pranks her in a miracle, but in the miracle of gems, that is, in a Gem miraculously beautiful.

Duke.
Duke. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe;
In faith, they are as true of heart, as we.
My father had a daughter lovd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I shoulde your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my Lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?

She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief,] Mr. Theobald supposes this might possibly be borrowed from Chaucer.
And her brefisis wonder diteritie
Dame Patience yfittinge there I
foude
With face pale, upon an bill of
foude.
And adds, If he was indebted,
however, for the first rude draught,
how amply has he repaid that debt,
in heightening the picture! How
much does the green and yellow
melancholy transcend the old
bard's pale face; the monument
his hill of sand.—-I hope this
Critic does not imagine
Shakespeare meant to give us a picture of the face of Patience,
by his green and yellow melancholy; because, he says, it transcends the pale face of Patience
given us by Chaucer. To throw Patience into a fit of melancholy, would be indeed very extraordinary. The green and yellow then belonged not to Patience, but to her who sat like Patience. To give Patience a pale face, was proper: and had Shakespeare described her, he had done it as Chaucer did. But Shakespeare is speaking of a marble statue of Patience; Chaucer, of Patience herself. And the two representations of her, are in quite different views. Our Poet, speaking of a despairing lover, judiciously compares her to Patience exercised on the death of friends and relations; which affords him the beautiful picture of Patience on a monument. The old Bard speaking of Patience herself, directly, and not by comparison, as judiciously draws her in that circumstance where she is most exercised, and has occasion for all her virtue; that is to say, under the letters of shipwreck. And now we see why she is represented as sitting on an bill of sand, to design the scene to be the seashore. It is finely imagined; and one of the noble simplicities of that admirable Poet. But the Critic
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,
We men may say more, swear more, but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my fathers' house, 6
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not—
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel: say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Changes to Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. COME thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the

Critick thought, in good earnest,
that Chaucer's invention was so barren, and his imagination so beggarly, that he was not able
to be at the charge of a monument for his Goddef-, but left her, like a frolick, cunning herself upon a heap of sand.

WARBURTON.

6 I'm all the daughters of my fathers' house,
And all the brothers too——

This was the most artful answer
that could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer, must have raised suspicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer, that the sister died of her love; she (who pass'd for a man) saying, she was all the daughters of her father's house. But the Oxford Editor, a great enemy, as should seem, to all equivocation, obliges her to answer thus,

She's all the daughters of my father's house,

But if it should be asked now, how the Duke came to take this for an answer to his question, to be sure the Editor can tell us.

WARBURTON.
niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would extult, man; you know, he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, 'tis pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my nettle of India? *

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio's coming down this walk, he has been yonder i'th'sun practicing behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! lye thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[Throws down a letter, and Exit.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue.—

Fab. O, peace: contemplation makes a rare Tur-

* Nettle of India means, I believe, nothing more than precious nettle.
key-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.
Sir To. Peace, I say.
Mal. To be Count Malvolio,—
Sir To. Ah, rogue!
Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.
Sir To. Peace, peace.
Mal. There is example for't: 7 the Lady of the
Stracy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!
Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look, how
imagination blows him.
Mal. Having been three months married to her,
sitting in my state——
Sir To. 8 O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!—
Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd
velvet-gown; having come down from a day-bed,
where I have left Olivia sleeping.
Sir To. Fire and brimstone!
Fab. O, peace, peace.
Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and
after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know
my place, as I would they shoul'd do theirs——to ask
for my uncle Toby——
Sir To. Bolts and shackles!
Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.
Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient start
make out for him: I frown the while, and, perchance,

7 the Lady of the Strachy.] We should read Trachy, i.e.
Torace; for so the old English writers called it. Monivilliers
lays, As Trachve and Macedoinge of the which Aliandre was Kyrg.
It was common to use the article the before names of places:
And this was no improper in-

8 Stone-bow.] That is, a cross-
bow, a bow which shoots stones.

WARBURTON. What we should read is hard
to say. Here is an allusion to
some old story which I have not
yet discovered.

flance, where the scene was in
Illyria. WARBURTON.
wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches, curtsies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares, yet, peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' th' lips then?

Mal. Saying, uncle Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your Neice, give me this prerogative of speech——

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkennefs.

Sir To. Out, scab?

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish Knight——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew——

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me Fool.

9 Wind up my watch.] In our authors' time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion that a watch was found upon him.

1 Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares, i. e. Tho' it is the greatest pain to us to keep silence. Yet the Oxford Editor has altered it to,

Tho' our silence be drawn from us by th' ears

There is some conceit, I suppose, in this, as in many other of his alterations, yet it oft lies so deep that the reader has reason to wish he could have explained his own meaning.

Warburton.

I believe the true reading is, Though our silence be drawn from us with carts, yet peace. In the Two Gentlemen of Verona, one of the Clowns says, I have a mistrust, but who that is, a team of horses shall not draw from me. So in this play, Oxf ord and vain-ropes will not bring them together.

Mal.
Mal. What employment have we here? *  

[Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the spirit of humours in-
timate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes the her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. To the unknown below'd, this, and my good exishe; her very phrases: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal; 'tis my Lady: to whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove knows I love, but who,

Lips do not move, no man must know.
No man must know—what follows? the number's alter'd—no man must know—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, Brock!

Mal. I may command, where I adore,

But, silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart dotb gore,

M. O. A. I. dotb swayne my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth swayne my life—nay, but first, let me see—let me see—

Fab. What a dith of poision has the drees'd him?

* What employment have we here? A phrase of that time, equivalent to our common speech of—Wh't's to do here. The Oxford Editor, not attending to this, alters it to

What implement have we here? By which happy emendation, he makes Malvolio to be in the plot against himself; or how could he know that this letter was an implement made ufe of to catch him? WARBURTON.

Sir To.
Sir To. And with what wing the 3 flannyel checks at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my Lady. Why, this is evident to any 4 formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this—and the end—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me? softly—M. O. A. I.—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that; he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be not as rank as a fox. 5

Mal. M.—Malvolio—M.—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; That suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope. 6

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I.—this simulation is not as the former—and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft, here follows prose—If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid

1 Stannyel, the name of a kind of hawk, is very judiciously put here for Stallion, by Sir Thomas Hanmer. 
2 formal capacity,] Formal, for common. Warburton. 
5 So Sir Thomas Hanmer. The other editions, though it be as rank. 
6 And O shall end I hope.] By O is here meant what we now call a hempen collar.
of greatness; some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to insure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble shogb, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinman, careful with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sigs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cros-garter'd. I say, remember; go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortunes' fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee, the fortunate and happy. Day-light and champian discovers no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point de vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cros-garter'd, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange, it out, in yellow stockings, and cros-garter'd, even with the surliness of putting on. 

—Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not abuse but know who I am: if thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pray thee.—Jove, I thank thee! I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

[Exit.

7 with thee. The fortunate and happy day-light and champian discovers no more: i.e. Broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer. Warburton.

Fab.
Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

SCENE IX.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o’my neck?

Sir And. Or o’mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I’faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like Aqua vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and ’tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter’d, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar; thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I’ll make one too. [Exeunt.

8 The word tray-trip I do not understand.

9 Aqua vitæ is the old name of strong waters.
SAVE thee, Friend, and thy musick. Doft thou
live by thy Tabor?
Clo. No, Sir, I live by the Church.
Vio. Art thou a Churchman?
Clo. No such matter, Sir; I do live by the Church;
for I do live at my House, and my House doth stand
by the Church.
Vio. So thou may'st say, the King lyes by a Beg-
gar, if a Beggar dwell near him: or the Church
stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the
Church.
Clo. You have said, Sir.—To see this age!—A sen-
tence is but a chevril glove to a good wit; how
quickly the wrong side may be turned outward?
Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely
with words, may quickly make them wanton.
Clo. I would therefore, my Sister had had no Name,
Sir.
Vio. Why, Man?
Clo. Why, Sir, her Name's a word; and to dally
with that word, might make my Sister wanton; but,
indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd
them.
Vio. Thy reason, Man?
Clo. Truth, Sir, I can yield you none without
words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to
prove reason with them.
I warrant, thou art a merry Fellow; and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir; I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir; I would, it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's Fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly; she will keep no Fool, Sir, till she be married; and Fools are as like Husband's, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her Fool, but her Corrupter of Words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke Orsino's.

Ch. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the Orb like the Sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the Fool should be as off with your Master, as with my Mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now 'love, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, Sir, to bring a Creusa to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: Creusa was a beggar. My lady is within, Sir, I will confer to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

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1 Lord Pandarus. ] See our author's play of Troylus and Creusa.
Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, and, to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, the quality of the persons, and the time; and, like the haggard, check at every feather that comes before his eye. This is a practice, as full of labour as a wife-man's art: For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit; but wise men's folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, Gentleman.
Vio. And you, Sir.
Sir To. Dieu vous garde, Monseur.
Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
Sir To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours. Will you encounter the House? my Niece is defirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.
Vio. I am bound to your Niece, Sir; I mean, she is the lift of my voyage.
Sir To. Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.
Vio. My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I

2 But wise men's folly fall'n.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, folly shown.

3 In former editions.

Sir To. Save you, Gentleman.
Vio. And you, Sir.
Sir And. Dieu vous garde, Monseur.
Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
Sir And. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours. I have ventured to make the two Knights change Speeches in this Dialogue with Viola; and, I think, notwithstanding good reason. It were a prepertuous Forgetfulness in the Poet, and out of all probability, to make Sir Andrew not only speak French, but understand what is said to him in it, who in the four Acts did not know the English of Poquoy. Theobald.

The lift is the bound, limit, farthest point.
What you will. 403

Understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance; but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heav'n's rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare Courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, Lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear. 5

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.

Scene III.

Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam; and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair Princess.

Oli. My servant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world, once lowly feigning was call'd compliment: servent to the Duke Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to what your gentle thoughts On his behalf.

5 most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.] Pregnant, for ready. WARB.
Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;—
I bade you never speak again of him.
But would you undertake another suit,
I'd rather hear you to sollicit that
Than musick from the spheres,

Vio. Dear lady,

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment, (you did hear) 6
A ring in chafe of you. So did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you;
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you
think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your re-
ceiving 7
Enough is shewn; a cyrus, 8 not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise; 9 for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [Clock strikes.
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;

6 After the last enchantment, yon d d hear.] Nonsense.

Read and point it thus,

After the last enchantment you did here,

i. e. after the enchantment, your presence worked in my affec-
tions. Warburton.

The present reading is no more nonsense than the emendation.

7 to one of your receiving i. e. to one of your ready apprehension.

She considers him as an arch page.

8 A cyrus is a transparent fluff.

9 A grise is a slip, sometimes written grese from degres, French.

And
And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward hoe:

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship;
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?

Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me, what thou thinkest of me?

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the fame of you.

Vio. Then think you right, I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were, as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon,
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the rotes of the spring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hath no cause:
But rather reason thus with reason fetter;
Love sought is good; but given, unfought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good Madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

1 And that no woman has.  2 Save I alone.} These three words Sir Thomas Hanmer gives to Olivia probably enough.

D d 3

Oli.
Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to an Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Feb. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Duke's serving-man, than ever the bestow'd on me. I saw't, 'tis't orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Feb. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an as a o' me?

Feb. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir And. And they have been Grand Jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

Feb. She did shew favour to the youth in your fight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accoited her, with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint; you should have bung'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double gift of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now fail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an isicle on a Dutchman's beard,
heard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour; challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and afflire thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fal. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write in a martial hand; be curt and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; 3 taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou thou'lt him some thrice, it shall not be amis;

3 — taunt him with the Licence of Ink; if thou thou'lt him some thrice.] There is no Doubt, I think, but this Passage is One of those, in which our Author intended to shew his Respect for Sir Walter Raleigh, and a Detestation of the Virulence of his Prosecutors. The Words, quoted, seem to me directly levelled at the Attorney-General Coke, who, in the Trial of Sir Walter, attacked him with all the following indecent Expressions.—"All that he did was by thy Instigation, thou Viper; for I thou thes, thou Traytor?" (Here, by the way, are the Poet's three thouns.) "You are an odious Man."—"Is he base? I return it into thy Throat, on his behalf."—"O damnable "Atheist!"—"Thou art a monster; thou hast an English Face, but a Spanish Heart."—"Thou hast a Spanish Heart, and thyself art a Spider of Hell."—"Go to, I will lay thee on thy Back for the confident Traytor that ever came at a Bar, &c." Is not here all the Licence of Tongue, which the Poet satyrically prescribes to Sir Andrew's Ink? And how mean an Opinion Shakespeare had of these petulant Invectives, is pretty evident from his Cloze of this Speech; Let there be Call enough in thy Ink, thot thou write it with a Googie-pen, no matter.—A keener Lash at the Attorney for a Fool, than all the Contumelies the Attorney threw at the Prisoner, as a suppos'd Traytor!

THEOBALD.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, al-
though the shee were big enough for the bed of Ware
in England; set 'em down, go about it. Let there be
gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write with a goo-
pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: go.

[Exit Sir Andrew.

SCENE V.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two
thousand strong or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but
you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir
on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wain-
ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he
were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver
as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anat-
omy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his vi-
fage no great prelaze of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. *Look, where the youngest wren of nine
comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh your-
selves into stitches, follow me: yond gull Malvolio is
turned Heathen, a very Renegado; for there is no
Christian, that means to be fav'd by believing rightly,
can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness,
He's in yellow stockings.

* Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes. The wo-
men parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature,
that there was occasion to ob-
viate the impropriety by such
kind of oblique apologies.

WARBURTON.

Sir
WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' th' church—I have dogg'd him, like his mur-th'erer. He does obey every point of the letter, that I dropt to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmenta-tion of the Indies; you have not seen such a thing, as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you. But since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, (More sharp than filed steel,) did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (tho' so much, As might have drawn one to a longer voyage.) But jealoufe what might befall your travel, Being skilful in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Anthonio, I can no other answer make, but thanks; *

And

* In former editions, I can no other Answer make but Thanks, And thanks, and ever-oft good Turns Are shuffled off with such uncer-

rent
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this town?

_Seb._ I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

_Cord._ 'Twould, you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his gallies,
I did some service, of such note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

_Seb._ Belike, you flew great number of his people,
_Cord._ Thy offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did. Only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

_Seb._ Do not then walk too open.
_Cord._ It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs at the Elebant

--- [The second Line is too short by a whole Foot. Then, who ever heard of this goodly double Adverb, ever-st, which seems to have as much Propriety as, alway-sometimes? As I have reitard the Passage, it is very much in our Author's Manner and Mode of Expression. So, in Comedies; --- Since when I have been]--- Debtors to You for Courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay till.

And in All's well, that Ends well.

And let me buy your friendly Help this far.

Which I will over-pay, and pay again.
When I have found it.

_Teobald._ Is
What You Will

Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
While you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.
Sel. Why I your purse?
Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.
Sel. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.
Ant. To th' Elephant.
Sel. I do remember. [Exeunt.

Scene VII.

Changes to Olivia's House.

Enter Olivia, and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him; he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or bor-
row'd.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He's coming, Madam; but in very strange
manner.

5 In former editions,
I have sent after him; he says
he'll come;] From whom
could my Lady have any such
Intelligence? Her Servant, em-
ploy'd upon this Errand, was
not yet return'd; and, when he
does return, he brings Word,
that the Youth would hardly be
intreated back. I am persuaded
she was intended rather to be in
Sufence, and deliberating with
herself: putting the Supposition
that he would come; and ask-
ing Herself, in that Cafe, how
She should entertain him.

Theobald:—he says he'll come;} i.e. I
suppose now, or admit now, he
says he'll come; which Mr.
Theobald, not understanding, al-
ters unnecessarily to, f-y he will
come; in which the Oxford Edi-
tor has followed him. Warb.

He
He is sure possiibt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but smile; your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ha, ha. [Smiles fantastically.

Oli. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood; this cross-gartering; but what of it? if it please the eye of One, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: Please one, and please all.

Oli. Why? how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know that sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request?

Yes, nightingales answer daws!

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of Greatness;—'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born Great——

Oli.
Oli. Ha?
Mal. Some atchieve Greatness——
Oli. What say'st thou?
Mal. And some have Greatnes thrust upon them——
Oli. Heav'n restore thee!
Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings——
Oli. Thy yellow stockings?
Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd——
Oli. Cross-garter'd?
Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so——
Oli. Am I made?
Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.
Oli. Why, this is a very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for half of my dowry. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.

Mal. Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter; she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. Cast thy humble flough, says she;——be opposite with a kinsman,——furly with servants,——let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,

6 Hot weather often turns the brain, which is, I suppose, alluded to here.
put thyself into the trick of singularity; and consequently lets down the manner how; as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a flow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim’d her, but it is Jove’s doing, and Jove make me thankful! and when she went away now, let this fellow be look’d to: Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—what can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

SCENE IX.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself posses him, yet I’ll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is’t with you, Sir? how is’t with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does he so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is’t with you? what! man, defy the devil; consider, he’s an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

7 I have lim’d her,—I originally signified companion, was have entangled or caught her, not yet totally degraded to its as a bird is caught with bindlim: present meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense.

8 fellow.—This word which Mar.
WHAT YOU WILL. 443

Mar. La, you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart.——Pray God, he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wife woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; that is not the way: do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What! man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang yourselves all: you are idle shallow things; I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, left the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.
Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, 'till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen; but see, but see.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.
Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so fawcy?
Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Fab. Is't so fawcy?

Sir To. Give me. [Sir Toby reads.

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so; for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note; That keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou lies in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy side of the law: good.

9 This is, I think, an allusion to the witch-finders, who were very bus'.
Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend as thou wert him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my Lady, and will by-and-by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailiff; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawst, swear horribly; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his Lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find, that it comes from a clodpole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, 

skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

--- he may have mercy upon mine.--- We may read, He may have mercy upon thine, but my hope is better. Yet the passage may well enough stand without alteration. It were much to be wished, that Shakespeare in this and some other passages, had not ventured so near pronunciens.

Vol. II. SCENE
Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [Exit.

Oli. I've said too much unto a heart of stone, and laid mine honour too uncharily out. There's something in me, that reproves my fault; but such a head-strong potent fault it is, that it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same'aviour that your passion bears, goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this * jewel for me, 'tis my picture; refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you: and, I beseech you, come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, that, honour fav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that, which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well. A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.

SCENE XII.

Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou haft, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou haft done him, I know not; but thy interpreter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end; dif-

* Jewel does not properly signify a single gem, but any precious ornament or superfluity.
mount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy affianant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You’ll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, bereave you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight, dubb’d with unhack’d rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorce’d three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nob, is his word; give’t, or take’t.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that’s certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

* He is Knight, dubb’d with unhack’d rapier, and on carpet consideration; — That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a Knight Banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, on carpet consideration, at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling not on the ground, as in war, but on a carpet. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a carpet knight, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war.

E e 2

Vio.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman, 'till my return. [Exit Sir Toby.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago:* I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all; and he gives me the fluck—in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surety as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been va-

* Virago cannot be properly used here, unless we suppose Sir Toby to mean, I never saw one that had so much the look of a woman with the prowess of a man.
WHAT YOU WILL.

chant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him
damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the
matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capulet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; stand here, make a
good show on't;—This shall end without the perdi-
tion of souls; marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I
ride you.

[Aside.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have per-
suaded him, the youth's a devil. [To Fabian.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of himself; and pants
and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy Sir, he will fight with
you for's oath sake: marry, he had better bethought
him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be
worth talking of; therefore draw for the supportance
of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! a little thing would
make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the
gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout
with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he
has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier,
he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [They draw.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

SCENE XIV.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; if this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [Drawing.

Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more

E[c]3

Than
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.
Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[Draws,

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.
Sir To. I'll be with you anon.
Vio. Pray, Sir, put your sword up if you please.

[To Sir Andrew,

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir; and for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word.—He will bear you easily, and reins well.
1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

Ant. You do mistake me, Sir.

1 Off. No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well; Tho' now you have no sea-cap on your head.
—Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.
What will you do? now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myself: you stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that mony.
Vio. What mony, Sir?
For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something; my Having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? do not tempt my misery,
Left that it make me so unfound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkennesse,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh, heav'n's themselves!——

2 Off. Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you
see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us?—the time goes by—away.

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou haft, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks; o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad, away with him.

—Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit Antonio with Officers.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself—so do not I.*
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, Knight; come hither, Fabian;
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage laws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glads. Even such, and so
In favour was my brother; and he went

* So do not I.] This, I believe, self, when, from this accident,
means, I do not yet believe my-

E e 4

Still
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and falt waves fresh in love. [Exit.
Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a
coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving
his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for
his cowardship, ask Fabian.
Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious
in it.
Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.
Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy
sword.
Sir And. An I do not,—— [Exit Sir Andrew.
Fab. Come, let's see the event.
Sir To. I dare lay any mony, 'twill be nothing yet.
[Execut.

ACT IV. SCENE I.
The STREET.

Enter Sebastian, and Clown.

Clown.

WILL you make me believe, that I am not sent
for you?
Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let
me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, 'tis faith: no, I do not know you,
nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you
come speak with her; nor your name is not master Ce-
fario, nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing, that
is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; thou
know'lt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly!——he has heard that word of
some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent
my
WHAT YOU WILL.

my folly! I am afraid, this great lubber* the world will prove a cockney. I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady; shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me; there's mony for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand; these wise men, that give fools mony, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase. *

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [Striking Sebastian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad? [Beating Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady strait: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [Exit Clown.

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold. [Holding Sebastian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria; tho' I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

* I am afraid, this great lubber.] That is, affectation and foppery will overspread the world.

3 I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,—] Greek, was as much as to say Bawd or Pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians, which words occur frequently in Shakespeare, especially in Timon of Athens, and Henry IVth. Yet the Oxford Editor alters it to Greek. WARBURTON.

+ — get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.] This seems to carry a piece of satire upon those who, the crying grievance of that time. The Grants generally were for fourteen years: and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that money gained favourable reports from thence. WARBURTON.

Sir
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Sir To. Come Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd: come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou dar'ft tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? nay, then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[They draw and fight.

SCENE II.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my sight! Be not offended, dear Cesario:— Rudesby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[Exit Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway In this uncivil and unjust extent 5 Against thy peace. Go with me to my house, And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks This ruffian hath botch'd up, 6 that thou thereby May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go: Do not deny; besfrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee. 7

5 In this uncivil and unjust extent. Extent is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the king. It is therefore taken here for violence in general.

6 This ruffian hath botch'd up, —] i.e. swelled and inflamed. A botch being a swelling or abscess.

7 He started one poor heart of mine in thee. I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between heart and heart. The sense however is easy enough. He that offends thee attacks one of my hearts; or, as the antients expressed it, half my heart.
Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream? Or I am mad, or else this is a dream. Let fancy still my sense in sweet sleep, If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pray: wouldst thou'dst be ruled by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pray thee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself; and I would, I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

SirTo. Iowe bless thee, Mr. Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby; for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to

8 What relish is in this.] How does this taste? What judgment am I to make of it.

9 as to say, a careful man and a great scholar.] This refers to what went before, I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; it is plain then that Shakespeare wrote, as to say a GRACEFUL man, i.e. comely. To this the Oxford Editor says, reedi. WARBURTON.

1 very wittily said—that that is, is.] This is a very humorous banter of the rules established in the schools, that all reasonings are ex praecognitis & praecomitis, which lay the foundation of every science in these max-


TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,
to a niece of King Gorboduck, that that is, is: so I being Mr. Parfon, am Mr. Parfon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,—peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeit well; a good knave,

Mal. Who calls there? [Malvolio within.

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Mal-

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man?

Talkeft thou of nothing but ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parfon.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fy, thou dishonest sathan; I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: say'lt thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barica-
does, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrious as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreft; I say, there is no dark-

ness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad

maxims, whatsoever is, is; and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be; with much trifling of the like kind. Ware.
WHAT YOU WILL. 429

than you are, make the tryal of it in any constant question. 2

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters. 3

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would, he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[Exit with Maria.

SCENE IV.

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my lady does.

Mal. Fool——

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdie.

---

2 Constant question.] A settled, a determinate, a regular question.

3 Nay, I am for all waters.] A phrase taken from the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief.

I rather think this expression borrowed from sportsmen, and relating to the qualifications of a complete spaniel.

Mal.
TWELFTH NIGHT: OR,

Mal. Fool,—
Clo. Alas, why is she so?
Mal. Fool, I say;—
Clo. She loves another—who calls, ha?
Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. Malvolio!
Mal. Ay, good fool,
Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?
Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here possessed me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, assies, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here.
Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heav'n's restore: endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain babble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. * Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, Sir? not, I, Sir. God b'w'you, good Sir Topas—

Marry, amen.—I will, Sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

* Possessed me. They have taken possession of me as of a man unable to look to himself.
* Here the Clown in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas.—I will, Sir, I will, is spoken after a pause, as if, in the mean time, Sir Topas had whispered.

Clo.
Clo. Well-a-day—that you were, Sir!
Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I set down to my Lady: It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.
Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?
Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.
Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man, 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.
Mal. Fool, I'll require it in the highest degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.
Clo. I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir, [Singing.
I'll be with you again
In a trice, like to the old vice,*
Your need to sustain:
Who with dagger of laub, in his rage, and his wrath,
Cries, ab, ba! to the devil:
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, good man drivel. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Changes to another apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. THIS is the air, that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and feel't.

5 Tell me, are you not mad, or do you but counterfeit.] If he was not mad, what did he counterfeit by declaring that he was not mad? The fool, who meant to insult him, I think, asks, are you mad, or do you but counterfeit? That is, you look like a madman, you talk like a madman: Is your madness real, or have you any secret design in it? This, to a man in poor Malvolio's state, was a severe taunt.

* Vice was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are still preferred in puppet-shows, and by country mummers.

And
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,  
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;—
For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness;
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse;
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust, * but that I'm mad;
Or else the Lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stately bearing.
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,
That is deceivable. But here she comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well,

* Yet there he was, and there
  I found this Credit,
  That he did range, &c.] i.e.
I found it justly, credibly
wouched. Whether the Word
Credit will easily carry this Mean-
ing, I am doubtful. The ex-
pression seems obscure; and tho'
I have not disturbed the Text, I
very much suspect that the Poet
wrote;
— and there I found this credent.
He uses the same Term again in
the very same Sense in the Win-
ter's Tale.
— Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st employ with some-
thing, and thou dost, &c.

Theobald.  
— I found this credit.] Cre-
dit, for account, information.
The Oxford Editor roundly al-
ters it to current; as he does al-
mast every word that Shakespeare
uses in an anomalous signification.

Warburton.

— all instance, all dis-
course;] Instance, for sen-
discourse, for reason.

Warburton.

Instance is example.
* To any other trust.] To any
other belief, or confidence, to
any other fixed opinion.

Now
WHAT YOU WILL.

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
*While you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having sworn + truth, ever will be true.
Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heav'ns
so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Clown, and Fabian.

FABIAN.

NOW, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Mr. Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recom pense de-
fire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and lords.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are some of her trappings.

*While is until. This word counties.
+Truth is fidelity.
Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Jut the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an as of me; now, my foes tell me plainly, I am an as: so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kifles, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me. There's gold.

--- So that conclusions to be as kifles, --- ] Tho' it might be unreasonable to call our Poet's Fools and Knaves every where to account; yet, if we did, for the generality we should find them responsible. But what monstrous absurdity have we here? To suppose the text genuine, we must acknowledge it too wild to have any known meaning: and what has no known meaning, cannot be allowed to have either wit or humour. Besides, the Clown is affecting to argue seriously and in form. I imagine, the Poet wrote;

So that, conclusion to be asked, is, i.e. So that the conclusion I have to demand of you is this, if your four, &c. He had in the preceding words been inferring some premises, and now comes to the conclusion very logically; you grant me, says he, the premises; I now ask you to grant the conclusion.

Though I do not discover much ratioication in the Clown's discourse, yet, methinks, I can find some glimpse of a meaning in his observation, that the conclusion is as kifles. For, says he, if four negatives make two affirmatives, the conclusion is as kifles: that is, the conclusion follows by the conjunction of two negatives, which, by kifing and embracing, coalesce into one, and make an affirmative. What the four negatives are I do not know. I read, So that conclusions be as kifles.

Clo.
WHAT YOU WILL.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would, you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good Play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplet, Sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more mony out of me at this throw; if you will let your Lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, and I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio, and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; Yet when I saw it last, it was besmeared As black as Vulcan, in the fnoak of war: A bawbling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught and bulk unprizable, With which such faithful graple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet,

9 Bells of St. Bennet.] When in this play he mentioned the kid of Ware, he recollected that the scene was in Illyria, and added in England; but his sense of the same impropriety could not restrain him from the bells of St. Bennet.

That
That very envy and the tongue of los
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phænix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tyger board,
When your young nephew Titus left his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side:
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Haft made thine enemies;

Ant. Orsino, noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me: Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate;
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint;
All his in dedication. For his fake,
Did I expose myself, pure, for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beted;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance;
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink: deny'd me mine own pure,
Which I had recommended to his use

1 Desperate of shame and state.] his condition, like a desperate
Unattentive to his character or man.
WHAT YOU WILL.

Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To day, my Lord; and for three months be-

fore,

No Interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

SCENE III.

Enter Olivia, and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heav'n walks
on earth.

—but for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are mad-
ness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon—Take him aside.—

Oli. What would my Lord, but that he may not

have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

—Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my

Lord—

Vio. My Lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my Lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,

As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil Lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

My soul the faithful full'ft offerings has breath'd out,

[As fat and fulsome.]

Fat means dull; so we say a
We should read, as flat.

Warburton. congruent to fulsome than flat.

That
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

O! Ev'n what it please my Lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do't

Like to th' Egyptian thief, at point of death

Kill what I love? (a savage jealously,

That sometimes favours nobly;) but hear me this;

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument,

That screws me from my true place in your favour:

Live you the marbled-breasted tyrant still.

But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,

And whom, by heav'n, I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

Where he fits crowned in his master's spight.

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mis-

chief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,

Why should I not, had I the heart to do it.

Like to th' Egyptian Thief, at point of Death.

Kill what I love?] In this Simile, a particular Story is presuppos'd; which ought to be

known to shew the Justness and Propriety of the Comparison.

It is taken from Hesiodus's Æ colonies, to which our Author

was indebted for the Allusion. This Egyptian Thief was Thy-

mis, who was a Native of Mem-

phis, and at the Head of a Band of Robbers. Theagenes and Char-

iclea falling into their Hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love

with the Lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a

stronger Body of Robbers coming down upon Thyamis's Party,

he was in such Fears for his Mis-

tress, that he had her shut into a Cave with his Treasure. It

was customary with those Barbarians, when they despair'd of their

own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear, and

defire for Companions in the next Life. Thyamis, therefore,

benzret round with his Enemies, raging with Love, Jealously, and

Anger, he went to his Cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian

Tongue, so soon as he heard himself answer'd towards the

Cave's Mouth by a Greek, making to the Perfon by the Di-

rection of her Voice, he caught her by the Hair with his left

Hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right

Hand plunge'd his Sword into her Breast.
WHAT YOU WILL.

To sight a raven's heart within a dove. [Duke going.

_Vio._ And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[following.

_Oli._ Where goes _Cesario_?

_Vio._ After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life;
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnessest above
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

_Oli._ Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd?

_Vio._ Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

_Oli._ Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

_Duke._ Come, away. [To Viola.

_Oli._ Whither, my Lord? _Cesario_, husband, stay.

_Duke._ Husband?

_Oli._ Ay, Husband. Can he that deny?

_Duke._ Her husband, sirrah?

_Vio._ No, my Lord, not I.

_Oli._ Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, _Cesario_, take thy fortunes up:
Be that, thou know'st, thou art, and then thou art
As great, as that thou fear'st.

_Enter Priest._

O welcome, father.
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what, thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

_Priest._ A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,

_F f 4_ Strength-
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, tow'rd my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy * case?
Or will not else thy craft fo quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do protest——

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, tho' thou haft too much fear!

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Andrew, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God a surgeon, and send
one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-cross, and given
Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God,
your help. I had rather than forty pound, I were at
home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario; we
took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incar-
dinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is. — You broke my
head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to
do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your fword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

* Case is a word used contemptuously for skin. We yet talk of a for case, meaning the stuffed skin of a fox.

Enter
Enter Sir Toby, and Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb: Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; got, didn't see Dick Surgeon, got?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, above an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i'th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure Painim. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be drelt together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin fac'd knave, a gull?

[Exeunt Clo. Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

SCENE V.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinman:
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.

[all stand in amaze.

You throw a strange regard on me, by which,
I do perceive, it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but so late ago.

Duke.
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
persons;

* A nat'r'al perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'lt thou that, Antonio!

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,

Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:

Of charity, what kin are you to me? [To Viola.

What count'ryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too;

So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb,
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,

Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, "Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!"

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day, when Viola from her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

* A nat'r'al perspective; A

perspective seems to be taken for

show exhibited through a glass

with such lights as make the pic-

tures appear really pre

voluminous. The Duke therefore says, that

nature has here exhibited such a

show, where shadows seem rea-

tilities; where that which is not

appears like that which is.
WHAT YOU WILL.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul;  
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,  
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing let's to make us happy both,  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire;  
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,  
That I am Viola; which to confirm,  
I'll bring you to a captain in this town  
Where lie my maids weeds; by whose gentle help  
I was preserv'd to serve this noble Duke.  
All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been mistook;  
[To Olivia.

But nature to her bias drew in that.  
You would have been contracted to a maid,  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;  
You are betroth'd both to a maid, and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd: right-noble is his blood.  
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,  
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
—Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [To Vio.  
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear,  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul;  
As doth that orb'd continent the fire,  
That fevers day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,  
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore;  
Hath my maids garments: he upon some action  
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,  
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither.  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman! he's much distrait.

SCENE
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

SCENE VI.

Enter the Clown with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds Belzebub at the stake's end, as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to day morning. But as a mad-man's epistles are no gospels, so its skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the mad-man—By the Lord, Madam,—[Reads.

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madness: an your Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read it, i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, Madona; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princeps, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, Sirrah. [To Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken Uncle rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your own Letter, that induced me to its semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do myself much right, or you much blame: think of me, as you please: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. The madly us'd Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

* A most extracting frenzy—i. e. A frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object. Warburton.
Duke. This favours not much of distraction.
Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.
My Lord, so please you, these things furher thought on,
To think me as well a sister, as a wife;
One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer.
Your matter quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the metal of your sex, [To Viola.
So far beneath your sort and tender breeding;
And since you call'd me matter so long.
Here is my hand, you shall from this time be
Your matter's mistress.
Oli. A sister,—you are she.

SCENE VII.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the mad-man?
Oli. Ay, my Lord, this same: how now, Malvolio?
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious
wrong.


Mal. Lady, you have; pray you, peruse that Letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand
Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention;
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the * lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visit'd by the priest,

* — lighter —] People of less dignity or importance.

And
And made the most notorious geck, \textsuperscript{5} and gull,
That e'er invention plaid on? tell me, why?

O.i. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then can'st thou smil-
ing,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd \textsuperscript{6}
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee, be content;
This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee;
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Sir Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. 	extit{Maria} writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;
In remembrance whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides paid.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Cle. Why, some are born great, some achieve great-
ness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. I was
one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, Sir; but
that's all one:——by the Lord, fool, I am not mad;——
but do you remember, Madam,——why laugh you at

\textsuperscript{5} geck—] A fool. 

\textsuperscript{6} presuppos'd, for imposed.
WHAT YOU WILL.

such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged: and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Mean time, sweet sifter,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
(For so you shall be, while you are a man;)
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistres, and his fancy's Queen. [Exeunt.

Clown sings.

When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey, bo, the wind and the rain:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, bo, &c.

'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wife,
With hey, bo, &c.

By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, bo, &c.

With tos-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.
TWELFTH NIGHT.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hev, bo, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done;
And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. A grave-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural satire, and is therefore not the proper prey of a fatirift. The foliloquy of M.devalio is truly comick; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life.
THE

MERRY WIVES

OF

WINDSOR.

Vol. II.
Dramatis Personæ.

SIR John Falstaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, a Country Justice.
Slender, Cousin to Shallow.
Mr. Page, two Gentlemen, dwelling at Windsor.
Mr. Ford.
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welch Parson.
Dr. Caius, a French Doctor.
Hoft of the Garter.
Bardolph.
Pistol.
Nym.
Robin, Page to Falstaff.
William Page, a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.
Simple, Servant to Slender.
Rugby, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Ann Page, Daughter to Mr. Page, in Love with Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor: and the Parts adjacent.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Page's House in Windsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

SIR Hugh, persuade me not. I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it. If he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esq.

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SIR HUGH READY TO SPEAK.
Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace, and Coram.

Sbal. Ay, cousin Slender, and Cui̇talorum. 2

Slen. Ay, and Rato-lorum too; and a gentleman born, master parson, who writes himself Armigero in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; Armigero.

Slen. Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

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

Sbal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Sbal. 3 The luce is the fresh fishe, the salt-fishe is an old Coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Sbal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Sbal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one; if Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements upon you, I am

fared, our Author finisht'd in a Fortnight. But this must be meant only of the first imperfect Sketch of this Comedy, an old Quarto Edition whereof I have seen, printed in 1602; which says in the Title-page—As it hath been divers times acted both before her Majesty and elsewhere.

Pope. Theobald. 2 Cui̇talorum.] This is, I suppose, intended for a corruption of Cui̇tos Rotulorum. The mistake was hardly designed by the Author, who, though he gives Shallow folly enough, makes him rather pedantick than illiterate. If we read:

Sbal. Ay, cousin Slender, and Cui̇talorum Rotulorum.

It follows naturally:

Slen. Ay, and Ratalorum too.

3 The luce, &c.] I see no consequence in this answer. Perhaps we may read, the salt-fishe is not an old coat. That is, the fresh-fishe is the coat of an ancient family, and the salt-fishe is the coat of a merchant grown rich by trading over the sea.
of the Church, and would be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet, the Council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good discretions with it; there is Anne Page, 4 which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman. 5

Eva. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and silver, is her grandparents upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prables, and desire a marriage between master Abrabam and mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grand-fire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

4 which is Daughter to Master Thomas Page, 4 The whole Set of Editions have negligently blunder'd one after another in Page's Christian Name in this place; tho' Mrs. Page calls him George afterwards in at least six several Passages.

Theobald.

5 Speaks small like a woman.] This is from the Folio of 1623, and is the true reading. He admires her for the sweetness of her voice. But the expression is highly humorous, as making her speaking small like a woman one of her marks of distiction; and the ambiguity of small, which signifies little as well as low, makes the expression still more plefant. Warburton.
THE MERRY WIVES

Slmt. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Sbal. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Sbal. Well; let us see honest Mr. Page: is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The Knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-witheres. I will peart the door [Knocks.] for master Page. What, hoa? God bless your house here.

SCENE II.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is God's blessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here's young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worship's well. I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart: I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good mistress Page? and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slmt. How does your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotswole.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slmt. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

Shal. That he will not—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault—'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal.
Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?
Page. Sir, he is within; and I would, I could do a good office between you.
Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.
Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.
Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.
Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redres't; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me—indeed, he hath—at a word, he hath—believe me—Robert Shallow Esq; faith, he is wrong'd.
Page. Here comes Sir John.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the Council?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kis'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait: I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere not known in Council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. Pauca verba, Sir John, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slender. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your 6 cony-catching-rascals Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

Bar.

* This probably alludes to some real incident, at that time well known.
6A conycatcher was in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or sharper. Green, one of the first among us who made a trade of writing pamphlets,
Bar. You Banbury cheese!
Slen. Ay, it is no matter.
Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?
Slen. Ay, it is no matter.
Nym. Slice, I say; pauca, pauca: slice, that’s my humour.
Slen. Where’s Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin?
Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us understand, there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, master Page; fidelicet, master Page; and there is myself; fidelicet, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Hoft of the Garter.
Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.
Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.
Fal. Pistol.
Pist. He hears with ears.
Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.
Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender’s purse?
Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he; (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-fipences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that coft me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Lead Miller, by these gloves.
Fal. Is this true, Pistol?
Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.
Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine.
I Combat challenge of this latten bilboe;
OF WINDSOR.

Word of denial in thy Labra's here; 9
Word of denial. Froth and scum, thou ly'ft.
Slen. By these gloves, then'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours: I
will say marry trap * with you, if you run the 1 base
humour on me; that is the very note of it.
Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for
tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me
drunk, yet I am not altogether an as.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John? 2

Word, Latin, in Italic Charac-
ters, as if it was address'd to Sir
Hugh, and meant to call him pe-
dautic Blace, on account of his
being a Schoolmaster, and teach-
ing Latin. But I'll be bold to
say, in this they do not take the
Poet's Conceit. Pistol barely calls
Sir Hugh Mountain-foreigner, be-
cause he had interpos'd in the
Dispute: but then immediately
demands the Combat of Slender,
for having charg'd him with pick-
ing his Pocket. The old Quar-
to's write it Latten, as it should
be, in the common Characters:
And as a Proof that the Author
design'd this should be address'd
to Slender, Sir Hugh does not
there interpose one Word in the
Quarrel. But what then signifies—
latten Bilbo? Why, Pistol
seeing Slender such a flim, puny,
Wight; would intiamate, that he
is as thin as a Plate of that com-
pound Metal, which is call'd lat-
ten: and which was, as we are
told, the Old Orichalc. Mon-
fieur Ducier, upon this Verile in
Horace's Epistle de Arte Poetica,
Tibia non ut nunc Orichalco
winde, &c.

fays, C'est une efpece de Cuivre de
postegre, comme fous nom mesme le
temoignes, c'est ce que nous appel-
lous aujourd'hui du leton. "It
" is a sort of Mountain-Copper,
" as its very Name imports, and
" which we at this time of Day
" call Latten." THEOBALD.

*Marry trap.] When a man
was caught in his own flarata-
gem, I suppose the exclamation
of insult was marry, trap!

9 Word of denial in thy Labra's
here;] I suppose it should
rather be read,
Word of denial in my Labra's
hear.
That is, hear the word of de-
nial in my lips. Thou liest.

1—base humour] Read, pa's the
Nutbooks humour. Nutbook was a
term of reproach in the vulgar
way, and in cant strain. In the
second part of Hen. IV. Dol.
To ypeet fays to the headle, Nut-
book, Nutbook, you lie. Probably
it was a name given to a bailiff
or catchpole, very odious to the
common people. HAMNER.

Scarlet and John?] The names of two of Robin
Hood's companions; but the hu-
mour confis in the allusion to
Bardolph's red face; concerning
which see the second part of
Henry the fourth. WARBURTON.

Bard.
**THE MERRY WIVES**

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

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

_Bard._ And being fap, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions past the car-eyes.*

_Slen._ Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

_Eva._ So God udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

_Fal._ You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

_Enter Mistress Anne Page, with wine._

_Page._ Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. 

_[Exit Anne Page._

_Slen._ O heav'n! this is mistress Anne Page.

_Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page._

_Page._ How now, mistress Ford?

_Fal._ Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her._

_Page._ Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot venison patty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope, we shall drink down all unkindness.

_[Exe. Fal. Page, &c._

**SCENE IV.**

_Moment Shallow, Evans, and Slender._

_Slen._ I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here.

_Enter Simple._

_How now, Simple, where have you been? I must wait_
on myself, must I? you have not the book of riddles
about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to
Alice Shortcake 3 upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight
afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we say for you: a
word with you, coz: marry this, coz; there is, as
'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by
Sir Hugh here; do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it
be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. Slender: I will
description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin Shallow says: I
pray you, pardon me; he's a Justice of peace in his
country, simple tho' I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is
concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it, to Mrs.
Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any
reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us com-
mand to know that of your mouth, or of your lips;
for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of

3 — upon Allhallowmas last,
a fortnight afore Michaelmas: ]
Sure, Simple's a little out in his
Reckoning. Allhallowmas is al-
mast five Weeks after Michael-
mas. But may it not be urg'd,
it is design'd, Simple should ap-
ppear thus ignorant, to keep up
Character? I think, not. The
simplest Creatures (nay, even Na-
turals) generally are very precise
in the Knowledge of Festivals,
and marking how the Seasons
run: and therefore I have ven-
turd to suspect our Poet wrote
Marilemas, as the Vulgar call it:
which is near a fortnight after
All-Saints Day, i.e. eleven Days,
both inclusive. Theobald.

This correction, thus seriously
and wisely enforced, is received
by Sir Tho. Hamner, but probably
Shakespeare intended a blunder.

the
the mind, therefore precisely, can you carry your good
Will to the maid?

Sbal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir, I will do, as it shall become one
that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must
speak profitable, if you can carry her your desires to-
wards her.

Sbal. That you must: will you, upon good dowry,
marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your
request, cousin, in any reason.

Sbal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz,
what I do, is to pleasure you, coz; can you love the
maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your request: but if
there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n
may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are
marry'd, and have more occasion to know one an-
other: * I hope, upon familiarity will grow more con-
tempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her,
that I am freely dissolved, and disolutely.

Eva. It is a very discretion answer, fave, the fall is
in th'ort disolutely: the ort is, according to our mean-
ing, resolutely; his meaning is good.

Sbal. Ay, I think, my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

* I hope upon Familiarity
will grow more Content: ] Cer-
tainly, the Editors in their Sa-
gacity have murder'd a Jest here.
It is design'd, no doubt, that
Slender should say decrease, in-
stead of increas'd; and dissolved,
disolutely, instead of resolved and
resolutely: but to make him say,
on the present Occasion, that
upon Familiarity will grow more
Content, instead of Contempt, is
disarming the Sentiment of all
its Salt and Humour, and disapp-
pointing the Audience of a rea-
sonable Caufe for Laughter.

Theobald.
SCENE V.

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne: 'would, I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's ples'd will, I will not be absence at the Grace. [Ex. Shallow and Evans.

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my couslin Shallow: [Ex. Simple.] A Justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not fit, 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin th'o'other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneyes for a dili of strew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears 'ith'town?

Anne. I think, there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel
rel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if
you see the bear loose, are you not?
Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.
Slen. That’s meat and drink to me now; I have
seen Sackerfon loofe twenty times, and have taken him
by the chain; but I warrant you, the women have so
cry’d and shriek’d at it, that it past: but women, in-
deed, cannot abide ’em, they are very ill-favour’d
rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. Slender, come; we stay for
you.
Slen. I’ll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.
Page. By cock and pye, you shall not chuse, Sir;
come; come.
Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.
Page. Come on, Sir.
Slen. Mistrefs Anne, yourself shall go first.
Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.
Slen. Truly, I will not go first, truly-la: I will not
do you that wrong.
Anne. I pray you, Sir.
Slen. I’ll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome;
you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Re-enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius’ house
which is the way; and there dwells one mistresse Quick-
ly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry

— that it past: — ] It * past, or this pastis, was a way of
speaking customary heretofore, to signify the excess, or extra-
ordinary degree of anything. The sentence completed would be,
This pastis all expression, or perhaps, This pasis all things. We
still use passing well, passing strangle. WARBURTON.

nurse,
nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is better yet; give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Hotspur, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the garter.

Hotspur. What says my bully Rock? speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Hotspur. Discard, bully Hercules, cashier; let them wag: trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Hotspur. Thou’rt an Emperor, Cæsar, Keiser and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph, he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Hotspur. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow. [Exit Hotspur.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither’d serving-man, a fresh tapster; go, adieu.

Bardolph. It is a life that I have desir’d: I will thrive.

[Exit Bard.

Pistol. O base Hungarian wight, wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym.
Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskillful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a 6 minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the Wife it call: steal? fooh; a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must cony-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this Town?

Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol; indeed, I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar stile, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd right, is, I am Sir John Falstaff's.

Pist. He hath study'd her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour pass?

---

It was very judiciously suggested to me by a young gentleman who knows more of musick than I, that our author probably wrote at a minute's rest.

---

Sail like my pinnace to those golden shores.
Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband’s purse: she hath a legion of angels.

Pift. As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page’s wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin’d my parts with most judicious cyliads; sometimes, the beam of her view gilded my foot; sometimes, my portly belly.

Pift. Then did the fun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o’er my exterior with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorched me up like a burning-glass. Here’s another letter to her; she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be Cheater to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West-Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to...
mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become.
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour; here, take the humour letter, I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you these letters tightly, Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. [To Robin. Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go; Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[Ex. Falstaff and Boy.

SCENE VIII.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts: * for gourd, and

Fullam holds:
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Teftcr I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Bafe Phrygian Turk!

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

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her far.

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will dik* is the humour of this love to Ford.

*—— j'gourd, and Fullam holds:

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.] Fullam is a cant term for false dice, high

and low. Torrione, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets Pife by false dice, high and low men,

high Fullams, and low Fullams. Johnson, in his Every man out of his humour, quibbles upon this
cant term. Who, he serve? He keeps high men and low men, he has a fair living at Fullam—

As for Gourd, or rather Gord, it was another instrument of gam-
ing, as appears from Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady.—

And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but cords or nine-

pins. Warburton.

Pist.
OF WINDSOR.

Piss. And I to Page shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove; his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool; I will incense
Ford to deal with poison; I will possesse him with yel-
lowness; for the Revolt of Mien 2 is dangerous: that is
my true humour.

Piss. Thou art the Mars of male-contents: I second
thee; troop on. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Changes to Dr. Caius’s House.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Quick. WHAT, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to
the calement, and see if you can see my
master, master Doctor Caius, coming; if he do, i’faith,
and find any body in the house, here will be old abu-
ling of God’s patience, and the King’s Engl:sh.

Rug. I’ll go watch.

Quick. Go, and we’ll have a potter for’t soon at
night, in faith, at the latter end 3 of a sea-coal fire.
[Exit Rugby.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as
ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I war-
rant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate; his worst
fault is, that he is given to pray’r; he is something
peevish that way; but no body but has his fault; but
let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender’s your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

1 — the Revolt of Mien] I suppose we may read, the revolt
of men. Sir T. Hanmer reads,
this revolt of mine. Either may serve, for of the present text I
can find no meaning.

2 — at the latter end, &c.] That is, when my master is in bed.

Hh 2
The Merry Wives

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quic. A softly-sprigged man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you? oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gate?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I'll do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent; run in here, good young man; go into this closet; [shuts Simple in the closet.] He will not not stay long. What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say; go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: and down, down, a-down-a, &c. [Sings.

Scene X.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boileir verd; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

*— a cane-colour'd beard. Cain and Judas, in the Tape-

Thus the latter Editions. I have

fries, and Pictures of old, were

rester'd with the old Copies.

represented with yellow Beards.

Theobald.

Quit.
Quic. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.
I am glad, he went not in himself; if he had found
the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [Aside.
Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, il fait fort chaud; je
m'en vais à la Cour——la grande afferre.
Quic. Is it this, Sir?
Caius. Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; Dépêchez,
quickly; ver is dat knave Rugby?
Quic. What, John Rugby! John!
Rug. Here, Sir.
Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rug-
by; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel
to the Court.
Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.
Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: od's me! Qu'
y j' oublé? dere is some simples in my closet, dat I
will not for the varld I shall leave behind.
Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and
be mad.
Caius. O Diable, Diable! vat is in my closet? vil-
laine, Larron! Rugby, my rapier.
[Pulls Simple out of the closet.
Quic. Good master be content.
Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?
Quic. The young man is an honest man.
Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet?
dere is no honest man, dat shall come in my closet.
Quic. I beseech you, be not so hlegmatick; hear the
truth of it. He came of an errand to me from par-
son Hugh.
Caius. Vell.
Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desiere her to——
Quic. Peace, I pray you.
Caius. Peace-a your tongue.—Speak-a your tale.
Sim. To desiere this honest gentlewoman, your maid,
to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my
matter in the way of marriage.
H h 3
Quic.
QUIC. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

CAIUS. Sir Hugh send-a-you? Rugby, baillez me some paper; tarry you a little while.

QUIC. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor my master. (I may call him my master. Look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my self.)

SIM. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

QUIC. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late.—But notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page; but, notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, that's neither here nor there.

CAIUS. You jack'nape; give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge: I will cut his throat in de parke, and I will teach a seuryv jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make——you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar, I will cut all his two tones; by gar, he shall not have a tone to row at his dog. [Exit Simple.

QUIC. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

CAIUS. It is no matter a yer dat: do you not tell-ame, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? by gar, I will kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine hoft of de jarretre to measure our weapon; by gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

QUIC. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate; what, the goujere!

CAIUS. Rugby, come to the Court with me;——by gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head
head out of my door;—follow my heels, Rugby.

[Ex. Caius and Rugby.

Quic. You shall have *An* fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that; never a Woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. (within.) Who's within there, hoa?

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

SCENE XI.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman, how dost thou?

Quic. The better, that it please your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread;—we had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing; but for you——Well——go to——

Fent. Well, I shall see her to day; hold, there's mony for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou seest her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will

H h 4
tell your worship more of the war, the next time we
have confidence, and of other woovers.

Fen. Well, farewel, I am in great hast, now. [Exit.

Quic. Farewel to your worship. Truly, an honest
gentleman, but Anne loves him not; I know Anne’s
mind as well as another does. Out upon’t, what have
I forgot? [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page’s House.

Enter Mrs. Page, with a Letter.

Mrs. Page

What, have I scap’d love-letter’s in the holy-
day-time of my beauty, and am I now a sub-
ject for them? let me see:

Ask me no reason, why I love you; for tho’ love use
reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his coun-
sellor; you are not young, no more am I, go to them,

5 — tho’ love use reason for
his precisian, he admits him not
for his counsellor: ] This is ob-
scure; but the meaning is, tho’
love permit reason to tell what is
fit to be done, he seldom follows its
advice. By precisian, is meant
one who pretends to a more than
ordinary degree of virtue and
sanctity. On which account they
gave this name to the puritans
of that time. So Osborne, —
Conform their minds, words and
looks to these PRECISSIANS. And

Maine, in his City match,

I did commind

A great PRECISSION to her, for
her woman. Warburton.

Precisian. Of this word I
do not see any meaning that is
very apposite to the present inten-
tion. Perhaps Falstaff said, Though
love use reason as his physician,
he admits him not for his counsels-
lor. This will be plain sense.

Ask not the reason of any love;
the Business of Reason is not to
afflict love but to cure it.

there’s
there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ‘ha! ha! then there's more sympathy; you love Jack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, at the least if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me:

By me, thine own true Knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.  John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! what unweigh'd behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt, 'tis devil's name, out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner affray me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth—heav'n forgive me—Why, I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of

6— I was then frugal of my mirth, &c.] By breaking this speech into exclamations, the text may stand; but I once thought it must be read, If I was not then frugal of my mirth.

7— a bill in the Parliament for the putting down of Men:—]

What, Mrs. Page, put down the whole Species Unius abnoxam, for a single Offender's Trespass? Don't be so unreasonable in your Anger. But 'tis a false Charge against You. I am perplexed, a short Monosyllable is dropped out, which, once restored, would qualify the Matter. We must ne-

cefillary read,—for the putting down of fat Men.—Mrs. Ford says in the very ensuing Scene, I shall think the worse of fat Men, as long as I have an Eye, &c. And in the old Quarto's, Mrs. Page, so soon as she has read the Letter, says, Well, I shall trust fat Men the worse, while I live, for his sake: And he is call'd, the fat Knight, the greaty Knight, by the Women, throughout the Play.

Theobald.

—I'll exhibit a Bill in Parliament for putting down of Men:] Mr. Theobald says, we must necessarily read,

— for putting down of fat men;
of men: how shall I be reveng'd on him? for re-
veng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of pud-
dings.

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Page, trust me, I was going to
your house.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you;
you look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to
shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say, I could

men. But how is the matter
mended? or the thought made
less ridiculous? Shakespeare wrote,
——for the putting down of
mum, i.e. the fattening liquor
so called. So Fletcher in his
Wild-goose chase: What a cold I
have over my stomach, would I
had some mum. This is truly
humorous, and agrees with the
character she had just before given
him of Flemish drunkard. But
the greatest confirmation of this
conjecture is the allusion the
words, in question, bear to a
matter then publickly transacting.
The Merry Wives of Windsor
appears to have been written in
1601, or very shortly after. And
we are informed by Sir Simon
D'Ewes' Journal, that no home
affair made more noise in and
out of parliament at that time,
than the suppression and regula-
tion of taverns, inns, ale-houses,
strong liquors and the drinkers
of them. In the Parliament held
1597, a bill was brought into
both houses, For suppressing the
multitude of Maltsters, &c. An-
other, To restrain the excesses
making of Malt, and disorderly
brewing of strong beer. Another,
For regulation of Inns, Taverns,
&c. In the next Parliament, held
1601, was a bill, For the sup-
pressing of the multitude of Al-
houses and Tipling-houses. An-
other, Against excessive and com-
mon drunkennes; and several
others of the same nature. Some
of which, after much canvassing,
were thrown out, and others
palled into Acts. Warburton.

I do not see that any altera-
tion is necessary, if it were, ei-
ther of the foregoing conjectures
might serve the turn. But forey
Mrs. Ford may naturally enough,
in the first heat of her anger,
rail at the sex for the fault of
one.
new you to the contrary: O mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light—here, read—read—perceive how I might be knighted—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men’s liking; and yet he would not swear; prais’d women’s modesty; and give such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have

8 What, thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.] The unintelligible nonsense of this speech is hardly to be matched. The change of a single letter has occasioned it, which is thus easily removed. Read and point,—These Knights will lack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry. The other had said, I could be knighted, meaning, I could have a Knight for my lover; her companion took it in the other sense, of conferring the title, and says, What, thou liest! Sir Alice Ford!—these Knights will lack a title, [i.e. risk the punishment of degradation] rather than not make a notore of thee. For we are to observe that—and so thou shouldst not, is a mode of speech, among the writers of that time, equivalent to—rather than thou shouldst not.

WARBURTON.

Upon this passage the learned Editor has tried his strength, in my opinion, with more spirit than success.

I read thus—These knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry. The punishment of a recreant or undevotting knight, was to hack off his spurs: the meaning therefore is; it is not worth the while of a gentlewoman to be made a Knight, for we'll degrade all these Knights in a little time, by the usual form of hacking off their spurs, and thou, if thou art knighted, shalt be hacked with the rest. gone
THE MERRY WIVES
gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the tune of Green Sleeves. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many ton of oil in his belly, a'shore at Windsor? how shall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of lufu have melted him in his own grease—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank-space for different names; nay, more; and these are of the second edition; he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lye under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some Stain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call it you? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Hofl of the Garter.

* Press is used ambiguously, for a press to print, and a press to squeeze.

Mrs.
Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not fully the chariness of our honesty. Oh, that my husband saw this letter! it would give him eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy Knight. Come hither. [They retire.

SCENE III.

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pis. Hope is a *curtail-dog in some affairs.

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Pis. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor.

Both young and old, one with another, Ford; He loves thy gally-mawfray, Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pis. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir Aickleon, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels—O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pis. The horn, I say: farewell.

Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.

Take heed ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds affright.

Away, Sir corporal Nym.——

* — curtail-dog] That is, a dog that miffes his game. The tail is counted necessary to the agility of a greyhound, and one method of qualifying a dog according to the forest laws, is to cut his tail, or make him a cur-tail.

9 Away, Sir corporal Nym. Believe it, Page, he speaks senfle.] Nym, I believe, is out of place, and we should read thus: Away,
Believe it, Page, he speaks sense. [Exit Pistol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong’d me in some humours: I should have born the humour’d letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there’s the short and the long.—My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch; ’tis true—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheese: adieu. [Exit Nym.

Page. The humour of it, quoth a’! here’s a fellow, frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawingl, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. I will not believe such a Calendar, tho’ the priest o’ th’ town commended him for a true man.

Ford. ’Twas a good sensible fellow—well.

SCENE

Away, Sir corporal.

Nym. Believe it, Page, he speaks sense.

1 I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; &c.] This absurd passage may be pointed into sense. I have a sword, and it shall bite— upon my necessity, he loves your wife, &c.]—

Having said his sword should bite, he stops short, as was fitting: For he meant that it should bite upon the high-way. And then turns to the subject of his conference, and swears, by his necessity, that Falstaff loved his wife.

WARBURTON.

I do not see the difficulty of this passage: no phrase is more common than— you may, upon a need, thus. Nym, to gain credit, says, that he is above the mean office of carrying love-letters; he has nobler means of living; he has a sword, and upon his necessity, that is, when his need drives him to unlawful expediencies, his sword shall bite.

2 I will not believe such a Calendar Mr. Theobald has here a pleasant note, as usual. This is a piece of satire that did not want its force at the time of this play’s appearing; tho’ the history on which it is grounded is become obsolete. And then tells a long story of Martin Frobisher attempting the north-west passage, and bringing home a black-stone,
Page. How now, Meg?
Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—hark you.
Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank, why art thou melancholy?
Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.
Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou haft some crotchets in thy head now—Will you go, mistress Page?
Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dia-
as he thought, full of gold-ore: that it proved not so, and that therefore Cataians and Frabifers became by-words for vain boasters.—The whole is an idle dream. All the mystery of the term Cataian, for a liar, is only this. Ch. na was anciently called Cataia or Catby, by the first adventurers that travelled thither; such as M. Paulo, and our Mieandesville, who told such incredible wonders of this new discovered empire, (in which they have not been outdone even by the Jesuits themselves, who followed them) that a notorious liar was usually called a Cataian. WarsBurt. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton have both told their stories with confidence, I am afraid, very disproportionate to any evidence that can be produced. That Cataian was a word of hatred or contempt is plain, but that it signified a boaster or a liar has not been proved. Sir Toby in Twelfth-Night says of the Lady Olivia to her maid, 'thy Lady's a Cataian; but there is no reason to think he means to call her liar. Besides Page intends to give Ford a reason why Pistol should not be credited. He therefore does not say, I would not believe such a liar: for that he is a liar is yet to be made probable: but he says, I would not believe such a Cataian on any testimony of his veracity. That is: This fellow has such an odd appearance; is so unlike a man civilized, and taught the duties of life, that I cannot credit him. To be a foreigner was always in England, and I suppose every where else, a reason of dislike. So Pistol calls Skinder in the first act, a mountain-freier; that is, a fellow uneducated and of gross behaviour; and again in his anger calls Bardolph, Hungarian knight.
ner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this pauly Knight.

[Aside to Mrs. Ford,]

Enter Mistres Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her, she'll fit it.
Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?
Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistres Anne?
Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.
[Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.

SCENE V.

Page. How now, master Ford?
Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?
Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?
Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?
Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think, the Knight would offer it; but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoak of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?
Page. Marry, were they.
Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the Garter?
Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be

5 Very rogues, now they be out of service. A rogue is a wânde-sequential signification, a cheat.
loth to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

Page. Look, where my ranting Hoft of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How, now, mine Hoft?

SCENE VI.

Enter Hoft and Shallow.


Shal. I follow, mine Hoft, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good master Page. Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Hoft. Tell him, cavaliero-justice, tell him, bully Rock?

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoft o' th' Garter, a word with you.

Hoft. What say'rt thou, bully Rock?

[They go a little aside.

Shal. [To Page.] Will you go with us to behold it? my merry Hoft hath had the measuring of their Weapons, and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jestor. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Hoft. Haft thou no suit against my Knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Hoft.

And tell him, my Name is Quart's; and thus most certain Brook; Thus both the old ly, the Poet wrote. We need no better
Hoft. My hand, bully. Thou shalt have egress and regres; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry Knight. 5 Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine hoft.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, flocado's, and I know not what. 'Tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Hoft. Here, boys, here, here: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. [Exit Hoft, Shallow and Page.

Ferd. Tho' Page be a secure fool, 7 and stand so firmly

better Evidence, than the Pun that Falstaff anon makes on the Name, when Brook sends him some burnt Sack.

Such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow with such Liquor. The Players, in their Editions, altered the Name to Broom.

Theobald.

5 Will you go an-heirs?] This nonsense is spoken to Shal.

We should read, Will you go on, Heris?

i.e. Will you go on, Master. Heris, an old Scotch word for master.

Warrburton.

6 My long sword.] Not long before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes raised with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with his long sword, and ridicules the terms and rules of the rapier.

7 And stand so firmly on his Wife's Frailty.] No surely; Page stood tightly to the opinion of her Honesty, and would not entertain a Thought of her being frail. I have therefore ventured to substitute a Word correspondent to the Sense required; and one, which our Poet frequently uses, to signify conjugal faith.

Theobald.

Stand so firmly on his wife's frailty.] Thus all the copies. But Mr. Theobald has no conception how any man could stand firmly on his wife's frailty. And why? Because he had no conception how he could stand upon it, without knowing what it was. But if I tell a stranger, that the bridge he is about to cross is rot-
OF WINDSOR.

firmly on his wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to found Falstaff: if I find her honest, I lofe not my labour; if she be otherwife, 'tis labour well bestowed.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.—I will retort the fun in Equipage. 8

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows. And when Mrs. Bridget lopt the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

ten, and he believes it not, but will go on, may I not say, when I see him upon it, that he stands firmly on a rotten plank? Yet he has changed frailty for fealty, and the Oxford Editor has followed him. But they took the phrase, to land firmly on; to signify to insist upon; whereas it signifies to rest upon, which the character of a secure fool; given to him; shews. So that the common reading has an elegance that would be lost in the alteration.

WARBURTON.

8 I will retort the sun in equipage.] This is added from the old Quarto of 1619, and means, I will pay you again in stolen goods.

WARBURTON.

i 2 Fal.
Fal. Reas'f, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you.—Go.—A short knife and a thong—to your manor of Pickthatch.—Go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—why, thou unconfinable basefens, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the rear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you rogue will enforce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pit. I do relent: what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. Give your worship good-morrow.  
Fal. Good morrow, good wife.  
Quic. Not so, and't please your worship.  
Fal. Good maid, then.  
Quic. I'll be sworn, as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

[9 a short knife and a thong.] 
So Lear. When Cutpurses come not to thongs. Warburton.

[1 A noted place for thieves and pickpockets. Theobald.


[3 your bold beating oaths;]

We should read bold-beating oaths, i.e. out-facing.

Warburton.

A beating oath, is, I think, right, so we now say, in low language, a thwacking or swinging thing.

Fal.
Fal. I do believe the swearer; what with me?
Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?
Fal. Two thousand, fair woman, and I’ll vouchsafe thee the hearing.
Quic. There is one mistress Ford, Sir—I pray, come a little nearer this ways—I myself dwell with Mr. Doctor Caius.
Fal. Well, on: mistress Ford, you say—
Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.
Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears—mine own people, mine own people.
Quic. Are they so? heav’n bless them, and make them his servants!
Fal. Well: mistress Ford,—what of her?
Quic. Why, Sir, she’s a good creature. Lord, lord, your worship’s a wanton: well, heav’n forgive you, and all of us, I pray—
Fal. Mistress Ford,—come, mistress Ford,—
Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as ‘tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all musk; and so ruffling, I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman’s heart: and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defie all angels in any such fort as they say, but in the

4 Canary.] This is the name in low language for any hurry or of a brisk light dance, and is therefore properly enough used

I i 3 way
way of honesty.—And I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all. And yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good She Mercury.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forlooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealously man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship; mistress Page has her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other; and she bad me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman to doat upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I affure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has Ford's wife,
and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest, indeed; they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick, indeed! but mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life, than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, truly, she is one. You must send her your page; no re-

medy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then; and look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good, that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[Exeunt Quickly and Robin.

P. H. This pink is one of Cupid's carriers:

Clap

In former editions,

This pink is one of Cupid's carriers,
Clap on more fails; pursue,
up with your fights,
Give up; she is my prize.

This pink is one of Cupid's carriers, is a plausible reading, yet absurd on examination. For are not all pinks Cupid's carriers? Shakespeare certainly wrote,
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights; Give fire; she is my prize, or oceanwhelm them all!  
[Exit Pistol.

Fal. Say'lt thou so, old Jack? go thy ways—I'll make more of thy old body, than I have done—will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much mony, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

SCENE IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; [Exit Bardolph.] such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow with such liquor. Ah! ah! mistresses Ford and mistresses Page, have I encompass'd you? go to, via!

This pink, this painted foist,  
this cockpit-boat,  
To hang her fights out, and de-  
sy me, Friends!

A well known man of war—  
As to the word fights, both in the text and in the quotation, it was then, and, for aught I know, may be now, a common fea- 
term. Sir Richard Hawkins in his voyages, p. 66. says,—
For once we cleared her deck, and had we been able to have spared but a dozen men, doubtless we had done with her what we would; for she had no close fights, i.e. if I understand it right, no small arms. So that by figbi is meant any manner of defence, either small arms or cannon. So Dry-  
den, in his tragedy of Ambonya,

Up with your fights,  
And your nettings prepare, &c.

But, not considering this, I led the Oxford Editor into a silly con- 
jecture, which he has done me the honour of putting into his text, which is indeed a proper place for it,

Up with yond' figbat.  

Wareburton.

The quotation from Dryden might at least have raised a suf- 
picion that figbi were neither small arms, nor cannon. Fights and nettings are properly joined. Fights, I find, are cloaths hung round the ship to conceal the men from the enemy, and close-  
fights are bulkheads, or any other shelter that the fabric of a ship affords.

Re-
Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguis’d.

Ford. Blefs you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You’re welcome; what’s your will? give us leave, drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours; not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath something embolden’d me to this unseason’d intrusion; for they say, if mony go before, all ways do lye open.

Fal. Mony is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of mony, here, troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook, I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear, you are a scholar; (I will be brief with you) and you have been a man long known to me, tho’ I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfections; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own,

* — not to charge you.] That is, not with a purpose of pet-ting you to expence, or being barthenfome.
that I may pass with a reproof the easier; sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well: Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her; and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doating observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; seal'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me fight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means; meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; That I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and That hath taught me to say this;

"Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;"

"Pursuing that flies, and flying what pursues."

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promis of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I have erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that tho' she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman
of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it: there is mony, spend it, spend it; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehement of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattel'd against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your mony; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no mony, Sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me; I

7 Instance and argument. Instance is example.
fay, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of mony, for the which his wife seems to be well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly-rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue: I will flare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the Cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peafant; and thou shalt lye with his wife.—Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile: thou, master Brook, shall know him for knave and cuckold.—Come to me soon at night.

[Exit.

SCENE X.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made; would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a falle woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names
names of fiends: but cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the
death himself hath not such a name. Page is an as,
a secure as, he will trust his wife; he will not be jeal-
ous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, par-
sen Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman
with my aquavitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambl-
gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots,
then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they
think in their hearts they may effect, they will break
their hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd
for my jealousy!—¹ Eleven o'clock the hour—I will
prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff,
and laugh at Page. I will about it—better three hours
too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; cUC-
kold, cuckold, cuckold, cuckold!

[Exit.

S C E N E XI.

Changes to Windsor Park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir Hugh pro-
mis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no
come; he has pray his Bible well, dat he is no come:
by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be
come.

Rug. He is wife, Sir: he knew, your worship would
kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not so dead as me vill

¹ Eleven o'clock.] Ford should rather have said ten o'clock: the
   time was between ten and eleven; and his impatient suspicion was
   not likely to stay beyond the

make
THE MERRY WIVES

make him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.

Caius. Villain, take your rapier.
Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Hoft, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Hoft. 'Bless thee, bully Doctor.
Shal. Save you, Mr. Doctor Caius.
Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.
Slen. Give you good-morrow, Sir.
Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, three, four, come for?

Hoft. To see thee fight, to see thee join, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! what says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully-italie? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack Priest of de world; he is not show his face.

Hoft. Thou art a 1 Cæsalian-king-Urinal: Heitor of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witness, that me have stay six or seven, two, three hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: Is it not true, inatter Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. Page, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to

1 Sir T. Hamner reads Cardalian, as used corruptedly for Cæur de lion.
OF WINDSOR. 495

make one; tho' we are justices, and doctors, and church-men, Mr. Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Mr. Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. Page. Mr. Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have shew'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wife and patient church-man. You must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Monsieur mock-water.9

Caius. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

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

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

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

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

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

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag:

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover bully.—But first, Mr. Guest, and Mr. Page, and eek Cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there; see what Humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the Fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow and Slender.

9 The host means, I believe, to reflect on the inspection of urine, which made a considerable part of practical physic in that time; yet I do not well see the meaning of mock-vater.

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

HOST. Let him die; but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her, 2 Cry aim; said I well?

CAIUS. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure a you de good guest;

2 In old editions, I will bring thee where Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feast ing; and thou shalt woo her, CRY D GAME; said I well? Mr. Theobald alters this non-sense to try'd game; that is, to non-sense of a worse complexion. Shakespeare wrote and pointed thus, CRY AIM, said I well? i. e. consent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good proposal? for to cry aim signifies to consent to, or approve of any thing. So again in this play, p. 503. And to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall CRY AIM, i.e. approve them. And again in King John, Act 2. Scene 2.

It ill becomes this presence to CRY AIM.

To these ill-tuned repetitions, i.e. to approve of, or encourage them. The phrase was taken, originally, from archery. When any one had challenged another to shoot at the butts (the perpetual diversion, as well as exercise, of that time) the standers-by used to say one to the other, Cry aim, i.e. accept the challenge. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in the Fair maid of the inn, Act 5. make the Duke say,

——must I cry aim.

To this unheard of insolence——i.e. encourage it, and agree to the request of the duel, which one of his subjects had insolently demanded against the other.——But here it is remarkable, that the senseless editors not knowing what to make of the phrase Cry aim, read it thus,

——must I cry aim;

As if it was a note of interjection. So again Massinger in his Guardian,

I will CRY AIM, and in another room
Determine of my vengeance——
And again, in his Renegades,

—to play the Pandar
To the Vicerey's loose embracces, and CRY AIM,

While he by force or flattering——
But the Oxford Editor transforms it to Cock's th' Game; and his improvements of Shakespeare's language abound with these modern elegancies of speech, such as Mynbeers, Bull-baitings, &c.

WARBURTON.
OF WINDSOR.

dé Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

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

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Hof. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Frogmore near Windfor.

Enter Evans and Simple.

EVANS.

I Pray you now, good master Slender's servingman, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physick?

Simp. Marry, Sir, the Pitty-wary, the Park-ward, every way, old Windfor way, and every way but the town way.

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

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Plefs my soul, how full of chorals I am, and trembling of mind! I shall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me; how melanchollies I am! I will knog his trials about his knave's custard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Plefs my soul!

[Sing of being afraid.

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigalls;

Vol. II. K k There
THE MERRY WIVES

There will we make our peds of roses;
And a thousand vagrant posies.

By shallow———Mercey on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. Melodious birds sing madrigalls——
When as I sat in Pabilon;——and a thousand vagrant posies.—By shallow, &c.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.
Eva. He's welcome. By shallow rivers, to whose falls——
Heav’n prosper the right! what weapons is he?

Simp.

By shallow rivers, &c.] This is part of a beautiful little poem, and the answer to it, the reader will not be displeased to find here.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

Come live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the Pleasure prove,
That Hills and Vallies, Dale and Field,
And all the craggy Mountains yield.
There will we fit upon the Rocks,
And see the Shepherds feed their Flocks,
By shallow Rivers, by whose Falls
Melodious Birds sing Madrigals:
There will I make thee Beds of Roses,
And then a thousand fragrant Posies;
A Cap of Flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbroider'd all with leaves of Myrtle;
A Gown made of the finest Wool,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull;
Fair lined Slippers for the Cold,
With Buckles of the purest Gold;
A Belt of Straw, and Ivie Buds,
With Coral Claps, and Amber Studs.
And if these Pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my Love.
Thy siluer Dishes for thy Meat,
As precious as the Gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory Table be
Prepar’d each Day for thee and me.
The Shepherds Swains shall dance and sing,
For thy Delight each May Morning.
If these Delights thy Mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.

The
OF WINDSOR.

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my master, Mr. Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms.

SCENE II.

Enter Page; Shallow and Slender.

Shal. How now, master Parson? good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.

If all the World and Love were young,
And Truth in every Shepherd's Tongue;
These pretty Pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.
But time drives Flocks from Field to Fold;
When Rivers rage; and Rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of Cares to come:
The Flowers do fade, and wanton Fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields.
A honey Tongue, a Heart of Gall,
Is Fancy's Spring, but Sorrow's Fall.
Thy Gowns, thy Shoes, thy Bed of Roses;
Thy Cap, thy Kirtle, and thy Posies:
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.
Thy Belt of Straw and Ivy-Buds,
Thy Coral Claps, and Amber Studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy Love.
What should we talk of Dainties then,
Of better Meat than's fit for Men?
These are but vain: that's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for Food.
But could Youth last, and Love still breed,
Had Joys no date, and Age no need;
Then these Delights my Mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.

These two Poems, which Dr. Warburton gives to Shakespeare; are read in different Copies with great Variations.

Kk 2

Slen.
THE MERRY WIVES.

Page. Ah sweet Anne Page!

Eva. 'Pleis you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? the sword and the word? do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Mr. Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen; and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Shal. O, sweet Anne Page!

SCENE III.

Enter Holof, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them a-sunder—here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal.
Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoft. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Cainus. I pray you, let me speak a word with your ear: wherefore will you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience. In good time.

Cainus. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men’s humours. I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knock your urinal about your knave’s cogs-comb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Cainus. Diable! Jack Rugby, mine Hoft de Jartere, have I not fray for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christian’s soul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I’ll be judgment by mine Hoft of the Garter.


Cainus. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Hoft. Peace, I say; hear mine Hoft of the Garter. Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? shall I lose my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceiv’d you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn’d sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace. Follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Hoft.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[Exeunt Shal. Slen. Page and Hoft.]

K k 3

Cainus.
Cain. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a
dec for of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-
flotig. I desire you, that we may be friends; and let
us knog our prains together to be revenge on this
fame 3 scald scourvy cogging companion, the Hoft of
the Garter.

Cain. By gar, with all my heart; he promise to
bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me
too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noodles.—Pray you fol-
low. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Street, in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page, and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant;
you were wont to be a follower, but
now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead
mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a
man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I
see, you'll be a Courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, Sir, to see your wife; is she at
home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together,
for want of company; I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.
Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?
Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name, sirrah?
Rob. Sir John Falstaff.
Ford. Sir John Falstaff?
Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is such a league between my good man and he.—Is your wife at home, indeed?
Ford. Indeed, she is.
Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir.—I am sick, 'till I see her. [Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.

SCENE V.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as eafy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve-score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind—and Falstaff's boy with her!—good plots—they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the fo seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Asteon, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my affurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Kk 4 SCENE
SCENE VI.

To him, Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoist, Evans, and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer
at home, and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Mr. Ford.

Slen. And so must I, Sir; we have appointed to
dine with Mrs. Anne, and I would not break with her
for more mony than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne
Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall
have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Mr. Slender; I stand wholly for
you; but my wife, master Doctor, is for you al-
together.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me; my
nursh-a-quickly tell me so much.

Hoist. What say you to young Mr. Fenton? he ca-
pers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses,
he speaks holy-day, he smells April and May; he
will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he
will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The Gent-
leman is of no Having, he kept company with the

4 We have linger'd—] They
have not lingered very long. The
match was proposed by Sir Hugh
but the day before.

5 —— he writes verses, he
speaks holy-day; ] i.e. in a high-
flown, fustian style. It was called
a city-day fit, from the old cus-
tom of acting their Farces of
the mysteries and moralities, which
were turgid and bombast, on
ho y-days. So in Much ado about
nothing, I cannot woo in fe-
tival terms. And again in the
Merchant of Venice, thou
friend'st such high-day wit in prai-
ing him. Warburton.

6 —— of no Having,] Hav-
ing is the same as estate or for-
tune.
wild Prince and Pains. He is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I befeech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner; besides your cheer you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster. Mr. Doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Mr. Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well, we shall have the freer wooing at Mr. Page's.

Caicus. Go home, John Rugby, I come anon.

Host. Farewel, my hearts; I will to my honest Knight Falstaff, and drink Canary with him.

Ford. [Aside.] I think, I shall drink in Pipe-wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [Execut.

SCENE VII.

Changes to Ford's House.

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

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket——


Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house, and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and without any
any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd. [Exit Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my Eyas-musket, what news with you?

Rob. My master Sir John is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford, and requireth your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn; my master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so; go tell thy master, I am alone; mistress Page, remember you your cue. [Exit Robin.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [Exit Mrs. Page.

7 How now, my Eyas-musket.] Eyas is a young unsledg'd hawk. I suppose from the Italian Niaè, which originally signified any young bird taken from the nest unsledg'd, afterwards, a young hawk. The French, from hence, took their niais, and used it in both these significations; to which they added a third, metaphorically a fils, fellow; or, a garçon fort niais, un niais.—Musket signifies a harrow hawk, or the smallest species of hawks. This too is from the Italian Mufèlito, a small hawk, as appear from the original significations of the word, namely, a troublesome flying fly. So that the humour of calling the little page an Eyas-musket is very intelligible.

Warburton.

Mrs.
OF WINDSOR.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumipion———we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'ny jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistres Ford, I cannot cog; I cannot prate, mistres Ford. Now shall I fin in my wish; I would, thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John? alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou haft the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship tire, the tire-valiant, or any Venetian attire.

Mrs.

8——that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any Venetian attire.] The old Quarto reads, tire vellet, and the old Folio reads, Or any tire of Venetian admittance. So that the true reading of the whole is this, That becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance e. The speaker tells his mistres, she had a face that would become all the head-dresses in fashion. The ship-tire was an open head-dress, with a kind of scarf depending from behind. Its name of ship-tire was, I presume, from its giving the wearer some resemblance of ship (as Shakespeare says) in all her trim: with all her pennants out, and flags and streamers flying. Thus Milton, in Samson Agonistes, paints Dalila.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?

Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeckt, ornate and gay,
Comes this way falling
Like a stately ship
Of Tarus, bound for th' Isles
Of Javan or Gadier,
With all her bravery on, and
tackle trim,
Sail'd, fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play.
Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so; thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier; and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot clog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lifting haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklers-Bury

This was an image familiar with the poets of that time. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play of Wit without money,—She spreads tatters as the King's ships do canvas every where, she may face her women: &c. This will direct us to reform the following word of tire-valiant, which I suspect to be corrupt, valiant being a very incongruous epithet for a woman's head-dress. I suppose Shakespeare wrote tire-valiant. As the feit-tire was an open head-dress, so the tire-valiant was a close one; in which the head and breast were covered as with a veil. And these were, in fact, the two different head-dresses then in fashion, as we may see by the pictures of that time. One of which was so open, that the whole neck, breasts and shoulders, were open'd to view: the other, so securely inclosed in kerchiefs, &c. that nothing could be seen above the eyes or below the chin.

—or any Venetian attire.] This is a wrong reading, as appears from the impropriety of the word attire here used for a woman's head-dress: whereas it signifies the dres of any part. We should read therefore, Of any tire of Venetian admittance. For the word attire, reduced by the Apollonies, to tire, takes a new signification, and means only the head-dress. Hence Tire-woman, for a dresser of the head. As to the meaning of the latter part of the sentence, this may be seen by a paraphrase of the whole speech.

—Your face is so good, says the speaker, that it would become any head-dress worn at court, either the open or the close, or indeed any rich and fashionable one worth adorning with Venetian point, or which will admit to be adorned. [Of Venetian admittance.] The fashionable lace, at that time, was Venetian point. WARBURTON.

This note is plausible, except in the explanation of Venetian admittance: but I am afraid this whole system of dres is unsupported by evidence.
in simpling time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear, you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [within.] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford, here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman. [Falstaff hides himself.

SCENE IX.

Enter mistress Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? you're sham'd, ye're overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—out upon you!—how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman,
with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentle-
man, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your
consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You
are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder—[Aside.] 'Tis not so, I
hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heav'n it be not so, that you have,
such a man here; but 'tis most certain, your husband's
coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for
such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know
yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have
a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd,
call all your Senses to you, defend your reputation, or
bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? there is a gentleman,
my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so
much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound,
he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you had rather,
and you had rather; your husband's here at hand; be-
think you of some conveyance, in the house you can-
not hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look,
here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he
may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as
if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time,
send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall
I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't. I'll
in, I'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel.—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff? are these your
letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee—Help me away; let me creep in
here; I'll never——

[He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linen.

Mrs.
OF WINDSOR.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy;—call your men, mistress Ford.—You dissembling Knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John, go take up these clothes here, quickly. Where's the cow-staff? Look, how you drumble: carry them to the landrefts in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

SCENE X.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landrefts, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would, I could, wash myself of the buck. Buck, buck, buck? ay, buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exeunt Servants with the basket.] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night, I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out, I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. So, now uncape. 9

Page. Good master Ford, be contented; you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page. Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is very fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France——

9 — So now uncape.] So the Folio of 1623 reads, and rightly. It is a term in Fox-hunting, which signifies to dig out the Fox when earth'd. And here is as much as to say, take out the foul linnen under which the adulterer lies hid. The Oxford Editor reads uncouple, out of pure love to an emendation. Warburt.
THE MERRY WIVES

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI.

Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?
Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv’d, or Sir John.
Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask’d who was in the basket!
Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.
Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal; I would, all of the same strain were in the same distress.
Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff’s being here. I never saw him so grosf in his jealousy till now.
Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff; his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.
Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?
Mrs. Page. We’ll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow by eight o’clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, and the rest at a distance.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be, the knave brag’d of that he could not compass.
Mrs. Page. Heard you that?
Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace: — You use me well, master Ford, do you?
Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs.
Mrs. Ford. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Mr. Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heav'n forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. Ford, are you not ashamed? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience; your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see, 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well—I promis'd you a dinner—Come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, mistres Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a deturd.

Eva. In your teeth—for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Hoff.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

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Eva. A lousy knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[Exeunt.

SCENE XII.

Changes to Page’s House.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I See, I cannot get thy father’s love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my state being gall’d with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies:
And tells me, ’tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav’n so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father’s wealth
Was the first motive that I woo’d thee, Anne:
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And ’tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. Fenton,
Yet seek my father’s love: still seek it, Sir;
If opportunity and humble suit "

---

*S — father’s wealth] Some light may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the encrease of English wealth, by observing, that Latimer in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father’s prosperity, That though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for her portion. At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Co-greve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affection of Belvid. No poet would now fly his favourite character at less than fifty thousand.

" If opportunity and humble suit] Dr. Th. tily imagines, that
OF WINDSOR.

Cannot attain it, why then — hark you hither.
[Fenton and Mistress Anne go apart.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

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

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

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

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

Quic. Hark ye, Mr. Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill favour'd faults
Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quic. And how does good matter Fenton? pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

that our Author with more Propriety wrote;

"the frequent Opportunities you find of soliciting my Father, and your Obsequiousness to him, cannot get him over to your Party, &c." THEOBALD.

Anne.
Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.
Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for
that. Good comfort; she calls you, coz. I'll leave you.
Anne. Now, master Slender.
Slen. Now, good mistres Page.
Anne. What is your will?
Slen. My Will? od's heart-ling's, that's a pretty jiff,
indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank heav'n; I
am not such a sickly creature, I give heav'n praise.
Anne. I mean, Mr. Slender, what would you with me?
Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or no-
things with you; your father and my uncle have made
motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man
be his dole! they can tell how things go, better than
I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

SCENE XIV.
Enter Page, and Mistres Page.

Page. Now, master Slender: love him, daughter
Anne.
Why how now? what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus till to haunt my house:
I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.
Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.
Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my
child.
Page. She is no match for you.
Fent. Sir, will you hear me?
Page. No, good master Fenton.
Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.
[Exit Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Quic. Speak to mistres Page.
Fent. Good mistres Page, for that I love your
daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
OF WINDSOR.

And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.

Quic. That's my master, master Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' th' earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips. *

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself; good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
'Till then, farewell, Sir—she must needs go in,
Her Father will be angry. [Exec. Mrs. Page and Anne.

Fent. Farewel, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a * physician? look on master Fenton—This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

[Exit.

Quic. Now heav'n send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne, or I would Mr. Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Mr. Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised; and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously for Mr. Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses; what a beast am I to flack it?

[Exit.

* Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' th' earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.] Can we think the speaker would thus ridicule her own imprecation? We may be sure the last line should be given to the procures, Quicly, who would mock the young woman's aversion for her master the Doctor.

* fool and a physician?] I should read fool or a physician, meaning Slender and Cain.

L 1 3

SCENE
SCENE XV.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't. [Ex. Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket, like a barrow of butchers' offal, and to be thrown into the Thames? well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues sligthed me into the river with as little remorse 3 as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'th litter; and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd? I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter Bardolph.

Now, is the Sack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs. Quickly, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames-

3 In former copies, a: they would have drown'd a blind Bitch's puppies. I have ventured to transpose the Adjective here, against the Authority of the printed Copies. I know, in horses, a Colt from a blind Stallion lothes much of the Value it might otherwise have; but are puppies ever drown'd the sooner, for coming from a blind Bitch? The Author certainly wrote, as they would have drown'd a Bitch's blind puppies.

Theob.
water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

SCENE XVI.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. By your leave—I cry you mercy. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these challices; go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford? I have had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish woman's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'ft thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not mis her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. [Exit.

L.14

Fal.
Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his mony well. Oh, here he comes.

SCENE XVII.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, master Brook, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife.

Fal. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master Brook.

Ford. How, Sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter; after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, fortooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you was there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistref's Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach, and by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, focks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the ranket com-
compound of villainous smell, that ever offended no-
stril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have
suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good.
Being thus cram'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's
knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistrefs,
to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to Datchet-
lane; they took me on their shoulders, met the jealous
knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once
or twice what they had in their basket; I quak'd for
fear, left the lunatick knave would have search'd it;
but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his
hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went
I for foul cloaths; but mark the sequel, master Brook;
I suffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths: firft,
an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten
bell weather; next to be compas'd like a good bilbo,4
in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to
head; and then to be stopp'd in, like a strong distilla-
tion, with thinking cloaths that fretted in their own
grease: think of that, a man of my * kidney; think
of that, that am as subject to heat as butter; a man
of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to
scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath,
when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a
Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd
glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think
of that; hissing hot; think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good fadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my
fake you have suffer'd all this. My suit is then de-
perate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as
I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her
husband is this morning gone a birding; I have re-

4 A bilbo is a Spanish blade, of which the excellence is flexi-
bleness and elaticity.

* — kidney 5] Kidney in this

phrase now signifies kind or qua-
lities, but Falstaff means a man
whole kiam is as fat as mine.
TH E M E R R Y W I V E S

ceiv'd from her another embafty of meeting; 'twixt
eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

F al. Is it? I will then address me to my appoint-
ment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and
you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall
be crown'd with your enjoying her; adieu, you shall
have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuck-
old Ford. [Exit.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream?
do I sleep? master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford;
there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford;
this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and
buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am;
I will now take the leacher; he is at my house; he
cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible, he should; he can-
not creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-
box; but, left the devil that guides him should aid
him, I will search impossible places. Tho' what I am
I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not
make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad,
let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [Exit.

5 There is no image which
our author appears so fond of as
that of a cuckold's horns. Scarcely
a light character is introduced
that does not endeavour to pro-
duce merriment by some allusion
to horned husbands. As he wrote
his plays for the stage rather than
the press, he perhaps reviewed
them seldom, and did not ob-
serve this repetition, or finding
the jest, however frequent, still
successful, did not think correc-
tion necessary.
ACT IV. SCENE I.

Page's House.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page.

Is he at Mr. Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mrs. Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh, no school to day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing on his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William—hold up your head,—come.

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

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

---

6 This is a very trifling scene, to the audience; but Shakespeare of no use to the plot, and I best knew what would please. Should think of no great delight

Quick.
Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.
Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is Fair, William?
Will. Pulcher.
Quic. Poulcats? there are fairer things than poul-
cats, sure.
Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is Lapis, William?
Will. A stone.
Eva. And what is a stone, William?
Will. A pebble.
Eva. No, it is Lapis: I pray you, remember in your pain.
Will. Lapis.
Eva. That is a good William: what is he, William, that does lend articles?
Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, singulariter, nominativo, hic, hac, hoc.
Eva. Nominativo, big, bag, bog; pray you, mark:
generio, hujus: well, what is your accusative case?
Will. Accusative, hinc.
Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusative, hung, hang, hog.
Quic. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.
Eva. Leave your prables, 'oman. What is the vocative case, William?
Will. O, vocativo, O.
Eva. Remember, William, vocative is caret.
Quic. And that's a good root.
Eva. 'Oman, forbear.
Mrs. Page. Peace.
Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?
Will. Genitive case?
Eva. Ay.
Will. Genitive, horum, horum, horum.
Quic. 'Vengeance of Giney's case; fie on her! ne-
ever name her, child, if she be a whore.
Eva. For shame, 'oman.
Quic.
Quir. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum; fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman art thou lunacies? haft thou no understanding for thy cafes, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as foolish chri$tian creatures, as I would desire.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me how, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is, ki, ka, cod; if you forget your kies, your kæs, and your cods, you must be preeches: go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewel, Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Miftref Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my suferance. I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, miftref Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

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

Mrs. Page. (within.) What hoa, gosli$p Ford! what hoa!

Mrs.
Mrs. Page. How now, sweet heart, who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder. [Aside.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again; he so takes on * yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, peer-out, † peer-out! that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now. I am glad, the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carry'd out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his fulpmic; but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murther.

* To take on, which is now used for to grieve. Seem to be used by our author for to rage. Perhaps it was applied to any passion.

† Peer-out.] That is, appear borns. Shakespeare is at his old lanes.

Mrs.
OF WINDSOR.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' basket: may I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas! alas! three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip away ere he came. —But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas-the-day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwife, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good heart, devise something; any extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt the fat woman of Brainford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is, and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

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

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

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

Mrs. Page. Heav'n guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of Brainford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet, we cannot misuse him enough. We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too. We do not act, that often jest and laugh:
'Tis old but true, Still swine eat all the drachm.

Mrs. Ford. Go, Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your matter is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

[Exit Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 Serv. Come, come, take up.

2 Serv. Pray heav'n, it be not full of the knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not. I had as lief bear so much lead.

SCENE
OF WINDSOR.

SCENE IV.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain;—somebody call my wife—youth—In a basket! oh, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say; come, come forth, behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes, master Ford—you are not to go looise any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir. Come hither, mistress Ford;—mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without caufe, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen face; hold it out.—Come forth, Sirrah. [Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.

Page. This passes—

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why——

Vol. II. Mm

Ford.
Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey’d out of my house yesterday in this balsack; why may not he be there again? in my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable; pluck me out all the linen.

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

Page. Here’s no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you. 7

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he’s not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them fay of me, as jealous as Ford, that search’d a hollow wall-nut for his wife’s leman. Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman; what old woman’s that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid’s aunt of Brainford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my house? she comes of errands. does she? we are simple men, we do not know what’s brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th’ figure; and such dawdry as this is beyond our element; we know

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7 This wrongs you.] This is below your character, unworthy of your understanding, injurious to your honour. So in the Taming of the Shrew, Bianca being ill treated by her rugged father, says, You wrong me much, indeed you wrong your self. nothing.
nothing: Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband; good gentleman, let him not strike the old woman.

SCENE V.

Enter Falstaff in women's cloaths, and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll Prat her. Out of my door, you witch! [Beats him.] you hag, you baggage, you poultice, you runnion! \(^8\) out, out, out. I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [Exit Fal.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffer. \(^9\)

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; fee but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail, \(^1\) never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [Exeunt.

\(^8\) Runnion, applied to a woman, means, as far as can be traced, much the same with fail or fab spoken of a man.

\(^9\) I spy a great peard under her muffer.] As the second stratagem, by which Falstaff escapes, is much the grooser of the two, I wish it had been practised first. It is very unlikely that Ford hav-
Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by th'mass, that he did not; he beat him must unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-fimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waffe, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yea, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we too will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly sham'd; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, shoud he not be publickly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Garter Inn.

Enter Hotspur and Bardolph.

Bard. SIR, the German desires to have three of your horfes; the Duke himself will be to morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Hotspur. What Duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?
Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sawce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests; they must come off; I'll sawce them, come.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Changes to Ford's House.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'TIS one of the best discretions of 'oman, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness; thy honour stands,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extream in submission, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward; let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

* They must come off; ] This never can be our Poet's or his Holt's meaning. To come off being in other terms to go scot-free. We must read, compt off, i.e. clear their reckoning.

WARBURTON.

To come off, signifies in our author, sometimes to be uttered with spirit and volatility. In this place it seems to mean what is in our time expressed by to come down, to pay liberally and readily. These accidental and colloquial fenes are the disgrace of language, and the plague of commentators.
Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.
Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in
the park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.
Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the river;
and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman;
methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should
come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have
no desires.
Page. So think I too.
Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him, when
he comes;
And let us two devise to bring him thither.
Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the
hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time at still of midnight
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle; 3
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed Eld

Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak;
But what of this?
Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device, 4

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3 And takes the cattle. To
  take, in Shakespeare, signifies to
  seize or strike with a devise, to
  blast. So in Hamlet,
  No planet takes.
  So in Lear,
  Strike by young limbs
  Ye taking airs with lameness.
4 Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is
  our Device,

That Falstaff at that Oak shall
meet with us.
Page. Well; let it not be
doubted, but he'll come.
And in this Shape when you
have brought him thither,}

Thus this Paffage has been tran-
mitted down to us, from the
Time of the first Edition by the
Players: But what was this
Shape,
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come.
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?
Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon,
and thus:

New Page, (my daughter) and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once

With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two, in great amazedness, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,

And fairy-like to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy Revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane?

Mrs. Ford. And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dif-horn the spirit,

Shape, in which Falstaff was to be appointed to meet? For the women have not said one word to ascertain it. This makes it more than suspicious, the Defect in this Point must be owing to some wise Retrenchment. The two intermediate Lines, which I have restored from the old Quarto, are absolutely necessary, and clear up the matter. Theobald.

5 With some diffused song.] A diffused song signifies a song that strikes out into wild sentiments beyond the bounds of nature, such as those whose subject is fairy-land.
Warburton.

6 And fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;] The Grammar requires us to read,
And fairy-like too, pinch the unclean Knight.
Warburton.
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis’d well to this, or they’ll ne’er do’t.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and
I will be like a jack-an-apes also to burn the knight
with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I’ll go buy them vi-

zards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the Queen of all the
fairies; finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy. And in that time?
Shall Mr. Slender steal my Nan away, [Aside.
And marry her at Exton.—Go, send to Falstaff
straight.

Ford. Nay, I’ll to him again in the name of Brook;
he’ll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he’ll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that; go get us properties
and tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleasures; and
ferry honest knaveryes. [Ex. Page, Ford and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, Mrs. Ford,
Send Quickly to Sir John to know his mind.

[Exit Mrs. Ford.

I’ll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, tho’ well landed, is a gudot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well mony’d, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he shall have her;
Tho’ twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.

[Exit.

? That silk will I go by, and
in that time——[Mr. Theo-
tald referring that time to the
time of buying the silk, alters
it to tire. But there is no need
of any change: That time evi-
dently relating to the time of the
mask with which Falstaff was to
be entertained, and which makes
the whole subject of this dia-
logue. Therefore the common
reading is right. Warburton.
OF WINDSOR.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Hoft and Simple.

Hoft. **What** would'st thou have, boor? thick-skin? speak, breathe, discus; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir **John Falstaff**, from Mr. Slender.

Hoft. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock and call; he'll speak like an anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Hoft. Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd; I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir **John**! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine Hoft, thine Ephebian calls.

Falstaff, above.

Fal. How now, mine Hoft?

Hoft. Here's a **Bohemian-Tartar** tarries the coming

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8 Standing-bed and truckle-bed.] The usual furniture of chambers in that time, was a standing-bed, under which was a **trockle**, **truckle** or ruuning bed. In the standing-bed lay the master, and in the truckle-ben the servant. So in Hall's account of a servile tutor:

_He lieth in the truckle-bed,

While his young master lieth oer his head._

9 Bohemian-Tartar.] The French call a Bohemian what we call a Gypsy, but I believe the Hoft means nothing more than, by a wild appellation, to insinuate that Simple makes a strange appearance.

... down
down of thy fat woman: let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wife woman of Brainford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell, what would you with her?

Simp. My master, Sir, my master Slender sent to her, seeing her go thro' the street, to know, Sir, whether one Nym, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very fairest man, that beguil'd master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'ft.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about mistres Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir.

Fal. To have her, or no: go; say, the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

* Mussel-shell. He calls poor Simple mussel-shell, because he stands with his mouth open.

Simp.
Simp. Thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simple. 

Hoft. Thou art Clarkly; thou art Clarkly, Sir John: was there a wife woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Hoft; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

SCENE IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, cozenage! meer cozenage! 
Hoft. Where be my horses, I speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire, and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus's.

Hoft. They are gone but to meet the Duke; villain; do not say, they are fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Evans.

Ev. Where is mine Hoft?

Hoft. What is the matter, Sir?

Ev. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o'mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the Hofts of Reading, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd; fare you well. [Exit.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver' is mine Hoft de Jartere?

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

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke de famany; by my trot, der is no Duke, dat the Court is know, to come. I tell you for good will; adieu.

[Exit.

Hoft. Hue and cry, villain, go! assist me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! Villain, I am undone! [Exit.

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boats with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as cret-faln as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at Primero². Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

SCENE X.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their fakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffered? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

² Primero.] A game at cards.

Fal.
Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brainsford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i'th' stocks, i'th' common stocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? sure, one of you does not serve heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI.

Enter Fenton and Hoft.

Hoft. Master Fenton, talk not to me, my mind is heavy,
I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your los's.

3 Action of an old Woman.] What! was it any Dexterity of Wit in Sir John Falstaff, to counterfeit the Action of an old Woman, in order to escape being apprehended for a Witch? Surely, one would imagine, This was the readiest Means to bring him into such a Scrape: for none but Old Women have ever been suspected of being Witches. The Text must certainly be restored, a wood Woman, a crazy, frantic Woman; one too wild, and silly, and unmeaning, to have either the Malice, or mischievous Subtlety of a Witch in her.

Theobald.

This emendation is received by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but rejected by Dr. Warburton. To me it appears reasonable enough.

4 The great fault of this play is the frequency of expressions so profane, that no necessity of preserving character can justify them. There are laws of higher authority than those of criticism.

Hoft.
Hoft. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fen. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, (So far forth as herself might be her chuser) Ev'n to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents, as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested, Without the shew of both. Fat Sir John Falstaff Hath a great Scene; the image of the jest

[Shewing a letter.

I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine Hoft; To night at Herne's Oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen; The purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jefts are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eaton Immediately to marry; she hath consented.—Now, Sir,

Her mother, ever strong against that match, And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are talking of their minds; And at the Deanry, where a priest attends, Straight marry her; To this her mother's Plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the Doctor.—Now, thus it rests; Her father means she shall be all in white, And in that dress when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go, She shall go with him,—Her mother hath intended, The better to devote her to the Doctor, (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded) That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribbands-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;

And
OF WINDSOR.

And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

_Hoft._ Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

_Fent._ Both, my good _Hoft_, to go along with me;
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

_Hoft._ Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

_Fent._ So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beside, I'll make a present recompence. [Exeunt.

SCENE XII.

_Re-enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly._

_Fal._ Prythee, no more pratling. Go. I'll hold.
This is the third time; I hope, good luck lyes in odd
numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in
odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death.—

Away.

_Quick._ I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I
can to get you a pair of horns. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.

_Fal._ Away, I say, time wears: hold up your head
and mince.

_Enter Ford._

How now, master _Brook_? master _Brook_, the matter
will be known to night, or never. Be you in the
Park about midnight, at _Herne's Oak_, and you shall
see wonders.

_Ford._ Went you not to her yesterday, Sir, as you
told me you had appointed?

_Fal._
Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, master Brook, I fear not Goliab with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle; I am in haste; go along with me, I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I pluckt geese, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand—Follow; strange things in hand, master Brook! follow.——

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Windfor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page.

COME, come; we'll couch i'th' castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Shal. Ay, forlooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, mum; she cries, budget; and by that we know one another.

Slan. That's good too; but what needs either your mum, or her budget? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page.
OF WINDSOR.

Page. The night is dark, light and spirits will become it well; heav’n prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let’s away; follow me. [Extunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanery, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [Exit.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the Doctor’s marrying my daughter; but ’tis no matter; better, a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies, and the Welch devil Evans? Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies, and the Welch devil Evans? 6

Mrs. Page. They are all couch’d in a pit hard by Herne’s Oak, with obscur’d lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff’s and our meeting, they will at once dislay to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz’d, he will be mock’d; if he be amaz’d, he will every way be mock’d.

Mrs. Ford. We’ll betray him finely.

5 No man means evil but the devil.] This is a double blunder; for some, of whom this was spoke, were women. We should read then, no one means. WARBURTON.

6 The former impression.] And the Welch Devil Herne?] But Falstaff was to represent Herne, and he was no Welchman. Where was the Attention, or Sagacity, of our Editors, not to observe that Mrs. Ford is inquiring for Evans by the Name of the Welch Devil? Dr. Thirlby likewise discover’d the Blunder of this Passage. THEOBALD.
THE MERRY WIVES

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, those, that betray them, do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; to the Oak, to the Oak. [Exeunt.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come, and remember your parts; be bold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you; come, come; trib, trib. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff, with a Buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve, the minute draws on; now, the hot-blooded Gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou waft a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast: You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the Love of Leda: Oh, omnipotent love! how near the God drew to the complexion of a goose? A fault done first in the form of a beast,—O Jove, a beastly fault in the semblance of a fowl:—think on't, Jove, a foul fault. When Gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor flag, and the fatfeet, I think, 'th' forest. Send me a cool run-time, Jove, or who can blame me to pile my tallow? who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

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

Fal. My doe with the black cut? let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green-Sleeves; hail
hail kisling-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistrefs Page is come with me, sweet heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [Noise within.

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

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

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyr; Quickly, and others, dreft like Fairies, with Tapers.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white, You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night, You Ouphem'heirs of fixed destiny, 9 Attend your office, and your quality, Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Fal. 7 Divide me like a bribe-buck;] Thus all the old Copies, mistakingly: It must be bribe-buck; i.e. a Buck sent for a Bribe. Theobald.

7 Fellow of this walk.] Who the fellow is, or why he keeps his shoulders for him, I do not understand.

8 Fellow of this walk.] Who the fellow is, or why he keeps his shoulders for him, I do not understand.

9 You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny.] But why Orphan-heirs? Destiny, whom they succeeded, was yet in being. Doubtless the Poet wrote.

7

Fal.
THE MERRY WIVES

Eva. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and earthuns unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates flutes and fluttery.

Fal. They're fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die.
I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.

[Lyes down upon his face.

Eva. Where's Pedr? go you, and where you find a maid,
That ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
Rein up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careles infanty;

But

You ouph en theirs of fixed de- tity.

i.e. you Elves, who minister, and succeed in some of the works of destiny. They are called, in this play, both before and afterwards, Ophes; here Oupben; ou being the plural termination of Saxon nouns. For the word is from the Saxon, Alpenne, la- mene, demones. Or it may be understood to be an adjective, as mussen, musslen, golden, &c.

Warburton.

'raise up the organs of her fantasy.' The sense of this speech is—that she, who had performed her religious duties, should be secure against the illusion of fancy; and have her sleep, like that of infancy, undisturbed by disordered dreams. This was then the popular opinion, that evil spirits had a power over the fancy; and, by that means, could inspire wicked dreams into those who, on their going to sleep, had not re-

commended themselves to the protection of heaven. So Shakespeare makes one, on his lying down, say,

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Protect us heav'n!

As this is the sense, let us see how the common reading expresses it;

Raise up the organs of her fantasy,

i.e. inflame her imagination with sensual ideas; which is just the contrary to what the Poet would have the speaker say. We cannot therefore but conclude he wrote,

Rein up the organs of her fantasy,

i.e. curb them, that she be no more disturbed by irregular imaginations, than children in their sleep. For, he adds immediately,

Sleep she as sound as careles infanty.

So in the Tempest.
But those, that sleep, and think not on their sins, 
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and thins.

Quic. About, about; 
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out. 
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room, 
That it may stand 'till the perpetual Doom, 
In state as whoſſom, as in state 'tis fit; 
Worthy the owner, as the owner it. 3
The several chairs of Order look you scour, 
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r: 
Each fair Instalment-Coat and sev'ral Creft, 
With loyal blazon evermore be blest! 
And nightly-meadow-fairies, look, you sing, 
Like to the Garter-compass, in a ring: 
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be, 
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see; 
And, Hony Soit Qui Mal y Penſe write, 
In emrod-tuffs, flow'rs purple, blue and white, 4

Like

Give not dalliance too much the rein. 
And in Measure for Measure, 
I give my sensual race the rein. 
To give the rein, being just the contrary to rein up. The same thought he has again in Mackbæb, 
Merciful powers! 
Refrain in me the curfed thoughts that nature 
Gives way to in repose.

Warburton.

3 Worthy the owner, and the owner it. [And cannot be the true reading. The context will not allow it; and his court to Queen Elizabeth directs us to another, — as the owner it.

For, sure he had more address than to content himself with wishing a thing to be, which his complaisance must suppose actually was, namely, the worth of the owner.

Warburton.
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hood’s bending knee;
Fairies use flow’rs for their character cy.
Away, disperse; but, ’till ’tis one o’clock,
Our dance of custom round about the Oak
Of Herne, the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourselves in
order let:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav’n’s defend me from that Welsh fairy, left he
transform me to a piece of cheese!

Eva. Wild worm, thou wast o’er-look’d ev’n in thy
birth.

Ple, blue and white,
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery.] These lines are
most miserably corrupted.
In the words.—Flowers purple,
blue and white,—the purple is
left uncorrected. To remedy
this, the Editors, who seem to
have been sensible of the imper-
fection of the comparison, read,
and rich embroidery; that is,
according to them, as the blue
and white flowers are compared
to sapphire and pearl, the purple
is compared to rich embroidery.
Thus instead of mending one
false step they have made two,
by bringing sapphire, pearl and
rich embroidery under one predi-
cament. The lines were wrote
thus by the Poet,

In emroider-tuff, flow’rs pur-
bled, blue and white,
Like sapphire, pearl, in rich em-
broidery,
I. e. let there be blue and white
flow’rs worked on the green-
to-ward, like sapphire and pearl in
rich embroidery. To purple is to
over-lay with tinsel, gold thread,
&c. to our ancestors called a cer-
tain lace of this kind of work a
pursing-lace. ’Tis from the
French, purfler. So Spencer,
—she was yelad
All in a silken Cauw, lilly-white,
Purfléd upon, with many a
folded flight.
The change of and into in, in
the second verse, is necessary.
For flow’rs worked, or purfléd
in the graf, were not like sa-
phire and pearl simply, but sa-
phire and pearl in embroidery.
How the corrupt reading and
was introduced into the text, we
have shewn above. Warburt.
—character.] For the
matter with which they make
letters.

of middle earth.] Spi-
rits are supposed to inhabit the
eternal regions, and fairies to
dwell under ground, men there-
fore are in a middle station.
OF WINDSOR.

Quic. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end; If he be chaste, the flame will back descend, And turn him to no pain; but if he start, It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A trial, come.—

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

Come, will this wood take fire.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire; About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme: And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. "It is right, indeed, he is full of leacheries and iniquity.

The SONG.

Fie on sinful phantasy,
Fee on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,⁷
Kindled with uncharfe desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany:
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.

⁶ During this Song, they pinch him. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slender another way, and he takes away a boy in white;

⁷ Lust is but a cloudy fire. So the old copies. I once thought it should be read, but Sir T. Hanmer reads with less violence.

⁸ During this Song. This Direction I thought proper to insert from the old Quarto's.
and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Ann Page.
A noise of bunting is made within. All the Fairies
run away. Falstaff pulls off his Buck's head, and
rises.

SCENE V.

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, we've watcht you
now;
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?
Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no
higher.
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husbands? do not these fair Yoaks?
Become the Forest better than the Town?
Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? master
Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave, here are
his horns, master Brook; and, master Brook, he hath
enjoy'd nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his
cudgel, and twenty pounds of mony, which must be
paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it,
master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could
never meet. I will never take you for my love again,
but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

9 See you these husbands? Do not these fair Oaks
Become the Forest better than the Town? What Oak, in
the Name of Nonsonde, do our Fagacious Editors make Mrs. Page
talk of? The Oak in the Park? But there was no Intention of
transplanting them into the Town.
—Tals infitter me quidem pudicum sediguique. The first Felix reads,
as the Poet intended, Yoaks: and Mrs. Page's Meaning is this. She
speaks it to her own, and Mrs. Ford's Husband, and asks them,
if they see the Horns in Falstaff's Hand; and then, alluding to
them as the Types of Cuckoldom, puts the Question, whether those
Yoaks are not more proper in the Forest than in the Town, i.e.
than in their Families, as a Re-proach to them. Theobald.

Ford.
Ford. Ay; and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despight of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir 'John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a Welch goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time, I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seefe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seefe and putter? have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one, that makes fritters of English? this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the Realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff man?

Page. Old, cold, witherd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Pag. And as poor as Job?
THE MERRY WIVES

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eca. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and
sacks, and wines, and methoglins, and to drinkings, and
fwarings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start
of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the
Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me;
use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to Windsor to one
Mr. Brock, that you have cozen'd of mony, to whom
you should have been a pander: over and above that
you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that mony will be
a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let That go to make
amends:

Forgive that Sum, and so we'll all be Friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight; thou shalt eat a
poiset to night at my house, where I will desire thee
to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell
her, Mr. Slender hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my
daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife. [Aside.

--- ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me;] Though this
be perhaps not intelligible, yet it is
an odd way of confessing his
dejection. I should wish to read,
--- ignorance itself has a plummet
of me.

That is, I am so depressed that
ignorance itself plucks me, and
cocks itself with the spoils of
my weakness.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, Husband.] This and the
following little
Speech I have inferred from the
old Quotations. The Retrench-
ment, I presume, was by the
Players. Sir John Falstaff is
sufficiently punished, in being
disappointed and exposed. The
Expectation of his being pro-
cuted for the twenty Pounds,
gives the Conclusion too tragical
a Turn. Besides, it is poetical
Justice that Ford should sustain
this Loss, as a Fine for his un-
reasonable Jealousy. Theobald.

The two plots are excellent-
ly connected, and the tran-
sition very artfully made in this
Speech.

SCENE
OF WINDSOR.

SCENE VI.

Enter Slender.

Sl. What hoe! hoe! father Page.

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

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

P. Of what, son?

Sl. I came yonder at Eaton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubbery boy. If it had not been i'th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

P. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Sl. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

P. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Sl. I went to her in white and cry'd mum, and she cry'd budget, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

P. O, I am vexed at heart. What shall I do?

Mrs. P. Good George, be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my daughter into green, and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

SCENE
THE MERRY WIVES

SCENE VII.

Enter Caius.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Fenton, and Anne Page.

How now, Mr. Fenton?

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

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Mr. Slender?

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

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.
You would have marry'd her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love:
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
Th' offence is holy, that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unclerous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy.
In love, the heav'ns themselves do guide the state;
Mony buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.
Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special Stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

*Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heav'n give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Eva. I will also dance and eat plums at your Wed-
ding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chaced.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Mr.
Fenton,
Heav'n give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire,
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lye with mistress Ford.

[Exeunt omnes.

* In the first sketch of this play, which, as Mr. Pope ob-
erves, is much inferior to the latter performance, the only
sentiment of which I regret the omission occurs at this critical
time, when Fenton brings in his wife, there is this dialogue.

Mrs. Ford. Come, Mistress Page, I must be bold with you,
'Tis pity to part love that is so true.

Mrs. Page. [aside.] Although that I have missed in my intend,
Yet I am glad my husband's match is crossed.

Here, Fenton, take her.

Eva. Come, Master Page, you must needs agree.
Ford. I faish, Sir, come, you see your wife is pleased.
Page. I cannot tell, and yet my heart is eased;
And yet it doth me good the doctor missed.
Come bitter, Fenton, and come bitter, Daughter.

The End of the Second Volume.