



T H E  
P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the THIRD,

CONTAINING,

The TAMING of the SHREW.

The COMEDY of ERRORS.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ALL's WELL, THAT ENDS WELL.

The LIFE and DEATH of KING JOHN.

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L O N D O N :

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M,DCC,LXV.

THE

T A M I N G

OF THE

S H R E W.

# Characters *in the* Induction.

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

Hostess.

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

## Dramatis Personæ.

Baptista, *Father to Catharina and Bianca; very rich.*

Vincentio, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*

Lucentio, *Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

Petruchio, *a Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Catharina;*

Gremio, } *Pretenders to Bianca.*

Hortensio, }

Tranio, } *Servants to Lucentio.*

Biondello, }

Grumio, *Servant to Petruchio.*

Pedant, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

Catharina, *the Shrew.*

Bianca, *her Sister.*

*Widow.*

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

SCENE, *sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in  
Petruchio's House in the Country.*

T H E



T H E

TAMING of the SHREW.

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I N D U C T I O N.

S C E N E I.

*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

*Enter Hostess and Sly.*

S L Y.

I'll pheeze you, <sup>1</sup> in faith.

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

*Sly.* Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no <sup>\*</sup> rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore, *paucus pallabris*; <sup>2</sup> let the world slide: *Sessa*.

<sup>1</sup> *I'll pheeze you,*—] To *pheeze* or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *tease* or *toze*, for to *harrass*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of *Sly's* character on like occasions.

<sup>\*</sup> — no rogues. ] That is, no *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but *Gentlemen*.

<sup>2</sup> — *paucus pallabris*; ] *Sly*, as an ignorant Fellow, is purposely made to aim at Languages out of his Knowledge, and knock the words out of Joint. The *Spaniards* say, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet. THEOB.

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

*Sly.* No, not a denier: go by, *Jeronimo*—— go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.<sup>3</sup>

*Host.* I know my remedy; I must go fetch the Thirdborough.<sup>4</sup>

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

<sup>3</sup> *Go by S. Jeronimy, go to thy cold Bed, and warm thee.*] All the Editions have coined a Saint here, for *Sly* to swear by. But the Poet had no such Intentions. The Passage has particular Humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. But I must clear up a Piece of Stage history, to make it understood. There is a fustian old Play, call'd, *Hieronymo*; Or, *The Spanish Tragedy*: which, I find, was the common Butt of Rallery to all the Poets of *Shakespeare's* Time: and a Passage, that appear'd very ridiculous in that Play, is here humorously alluded to. *Hieron, mo*, thinking himself injur'd, applies to the King for Justice; but the Courtiers, who did not desire his Wrongs should be set in a true Light, attempt to hinder him from an Audience.

*Hiero.* Justice, oh! justice to Hieronymo.

*Lor.* Back;——see'st thou not, the King is busy?

*Hiero.* Oh, is he so?

*King.* Who is He, that interrupts our Business?

*Hiero.* Not I:——Hieronymo, beware; go by, go by. So *Sly* here, not caring to be quard by the *Hostess*, cries to her

in Effect, "Don't be troublesome, don't interrupt me, go, go, by;" and, to fix the Satire in his Allusion, pleasantly calls her *Jeronymo*. THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> — I must go fetch the Headborough.

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough, &c.] This corrupt Reading had pass'd down through all the Copies, and none of the Editors pretended to guess at the Poet's Conceit. What an insipid, unmeaning Reply does *Sly* make to his *Hostess*? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* Borough relate to *Headborough*? The Author intended but a poor Witticism, and even That is lost. The *Hostess* would say, that she'll fetch a *Constable*: and this Officer she calls by his other Name, a *Thirdborough*: and upon this Term *Sly* founds the Conundrum in his Answer to her. Who does not perceive, at a single glance, some Conceit started by this certain Correction? There is an Attempt at Wit, tolerable enough for a Tinker, and one drunk too. *Thirdborough* is a Saxon-term sufficiently explain'd by the *Glossaries*: and in our *Statute-books*, no farther back than the 28th Year of *Henry VIIIth*, we find it used to signify a *Constable*.

THEOBALD.

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

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

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

*Brach, Merriman,* the poor cur is imboft; <sup>5</sup>  
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd *Brach*.  
Saw'st thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good  
At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault?  
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

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

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

*Hun.* I will, my Lord.

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

*Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not  
warm'd with ale,  
This were a bed but cold, to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!  
—Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thy image! —  
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.  
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,  
Wrapt in sweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;  
A most delicious banquet by his bed,

<sup>5</sup> *Brach, Merriman,* Sir T. I believe the common practice of  
*Hanmer* reads, *Leech Merriman*, huntsmen, but the present read-  
that is, *apply some remedies* to. ing may stand  
*Merriman*. the poor cur has his — *tender will my hounds,*  
*so not swell'd.* Perhaps we might *Brach—Merriman—the poor*  
read, *bathe Merriman*, which is *cur is imboft.*



And brave attendants near him, when he wakes ;  
Would not the beggar then forget himself ?

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

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

*Lord.* Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless fancy.  
Then take him up, and manage well the jest :  
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,  
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures ;  
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,  
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.  
Procure me musick ready, when he wakes,  
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly sound ;  
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,  
And with a low submissive reverence  
Say, what is it your Honour will command ?  
Let one attend him with a silver basin  
Full of rose water, and bestrew'd with flowers ;  
Another bear the ewer ; a third a diaper ;  
And say, will't please your lordship cool your hands :  
Some one be ready with a costly suit,  
And ask him what apparel he will wear ;  
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,  
And that his Lady mourns at his disease ;  
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick.  
And when he says he is, — say, that he dreams ;  
For he is nothing but a mighty lord :  
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs :  
It will be pastime passing excellent,  
If it be husbanded with modesty. <sup>6</sup>

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you, we'll play our  
part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence,  
He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him ;

<sup>6</sup> — *modesty.*] By *modesty* is meant *moderation*, without suffering our merriment to break into any excess.

And each one to his Office, when he wakes.

[Some bear out Sly. Sound Trumpets.]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet is that sounds.

Belike, some noble gentleman that means, [Ex. Servant.]  
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

SCENE III.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

How now? who is it?

*Ser.* An't please your Honour, Players  
That offer Service to your lordship.

*Lord.* Bid them come near:

*Enter Players.*

Now, Fellows, you are welcome.

*Play.* We thank your Honour.

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

*2 Play.* So please your Lordship to accept our duty.\*

*Lord.* With all my heart. This fellow I remember,  
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part  
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

*Sim.* I think, 'twas *Soto* that your Honour means. †

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

Well, you are come to me in happy time,  
The rather for I have some sport in hand,  
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

\* It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses.

† I think, 'twas *Soto*] I take our Author here to be paying a Compliment to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Women pleas'd*, in which Comedy there is the Character of *Soto*, who is a Farmer's Son, and

a very facetious Serving-man. Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* prefix the Name of *Sim* to the Line here spoken; but the first *folio* has it *Sincklo*; which, no doubt, was the Name of one of the Players here introduc'd, and who had play'd the Part of *Soto* with Applause. THEOBALD.

There is a Lord will hear you play to night ;  
 But I am doubtful of your modesties,  
 Lest, over-eying of his odd Behaviour,  
 (For yet his honour never heard a Play,)  
 You break into some merry Passion,  
 And so offend him : for I tell you, Sirs,  
 If you should smile, he grows impatient.

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

*2 Play.* [*to the other.*] Go get a Dishclout to make  
 clean your shoes, and I'll speak for the properties. <sup>8</sup>

[*Exit Player.*

My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a  
 property, and a little Vinegar to make our devil roar. <sup>9</sup>

*Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,  
 And give them friendly welcome, every one :  
 Let them want nothing that the house affords.

[*Exit one with the Players.*

Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my page,  
 And see him drest in all suits like a lady.  
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,  
 And call him Madam, do him all obeifance.  
 Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)  
 He bear himself with honourable action,

<sup>8</sup> *Property*, in the language of a play-house, is every implement necessary to the exhibition.

<sup>9</sup> *a little Vinegar to make our devil roar.*] When the acting the *mysteries* of the old and new testament was in vogue ; at the representation of the *mystery* of the Passion, *Judas* and the Devil made a part. And the Devil, wherever he came, was always to suffer some disgrace, to make the people laugh : As here, the buffonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar,

And the Passion being that, of all the *mysteries*, which was most frequently represented, vinegar became at length the standing implement to torment the Devil : And used for this purpose even after the *mysteries* ceased, and the *moralities* came in vogue ; where the Devil continued to have a considerable part.— The mention of it here was to ridicule so absurd a circumstance in these old farces.

WARBURTON.



Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies  
 Unto their lords, by them accomplish'd ;  
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,  
 With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;  
 And say ; what is't your Honour will command,  
 Wherein your lady and your humble wife,  
 May shew her duty, and make known her love ?  
 And then with kind embracements, tempting kisse,  
 And with declining head into his bosom,  
 Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd  
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,  
 Who for twice seven years hath esteem'd himself  
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :  
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift  
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
 An \* onion will do well for such a shift ;  
 Which in a Napkin being close convey'd,  
 Shall in despite enforce a wat'ry eye.  
 See this dispatch'd, with all the haste thou canst ;  
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Servant.*  
 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,  
 Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.  
 I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband ;  
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,  
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.  
 I'll in to counsel them : haply, my presence  
 May well abate the over-inerry spleen ;  
 Which otherwise will go into extreams. [*Exit Lord.*

<sup>1</sup> In former editions,  
*Who for these seven Years hath  
 esteem'd himself  
 No better than a poor and loath-  
 some Beggar.*]

I have ventur'd to alter a Word  
 here, against the Authority of  
 the printed Copies ; and hope,  
 I shall be justified in it by two  
 subsequent Passages. That the

Poet design'd, the Tinker's sup-  
 pos'd Lunacy should be of four-  
 teen Years standing at least, is  
 evident upon two parallel Passa-  
 ges in the Play to that Purpose.

THEOBALD.

\* It is not unlikely that the  
*onion* was an expedient used by  
 the actors of interludes.

## SCENE IV.

*Changes to a Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

*Enter Sly with Attendants, some with apparel, bason and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.*

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

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

*2 Serv.* Will't please your Honour taste of these Conerves?

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

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

*Lord.* Heav'n cease this idle humour in your Honour!

Oh, that a mighty man of such descent,  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!——

*Sly.* What, would you make me mad? am not I *Christophero Sly*, old *Sly's* Son of *Burton-beath*; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bearherd, and now by present profession a tinker? ask *Mariae Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if she know me not; if she say, I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: here's——

*1 Man.*



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

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

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

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

Oh, noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,  
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,  
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look, how thy servants do attend on thee ;  
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

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

Or wilt thou sleep ? we'll have thee to a couch,  
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.

Say, thou wilt walk, we will bestrow the ground :

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

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

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

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

As breathed stags ; ay, fleetier than the roe.

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

*Adonis*, painted by a running brook ;

And *Cit'bera* all in fedges hid ;

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

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

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

Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds :

And

And at that sight shall sad *Apollo* weep :  
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

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

1 *Man.* And 'till the tears, that she hath shed for  
thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,  
She was the fairest creature in the world,  
And yet she is inferior to none.

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

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

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

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

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

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

3 *Man.* Why, Sir, you know no house ; nor no such  
maid ;  
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up ;

\* ——— *Leet,*] At the *Court leet*, or courts of the manor.

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

*Sly*. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

*All*. Amen.—

*Sly*. By th' Mass, I think I am a Lord indeed.  
 What is thy name?

*Man*. *Sim*, an't please your Honour.

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

[*The servant gives him drink.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Lady, with attendants.*

I thank thee;——thou shalt not lose by it.

*Lady*. How fares my noble Lord?

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

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

*Sly*. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me Lord, I am your good man.

*Lady*. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

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

*Lord*. Madam.

*Sly*. *Alce* madam, or *Joan* madam?

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

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

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



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

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

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

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Your Honour's Players, hearing your amend-  
ment,

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

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

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

*Sly.* What, household stuff?

*Lady.* It is a kind of history.

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

T H E

T H E

TAMING of the SHREW.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Street in PADUA.*

*Flourish. Enter Lucentio and Tranio.*

L U C E N T I O.

**T**RANIO, since for the great desire I had  
To see fair *Padua*, nursery of arts,  
I am arriv'd from fruitful *Lombardy*,<sup>1</sup>  
The pleasant garden of great *Italy* ;  
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd  
With his good-will, and thy good company :  
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all,  
Here let us breathe, and haply institute  
A course of learning, and \* ingenious studies.  
*Pisa*, renowned for grave citizens,  
Gave me my Being ; and my father first,  
A merchant of great traffick through the world :  
*Vincentio's* come of the *Bentivoli*,

<sup>1</sup> — *from fruitful Lombardy.*] think it was written *ingenuous*  
So Mr. *Theobald*. The former *studies*, but of this and a thou-  
editions, instead of *from*, had *for*. sand such observations there is

\* — *ingenious*] I rather little certainty.

*Vincentio* his son, brought up in *Florence*,  
 It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,  
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :  
 And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I study,  
 Virtue and that part of philosophy<sup>2</sup>  
 Will I apply, that treats of happiness  
 By virtue specially to be achiev'd.  
 Tell me thy mind, for I have *Pisa* left,  
 And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves  
 A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,  
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

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

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

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

<sup>2</sup> Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, and after him Dr. *Warburton*, read to virtue ; but formerly *ply* and *ap-* *ply* were indifferently used, as to *ply* or *apply* his studies.

## SCENE II.

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

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

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

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

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

*Cath.* I'faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear,  
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:  
But if it were, doubt not, her care shall be  
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,  
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

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

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord.

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

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

Peace, *Tranio*.

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

*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said, *Bianca*, get you in;



And let it not displease thee, good *Bianca* ;  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Cath.* A pretty Peat !<sup>3</sup> it is best put finger in the  
eye, an she knew why.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>3</sup> *A pretty Peat.* ] *Peat* or *conduct*.  
*Pet* is a word of endearment  
from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant  
pretty little thing.

\* *So strange.* ] That is, so odd,  
so different from others in your  
the *Bible*.

† *Cunning men.* ] *Cunning* had  
not yet lost its original signifi-  
cacion of *knowing*, *learned*, as may

be observed in the translation of



## S C E N E III.

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

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

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

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

*Gre.* A husband ! a devil. ———

*Hor.* I say, a husband.

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

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

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

*Hor.* 'Faith, as you say, there's a small choice in rotten apples. But, come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have

to't afresh. Sweet *Bianca*! happy man be his dole!  
he that runs fastest gets the ring; how say you, Signior  
*Gremio*?

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

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Manent Tranio and Lucentio.*

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

*Luc.* Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,  
I never thought it possible or likely.  
But see, while idly I stood looking on,  
I found th' effect of Love in idleness:  
And now in plainness do confess to thee,  
(That art to me as secret, and as dear,  
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was;)  
*Tranio*, I burn, I pine, I perish *Tranio*.  
If I achieve not this young modest girl:  
Counsel me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou canst;  
Assist me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou wilt.

*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now;  
Affection is not rated from the heart.  
If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so, †  
\* *Redime te captum quàm queas minimò.*

*Luc.* Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents;  
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's found.

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

† *If Love hath TOUCH'D you,*  
*nought remains but so,]* The  
next line from *Terence*, shews  
that we should read,

*If Love hath TOYL'D you,—*  
*i. e.* taken you in his toils, his  
nets. Alluding to the *captus est*,

*habet*, of the same Author.

WARBURTON,

\* Our author had this line  
from *Lilly*, which I mention, that  
it may not be brought as an ar-  
gument of his learning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Luc.* Tell me thine first.

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

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

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

*Luc.* *Basta* ; — content thee ; for I have it full,  
We have not yet been seen in any house,



Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,  
 For man or master : then it follows thus.  
 Thou shalt be master, *Tranio*, in my stead ;  
 Keep house, and \* port, and servants, as I should.  
 I will some other be, some *Florentine*,  
 Some *Nepolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.  
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so : *Tranio*, at once  
 Uncase thee : take my colour'd hat and cloak.  
 When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee ;  
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]  
 In brief, good Sir, sith it your pleasure is,  
 And I am tied to be obedient,  
 For so your Father charg'd me at our parting ;  
 (Be serviceable to my Son, quoth he,)  
 Altho', I think, 'twas in another sense ;  
 I am content to be *Lucentio*,  
 Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

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

*Enter Biondello.*

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

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

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

\* *Port*, is figure, show, appearance.

You understand me ?

*Bion.* Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.—

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

*Bion.* The better for him : 'Would, I were so too.

*Tra.* So would I, i'faith, boy, to have the next wish after ; that *Lucentio*, indeed, had *Baptista's* youngest daughter. But, firrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise you, use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies : when I am alone, why, then I am *Tranio* ; but in all places else, your master *Lucentio*.

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

## S C E N E V.

*Before Hortensio's House, in Padua.*

*Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.*

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

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

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

*Gru.* Knock you here, Sir ? why, Sir, what am I,  
Sir,

That I should knock you here, Sir.

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

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

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

*Pet.* Will it not be?

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

[*He wrings him by the ears.*]

*Gru.* Help, masters, help; my master is mad.

*Pet.* Now knock, when I bid you: Sirrah! Villain!

*Enter Hortensio.*

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

*Pet.* Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray?  
*Con tutto il Core, ben trovato*, may I say.

*Hor.* *Alla nostra Casa ben venuto, molto honorato*  
*Signor mio Petruchio.*

Rise, *Grumio*, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

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

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

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

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

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

*Hor.* *Petruchio*, patience; I am *Grumio*'s pledge.  
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,  
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant *Grumio*;  
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy Gale  
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona*?

*Pet.*



*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,  
 5 Where small experience grows. But, in a few,  
 Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,  
*Antonio* my father is deceas'd ;  
 And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
 Happly to wive and thrive, as best I may :  
 Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  
 And so am come abroad to see the world.

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

*Pet.* Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as us  
 Few words suffice ; and therefore if you know  
 One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife ;  
 (As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance <sup>6</sup>)  
 Be she as foul as was *Florentius' love*, <sup>7</sup>  
 As old as *Sibyl*, and as curst and shrewd  
 As *Socrates' Xantippe*, or a worse,  
 She moves me not; or not removes, at least,  
 8 Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough

As

<sup>5</sup> *Where small experience grows but in a FEW.*] This nonsense should be read thus :

*Where small experience grows but in a MEW,*  
*i. e.* a confinement at home. And the meaning is that no improvement is to be expected of those who never look out of doors. WARBURTON.

Why this should seem nonsense, I cannot perceive. *In a few* means the same as *in short*, *in few words*.

<sup>6</sup> The burthen of a dance is an  
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expression which I have never heard; the burthen of his wooing song had been more proper.

<sup>7</sup> *Be she as foul as was Florentius' love.*] This I suppose relates to a circumstance in some Italian novel, and should be read, *Florentio's*. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *Affection's EDGE in ME.*] This man is a strange talker. He tells you he wants money only. And, as to *affection*, he thinks so little of the matter, that give him but a rich mistress, and he will take her though incrusted all

As are the swelling *Adriatick* Seas,  
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:  
If wealthily, then happily, in *Padua*.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby,<sup>9</sup> or an old Trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses; why, nothing comes a-ris, so money comes withal.

*Hor.* *Petruchio*, since we have stept thus far in, I will continue That I broach'd in jest:  
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife  
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;  
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman.  
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,  
Is, that she is intolerably curst:  
And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure;  
That, were my state far worser than it is,  
I would not wed her for a Mine of gold.

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

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

*Hor.* Her Father is *Baptista Minola*,  
An affable and courteous Gentleman;

over with the worst bad qualities of age, ugliness and ill-manners. Yet, after this, he talks of *Affection's edge* being so strong in him that nothing can abate it. Some of the old copies indeed, instead of *me* read *time*: this will direct us to the true reading, which I am persuaded is this,

*Affection* SIEG'D IN COIN,  
*i. e.* plac'd, seated, fixed. This makes him speak to the purpose, that his *affection* is all love of money. The expression too is

proper, as the metaphor is in-tire—to remove *affection* sieg'd in coin.

WARBURTON.

Surely the sense of the present reading is too obvious to be misfed or mistaken. *Petruchio* says, that, *if a girl has money enough, no bad qualities of mind or body will remove affection's edge; that is, hinder him from liking her.*

<sup>9</sup> aglet, the tag of a point.

POPE.



Her name is *Catharina Minola*,  
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

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

*Gru.* I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an' she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so : why, that's nothing ; <sup>1</sup> an' he begin once, he'll rail—In his rope-tricks (I'll tell you what, Sir) an' she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, Sir.

*Hor.* Tarry, *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,  
For in *Baptista's* house my Treasure is :  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His youngest Daughter, beautiful *Bianca* ;  
<sup>2</sup> And her with-holds he from me, and others more  
Suitors to her, and Rivals in my love :  
Supposing it a thing impossible,  
For those defects I have before rehears'd,  
That ever *Catharina* will be woo'd ;  
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* ta'en,  
That none shall have access unto *Bianca*,  
'Till *Catharine* the curst have got a husband.

<sup>1</sup> An' he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.] This is obscure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, he'll rail in his rhetorick ; I'll tell you, &c. Rhetorick agrees very well with *figure* in the succeeding part of the speech, yet I am inclined to believe that *Rope-tricks* is the true word.

<sup>2</sup> It stood thus :  
*And her withholds he from me,  
Other more Suitors to her, and  
Rivals in my Love : &c.*] The Regulation, which I have given to the Text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. Thirlby.

THEOBALD,

*Gru.*

*Gru.* *Catharine* the curst?  
A title for a maid of all titles the worst!

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

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguis'd.*

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

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

*Gru.* A proper Stripling, and an amorous.—

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

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

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

*Gru.* O this woodcock, what an ass it is!—

*Pet.* Peace, Sirrah.

*Hor.*

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

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

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

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

*Gru.* And that his bags shall prove.

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

*Gre.* So said, so done, is well;—

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

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

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

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

*Gre.* Oh, Sir, such a life with such a wife were strange; But if you have a stomach, to't, o' God's name; You shall have me assisting you in all. But will you wooe this wild cat?

*Pet.* Will I live?

*Gru.* Will he wooe her? ay, or I'll hang her.

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



Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,  
 Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?  
 Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field?  
 And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?  
 Have I not in a pitched battel heard  
 Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?  
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,  
 That gives not half so great a blow to th'ear<sup>3</sup>  
 As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?  
 Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

*Gru.* For he fears none.——

*Gre.* *Hortensio*, hark:

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

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

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

*Gru.* I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

## S C E N E VII.

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

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

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

*Tra.* Even he, *Biondello*.

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

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

*Pet.* Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

<sup>3</sup> *That gives not half so great a blow to HEAR,*] This awkward phrase could never come from *Shakespeare*. He wrote, without question,  
 —— *so great a blow to TH'EAR.*

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

*Luc.* Well begun, *Tranio*.

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

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

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

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

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

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you ?

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

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

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

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

*Baptista* is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all unknown ;

And, were his Daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair *Leda's* Daughter had a thousand wooers ;

Then well One more may fair *Bianca* have,

And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,

Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

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

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

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

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,

Did you yet ever see *Baptista's* daughter ?

*Tra.* No, Sir ; but hear I do, that he hath two :

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,

As the other is for beauteous modesty.

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

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules* ;

And let it be more than *Alcides'* twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, insooth :

The youngest Daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors,

And

And will not promise her to any man,  
Until the eldest Sister first be wed;  
The younger then is free, and not before.

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

*Hor.* Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;  
And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
You must, as we do, gratify this Gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,  
Please ye, we may convive this afternoon,<sup>4</sup>  
And quaff carouses to our Mistress' health;  
And do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Gru. Bion.* O excellent motion! fellows, let's be  
gone.

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

[The Presenters, above, speak here.

*I Man.* My Lord, you nod; you do not mind the Play.

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

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

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

<sup>4</sup> Please ye, we may contrive  
this afternoon,] Mr. Theobald asks *wh* t they were to *con-*  
*trive*? and then says, a foolish  
*corruption* possesses the place, and  
so alters it to *convive*; in which  
he is followed, as he pretty con-  
stantly is, when wrong, by the  
*Oxford Editor*. But the com-  
mon reading is right, and the  
Critic was only ignorant of the

meaning of it. *Contrive* does  
not signify here to *project*, but  
to *spend* and *wear out*. As in  
this passage of *Spenser*,

*Three ages such as mortal men*  
CONTRIVE.

Fairy Queen, B. xi. ch. 9.

WARBURTON.

The word is used in the same  
sense of *spending* or *wearing out*  
in the *Palace of Pleasure*.

A C T



## ACT II. SCENE I.

Baptista's House in Padua.

Enter Catharina and Bianca.

BIANCA.

GOOD Sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your-  
self,

To make a bond-maid and a slave of me;  
That I disdain; <sup>5</sup> but for these other Gawds,  
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself;  
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,  
Or, what you will command me, will I do;  
So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Cath.* Of all thy Suitors here, I charge thee, tell  
Whom thou lov'st best: see, thou dissemble not.

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

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

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

*Cath.* Oh, then, belike, you fancy riches more;  
You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair. <sup>6</sup>

*Bian.* Is it for him you do so envy me?  
Nay, then you jest; and now, I well perceive,  
You have but jested with me all this while;

<sup>5</sup> ——— but for these other  
Goods,] This is so trifling  
and unexpressive a Word, that,  
I am satisfied our Author wrote,  
*Gawds*, (i. e. Toys, trifling Or-  
naments;) a Term that he fre-

quently uses and seems fond of.

THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> ——— to keep you fair ] I  
should wish to read, *To keep you*  
fine. But either word may serve.

I pr'ythee, sister *Kate*, untie my hands.

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

[*Strikes her.*]

*Enter* Baptista.

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

*Bianca*, stand aside; poor girl, she weeps;

Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.

For shame, thou hilding<sup>7</sup> of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

*Cath.* Her silence flouts me; and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*]

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

[*Exit Bianca.*]

*Cath.* Will you not suffer me? nay, now I see,

She is your treasure; she must have a husband;

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell:

Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,

'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit *Cath.*]

*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus griev'd, as I?

But who comes here?

## S C E N E II.

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

*Gre.* Good morrow, neighbour *Baptista*.

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

<sup>7</sup> ——— bi'ding—] The *tharine* for the coarseness of her word *hilding* or *binderling*, is a behaviour. *low wretch*; it is applied to *Ca-*



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

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

*Gre.* You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

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

[Presenting Hortensio.]

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

*Bap.* You're welcome, Sir, and he for your good sake. But for my daughter *Catharina*, this I know, She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

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

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

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

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

*Gre.* Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray, let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too. *Baccalare!*—— you are marvellous forward.<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> —— *Baccare*, you are marvellous forward.] We must read, *Baccalare*; by which the *Italians* mean, thou arrogant, presump-

tuous man! the word is used scornfully, upon any one that would assume a port of grandeur.

WARBURTON.

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

*Gre.* <sup>9</sup> I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing. —

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young scholar, that hath been long studying at *Reims*, [*Presenting Lucentio.*] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks; his name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his service.

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

*Tra.* Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own, That, being a stranger in this City here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous: Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister. This liberty is all that I request; That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo, And free access and favour as the rest. And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple Instrument, And this small packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books. If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[*They greet privately.*]

<sup>9</sup> I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing neighbours. This is a gift] This nonsense may be rectified by only pointing

it thus, I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift, &c. addressing himself to *Baptista*.

WARBURTON.

*Bap.*

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

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

*Bap.* A mighty man of *Pisa*; by Report  
I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.  
Take You the lute, and You the Set of books,  
[To *Hortensio* and *Lucentio*.  
You shall go see your pupils presently.  
Holla, within! —————

*Enter a Servant.*

*Sirrah*, lead these gentlemen  
To my two daughters; and then tell them Both,  
These are their tutors, bid them use them well.

[*Exit Serv. with Hortensio and Lucentio.*

We will go walk a little in the orchard,  
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,  
And so, I pray you all, to think yourselves.

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

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

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

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,  
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded:  
And where two raging fires meet together,  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:



Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,  
 Yet extream gults will blow out fire and all :  
 So I to her, and so she yields to me,  
 For I am rough, and woee not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well may'st thou woee, and happy be thy  
 speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

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

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Hortensio with his head broke.*

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

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

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good mu-  
 sician?

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

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

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

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

*Bap.* Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited,  
 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,  
 She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns ;

Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,  
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you?

*Pet.* I pray you, do. I will attend her here,  
[*Exit Bap. with Grem. Horten. and Tranio.*

And wooe her with some spirit when she comes.  
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:  
Say, that she frowns; I'll say, she looks as clear  
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;  
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;  
Then I'll commend her volubility;  
And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence:  
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
As tho' she bid me stay by her a week;  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married?  
But here she comes, and now, *Petruchio*, speak.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Catharina.*

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

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

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

*Pet.* You lye, in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*.  
And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:  
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in christendom,  
*Kate* of *Kate-ball*, my super-dainty *Kate*,  
(For dainties are all *Cates*) and therefore *Kate*;  
Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation!  
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every Town,  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty founded,  
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs:  
Myself am mov'd to wooe thee for my wife.

*Cath.* Mov'd?—in good time—let him that mov'd  
you hither,

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

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

*Catb.* A join'd stool.

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

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

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

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

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

*Catb.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch;  
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

*Pet.* Should *bee*;——should *buz*.——

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

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

*Catb.* Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.\*

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp, i'faith, you are too angry.

*Catb.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

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

*Catb.* Ah, if the fool could find it, where it lies.

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

In his tail.——

*Catb.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whose tongue?

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

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

Good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.

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

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

*Catb.* So may you lose your arms;  
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;  
And if no gentleman, why then, no arms.

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

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

\* *Ay, for a turtle, as he takes* *buzzard.*  
*a buzzard.* ] Perhaps we That is, he may take me for a  
may read better, *turtle*, and he shall find me a  
*Ay, for a turtle, and he takes a* *hawk.*



*Pet.* A combleſs cock, ſo *Kate* will be my hen.

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

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

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

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

*Cath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then, ſhew it me.

*Cath.* Had I a glaſs, I would.

*Pet.* What, you mean my face?

*Cath.* Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.—

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

*Cath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with Cares.

*Cath.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay, hear you, *Kate*; in ſooth, you 'ſcape not ſo.

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

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

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

Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſcance,  
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk:

But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,

With gentle conf'rence, ſoft and affable.

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

Oh ſland'rous world! *Kate*, like the hazle-twig,

Is ſtrait and ſlender; and as brown in hue

As hazle-nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.

O, let me ſee thee walk; thou doſt not halt.

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

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

As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gait?

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

And

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportful! —

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

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

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

*Pet.* Am I not wise?

*Cath.* Yes; keep you warm.

*Pet.* Why, so I mean, sweet *Catharine*, in thy bed:  
And therefore setting all this chat aside,  
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented,  
That you shall be my wife; your dow'ry greed on;  
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you:  
Now, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn,  
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well;)  
Thou must be married to no man but me.  
For I am he, am born to tame you, *Kate*;  
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,  
Conformable as other household *Kates*;  
Here comes your father, never make denial,  
I must and will have *Catharine* to my Wife.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter* Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

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

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

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

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

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus; yourself and all the World,  
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;  
If she be curst, it is for policy;  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;

She

She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;  
For patience, she will prove a second *Grissel* ;  
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chastity.

And, to conclude, we've greed so well together,  
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding-day.

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

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

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

*Pet.* Be patient, Sirs, I chuse her for myself ;  
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?  
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me ; oh, the kindest *Kate* !—

She hung about my neck, and kifs on kifs \*

She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

Oh, you are novices ; 'tis a world to see,

How tame, (when men and women are alone)

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.

Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day ;

Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests ;

I will be sure, my *Catharine* shall be fine.

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

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

*Pet.* Father, and wife, and Gentlemen, adieu ;  
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,

We will have rings and things, and fine array ;

And kifs me, *Kate*, we will be married o' *Sunday*.

[*Ex. Petruchio, and Catharine severally.*]

\* ——— *kifs on kifs*  
*She vy'd so fast, ———* ] I know  
not that the word *vie* has any  
construction that will suit this

place ; we may easily read,

*Kifs on kifs*  
*She ply'd so fast.*



## SCENE VI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Gre.* But thine doth fry. \*

Skipper, stand back ; 'tis age that nourisheth.

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

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

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

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

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,  
Basons and ewers to lave her dainty hands :  
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapestry ;

\* Old *Gremio's* notions are  
confirmed by *Shadwell*.

*The fire of love in youthful blood,  
Like what is kindled in brush-  
[wood,*

*But for a moment burns——  
But when crept into aged veins,  
It slowly burns, and long remains,*

*It glows, and with a fuller  
[heat,*

*Like fire in logs, it burns, and  
[warms us long ;*

*And though the flame be not*

*[so great*

*Yet is the heat as strong.*

In ivory coffers I have stuf't my crowns ;  
 In cyprefs chests my arras, counterpoints,  
 Costly apparel, tents and canopies,  
 Fine linen, *Turkey* cushions boss'd with pearl ;  
 Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work ;  
 Pewter and brass, and all things that belong  
 To house, or house-keeping : then, at my farm,  
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
 Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls ;  
 And all things answerable to this portion.  
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess,  
 And if I die to morrow, this is hers ;  
 If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

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

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land !  
 My land amounts but to so much in all :  
 That she shall have, besides an *Argosie*

<sup>2</sup> *Gre.* Two thousand ducats by  
 the year of land !

*My land amounts not to so much  
 in all :*

*That she shall have, and——]*

Tho' all the copies concur in this  
 reading, surely, if we examine  
 the reasoning, something will be  
 found wrong. *Gremio* is startled  
 at the high settlement *Tranio*  
 proposes ; says, his whole estate  
 in land can't match it, yet he'll  
 settle so much a year upon her,  
 &c. This is playing at cross-  
 purposes. The change of the

*negative* in the second line saves  
 the absurdity, and sets the pas-  
 sage right. *Gremio* and *Tranio*  
 are vyeing in their offers to carry  
*Bianca* : The latter boldly pro-  
 poses to settle land to the amount  
 of two thousand ducats *per an-  
 num*. My whole estate, says the  
 other, in land, amounts *but* to  
 that value ; yet she shall have  
*that* : I'll endow her with the  
*argosie* ; and consign a rich vessel  
 to her use, over and above. Thus  
 all is intelligible, and he goes on  
 to outbid his rival. WARBURT.

That

That now is lying in *Marseilles's* road.

What, have I choakt you with an *Argosie*?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!  
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten: <sup>3</sup>

'Tis

<sup>3</sup> Yet I have fac'd it with a  
card of ten: ] That is,  
with the highest card, in the old  
simple games of our ancestors.  
So that this became a proverbial  
expression. So *Skelton*,

*Fyrste fycke a quarrel, and fall  
out with him then,*

*And so outface him with a card  
of ten.*

And *Ben Johnson* in his *Sad Shep-  
herd*,

————— a Hart of ten  
*I trow he be, —————*

i. e. an extraordinary good one.

WARBURTON.

If



'Tis in my head to do my master good :  
 I see no reason, 'but suppos'd *Lucentio*  
 May get a father, call'd, suppos'd *Vincentio* ;  
 And that's a wonder : fathers commonly  
 Do get their children ; but, in this case of wooing,  
 A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[Exit.

————[The Presenters, above, speak here.

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

Sim. *Anon, my Lord.*

Sly. *Give's some more drink here—where's the taylor?*  
*here, Sim, eat some of these things.*

Sim. *So I do, my Lord.*

Sly. *Here, Sim, I drink to thee.*

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

*Baptista's House.*

*Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.*

L U C E N T I O.

**F**idler, forbear ; you grow too forward, Sir :  
 Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
 Her sister *Catharine* welcom'd you withal ?

*Hor.* Wrangling Pedant, this is  
 The patroness of heavenly harmony ;  
 Then give me leave to have prerogative ;  
 And when in musick we have spent an hour,  
 Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous ass ! that never read so far

If the word *hart* be right, I do not see any use of the latter quotation.

\* *When will the fool come again?* The character of the *fool* has not been introduced in this drama, therefore I believe that the word *again* should be omitted, and that *ly* asks, *When will the fool come?* the fool being the favourite of the vulgar, or, as we now phrase it, of the upper gallery, was naturally expected in every interlude.

To

To know the cause why musick was ordain'd :  
 Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
 After his studies, or his usual pain?  
 Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
 And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

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

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

*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune ?

[*Hortensio retires.*]

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

*Bian.* Where left we last ?

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

*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

*Bian.* Construe them.

*Luc.* *Hac ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, son unto *Lucentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon. <sup>4</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>4</sup> *Pantaloon*, the old cully in *Italian* farces.

*Luc.* All but the base.

*Hor.* The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars.  
How fiery and how froward is our Pedant!

Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love;  
*Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet.<sup>5</sup>

*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.<sup>6</sup>

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

*Bian.* I must believe my master, else I promise you,  
I should be arguing still upon that doubt;

But let it rest. Now, *Licio*, to you:  
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

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

*Luc.* Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait,  
And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,  
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Aside:

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

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

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

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

*A re*, to plead *Hortensio's* passion;

*B mi*, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,

*C faut*, that loves with all affection;

<sup>5</sup> *Pedascule*,——] he would have said *Didascule*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedascule* in imitation of it, from *Pedant*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *In time I may believe, yet I*  
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*mistrust*.] This and the seven Verses, that follow, have in all the Editions been stupidly shuffled and misplac'd to wrong Speakers; so that every Word said was glaringly out of Character.

THEOBALD.



*D sol re*, one cliff, but two notes have I.

*E la mi*. show pity, or I die.

Call you this *Garnut*? tut, I like it not;  
Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice<sup>7</sup>  
To change true rules for odd inventions.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your  
books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up;  
You know, to morrow is the wedding-day.

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

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

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

## S C E N E II.

*Enter* Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Catharina, Lu-  
centio, Bianca, *and attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day  
That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* should be married;  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.  
What will be said? what mockery will it be,

<sup>7</sup> *Old fashions please me best:*  
*I'm not so nice*  
*To change true Rules for new*  
*Inventions.]* This is Sense  
and the Meaning of the Passage;  
but the Reading of the Second

Verse, for all that, is sophisti-  
cated. The genuine Copies all  
concur in Reading,  
*To change true Rules for old*  
*Inventions.*

To want the Bridegroom, when the Priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?  
What says *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

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

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,  
Unto a mad-brain *Rudesby*, full of spleen;<sup>8</sup>  
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure:  
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,  
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:  
And to be noted for a merry man,  
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,  
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;  
Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.  
Now must the world point at poor *Catharine*,  
And say, lo! there is mad *Petruchio's* wife,  
If it would please him come and marry her.

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

*Cath.* Would *Catharine* had never seen him tho'!

[*Exit weeping.*]

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

S C E N E III.

*Enter Biondello.*

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

*Bap.* Is it new and old too? how may that be?

<sup>8</sup> *Full of spleen.*] That is, full of humour, caprice, and inconstancy.

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

*Bap.* Is he come?

*Bion.* Why, no, Sir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here?

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

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

*Bion.* Why, *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; <sup>9</sup> a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd: an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points; his horse hipp'd with an old motay saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampasse; infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the flaggers, begnawn with the bots, waid in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-check't bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather, which being restrain'd, to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots; one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* Oh, Sir, his lackey, for all the world capari-

<sup>9</sup> A pair of boots—one buckled, another laced; an o'd rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points.] How a sword should have two broken points I cannot tell. There

is, I think, a transposition caused by the seeming relation of point to sword. I read, a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced with two broken points; an old rusty sword—with a broken hilt, and chapeless.



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

*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet sometimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

*Bion.* Why, Sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say, he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that *Petruchio* came not.

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

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

*Bap.* Why, that's all one.

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

' *An old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather:*] This was some ballad or drollery of that time, which the Poet here ridicules, by making *Petruchio* prick it up in his foot-boy's old hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of old Ballads, and often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. In *Shakespeare's* time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions. And he seems to have born them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and

their makers with exquisite humour. In *Much ado about nothing*, he makes *Benedict* say, *Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad maker's pen.* As the bluntness of it would make the execution of it extremely painful. And again in *Troilus and Cressida*, *Pandarus* in his distress having repeated a very stupid stanza from an old ballad, says, with the highest humour, *There never was a truer rhyme; let us c st away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a we se. We see it, we see it.* WARBURTON.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically habited.*

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

*Bap.* You're welcome, Sir.

*Pet.* And yet I come not well.

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

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

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

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

How does my Father? Gentles, methinks, you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

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

First, were we sad, fearing you would not come;  
Now, sadder, that you come so unprovided.  
Fy, doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

*Tra.* And tell us what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:  
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,  
Tho' in some part enforced to digress,<sup>2</sup>  
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

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

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

<sup>2</sup> *To digress.*] To deviate from any promise.

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

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

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

To me she's married, not unto my cloaths :

Could I repair what she will wear in me,

As I could change these poor accoutrements,

'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for myself.

But what a fool am I to chat with you,

When I should bid good-morrow to my Bride,

And seal the title with a lovely kiss ? [ *Exit.*

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire :

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

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

## S C E N E V.

*Tra.* But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add

Her Father's liking ; which to bring to pass,

As I before imparted to your Worship,

I am to get a man, (whate'er he be,

It skills not much ; we'll fit him to our turn ;)

And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,

And make assurance here in *Padua*

Of greater sums than I have promised :

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,

And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not, that my fellow school master

Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly,

'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;

Which once perform'd, let all the world say, no,

I'll keep my own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,

And watch our vantage in this business :

We'll over-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,

The narrow-prying Father *Minola*,



The quaint musician amorous *Licio* ;  
All for my master's sake, *Lucentio*.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Gremio.*

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

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

*Tra.* And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home ?

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

*Tra.* Curster than she ? why, 'tis impossible.

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

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

*Gre.* Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him :  
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio* ; when the Priest  
Should ask, if *Catharine* should be his wife ?  
Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he : and swore so loud,  
That, all amaz'd, the Priest let fall the book ;  
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him such a cuff,  
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.  
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

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

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

As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

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

H'ad been aboard carowing to his Mates

After a storm ; quafft off the muscadel,

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

Having no other cause, but that his beard

Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask

His sops as he was drinking. This done, he took

The Bride about the neck, and kist her lips

With

With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting  
 All the church echo'd; and I seeing this,  
 Came thence for very shame; and after me,  
 I know, the rout is coming: Such a mad marriage  
 Ne'er was before.—Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels.  
 [*Musick plays.*]

## S C E N E VII.

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

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

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

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

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

*Tra.* Let us entreat you stay 'till after dinner.

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me intreat you.

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Cath.* Let me intreat you.

*Pet.* I am content——

*Cath.* Are you content to stay?

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

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

*Pet.* *Grumio*, my horses.

*Grumio.*

*Gr.* Ay, Sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten the horses.

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

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

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

*Gr.* Ay, marry, Sir ; now it begins to work.

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

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

[*Exeunt Pet. and Cath.*

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

*Gr.*



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

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

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

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

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

*Bap.* Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bridegroom want

For to supply the places at the table ;

You know, there wants no junkets at the feast ;

*Lucentio*, you supply the Bridegroom's place ;

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Petruchio's Country House.*

*Enter Grumio.*

GRUMIO.

**F**Y, fy on all tired jades, and all mad masters, and all foul ways! was ever man so beaten? <sup>3</sup> was ever man so ray'd? was ever man so weary? I am sent before, to make a fire; and they are coming after, to warm them: now were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blow-

<sup>3</sup> *Was ever man so ray'd.*] That is, was ever man so mark'd with lashes.

ing the fire shall warm myself; for considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, ho, *Curtis!*

*Enter Curtis.*

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

*Gru.* A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis*.

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

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

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

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

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

*Gru.* Am I but three inches? § why, my horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mis-

† *Gru.* —winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and MY self, fellow *Curtis*.

*Curt.* *Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.*] Why had *Grumio* called him one † to give his resentment any colour. We must read as, without question, *Shakeſpear* wrote,

—and THY self, fellow *Curtis*.

Why *Grumio* said that winter had tamed *Curtis* was for his slowness in shewing *Grumio* to a good fire. Besides, all the joke consists in

the sense of this alteration.

WARBURTON.

‡ *Away, you three-inch'd fool;*] *i. e.* with a scull three inches thick, a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks.

WARBURTON.

§ *Why thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at least.*] Tho' all the copies agree in this reading, Mr. Theobald says, yet he cannot find what horn *Curtis* had; therefore he alters it to *my horn*. But the common reading is right, and the meaning is that he had made *Curtis* a cuckold.

WARBURTON.

tres,

'trefs, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Curt.* How?

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

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

*Gru.* Lend thine ear.

*Curt.* Here.

*Gru.* There.

[*Strikes him.*]

<sup>7</sup> *Jack boy*, &c.] fragment of some old ballad.

WARB.

the *Oxford Editor* alters it thus,

*Are the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair within?*

<sup>8</sup> *Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without?*] *i. e.* Are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid servants dress'd? But

What his conceit is in this, I confess I know not.

WARBURTON.

*Curt.*



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

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

*Curt.* Both on one horse?

*Gru.* What's that to thee?

*Curt.* Why, a horse.

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

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

*Gru.* Ay, and that you and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarjop*, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their <sup>9</sup> garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'fy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

*Curt.* They are.

*Gru.* Call them forth.

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

<sup>9</sup> *Garters of an indifferent knit.*] What is the sense of this I know not, unless it means, that their *Garters* should be *fil-lows*; *indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other.

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

*Curt.* Who knows not that?

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

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

*Enter four or five Serving-men.*

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

*Nath.* Welcome home, *Grumio*.

*Phil.* How now, *Grumio*?

*Jos.* What, *Grumio*!

*Nich.* Fellow *Grumio*!

*Nath.* How now, old lad?

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

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

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

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Petruchio and Kate.*

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

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

*Pet.* Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir? You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms:

What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

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

*Pet.* You peasant swain, you whoreson, malt-horse drudge,

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

*Gru.*

*Gr.* *Nathaniel's* coat, Sir, was not fully made;  
 And *Gabriel's* pumps were all unpink'd i'th' heel:  
 There was no link to colour *Peter's* hat,<sup>1</sup>  
 And *Walter's* dagget was not come from sheathing:  
 There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*;  
 The rest were ragged, old and beggarly,  
 Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

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

[*Exeunt Servants.*

*Where is the life that late I led?*

[*Singing.*

*Where are those——* sit down, *Kate*,

And welcome. Soud, foud, foud, foud!<sup>2</sup>

*Enter Servants with Supper.*

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

*It was the Friar of Orders grey,  
 As he forth walked on his way.*

[*Sings.*

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

[*Strikes him.*

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

*Enter one with water.*

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

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

*Pet.* A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave:

<sup>1</sup> — no link to colour *Peter's* hat,] *Link*, I believe, is the same with what we now call *lamp black*. is, *sweet, sweet*. *Soot, good*, and sometimes *sooth*, is *sweet*. So in *Milton*, to sing *soothly*, is, to sing sweetly.

<sup>2</sup> — *Soud, foud, &c.*] That

Come,



Come, *Kate*, sit down; I know, you have a stomach.  
Will you give thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I?  
What's this, mutton?

*Ser.* Yes.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*Ser.* I

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these? where is the rascal cook?  
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,  
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

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

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

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!  
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

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

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

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;  
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,  
Then feed it with such over-rosted flesh:

Be patient, for to morrow't shall be mended,  
And for this night we'll fast for company.

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

*Enter Servants severally.*

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

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

*Gru.* Where is he?

*Enter Curtis, a Servant.*

*Curt.* In her chamber, making a sermon of conti-  
nency to her,

And rails and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,  
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

And fits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away, for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter* Petruchio.

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

My faulcon now is sharp, and passing empty,  
And till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,  
For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard, <sup>3</sup>  
To make her come, and know her keeper's Call :  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,  
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.  
She ate no meat to day, nor none shall eat.

Last night she slept not, nor to night shall not :  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed.

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, that way the sheets ;

Ay ; and, amid this hurly, I'll pretend,  
That all is done in reverend care of her,

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :

And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ; —

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.

He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,

Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>3</sup> — to man my haggard,] A baggard is a wild barwk ; 10  
man a hawk is to tame her.

SCENE IV.

*Before Baptista's House.*

*Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*

TRANIO.

IS't possible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca* <sup>4</sup>  
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?  
I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

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

*[They stand by.]*

*Enter Bianca and Lucentio.*

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

<sup>4</sup> *Is't possible, friend Licio, &c.]* This Scene, Mr. *Pope*, upon what Authority I can't pretend to guess, has in his Editions made the *First* of the *Fifth* Act: in doing which, he has shewn the very Power and Force of Criticism. The Consequence of this judicious Regulation is, that two unpardonable Absurdities are fix'd upon the Author, which he could not possibly have committed. For, in the first Place, by this shuffling the Scenes out of their true Position, we find *Hortensio*, in the fourth Act, already gone from *Baptista's* to *Petruchio's* Country-house; and afterwards in the beginning of the fifth Act we find him first forming the Resolution of quitting *Bianca*; and *Tranio* immediately informs us, he is gone to the *Taming-School* to *Petruchio*. There is a Figure,

indeed, in Rhetorick, call'd, ὑπερον πρότερον: But this is an Abuse of it, which the Rhetoricians will never adopt upon Mr. *Pope's* Authority. Again; by this Misplacing, the Pedant makes his first Entrance, and quits the Stage with *Tranio* in order to go and dress himself like *Vincentio*, whom he was to personate: but his second Entrance is upon the very Heels of his Exit; and without any Interval of an Act, or one Word intervening, he comes out again equipp'd like *Vincentio*. If such a Critick be fit to publish a Stage-Writer, I shall not envy Mr. *Pope's* Admirers, if they should think fit to applaud his Sagacity. I have replac'd the Scenes in that Order, in which I found them in the old Books. THEOBALD.



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

*Luc.* I read That I profess, the art of Love.

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

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire backward.*]

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

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

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

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

*Hor.* See, how they kifs and court! ——— Signior *Lucentio*,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow Never to woo her more; but to forswear her, As one unworthy all the former favours, That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath, Never to marry her, tho' she intreat.

Fy on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

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

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

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

*Tra.* Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such grace,  
 As longeth to a lover's blessed case :

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,  
 And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.

[*Lucentio and Bianca come forward.*

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

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

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

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

*Bian.* God give him joy !

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

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

*Tra.* 'Faith, he's gone unto the Taming school.

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

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

S C E N E V.

*Enter Biondello, running.*

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

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

*Bion.* Master, a mercantant, or else a pedant ;  
 I know not what ; but formal in apparel ;

<sup>5</sup> An ancient Angel] For an- Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warbur-  
 gel Mr. Theobald, and after him ton read Engle.

In gait and countenance furly like a father. <sup>6</sup>

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

*Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,  
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio*,

And give him assurance to *Baptista Minola*,

As if he were the right *Vincentio* :

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca*,

*Enter a Pedant.*

*Ped.* God save you, Sir.

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

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

*Tra.* What Countryman, I pray ?

*Ped.* Of *Mantua*.

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>6</sup> — *Surely* like a father.] I he has the gait and countenance  
know not what he is, ſays the of a fatherly man.  
ſpeaker, however this is certain,



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Tra.* Then go with me to make the matter good :  
This by the way I let you understand,  
My father is here look'd for every day,  
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage  
'Twixt me and one *Baptista's* daughter here :  
In all these Circumstances I'll instruct you :  
Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you.

[ *Exeunt.*

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Catharina and Grumio.*

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

*Cath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite ap-  
pears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?

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

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

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

*Gru.* I fear, it is too flegmatick a meat :  
 How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ?

*Cath.* I like it well ; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

*Gru.* I cannot tell ;—I fear, it's cholerick :  
 What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

*Cath.* A dish, that I do love to feed upon.

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

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

*Gru.* Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the mu-  
 stard,

Or else you get no beef of *Grumio*.

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

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

*Cath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,  
 [Beats him,

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

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

S C E N E

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Petruchio and Hortensio, with meat.*

*Pet.* How fares my *Kate*? what, Sweeting, all a-mort?

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer?

*Cath.* 'Faith, as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me; Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am, To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee: I'm sure, sweet *Kate*, this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'st it not: And all my pains is sorted to no proof.<sup>7</sup> Here, take away the dish.

*Cath.* I pray you let it stand.

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

*Cath.* I thank you, Sir.

*Hor.* Signior *Petruchio*, fy, you are to blame: Come, mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you company.

*Pet.* Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me;—  
[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;  
*Kate*, eat apace. And now, my honey-love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house,  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,  
With ruffs, and cuffs, and \* fardingals, and things:  
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,  
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.  
What, hast thou din'd? the taylor stays thy leisure,  
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

<sup>7</sup> *And all my pains is sorted to no proof.*] And all my labour has ended in nothing, or provid nothing. We tried an experiment, but it sorted not.

BACON.

\* —fardingals, and things:]

Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the authour had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to transpose the words *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement.



## SCENE VIII.

*Enter Taylor.*

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

*Enter Haberdasher.*

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

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

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

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

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

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

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

*Hor.* That will not be in haste.

*Cath.* <sup>s</sup> Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,  
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe;

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or, else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the utmost as I please in words.

*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true, it is a paltry cap.

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie;

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

*Cath.* Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;

And I will have it, or I will have none.

*Pet.* Thy gown? why, ay.--Come, taylor, let us see't.

<sup>s</sup> *Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak, &c.]* *Shakespeare* has here copied nature with great skill. *Petrucchio*, by frightening, starving and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleness and submission. And the audience expects to hear

no more of the *Shrew*: When on her being crossed, in the article of fashion and finery, the most inveterate folly of the sex, she flies out again, though for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature.

WARBURTON.

O mercy, heav'n, what masking stuff is here?  
 What? this a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;  
 What, up and down carv'd like an apple tart?  
 Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and flash,  
 Like to a \* censer in a barber's shop:  
 Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this?  
*Hor.* I see, she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

[*Aside.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Grumio* gave order how it should be done.

\* *Censers*, in barbers shops, interstices.  
 are now disused, but they may  
 easily be imagined to have been  
 vessels which, for the emission  
 of the smoke, were cut with  
 great number and varieties of

† The taylor's trade having  
 an appearance of effeminacy, has  
 always been, among the rugged  
*English*, liable to sarcasms and  
 contempt.

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

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

*Gru.* Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

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

*Gru.* Thou hast fac'd many things.

*Tay.* I have.

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

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

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

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

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

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tay.* With a small compast cape.

*Gru.* I confes the cape.

*Tay.* With a trunk-sleeve.

*Gru.* I confes two sleeves.

*Tay.* The sleeves curiously cut.

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villany.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Gru.*



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

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

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

Take up my mistress's gown unto his master's use !

Oh, fy, fy, fy !

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

[*Aside.*

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

*Hor.* Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to morrow,

Take no unkindness of his hasty words :

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

*Pet.* Well, come, my *Kate*, we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments :

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;

For 'tis the mind, that makes the body rich :

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful ?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

Oh, no, good *Kate* ; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me ;

And therefore frolick ; we will hence forthwith,

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

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

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

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

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

And well we may come there by dinner time.

*Cath.* I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two ;

And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,  
 You are still crossing it; Sirs, let't alone,  
 I will not go to day, and ere I do,  
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Hor.* Why, so: this Gallant will command the  
 Sun. *[Exeunt Pet. Cath. and Hor.]*

*[The Presenters, above, speak here.]*

*Lord.* *Who's within there?* *[Sly sleeps.]*

Enter Servants.

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

*Serv.* *It shall be done, my Lord; come help to bear  
 him hence.* *[They bear off Sly.]*

9 S C E N E IX.

*Before Baptista's House.*

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

*Tra.* SIR, this is the house; please it you, that I  
 call?

*Ped.* Ay, what else! and (but I be deceived,)  
 Signior *Baptista* may remember me  
 Near twenty years ago in *Genoa*,  
 Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> I cannot but think, that the direction about the tinker, who is always introduced at the end of the acts, together with the change of the scene, and the proportion of each act to the rest, make it probable that the fifth act begins here.

<sup>1</sup> *Tra.* *Where we were Lodgers at the Pegasus.]* This Line has in all the Editions hitherto been given to *Tranio*. But *Tranio* could with no Propriety speak

this, either in his assum'd or real Character. *Lucentio* was too young to know any thing of lodging with his Father, twenty years before at *Genoa*: and *Tranio* must be as much too young, or very unfit to represent and personate *Lucentio*. I have ventured to place the Line to the Pedant, to whom it must certainly belong, and is a Sequel of what he was before saying.

THEOBALD.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* 'Tis well, and hold your own in any case  
With such austerity as longeth to a father.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Ped.* I warrant you: but, Sir, here comes your  
boy;

'Twere good, he were school'd.

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

*Bion.* Tut, fear not me.

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

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

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

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio.*

*Tra.* Signior *Baptista*, you are happily met:  
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;  
I pray you stand, good Father, to me now,  
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

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

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

To



For curious I cannot be with you,  
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I hear so well.

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

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

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

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

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

*Bap.* It likes me well. Go, *Cambio*, hie you home,  
And bid *Bianca* make her ready straight:  
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here:  
*Lucentio's* father is arriv'd in *Padua*,  
And how she's like to be *Lucentio's* wife.

*Luc.* I pray the Gods she may, with all my heart!

[Exit.

\* — Where then do you know  
best,

Be we assid; —] This seems  
to be wrong. We may read  
more commodiously,

—Where then you do know best,  
Be we assid; —

Or thus, which I think is right,  
Where then do you trow best,  
We be assid; —

*Tra.*

*Tra.* Dally not, with the Gods, but get thee gone.  
*Signior Baptista,* shall I lead the way?  
 Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.  
 Come, Sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

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

S C E N E XI.

*Enter Lucentio and Biondello.*

*Bion.* *Cambio.*

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

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

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

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

*Luc.* I pray thee, moralize them.

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

*Luc.* And what of him?

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

*Luc.* And then?

*Bion.* The old Priest at *St. Luke's* Church is at your command at all hours.

*Luc.* And what of all this?

*Bion.* I cannot tell; expect, they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*; to th' Church take the Priest, Clark, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

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

*Bion.* I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff

a rabbit; and so may you, Sir, and so adieu, Sir; my master hath appointed me to go to St. *Luke's*, to bid the Priest be ready to come against you come with your Appendix. [Exit.

*Luc.* I may and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: It shall go hard, if *Cambio* go without her. [Exit.

## S C E N E XII.

*A green Lane.*

*Enter Petruchio, Catharina, and Hortensio.*

*Pet.* **C**OME on, o'God's name, once more tow'rds our Father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the Moon!

*Cath.* The Moon! the Sun: it is not Moon-light now.

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

*Cath.* I know, it is the Sun that shines so bright.

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

Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost!

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

*Cath.* Forward I pray, since we are come so far, And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you please: And if you please to call it a rush candle, Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say, it is the Moon.

*Cath.* I know, it is the Moon.

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

*Cath.* Then, God be blest, it is the blessed Sun. But Sun it is not, when you say it is not; And the Moon changes, even as your mind.

What



What you will have it named, even that it is,  
And so it shall be so for *Catharine*.

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

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl should  
run;

And not unluckily against the bias:  
But soft, some company is coming here.

S C E N E XIII.

*Enter Vincentio.*

Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away?

[*To Vincentio.*]

Tell me, sweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman?  
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!  
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
As those two eyes become that heav'nly face?  
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:  
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

<sup>a</sup> In the first sketch of this of the hand of *Shakespeare*, tho' play, printed in 1607, we find the rest of that play is far inferior. POPE,  
two speeches in this place worth preserving, and seeming to be

Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,  
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful  
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks  
Of amethysts, or glistering hyacinth——  
——Sweet *Catharine*; this lovely woman——

*Cath.* Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystalline,  
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;  
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,  
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,  
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.  
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,  
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town  
Uninhabitable as the burning zone,  
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

*Her.* He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

*Catb.* Young budding Virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abroad?

Happy the Parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

*Pet.* Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad!

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,  
And not a maiden, as, thou say'st he is.

*Catb.* Pardon, old Father, my mistaken eyes;

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

That every thing I look on seemeth green.

Now I perceive, thou art a reverend Father:

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old Grandfire, and withal make known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,

We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair Sir, and you my merry Mistrefs,

That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;

My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*;

And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visit

A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name?

*Vin.* *Lucentio*, gentle Sir.

*Pet.* Happily met, the happier for thy son;

And now by law, as well as reverend age,

I may entitle thee my loving Father:

The Sister of my wife, this Gentlewoman,

Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not,

Nor be not griev'd, she is of good esteem,

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Beside, so qualified, as may beseem

The Spouse of any noble Gentleman.

Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,

And

And wander we to see thy honest Son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,  
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake?

*Hor.* I do assure thee, Father, so it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof:  
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt Pet. Cath. and Vin.*]

*Hor.* Well, *Petruchio*, this hath put me in heart.  
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,  
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio*, to be untoward. [*Exit.*]

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio  
walking on one side.*

B I O N D E L L O.

SOFTLY and swiftly, Sir, for the Priest is ready.

*Luc.* I fly, *Biondello*; but they may chance to  
need thee at home, therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back,  
and then come back to my Master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Gre.* I marvel, *Cambio* comes not all this while.

<sup>3</sup> *And then come back to my* " and then for fear I should be  
*Mistress as soon as I can.*] The " wanted, I'll run back to wait  
Editions all agree in this reading; " on *Tranio*, who at present per-  
but what Mistress was *Biondello* " sonates you, and whom there-  
to come back to? He must cer- " fore I at present acknowledge  
tainly mean; " Nay, faith, Sir, " for my *Master*." THEOB.  
" I must see you in the Church;



*Enter* Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio *and* Grumio,  
*with Attendants.*

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio's* house,  
My Father's bears more towards the Market-place ;  
Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

*Vin.* You shall not chuse but drink before you go ;  
I think, I shall command your welcome here ;  
And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*]

*Gr.* They're busy within, you were best knock  
louder. [*Pedant looks out of the window.*]

*Ped.* What's he, that knocks as he would beat down  
the gate ?

*Vin.* Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir ?

*Ped.* He's within, Sir, but not to be spoken withal.

*Vin.* What, if a man bring him a hundred pound  
or two, to make merry withal ?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself, he shall  
need none as long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you, your Son was belov'd in *Pa-*  
*dua.* Do you hear, Sir ? to leave frivolous circum-  
stances, I pray you, tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Fa-  
ther is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the door to  
speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest ; his Father is come to *Padua*, ar'  
here looking out of the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father ?

*Ped.* Ay, Sir, so his mother says, if I may believe  
her.

*Pet.* Why, how now, Gentleman ! why, this is flat  
knavery to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain. I believe, he means  
to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

S C E N ' E

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* I have seen them in the Church together. God send 'em good shipping! but who is here? mine old Master *Vincentio*? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing Biondello.*

*Bion.* I hope, I may chuse, Sir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

*Bion.* Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy Master's Father *Vincentio*?

*Bion.* What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, Sir, see where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.* Is't so indeed? [*He beats Biondello.*

*Bion.* Help, help, help, here's a madman will murder me.

*Ped.* Help, Son; help, Signior *Baptista*.

*Pet.* Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

*Enter Pedant with Servants, Baptista and Tranio.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

*Vin.* What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? oh, immortal Gods! oh, fine villain! a filken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak and a <sup>4</sup> copatain hat: oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servants spend all at the University.

<sup>4</sup> *A copatain hat*, is, I believe, as was anciently worn by well a hat with a conical crown, such dressed men.

*Tra.* How now, what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is this man lunatick?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit, but your words shew a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy Father! oh villain, he is a sail-maker in *Bergamo*.

*Bap.* You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir; pray, what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio*.

*Ped.* Away, away, mad as! his name is *Lucentio*: and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio*.

*Vin.* *Lucentio*! oh, he hath murdered his master; lay hold of him, I charge you, in the Duke's name; ch, my son, my son, tell me, thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio*?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; Father *Baptista*, I charge you, see, that he be forth-coming.

*Vin.* Carry me to jail?

*Gre.* Stay, Officer, he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, Signior *Gremio*: I say, he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, Signior *Baptista*, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business; I dare swear, this is the right *Vincentio*.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou dar'st.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

*Tra.* Then thou wert best say, that I am not *Lucentio*?

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

*Bap.* Away with the dotard, to the jail with him!

*Enter*



*Enter Lucentio and Bianca.*

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd ; oh, monstrous villain !

*Bion.* Oh, we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio and Pedant.*

S C E N E III.

*Luc.* Pardon, sweet Father. [Kneeling.

*Vin.* Lives my sweet son ?

*Bian.* Pardon, dear Father.

*Bap.* How hast thou offended ? where is *Lucentio* ?

*Luc.* Here's *Lucentio*, right son to the right *Vincentio*,

That have by marriage made thy Daughter mine ?

While counterfeit supposers bleer'd thine eyne.

*Gre.* Here's packing with a witness to deceive us all.

*Vin.* Where is that damn'd villain *Tranio*,  
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so ?

*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio* ?

*Bian.* *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. *Bianca's* love  
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,

While he did bear my countenance in the town :

And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wished haven of my blifs ;

What *Tranio* did, myself enforc'd him to ;

Then pardon him, sweet Father, for my sake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent  
me to the jail.

*Bap.* But do you hear, Sir, have you married my  
Daughter without asking my good will ?

*Vin.* Fear not, *Baptista*, we will content you, go to :  
but I will in, to be revenged on this villain. [Exit.

*Bap.*

*Bap.* And I, to found the depth of this knavery.

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy Father will not frown.

[*Exeunt.*

*Gre.* My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,  
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast: [*Exit.*

[*Petruchio and Catharina advancing.*

*Catb.* Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

*Pet.* First kiss me, *Kate*, and we will.

*Catb.* What, in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What, art thou ashamed of me?

*Catb.* No, Sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

*Pet.* Why, then let's home again: come, firrah, let's away.

*Catb.* Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee, love, stay.

*Pet.* Is not this well? come, my sweet *Kate*;  
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

#### S C E N E IV.

*Changes to Lucentio's Apartments.*

*Enter* Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina, Grumio, Hortensio, and Widow. Tranio's servants bringing in a banquet.

*Luc.* **A**T last, tho' long, our jarring notes agree:  
And time it is, when raging war is done,  
To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.

My fair *Bianca*, bid my Father welcome,  
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine;  
Brother *Petruchio*, Sister *Catharine*,  
And thou, *Hortensio*, with thy loving Widow;  
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:  
My banquet is to close our stomachs up

After our great good cheer : pray you, sit down ;  
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

*Pet.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

*Bap.* *Padua* affords this kindness, Son *Petruchio*.

*Pet.* *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

*Hor.* For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

*Pet.* Now, for my life, *Hortensio* fears his Widow.

*Wid.* Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense :  
I mean, *Hortensio* is afraid of you.

*Wid.* He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round.

*Pet.* Roundly replied.

*Cath.* Mistress, how mean you that ?

*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.

*Pet.* Conceives by me, how likes *Hortensio* that ?

*Hor.* My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

*Pet.* Very well mended ; kiss him for that, good Widow.

*Cath.* He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round——

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

*Wid.* Your husband, being troubled with a Shrew,  
Measures my Husband's sorrow by his woe ;  
And now you know my meaning.

*Cath.* A very mean meaning.

*Wid.* Right, I mean you.

*Cath.* And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

*Pet.* To her, *Kate*.

*Hor.* To her, Widow.

*Pet.* A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

*Hor.* That's my Office.

*Pet.* Spoke like an Officer ; ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

*Bap.* How likes *Gremio* these quick-witted folks ?

*Gre.* Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.

*Bian.* Head and butt ? an hasty-witted body

Would



Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

*Vin.* Ay, mistress Bride, hath that awaken'd you?

*Bian.* Ay, but not frightened me, therefore I'll sleep again.

*Pet.* Nay, that thou shalt not, since you have begun: Have at you for a better jest or two.

*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush: And then pursue me, as you draw your bow. You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Catharine, and Widow.*]

*Pet.* She hath prevented me. Here, Signior *Tranio*, This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not; Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

*Tra.* Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* slip'd me like his grey-hound, Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good<sup>s</sup> swift Simile, but something currish.

*Tra.* 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for yourself: 'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

*Bap.* Oh, oh, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio*.

*Hor.* Confess, confess, hath he not hit you there?

*Pet.* He has a little gall'd me, I confess. And as the jest did glance away from me, 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

*Bap.* Now, in good sadness, son *Petruchio*, I think, thou hast the veriest Shrew of all.

*Pet.* Well, I say, no; and therefore for assurance, Let's each one send unto his wife, and he Whose wife is most obedient to come first, When he doth send for her, shall win the wager.

*Hor.* Content;—what wager?

*Luc.* Twenty crowns.

*Pet.* Twenty crowns!

<sup>s</sup> *Swift*, besides the original sense of *speed; in motion*, signified *witty, quick-witted*. So in *As you like it*, the Duke says of the clown, *He is very swift and sententious*. *Quick* is now used in

almost the same sense, as *nimble* was in the age after that of our authour. *Heylin* says of *Hales*, that *he had known Laud for a nimble disputant*.

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my Wife.

*Luc.* A hundred then.

*Hor.* Content.

*Pet.* A match, 'tis done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin?

*Luc.* That will I.

Go, *Biondello*, bid your Mistress come to me.

*Bion.* I go. [Exit.

*Bap.* Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.

*Luc.* I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter Biondello.*

How now, what news?

*Bion.* Sir, my Mistress sends you word  
That she is busy, and cannot come.

*Pet.* How? she's busy and cannot come, is that an  
answer?

*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.

*Pet.* I hope better.

*Hor.* Sirrah, *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to  
come to me forthwith. [Exit *Biondello*.

*Pet.* Oh, ho! intreat her! nay, then she needs must  
come.

*Hor.* I am afraid, Sir, do you what you can,

*Enter Biondello.*

Yours will not be intreated: now, where's my wife?

*Bion.* She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;  
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

*Pet.* Worse and worse, she will not come!  
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirrah, *Grumio*, go to your Mistress,

Say, I command her to come to me. [Exit *Grumio*.

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What?

*Hor.* She will not.

*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Catharina.*

*Bap.* Now, by my hollidam, here comes *Catharine!*

*Catb.* What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?

*Pet.* Where is your Sister, and *Hortensio's* Wife?

*Catb.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

*Pet.* Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come, Swinge me them foundly forth unto their husbands: Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Catharina.*

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*Hor.* And so it is: I wonder, what it bodes.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

And awful rule, and right supremacy:

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

*Bap.* Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio!*  
The wager thou hast won; and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,  
Another dowry to another Daughter;  
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet,  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*Enter Catharina, Bianca, and Widow.*

- See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion:

*Catharine,* that Cap of yours becomes you not;  
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

*Wid.*



*Wid.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,  
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

*Bian.* Fy, what a foolish duty call you this?

*Luc.* I would, your duty were as foolish too!  
The wisdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,  
Cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

*Bian.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

*Pet. Catharine*, I charge thee, tell these headstrong  
Women;

What duty they owe to their Lords and Husbands.

*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking; we will have  
no telling.

*Pet.* Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

*Wid.* She shall not.

*Pet.* I say, she shall; and first begin with her.

*Cath.* Fy! fy! unknit that threaten'g unkind brow,  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor.  
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;  
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A Woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will dain to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy Husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,  
Thy Head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance: commits his body  
To painful labour, both by sea and land;  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe,  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;  
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the Subject owes the Prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:  
And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sower,  
And not obedient to his honest will;

What

What is she but a foul contending Rebel,  
 And graceless Traitor to her loving Lord?  
 I am ashamed, that Women are so simple  
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace;  
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak and smooth,  
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
 Should well agree with our external parts?  
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms,  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
 My heart as great, my reason haply more,  
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;  
 But, now I see, our launces are but straws,  
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare;  
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.  
 Then vail your stomachs. for it is no boot,  
 And place your hands below your husband's foot:  
 In token of which duty, if he please,  
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiss  
 me, *Kate*.

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

*Win.* 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing, when women are forward.

*Pet.* Come, *Kate*, we'll to bed;  
 We three are married, but you two are sped.  
 'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the <sup>6</sup> white;  
 And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Catharine.*]

*Her.* Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst  
 Shrew.

<sup>6</sup> *Though you hit the white.*] was commonly white. Here it  
 To hit the white is a phrase bor- alludes to the name *Bianca* or  
 rowed from archery: the mark *white*.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [Exeunt omnes.

*Enter two servants bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leaving him on the Stage. Then enter a Tapster.*

*Sly awaking.]* Sim, give's some more wine—what, all the Players gone? am not I a Lord?

*Tap.* A Lord, with a murrain! come, art thou drunk still?

*Sly.* Who's this? Tapster! oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heardst in all thy life.

*Tap.* Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.

*Sly.* Will she? I know how to tame a Shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my Wife, and tame her too, if she anger me. \*

\* From this play the Tatler formed a story, Vol. 4. N<sup>o</sup>. 131.

**T**H E R E are very many ill Habits that might with much Ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourselves in them, become incorrigible. We have a Sort of Proverbial Expression, of *taking a Woman down in her Wedding Shoes*, if you would bring her to Reason. An early Behaviour of this Sort, had a very remarkable good Effect in a Family wherein I was several Years an intimate Acquaintance.

A Gentleman in *Lincolnshire* had four Daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no Way inferior to any of her Sisters, either in Person or Accomplishments, had from her In-

fancy discovered so imperious a Temper, (usually called a high Spirit) that it continually made great Uneasiness in the Family, became her known Character in the Neighbourhood, and deterred all her Lovers from declaring themselves. However, in Process of Time, a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune and long Acquaintance, having observed that Quickness of Spirit to be her only Fault, made his Addreses, and obtained her Consent in due Form. The Lawyers finished the Writings, (in which, by the Way, there was no Pin-Money) and they were married. After a decent Time spent in the Father's House, the Bridegroom went to prepare his Seat for her Reception. During the whole Course of his Courtship, though a Man of the most equal Temper, he had artifi-



cially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate Creature breathing. By this one Intimation, he at once made her understand Warmth of Temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that Constitution in himself. She at the same Time thought herself highly obliged by the composed Behaviour which he maintained in her Presence. Thus far he with great Success soothed her from being guilty of Violences, and still resolved to give her such a terrible Apprehension of his fiery Spirit, that she should never dream of giving Way to her own. He return'd on the day appointed for carrying her home; but instead of a Coach and six Horses, together with the gay Equipage suitable to the Occasion, he appeared without a Servant, mounted on the Skeleton of a Horse, which his Huntsman had the Day before brought in to feast his Dogs on the Arrival of his new Mistress, with a Pillion fixed behind, and a Case of Pistols before him, attended only by a favourite Hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but somewhat positive) Manner, desired his Lady to seat herself on the Cushion; which done, away they crawled. The Road being obstructed by a Gate, the Dog was commanded to open it: The poor Cur looked up and wagged his Tail; but the Master, to shew the Impatience of his Temper, drew a Pistol and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand Apologies for his unhappy Rashness, and begg'd as many Pardons for his

Excesses before one for whom he had so profound a Respect. Soon after their Steed stumbled, but with some Difficulty recovered: However, the Bridegroom took Occasion to swear, if he frightened his Wife so again; he would run him through! And alas! the poor Animal being now almost tired, made a second Trip; immediately on which the careful Husband alights, and with great Ceremony, first takes off his Lady, then the Acoutrements, draws his Sword, and saves the Huntsman the Trouble of killing him: Then says to his Wife, Child, prithee take up the Saddle; which she readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all Things in the greatest Order suitable to their Fortune and the present Occasion. Some Time after, the Father of the Lady gave an Entertainment to all his Daughters and their Husbands, where, when the Wives were retired, and the Gentlemen passing a Toast about, our last married Man took Occasion to observe to the rest of his Brethren, how much, to his great Satisfaction, he found the World mistaken as to the Temper of his Lady, for that she was the most meek and humble Woman breathing. The Applause was received with a loud Laugh: But as a Trial which of them would appear the most Master at home, he proposed they should all by Turns send for their Wives down to them. A Servant was dispatched, and Answer was made by one, Tell him I will come by and by; and another, That she would come when the Cards were

out of her Hand, and so on. But no sooner was her Husband's Desire whisper'd in the Ear of our last married Lady; but the Cards were clapp'd on the Table, and down she comes with, My Dear, would you speak with me? He received her in his Arms, and after repeated Caresses tells her the Experiment, confesses his Good Nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her Temper, he would no longer disguise his own.

It cannot but seem strange that *Shakespeare* should be so little known to the authour of the *Tatler*, that he should suffer this Story to be obtruded upon him, or so little known to the Publick, that he could hope to make it pass upon his readers as a novel nar-

rative of a transaction in *Lincolnshire*; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himself whence the story was taken, or hoped that he might rob so obscure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between *Catharine* and *Petruchio* is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of *Bianca* the arrival of the real father, perhaps; produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.

THE

C O M E D Y

OF

E R R O R S.

H 3



## Dramatis Personæ.

SALINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Ægeon, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

Antipholis of Ephesus,	} <i>Twin-Brothers, and Sons to</i> <i>Ægeon and Æmilia, but</i> <i>unknown to each other:</i>
Antipholis of Syracuse,	

Dromio of Ephesus,	} <i>Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to</i> <i>the two Antipholis's.</i>
Dromio of Syracuse,	

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*

Angelo, *a Goldsmith.*

*A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.*

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

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

Adriana, *Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.*

Luciana, *Sister to Adriana.*

Luce, *Servant to Adriana.*

*Failor, Officers, and other Attendants,*

S C E N E, Ephesus.

This Play is taken from the *Mænæmi* of Plautus.

T H E

T H E

COMEDY of ERRORS.

---

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

*The Duke's Palace,*

*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor, and  
other Attendants.*

Æ G E O N.

**P**ROCEED, *Salinus*, to procure my fall,  
And by the doom of death end woes and all.  
*Duke.* Merchant of *Syracusa*, plead no more;  
I am not partial to infringe our laws:  
The enmity, and discord, which of late  
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,  
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,  
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,  
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods)  
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.  
For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
Both by the *Syracusans* and ourselves,

H 4

T'admit

T' admit no traffick to our adverse towns.  
 Nay, more; if any born at *Ephesus*  
 Be seen at *Syracusan* marts and fairs,  
 Again, if any *Syracusan* born  
 Come to the bay of *Ephesus*, he dies :  
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,  
 Unless a thousand marks be levied  
 To quit the penalty, and ransom him.  
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,  
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;  
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

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

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

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

*Ægeon.* A heavier task could not have been impos'd,  
 Than I to speak my grief unspeakable :  
 Yet that the world may witness, that my end  
 Was wrought by nature, <sup>1</sup> not by vile offence,  
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
 In *Syracusa* was I born, and wed  
 Unto a woman, happy but for me ;  
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad :  
 With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,  
 By prosperous voyages I often made

<sup>1</sup> *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,* ] All his hearers understood that the punishment he was about to undergo was in consequence of no private crime, but of the publick enmity between two states, to one of which he belonged : But it was a general superstition amongst the ancients, that every great and sudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven pursuing men for their secret offences. Hence the sentiment here put into the mouth of the speaker was proper. By my past life, (says he) which I am going to relate, the world may understand that my present death is according to the ordinary course of providence, [*wrought by nature*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*]      WARBURTON.



To *Epidamnium*; 'till my factor's death,  
 And the great care of goods at random left,  
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;  
 From whom my absence was not six months old,  
 Before herself, almost at fainting under  
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,  
 Had made provision for her following me,  
 And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.  
 There she had not been long, but she became  
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;  
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,  
 A poor mean woman was delivered  
 Of such a burden, male-twins both alike:  
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
 Made daily motions for our home-return:  
 Unwilling, I agreed; alas, too soon,  
 We came aboard.  
 A league from *Epidamnium* had we sail'd,  
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm;  
 But longer did we not retain much hope:  
 For what obscured light the heav'ns did grant,  
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death;  
 Which, tho' myself would gladly have embrac'd,  
 Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,  
 Weeping before, for what she saw must come;  
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
 That mourn'd for fashion, ign'rant what to fear,  
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me:  
 And this it was; for other means were none.  
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,  
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us;  
 My wife, more careful for the elder-born,

Had

Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;  
 To him one of the other twins was bound,  
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,  
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;  
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
 Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.  
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;  
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,  
 The seas waxt calm; and we discovered  
 Two ships from far making amain to us,  
 Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;  
 But ere they came——oh, let me say no more!  
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

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

*Ægeon.* Oh, had the Gods done so, I had not now  
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us;  
 For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
 We were encountred by a mighty rock;  
 Which being violently borne upon,  
 Our helpless ship was splitted in the midst;  
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
 Fortune had left to both of us alike  
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened  
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
 Was carry'd with more speed before the wind,  
 And in our sight they three were taken up  
 By fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.  
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;  
 And knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
 Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreckt guests;  
 And would have rest the fishers of their prey,  
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail;

And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—  
 Thus have you heard me fever'd from my blifs ;  
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

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

*Ægeon.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
 At eighteen years became inquisitive  
 After his brother ; and importun'd me,  
 That his attendant, (for his case was like,  
 Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)  
 Might bear him company in quest of him :  
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
 Five summers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,  
 Roaming clean through the bounds of *Asia*,  
 And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus* :  
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unfought,  
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.  
 But here must end the story of my life ;  
 And happy were I in my timely death,  
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

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

And



And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:  
Jailor, take him to thy custody.

[*Exeunt Duke, and Train.*]

*Jail.* I will, my Lord.

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

[*Exeunt Ægeon, and Jailor.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to the Street.*

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, a Merchant, and Dromio.*

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

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

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

[*Exit Dromio.*]

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

And

And then go to the inn and dine with me ?

*Mer.* I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,  
Of whom I hope to make much benefit :

I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
And afterward consort with you 'till bed-time :  
My present business calls me from you now.

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

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

[*Exit Merchant.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Ant.* He that commends me to my own content,  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop,  
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :  
So I, to find a mother and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date.

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

*E. Dro.* Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd too  
late :

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

*Ant.*

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

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

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

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

*Ant.* Come, *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of  
season;  
Reserve them 'till a merrier hour than this:  
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

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

*Ant.* Come on, Sir knave, have done your foolish-  
ness;  
And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge?

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

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

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

*Ant.*



*Ant.* Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?

*E. Dro.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the *Phoenix*;

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

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

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

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

[*Exit Dromio.*

*Ant.* Upon my life, by some device or other,  
The villain is \* o'er-raught of all my mony.  
They say, this town is full of couzenage;<sup>2</sup>  
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;<sup>3</sup>  
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind;  
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;

Disguised

\* That is, *over-reached*.

<sup>2</sup> *They say, this town is full of couzenage;*] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence ΕΦΕΣΙΑ ἄλεξιφάρμακα was proverbial amongst them. Thus *Menander* uses it, & ΕΦΕΣΙΑ γράμματα, in the same sense.

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *As, nimble Jugglers, that deceive the Eye;*

*Dark-working Sorcerers, that change the Mind:*

*Soul-killing Witches, that deform the Body;*] Those, who attentively consider these three Lines, must confess, that the Poet intended, the Epithet given to each of these Miscreants, should declare the Power by which they perform their Feats, and which would therefore be a just Characteristick of each of them.

Thus, by *nimble Jugglers*, we are taught that they perform their Tricks by *Slight of Hand*: and by *Soul-killing Witches*, we are informed, the Mischief they do is by the Assistance of the Devil, to whom they have given their Souls: But then, by *dark working Sorcerers*, we are not instructed in the Means by which they perform their Ends. Besides, this Epithet agrees as well to Witches, as to them; and therefore, certainly, our Author could not design This in their Characterick. We should read;

*Drug-working Sorcerers, that change the Mind;*

And we know by the History of ancient and modern Superstition, that these kind of Jugglers always pretended to work

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
 And many such like liberties of sin :<sup>4</sup>  
 If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
 I'll to the *Centaur*, to go seek this slave ;  
 I greatly fear, my mony is not safe.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.**Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

ADRIANA.

NEITHER my husband, nor the slave return'd,  
 That in such haste I sent to seek his master !  
 Sure, *Luciana*, it is two o'clock.

*Luc.* Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,  
 And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner :  
 Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.  
 A man is master of his liberty :  
 Time is their master ; and when they see time,  
 They'll go or come ; If so, be patient, sister.

work Changes of the Mind by  
 these Applications.

WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has  
 endeavoured with much earnest-  
 ness to recommend his altera-  
 tion ; but, if I may judge of  
 other apprehensions by my own,  
 without great success. This in-  
 terpretation of *soul-killing*, is  
 forced and harsh. Sir *T. Han-  
 mer* reads, *Soul-jelling*, agreeably  
 enough to the common opinion,  
 but without such improvement  
 as may justify the change.  
 Perhaps the epithets have been  
 only misplaced, and the lines

should be read thus,

Soul-killing *sorcerers, that change  
 the mind ;*

Dark-working *witches, that de-  
 form the body.*

This change seems to remove all  
 difficulties.

By *soul-killing* I understand  
 destroying the rational faculties  
 by such means as make men fan-  
 cy themselves beasts.

<sup>4</sup> ———— *liberties of sin :*  
 Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, *Libertines*,  
 which, as the author has been  
 enumerating not acts but persons,  
 seems right.

*Adr.*

*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more?

*Luc.* Because their business still lies out a-door.

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

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

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

*Luc.* Why, head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye,  
 But hath its bound in earth, in sea, in sky:  
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
 Are their males' subjects, and at their controuls:  
 Man, more divine, the master of all these,  
 Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry seas,  
 Indu'd with intellectual sense and soul,  
 Of more preheminance than fish and fowl,  
 Are masters to their females, and their lords:  
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

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

*Adr.* But were you wedded, you would bear some  
 fway.

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

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other where? <sup>5</sup>

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

*Adr.* Patience unmov'd,—no marvel tho' she pause; <sup>6</sup>  
 They can be meek, that have no other cause:  
 A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,  
 We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;  
 But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
 As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.  
 So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,  
 With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me:  
 But if thou live to see like right bereft,  
 This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left. <sup>7</sup>

*Luc.*

<sup>5</sup> —start some other where?] *pid* is said to be a good hare-finder.  
 I cannot but think that our au-  
 thour wrote, <sup>6</sup> To pause is to rest, to be in  
 quiet,

—start some other hare. <sup>7</sup> —fool-begg'd] She seems  
 to mean by fool-begg'd, patience,  
 that



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

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*

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

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

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

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

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel  
his meaning ?

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

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

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

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain ?

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

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

that *patience* which is so near to *from it to represent you as a fool,*  
*idiotical simplicity,* that your next *and beg the guardianship of your*  
relation would take advantage *fortune.*

*Luc.*

*Luc.* Quoth who?

*E. Dro.* Quoth my master:

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

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

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

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

*E. Dro.* And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

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

*E. Dro.* Am I so round with you as you with me,<sup>s</sup>  
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit*]

### S C E N E III.

*Luc.* Fy, how impatience lowreth in your face!

*Arđ.* His company must do his minions grace,  
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look:

Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took  
From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it.

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault: he's master of my state.

What ruins are in me, that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then, is he the ground.

<sup>s</sup> *Am I so round with you as you with me,* ] He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech or action*, spoken of his mistress. So the king in *Hamlet* bids the queen *be round* with her son.

Of my defeatures. My decayed fair  
 A funny look of his would soon repair.  
 But, too unruly \* deer, he breaks the pale,  
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale. 9

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy!—fy, beat it hence.

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense:  
 I know, his eye doth homage other-where;  
 Or else what lets it, but he would be here?  
 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;  
 Would that alone, alone, he would detain,  
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.  
 I see, the jewel, best enamelled,<sup>1</sup>  
 Will lose his beauty; and the gold 'bides still,  
 That others touch; yet often touching will  
 Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,  
 But falshood, and corruption, doth it shame.  
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*]

\* The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by *Waller* in his poem on the *Ladies Girdle*.

*This was my bea-ut's extremest sphere,*

*The tale that bel't my lovely deer.*

9 — *poor I am but his stale* ]

The word *stale*, in our authour, used as a substantive, means, not something offered to *allure* or *attract*, but something *viciated* with *use*, something of which the best part has been enjoyed and consumed.

<sup>1</sup> *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,*

*Will lose his beauty; YET the gold bides still,*

*That others touch, AND often touching will:*

*WHERE gold and no man, that hath a name,*

By *falshood and corruption doth it shame.*] In this miserable condition is this passage given us. It should be read thus,

*I see, the jewel, best enamelled,  
 Will lose his beauty; and the gold bides still,*

*That others touch; yet often touching will*

*Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,*

*But falshood, and corruption, doth it shame.*

The sense is this, “Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often touching, will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, tho’ as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falshood and corruption.” *WARBURTON.*

SCENE



## S C E N E IV.

*Changes to the Street.*

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.*

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

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?  
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
You know no *Centaur*? you receiv'd no gold?  
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?  
My house was at the *Phoenix*? wast thou mad,  
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

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

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

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

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

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

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

*S. Dro.* Hold, Sir, for God's sake, now your jest  
is earnest;  
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

*Ant.* Because that I familiarly sometimes

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

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

*Ant.* Dost thou not know?

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

*Ant.* Shall I tell you why?

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

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

*S. Dro.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out of  
 season,  
 When, in the why, and wherefore, is neither rhyme  
 nor reason?

Well, Sir, I thank you.

*Ant.* Thank me, Sir, for what?

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

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

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

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

*S. Dro.* Basting.

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

*S. Dro.* If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

*Ant.* Your reason?

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

*Ant.*

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

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

*Ant.* By what rule, Sir?

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

*Ant.* Let's hear it.

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

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

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

<sup>2</sup> *Ant.* Why is *Time* such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

*S. Dro.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

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

*S. Dro.* Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair. <sup>3</sup>

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

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

<sup>2</sup> In former Editions:

*Ant.* Why is *Time* such a Niggard of Hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an Excrement?

*S. Dro.* Because it is a Blessing that he bestows on Beasts, and what he hath scanted them in hair, he hath given them in Wit.] Surely, this is Mock-reasoning, and a Contradiction in Sense. Can Hair be suppos'd a Blessing, which *Time* bestows on Beasts peculiarly; and yet that he hath scanted them of it too? Men and

Them, I observe, are very frequently mistaken *vice versa* for each other, in the old Impressions of our Author. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.] That is, Those who have more hair than wit, are easily entrapp'd by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in *Europe*, was the loss of hair.



*Ant.* For what reason?

*S. Dro.* For two, and found ones too.

*Ant.* Nay, not found, I pray you.

*S. Dro.* Sure ones then.

*Ant.* Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.

*S. Dro.* Certain ones then.

*Ant.* Name them.

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

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

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

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

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

*Ant.* I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: but, soft! who wafts us yonder?

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Adriana, and Luciana.*

*Adr.* Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look strange and frown,  
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:  
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.  
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldst vow,  
That never words were musick to thine ear,  
That never object pleasing in thine eye,  
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,  
That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste,  
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.  
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,  
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?  
Thyself I call it, being strange to me:  
That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.  
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me :  
 For know, my Love, as easy may'st thou fall  
 A drop of water in the breaking gulph,  
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,  
 Without addition or diminishing,  
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.  
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,  
 Shouldst thou but hear, I were licentious ?  
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate ?  
 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,  
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
 And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot-brow,  
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,  
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow ?  
 I know thou can'st ; and therefore, see, thou do it.  
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot ;  
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust : <sup>4</sup>  
 For if we two be one, and thou play false,  
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,  
 Being trumpeted by thy contagion.  
 Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed ;  
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured. <sup>5</sup>

*Ant.* Plead you to me, fair dame ? I know you not :  
 In *Ephesus* I am but two hours old,  
 As strange unto your town as to your talk.

<sup>4</sup> *I am possess'd with an adulterate blot ;*

*My blood is mingled with the*  
 CRIME *of lust :*] Both the  
 integrity of the metaphor, and  
 the word *blot*, in the preceding  
 line, shew that we should read,

— *with the* CRIME *of lust :*  
*i. e.* the *stain*, smut. So again  
 in this play, — *A man may go over  
 board in the* CRIME *of it.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.]* To *distaine* (from the French Word, *deftaindre*) signifies, to *stain*, *defile*, *pollute*. But the Context requires a Sense quite opposite. We must either read, *unstain'd* ; or, by adding an *Hyphen*, and giving the Preposition a *privative* Force, read *dis-stain'd* ; and then it will mean, *unstain'd*, *undefiled*.  
 THEOBALD.

Who,

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

*Luc.* Fy, brother! how the world is chang'd with  
you;

When were you wont to use my sister thus?  
She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

*Ant.* By *Dromio*?

*S. Dro.* By me?

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity,  
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,  
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?  
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,<sup>6</sup>  
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.  
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;  
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine:  
Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state,  
Makes me with thy strength to communicate;  
If aught possess thee from me, it is drofs,  
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;  
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

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

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

<sup>6</sup> — you are from me exempt.] *the wrong of separation, yet injure*  
*Exempt, separated, parted. The not with contempt me who am al-*  
*ready is, If I am doomed to suffer ready injured.*



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

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

*S. Dro.* Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.  
 This is the *Fairy* land: oh, spight of spights!  
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights;<sup>7</sup>  
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,

They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st  
 not?<sup>8</sup>

*Dromio*, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

*S. Dro.*

[*We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights;*] Here Mr. Theobald calls out in the name of *Nonsense*, the first time he had formally invoked her, to tell him how *Owls* could suck their breath, and pinch them black and blue. He, therefore, alters *Owls* to *Ouphs*, and dares say, that his readers will acquiesce in the justness of his emendation. But, for all this, we must not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular superstition, that the screech-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the *Italians* called *Witches*, who were supposed to be in like manner maliciously bent against children, *Striga*, from *Strix*, the *Screech-owl*. This superstition they had derived from their *Pagan* ancestors, as appears from this passage of *Ovid*,

*Sunt avidæ volucres; non quæ  
 Plinæia mensis  
 Guttura fraudarant: sed genus*

*inde trahunt.*

*Grande caput: stantes oculi: rostra apta rapinæ:*

*Canities pennis, unguibus hamus inest.*

*Noctæ volant, PUERO QUE PETUNT* nutricis egentes;

*Et vitiant CUNIS corpora raptata suis.*

*Carpere dicuntur lactantia viscera rostris;*

*Et plenum potio sanguine guttur habent.*

*Est illis strigibus nomen:—*

Lib. 6. l'est.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *Why prat'st thou to thyself?*

*Dromio, thou Dromio, snail, thou slug, thou sot!*] In the first of these Lines, Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope have both, for what Reason I cannot tell, curtail'd the Measure, and dismounted the doggerel Rhyme, which I have replac'd from the first *Folio*. The second Verse is there likewise read;

*Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.*

The

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

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

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

*Ant.* Thou hast thine own form.

*S. Dro.* No; I am an ape.

*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

*S. Dro.* 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.  
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,  
But I should know her, as well as she knows me.

*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the Eye and weep,  
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.  
Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to day,  
And thrive you<sup>9</sup> of a thousand idle pranks;  
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter:  
Come, sister; *Dromio*, play the porter well.

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

*S. Dro.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

*Adr.* Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

The Verse is thus half a Foot too long; my Correction cures that Fault: besides *Drome* corresponds with the other Appellations of Reproach. THEOBALD.  
<sup>9</sup> *And thrive you—*] That is, I will call you to confession, and make you tell your tricks.

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

*The Street before Antipholis's House.*

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

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD Signior *Angelo*, you must excuse us ;  
 My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours ;  
 Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop  
 To see the making of her carkanet ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home.  
 But here's a villain, that would face me down  
 He met me on the mart, and that I beat him ;  
 And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold ;  
 And that I did deny my wife and house :  
 Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this ?

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

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to  
 show ;

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave  
 were ink,

Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

*E. Ant.* I think, thou art an afs

*E. Dro.* Marry, so it doth appear<sup>2</sup>

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear ;

I should

<sup>1</sup> *Carkanet* seems to have been a necklace or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So *Lovelace* in his poem, *The Empress spreads her carcanets.*

<sup>2</sup> *Marry, so it doth appear*  
*By the wrongs I suffer, and the*  
*Blows I bear ;*] Thus all  
 the printed Copies ; but, cer-

tainly, This is Cross-purposes in Reasoning. It appears, *Dromio* is an Afs by his making no Resistance : because an Afs, being kick'd, kicks again. Our Author never argues at this wild Rate, where his Text is genuine.

THEOBALD.

I do not think this emenda-  
 tion



I should kick, being kickt; and, being at that pass,  
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

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

May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

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

*Bal.* Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.

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

*Bal.* Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

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

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

*E. Dro.* *Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!*

*S. Dro.* (*within*) Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

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

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

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

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

tion necessary. He first says, that his *cur ngs* and *blows* prove him an *ass*; but immediately, with a correction of his former sentiment, such as may be hour-

ly observed in conversation, he observes that, if he had been an *ass*, he should, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again.

*E. Ant.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou had'st been *Dromio* to day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an afs.

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

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

*Luce.* Faith, no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

*E. Dro.* O Lord, I must laugh;

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

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

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

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

*Luce.* I thought to have askt you.

*S. Dro.* And you said, no.

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

*E. Ant.* Thou baggage, let me in.

*Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake?

*E. Dro.* Master, knock the door hard,

*Luce.* Let him knock, 'till it ake.

*E. Ant.*

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

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

*Adr.* (*within*) Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

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

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

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

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

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

*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall have part with neither. <sup>3</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>3</sup> The reading was thus: requires us to read,—we shall  
 — we shall part with HAVE part with neither.  
 neither. ] Common sense WARBURTON.

*E. Dro.*



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

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

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

*E. Dro.* Here's too much, *out upon thee* ! I pray  
thee, let me in.

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

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

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

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

*Bal.* Have patience, Sir : oh, let it not be so.

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

\* *Supposed by the common rout.*] no need of change: *supposed* is,  
For *suppose* I once thought it *founded on supposition*, made by  
might be more commodious to conjecture.  
*substitute supported*; but there is

For slander lives upon succession ; \*  
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

*E. Ant.* You have prevail'd ; I will depart in quiet,  
And, in despite of mirth, † mean to be merry.  
I know a wench of excellent discourse,  
Pretty and witty, wild, and, yet too, gentle ;  
There will we dine : this woman that I mean,  
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)  
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal ;  
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,  
And fetch the chain ; by this, I know, 'tis made ;  
Bring it, I pray you to the *Porcupine* ;  
For there's the house : that chain will I bestow,  
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)  
Upon mine hostess there. Good Sir, make haste :  
Since my own doors refuse to entertain me,  
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

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

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

## S C E N E II.

*The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.*

*Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* **A**ND may it be, that you have quite forgot<sup>s</sup>  
A husband's office? shall, *Antipholis*, hate,  
Even

\* *For slander lives upon suc-*  
*cession*] The line apparently  
wants two syllables: what they  
were cannot now be known.  
The line may be filled up ac-  
cording to the reader's fancy, as  
thus:

*For lashing slander lives upon*  
*succession.*

† *And, in despite of mirth,—*  
Mr. *Theobald* does not know what  
to make of this; and, therefore,

has put *wrath* instead of *mirth*  
into the text, in which he is fol-  
lowed by the *Oxford* Editor. But  
the old reading is right; and the  
meaning is, I will be merry,  
even out of spite to mirth, which  
is, now, of all things, the most  
unpleasing to me. *WARBURT.*

<sup>s</sup> In former copies,  
*And may it be, that you have*  
*quite forgot*

Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?  
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,

Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness;

Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;

Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness:  
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;  
 Look sweet, speak fair; become disloyalty:

Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger;  
 Bear a fair presence, tho' your heart be tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;  
 Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?

What simple thief brags of his own attain?  
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at board:  
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;

Ill deeds are double with an evil word:  
 Alas, poor women! make us but believe,<sup>6</sup>

Being compact of credit, that you love us;  
 Tho' others have the arm, shew us the sleeve:

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

Then,

*An Husband's Office? Shall, Antipholis,*

*Ev'n in the Spring of Love, thy love-springs rot?*

*Shall love in Buildings grow so ruinate?*] This Passage has hitherto labour'd under a double Corruption. What Conceit could our Editors have of *Love in Buildings* growing ruinate? Our Poet meant no more than this. Shall thy Love-springs rot, even in the Spring of Love? and shall thy Love grow ruinous, ev'n while 'tis but building up? The next Corruption is by an acci-

dent at Press, as I take it; This Scene for Fifty two Lines successively is strictly in alternate Rhimes: and this Measure is never broken, but in the *Second*, and *Fourth* Lines of these two Couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a Monosyllable dropt from the Tail of the Second Verse; and I have ventur'd to supply it by, I hope, a probable Conjecture.

THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> *Alas, poor Women! make us not believe, &c.*] From the whole Tenour of the Context it is evident, that this Negative



Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;

Comiort my sifter, chear her, call her wife ;

'Tis holy sport to be a little \* vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

*S. Ant.* Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not ;

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine :)

Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not

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

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

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,

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

The folded meaning of your words' deceit ;

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field ?

Are you a God ? would you create me new ?

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

But if that I am I, then, well I know,

Your weeping sifter is no wife of mine ;

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

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

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

Sing, *Siren*, for thyself, and I will dote ;

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

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

And in that glorious supposition think,

He gains by death, that hath such means to die ;

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

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

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

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

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

(*mt,*) got Place in the first Copies instead of *but* And these two Monosyllables have by Mistake reciprocally dispossef'd one

another in many other Passages of our Author's Works. THEO.

\* *Vain* is *light of tongue, mt voracious.*

*Luc.*

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

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

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

*S. Ant.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister.

*S. Ant.* No;

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

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

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

My sole earth's heav'n, and my heaven's claim.\*

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

*S. Ant.* Call thyself sister, sweet; for I mean thee:

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

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.

Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* Oh, soft, Sir, hold you still;

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

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

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

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

*S. Ant.* Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

*S. Dro.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

*S. Ant.* What woman's man? and how bestd thyself?

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

\* *My sole earth's heav'n, and my heav'n's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heav'n's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven.

*S. Ant.* What claim lays she to thee?

*S. Dro.* Marry, Sir, such a claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*S. Ant.* What is she?

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

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

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

*S. Ant.* What complexion is she of?

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

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

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

*S. Ant.* <sup>7</sup> What's her name?

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

<sup>7</sup> *S. Ant.* *What's her name?*

*S. Dro.* *Neill, Sir; but her Name is three Quarters; that is, an Ell and three Quarters, &c.]* This Passage has hitherto lain as perplex and unintelligible, as it is now easy, and truly humorous. If a *Compendium* be restor'd, in setting it right, who can help it? There are enough besides in

our Author, and *Ben Jonson* to countenance that current Vice of the Times when this Play appear'd. Nor is Mr. *Pope*, in the *Castity* of his Taste, to bristle up at me for the Revival of this Witticism, since I owe the Correction to the Sagacity of the ingenious Dr. *Tbirlby*.

THEOBALD.

*S. Ant.*



*S. Ant.* Then she bears some breadth?

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

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

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

*S. Ant.* Where *Scotland*?

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

*S. Ant.* <sup>8</sup> Where *France*?

*S. Dro.*

<sup>8</sup> *S. Ant.* Where *France*?

*S. Dro.* In her forehead: arm'd and reverted, making War against her Hair.] All the other Countries, mention'd in this Description, are in *Dromio's* Replies satirically characteris'd: but here, as the Editors have order'd it, no Remark is made upon *France*; nor any Reason given, why it should be in her Forehead: but only the Kitchen-wench's high Forehead is rallied, as pushing back her Hair. Thus all the modern Editions; but the first Folio reads — making War against her Hair. — And I am very apt to think, this last is the true Reading; and that an *Equivoque*, as the *French* call it, a double Meaning, is design'd in the Poet's Allusion: and therefore I have replac'd it in the Text. In 1589, *Henry III.* of *France* being stabb'd, and dying of his Wound, was succeeded by *Henry IV.* of *Navarre*, whom he appointed his Successor; but whose Claim the States of *France* resisted, on account of his being a Protestant. This, I take it, is

what he means, by *France* making War against her *Heir*. Now as, in 1591, Queen *Elizabeth* sent over 4000 Men, under the Conduct of the Earl of *Essex*, to the Assistance of this *Henry* of *Navarre*; it seems to me very probable, that during this Expedition being on foot, this Comedy made its Appearance. And it was the finest Address imaginable in the Poet to throw such an oblique Sneer at *France*, for opposing the Succession of that *Heir*, whose Claim his Royal Mistress, the Queen, had sent over a Force to establish, and oblige them to acknowledge.

THEOBALD.

With this correction and explication Dr. *Warburton* concurs, and Sir *T. Hanmer* thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense by looking beyond it. Our authour, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the *French* disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to

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

*S. Ant.* Where *England* ?

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

*S. Ant.* Where *Spain* ?

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

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

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

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

*S. Dro.* Oh, Sir, I did not look so low. <sup>9</sup> To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,

be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incrusted eruptions ; by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both *Forehead* and *France* might in some sort make war against their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war against its *hair* ? The sense which I have given immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, arise to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without sending our conjecture in search of refinements.

<sup>9</sup> To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me,] A little lower, he calls her *witch*. A word is certainly dropt out of the Text. We should read,

*this drudge* OF THE DEVIL,  
*THIS diviner*,—

*Drudge of the Devil*, is the right paraphrasis for a *witch*.

WARBURTON.

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, &c.] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power, of transforming men into animals, but a great share of *faith*: how-

faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtal-dog, and made me turn i'th' wheel.

*S. Ant.* Go, hie thee presently ; post to the road ;  
And if the wind blow any way from shore,  
I will not harbour in this town to night.  
If any bark put forth, come to the mart ;  
Where I will walk, 'till thou return to me :  
If every one know us, and we know none,  
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

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

## S C E N E IV.

*S. Ant.* There's none but witches do inhabit here ;  
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence :  
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul  
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,  
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,  
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,  
Hath almost made me traitor to myself :  
But lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,  
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter Angelo, with a Chain.*

*Ang.* Master *Antipholis*,——

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

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

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

*Ang.* What please yourself, Sir ; I have made it for  
you.

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

however the *Oxford* Editor thinks *curity*, and has therefore put it  
*a breast made of flint*, better se- in. WARBURTON.

*Ang.*



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

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

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

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

[*Exit.*

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

[*Exit.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The STREET.*

*Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.*

MERCHANT.

**Y**OU know, since *Pentecost* the sum is due ;  
And since I have not much importun'd you ;  
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
To *Persia*, and want gilders for my voyage :  
Therefore make present satisfaction ;  
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

*Ang.* Ev'n just the sum, that I do owe to you,  
Is growing to me by *Antipholis* ;  
And, in the instant that I met with you,  
He had of me a chain : at five o'clock,

I shall

I shall receive the mony for the same :  
 Please you but walk with me down to his house,  
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus,  
 as from the Courtezan's.*

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

*E. Ant.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go  
 thou

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

*E. Dro.* I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a  
 rope! *[Exit Dromio.*

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

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

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

*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

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

*Ang.*

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

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

*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain ;

Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman ;  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

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

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

*Ang.* You hear, how he importunes me ; the chain—

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

*Ang.* Come, come, you know, I gave it you ev'n now.

Or send the chain, or send me by some token.

*E. Ang.* Fy, now you run this humour out of breath :

Come, where's the chain ? I pray you, let me see it.

*Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance :  
Good Sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me or no ;  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

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

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

*Ang.* I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.

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

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

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

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

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

*Ang.* This touches me in reputation.  
Either consent to pay the sum for me,

Or



Or I attach you by this officer.

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

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

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

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

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

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the Bay.*

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

*E. Ant.* How now! a mad man! why, thou peevish  
sheep,  
What ship of *Epidamnium* stays for me?

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

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

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

*E. Ant.* I will debate this matter at more leisure  
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.  
To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee strait,  
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk  
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkish* tapestry,

There

There is a purse of ducats, let her send it :  
 Tell her, I am arrested in the street,  
 And that shall bail me ; hie thee, slave ; be gone :  
 On, officer, to prison 'till it come. [Exit.

*S. Dro.* To *Adriana!* that is where we din'd,  
 Where *Dowfabel* did claim me for her husband ;  
 She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.  
 Thither I must, altho' against my will,  
 For servants must their master's minds fulfil. [Exit.

## S C E N E III.

*Changes to E. Antipholis's House.*

*Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

*Adr.* **A**H, *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so ?  
 Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye  
 That he did plead in earnest, yea or no ?  
 Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily ?  
 What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
 Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?<sup>2</sup>

*Luc.* First he deny'd.—You had in him no right.

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

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

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

*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.

*Adr.* And what said he ?

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

*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

*Luc.* With words, that in an honest suit might move.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to those meteors in the sky which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place.

*Which, like the meteors of a*

*troubled heav'n,  
 All of one nature of one substance  
 bred,  
 Did lately meet in the intestine  
 shock  
 And furious close of civil butchery.*

WARBURTON.

First, he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

*Adr.* Did'st speak him fair?

*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.

He is deformed, crooked, old and \* sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,

† Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd, when it is gone.

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

And yet, would herein others' eyes were worse:

For from her nest the lapwing cries away;

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

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

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

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?

*S. Dro.* By running fast.

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

*S. Dro.* No, he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worse than hell;

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,

One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel:

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough,<sup>3</sup>

A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;

\* Sere, that is, *dry*, withered.

† *Stigmatical in making*—] That is, *marked* or *stigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition.

<sup>3</sup> *A Fiend, a Fairy, pitiless and rough*] *Dromio* here bringing word in haste that his Master is arrested, describes the *Bailiff* by Names proper to raise Horror and Detestation of such

a Creature, such as, a *Devil*, a *Fiend*, a *Wolf*, &c. But how does *Fairy* come up to these terrible Ideas? We should read—*a Fiend, a Fury, &c.* THEOB.

Mr. *Theobald* seems to have forgotten that there were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous. His emendation is, however, plausible.



A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that commands  
The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;  
A hound that \* runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot  
well;

One, that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter?

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

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

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

*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at,

[*Exit Luciana.*

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt!

Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

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

*Adr.* What, the chain?

*S. Dro.* No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.  
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

*Adr.* The hours come back! that I did never hear.

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

*Adr.* As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou  
reason?

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

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

\* *A hound that runs counter,*  
*and yet draws dry-foot well;*  
To *run counter* is to *run back-*  
*ward*, by mistaking the course  
of the animal pursued; to *draw*  
*dry-foot* is, I believe, to pursue  
by the *track* or *rick* of the foot;  
to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot*  
*well* are, therefore, inconsistent.

The jest consists in the ambiguity  
of the word *counter*, which means  
the *wrong way in the chase*, and  
a *prison in London*. The officer  
that arrested him was a serjeant  
of the *counter*. For the con-  
gruity of this jest with the Scene  
of action, let our authour an-  
swer.

If

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

*Enter Luciana.*

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

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to the Street.*

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.*

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

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

*S. Dro.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for;  
<sup>4</sup> what, have you got the picture of old *Adam* new ap-  
parell'd? *S. Ant.*

<sup>4</sup> *What, have you got the Picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*]  
A short Word or two must have  
slipt out here, by some Accident  
in copying, or at Press; other-  
wise I have no Conception of  
the Meaning of the Passage. The  
Case is this. *Dromio's* Master  
had been arrested, and sent his

Servant home for Mony to re-  
deem him: He running back  
with the Mony meets the Twin  
*Antipholis*, whom he mistakes for  
his Master, and seeing him clear  
of the *Officer* before the Mony  
was come, he cries in a Sur-  
prize;

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

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

*S. Ant.* I understand thee not.

*S. Dro.* No? why, 'tis a plain case. He that went like a base-viol in a case of leather; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives 'em suits of durance; ' he, that sets up his rest

*What, have you got rid of the Picture of old Adam now apparell'd?*

For so I have ventur'd to supply, by Conjecture. But why is the Officer call'd old *Adam* new apparell'd? The Allusion is to *Adam* in his State of Innocence going naked; and immediately after the Fall, being cloath'd in a Frock of *Skins*. Thus he was new apparell'd: and, in like manner, the *Sergeants* of the *Counter* were formerly clad in *Buff*, or *Calves-skin*, as the Author humorously a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended.

*he, that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a MORRIS-pike.] Sets up his Rest,* is a phrase taken from military exercise. When gunpowder was first invented, its force was very weak compared to that in present use. This necessarily required fire-arms to be of an ex-

traordinary length. As the artists improved the strength of their powder, the soldiers proportionably shortned their arms and artillery; so that the cannon which *Froissart* tells us was once fifty foot long, was contracted to less than ten. This proportion likewise held in their muskets; so that, till the middle of the last century, the musketeers always supported their pieces when they gave fire, with a *Rest* stuck before them into the ground, which they called *setting up their Rest*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling allusion too to the serjeant's office of arresting. But what most wants animadversion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the sense, and false in the allusion; no pike being used amongst the dancers so called, or at least not fam'd for much execution. In a word, *Shakespeare* wrote,

a MAURICE-Pike.

i. e. a Pikeman of *France* *Maurice*



rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

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

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

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

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

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

S C E N E VI.

*Enter a Courtezan.*

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

*rice's* army. He was the greatest general of that age, and the conductor of the *Low-country* wars against *Spain*, under whom all the *English* Gentry and Nobility were bred to the service. Being frequently overborn with numbers, he became famous for his fine Retreats, in which a stand of Pikes is of great service. Hence the Pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks

unnecessarily of the *rest of a musket*, by which he makes the hero of the speech set up the *rest of a musket*, to do exploits with a pike. The *rest of a pike* was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A *morris pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great exploits were done, that is, great feats of dexterity were shewn. There is no need of change.

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

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

*S. Ant.* It is the devil.

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

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

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

*S. Ant.* Why, *Dromio*?

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

*S. Ant.* Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping.

Thou art, as you are all, a forceress:  
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

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

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

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

*S. Ant.* Avaunt, thou witch! come, *Dromio*, let us go.

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

S C E N E

## S C E N E VII.

*Manet Courtezan.*

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt, *Antipholis* is mad;  
 Else would he never so demean himself.  
 A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,  
 And for the same he promis'd me a chain?  
 Both one, and other, he denies me now.  
 The reason, that I gather, he is mad,  
 Besides this present instance of his rage,  
 Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,  
 Of his own door being shut against his entrance.  
 Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
 On purpose shut the doors against his way.  
 My way is now to hie home to his house,  
 And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,  
 He rush'd into my house, and took perforce  
 My ring away. This course I fittest chuse;  
 For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*]

## S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to the Street.**Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, with a Jailor.*

*E. Ant.* **F**EAR me not, man; I will not break away;  
 I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much  
 mony,  
 To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.  
 My wife is in a wayward mood to day,  
 And will not lightly trust the messenger.  
 That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,  
 I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.——

L 3

*Enter*



*Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a Rope's end.*

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

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

*E. Ant.* But where's the mony ?

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

*E. Ant.* Five hundred ducats, vi'lain, for a rope ?

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

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

*E. Dro.* To a rope's-end, Sir ; and to that end am I return'd.

*E. Ant.* And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beats Dromio.*

*Offi.* Good Sir, be patient.

*E. Dro.* Nay, 'tis for me to be patient ; I am in aduersity.

*Offi.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*E. Dro.* Nay, rather persuaue him to hold his hands.

*E. Ant.* Thou whorson, senseless villain !

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

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

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

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and Pinch.*

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

*E. Dro.* <sup>6</sup> *Mistress, respice finem, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.* —

*E. Ant.* Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats Dromio.*]

*Cour.* How say you now? is not your husband mad?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjuror,  
Establish him in his true sense again,  
And I will please you what you will demand.

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

*Cour.* Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

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

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

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,  
To yield possession to my holy prayers;  
And to thy slate of darkness hie thee strait,

<sup>6</sup> *Mistress, respice finem, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.*] These words seem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by *Buchanan* against the Lord of *Liddington*; which ends with these words, *Respice finem, respice funem.* But to what purpose, unless our Author would shew that he could quibble as well in *English*, as the other in *Latin*, I confess I know not. As for *propheying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words;

with which, when any passenger was offended, it was the standing joke of the wise owner to say, *Take heed, Sir, my parrot prophesies.* To this, *Butler* hints, where, speaking of *Ralpho's* skill in augury, he says,

*Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,*

*That speak and think contrary clean;*

*What member 'tis of whom they talk,*

*When they cry ROPE, and walk, knave, walk.*

WARBURTON.

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

*E. Ant.* Peace, doating wizzard, peace; I am not mad.

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

*E. Ant.* You minion, you, are these your customers?  
Did this companion with the saffron face  
Revel and feast it at my house to day,  
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,  
And I deny'd to enter in my house?

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

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

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

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

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

*E. Ant.* And did not she herself revile me there?

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

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

*E. Dro.* *Certes*, she did, the <sup>7</sup> kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

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

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

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

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

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

*Adr.* Alas, I sent you mony to redeem you;

<sup>7</sup> *Kitchen-vestal*] Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning.



By *Dromio* here, who came in haste for it.

*E. Dro.* Mony by me? heart and good will you might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of mony.

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

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

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

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

*Pinch.* Mistrefs, both man and master are posselt; I know it by their pale and deadly looks; They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

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

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Pinch.* More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

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

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

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

*Offi.* Masters; let him go:

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

*Pinch.*

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

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

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

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

[*They bind Antipholis and Dromio.*

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.  
Good master Doctor, see him safe convey'd  
Home to my house. Oh, most unhappy day!

*E. Ant.* Oh, most unhappy strumpet!

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

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

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

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

*Adr.* Go bear him hence; sister, stay you with me.

[*Exeunt Pinch, Antipholis and Dromio.*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

## S C E N E X.

*Manent Officer, Adriana, Luciana, and Courtezan.*

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

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

*Offi.* Two hundred ducats.

*Adr.* Say, how grows it due?

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

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

*Cour.* When as your husband all in rage to day  
Came to my house, and took away my ring,  
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)  
Strait after, did I meet him with a chain.

*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come,

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,  
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

## S C E N E XI.

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, with his Rapier drawn,  
and Dromio of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* God, for thy mercy ! they are loose again.

*Adr.* And come with naked swords ;

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

*Offi.* Away, they'll kill us. *[They run out.]*

*Manent Antipholis and Dromio.*

*S. Ant.* I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

*S. Dro.* She, that would be your wife, now ran from  
you.

*S. Ant.* Come to the *Centaur*, fetch our stuff from  
thence :

I long, that we were safe and found aboard.

*S. Dro.* Faith, stay here this night ; they will surely  
do us no harm ; you saw, they spake us fair, gave us  
gold ; methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that  
but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage  
of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and  
turn witch.

*S. Ant.* I will not stay to night for all the town ;  
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Street, before a Priory.*

*Enter the Merchant, and Angelo.*

ANGELO.

I AM sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you ;  
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,  
Tho' most dishonestly he doth deny it.

*Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

*Ang.* Of very reverent reputation, Sir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city ;  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

*Mer.* Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuse.*

*Ang.* 'Tis so ; and that self-chain about his neck,  
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.  
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.  
Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much  
That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;  
And not without some scandal to yourself,  
With circumstance and oaths so to deny  
This chain, which now you wear so openly ;  
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  
You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;  
Who, but for staying on our controversy,  
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to day :  
This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

*S. Ant.* I think, I had ; I never did deny it.

*Mer.* Yes, that you did, Sir ; and forswore it too.

*S. Ant.* Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?

*Mer.*

*Mer.* These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:

Fy on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st  
To walk where any honest men resort.

*S. Ant.* Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus.  
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

*Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and others.*

*Adr.* Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is  
mad;

Some get within him, take his sword away:  
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my house.

*S. Dro.* Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a  
house.

This is some Priory—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the Priory.*]

*Enter Lady Abbess.*

*Abb.* Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?

*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence;  
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,  
And bear him home for his recovery.

*Ang.* I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

*Mer.* I'm sorry now, that I did draw on him.

*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man?

*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sower, sad,  
And much, much different from the man he was:  
But, till this afternoon, his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?  
Bury'd some dear friend? hath not else his eye  
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last;  
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.

*Adr.* Why, so I did.

*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.

*Adr.* As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

*Abb.* Haply, in private.

*Adr.* And in assemblies too.

*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.

*Adr.* It was the copy of our conference.

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;  
At board, he fed not for my urging it;  
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;  
In company, I often glanc'd at it;  
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.

*Abb.* And therefore came it, that the man was mad.  
The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.<sup>1</sup>  
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;  
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.  
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings;  
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;  
Therefore the raging fire of fever bred;  
And what's a fever, but a fit of madness?  
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls.  
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
But moody and dull melancholy,  
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?<sup>2</sup>  
And at her heels a huge infectious troop  
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life.  
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,

<sup>1</sup> *Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?* ] *Shakespeare* could never make melancholy a male in this line, and a female in

the next. This was the foolish insertion of the first Editors. I have therefore put it into hooks, as spurious. WARBURTON.



To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast :

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits  
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

*Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly,  
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.

—Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

*Adr.* She did betray me to my own reproof.

—Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

*Abb.* No, not a creature enter in my house.

*Adr.* Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

*Abb.* Neither ; he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands ,

'Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labour in assaying it.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office ;

And will have no attorney but myself ;

And therefore let me have him home with me.

*Abb.* Be patient, for I will not let him stir,

'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,

With wholesome sirups, drugs, and holy prayers

To make of him a formal man again ;

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order ;

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

*Adr.* I will not hence, and leave my husband here ;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness

To separate the husband and the wife.

*Abb.* Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

*Luc.* Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

[Exit Abbess,

*Adr.* Come, go ; I will fall prostrate at his feet,

And never rise, until my tears and prayers

Have won his Grace to come in person hither ;

And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

*Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five :

Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale ;

The

The place of death and sorry execution,  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

*Ang.* Upon what cause?

*Mer.* To see a reverend *Syracusan* merchant,  
Who put unluckily into this bay  
Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

*Ang.* See, where they come; we will behold his  
death.

*Luc.* Kneel to the Duke, before he pass the abbey.

### S C E N E III.

*Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bare-headed; with the  
Headsmen, and other Officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publickly,  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

*Adr.* Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess.

*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend Lady;  
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

*Adr.* May it please your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,

(Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters,) this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;  
That desp'rately he hurry'd through the street,  
With him his bondman all as mad as he,  
Doing displeasure to the citizens,  
By rushing in their houses; bearing thence  
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,  
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,  
That here and there his fury had committed:  
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,  
He broke from those that had the guard of him:

*And,*

And, with his mad attendant <sup>9</sup> mad himself,  
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,  
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
 Chas'd us away; 'till raising of more aid,  
 We came again to bind them; then they fled  
 Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;  
 And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,  
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.  
 Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,  
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

*Duke.* Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars.  
 And I to thee engag'd a Prince's word,  
 (When thou didst make him master of thy bed,)  
 To do him all the grace and good I could.  
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate;  
 And bid the lady Abbess come to me.  
 I will determine this, before I stir.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself;  
 My master and his man are both broke loose,  
 Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,  
 Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;  
 And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him  
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;  
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while  
 His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:  
 And, sure, unless you send some present help,  
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*Adr.* Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here,  
 And that is false, thou dost report to us.

<sup>9</sup> *And, with his mad attendant* read, —MAD himself.  
 AND himself,] We should WARBURTON.



*Mess.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true ;  
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.  
He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,  
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress ; fly, be gone.

*Duke.* Come, stand by me, fear nothing : guard  
with halberds,

*Adr.* Ay me, it is my husband ; witness you,  
That he is borne about invisible !

Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,  
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Antipholis, and Dromio of Ephesus.*

*E. Ant.* Justice, most gracious Duke, oh, grant me  
justice.

Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I bestrid thee in the wars and took  
Deep scars to save thy life, even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

*Ægeon.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,  
I see my son *Antipholis*, and *Dromio*.

*E. Ant.* Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman  
there :

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife ;  
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,  
Ev'n in the strength and height of injury.  
Beyond imagination is the wrong,

That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

*E. Ant.* This day, great Duke, she shut the doors  
upon me ;

<sup>1</sup> To SCORCH your face,—] We should read SCOTCH, *i. e.*  
back, cut.

Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.

*Duke.* A grievous fault; say, woman, didst thou so?

*Adr.* No, my good Lord—myself, he, and my sister,  
To day did dine together: so befall my soul,  
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

*Ang.* O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.  
In this the mad-man justly chargeth them.

*E. Ant.* My Liege, I am advised, what I say.

Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,  
Nor, heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire;  
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;  
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,  
Could witness it; for he was with me then;  
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the *Porcupine*,  
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.  
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
I went to seek him; in the street I met him,  
And in his company that gentleman.  
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,  
That I this day from him receiv'd the chain;  
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,  
He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey, and sent my peasant home  
For certain ducats; he with none return'd.  
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,  
To go in person with me to my house.  
By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and  
A rabble more of vile confederates;  
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,  
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,  
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,  
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;

And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,  
 And with no-face, as it were, out-facing me,  
 Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together  
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence ;  
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
 There left me and my man, both bound together ;  
 'Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds afunder,  
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
 Ran hither to your Grace ; whom I beseech  
 To give me ample satisfaction  
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

*Ang.* My Lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him ;  
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?

*Ang.* He had, my Lord ; and when he ran in here,  
 These people saw the chain about his neck.

*Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine  
 Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,  
 After you first forswore it on the mart ;  
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you ;  
 And then you fled into this abbey here,  
 From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.

*E. Ant.* I never came within these abbey-walls,  
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me ;  
 I never saw the chain, so help me heav'n !  
 And this is false, you burden me withal.

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach is this ?  
 I think, you all have drunk of *Circe's* cup :  
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been ;  
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :  
 You say, he din'd at home ; the goldsmith here  
 Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you ?

*E. Dro.* Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcu-*  
*pine.*

*Cour.* He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

*E. Ant.* 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

*Cour.* As sure, my Liege, as I do see your Grace.

*Duke.*



*Duke.* Why, this is strange; go call the Abbess hither;

I think, you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbess.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Ægeon.* Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:

Haply, I see a friend, will save my life;  
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

*Duke.* Speak freely, *Syracusan*, what thou wilt.

*Ægeon.* Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis*?  
And is not that your bond-man *Dromio*?

*E. Dro.* Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,  
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;  
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.

*Ægeon.* I am sure, you both of you remember me.

*E. Dro.* Ourselves we do remember, Sir, by you;  
For lately we were bound, as you are now.  
You are not *Pinch*'s patient, are you, Sir?

*Ægeon.* Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

*E. Ant.* I never saw you in my life, 'till now.

*Ægeon.* Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;

And careful hours with time's deformed hand  
Have written <sup>2</sup> strange defeatures in my face;  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

*E. Ant.* Neither.

*Ægeon.* *Dromio*, nor thou?

*E. Dro.* No, trust me, Sir, nor I.

*Ægeon.* I am sure, thou dost.

*E. Dro.* I, Sir? but I am sure, I do not: and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

<sup>2</sup> *Strange defeatures.* *Defca-* The meaning is time hath cancelled my features.  
*ture* is the privative of *feature*.

*Ægeon.* Not know my voice ! oh, time's extremity !  
 Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue  
 In seven short years, that here my only son  
 Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares ?  
 Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid  
 In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,  
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up ;  
 Yet hath my night of life some memory ;  
 My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,  
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :  
 All these old witnesses, I cannot err,  
 Tell me thou art my son *Antipholis*.

*E. Ant.* I never saw my father in my life.

*Ægeon.* But seven years since, in *Syracusa*-bay,  
 Thou know'st, we parted ; but, perhaps, my son,  
 Thou sham'st t'acknowledge me in misery.

*E. Ant.* The Duke, and all that know me in the city,  
 Can witness with me that it is not so :  
 I ne'er saw *Syracusa* in my life.

*Duke.* I tell thee, *Syracusan*, twenty years  
 Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,  
 During which time he ne'er saw *Syracusa* :  
 I see, thy age and dangers make thee doat.

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan, and  
 Dromio Syracusan.*

*Abb.* Most mighty Duke, behold a man much  
 wrong'd. *[All gather to see him.]*

*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

*Duke.* One of these men is *Genius* to the other ;

<sup>3</sup> *All these OLD witnesses, I  
 cannot err,] I believe we should  
 read.*

*All these HOLD witnesses I cannot*

*err,*

*i. e.* All these continue to testify  
 that I cannot err, and tell me,

*Ec.*

WARBURTON.

And

And so of these which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

*S. Dro.* I, Sir, am *Dromio*; command him away.

*E. Dro.* I, Sir, am *Dromio*; pray let me stay.

*S. Ant.* *Ægeon*, art thou not? or else his ghost?

*S. Dro.* O, my old master! who hath bound him  
here?

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds;  
And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'st the man,  
That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,  
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons?  
Oh, if thou be'st the same *Ægeon*, speak;  
And speak unto the same *Æmilia*.

*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning story right:  
These two *Antipholis*'s, these two so like,  
And those two *Dromio*'s, one in semblance;  
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,  
These plainly are the parents of these children,  
Which accidentally are met together.

*Ægeon.* If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;  
If thou art she, tell me where is that son  
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

*Abb.* By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,  
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;  
But, by and by, rude fishermen of *Corinth*  
By force took *Dromio*, and my son from them,  
And me they left with those of *Epidamnum*.  
What then became of them, I cannot tell;  
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

*Duke.* *Antipholis*, thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

*S. Ant.* No, Sir, not I; I came from *Syracuse*.

*Duke.* Stay, stand apart; I know not, which is which.

*E. Ant.* I came from *Corinth*, my most gracious  
Lord.

*E. Dro.* And I with him.

*E. Ant.* Brought to this town by that most famous  
warrior,



Duke *Menophon*, your most renowned uncle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to day?

*S. Ant.* I, gentle mistress.

*Adr.* And are not you my husband?

*E. Ant.* No, I say *ney* to that.

*S. Ant.* And so do I, yet she did call me so:  
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
Did call me brother. What I told you then,  
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good,  
If this be not a dream, I see and hear.

*Arg.* That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.

*S. Ant.* I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.

*E. Ant.* And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.

*Arg.* I think, I did, Sir; I deny it not.

*Adr.* I sent you mony, Sir, to be your bail,  
By *Dremio*; but, I think, he brought it not.

*E. Drc.* No, none by me.

*S. Ant.* This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,  
And *Dremio* my man did bring them me;  
I see, we still did meet each other's man,  
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,  
And thereupon these Errors all arose.

*E. Ant.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.

*Duke.* It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

*Adr.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

*E. Ant.* There, take it; and much thanks for my  
good cheer.

*Adr.* Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains  
To go with us into the abbey here,  
And here at large discoursed all our fortunes:  
And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathized one day's Error  
Have suffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,  
And ye shall have full satisfaction.

\* Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel

Of

\* In former Editions :

Thirty-three years.]

'Tis impossible the Poet could be so forgetful, as to design this Num-

ber

Of you my sons ; nor, 'till this present hour,  
My heavy burdens are delivered :  
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,  
And you the calendars of their nativity,  
Go to a gossip's feast and <sup>5</sup> go with me :  
After so long grief such nativity ! <sup>6</sup>

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*Manent the two Antipholis's, and two Dromio's.*

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board ?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou imbark'd ?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at host, Sir, in the *Centaur*.

S. Ant. He speaks to me ; I am your master, *Dromio*.

ber here : and therefore I have ventur'd to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a Proof, that, I think, amounts to demonstration. The Number, I presume, was at first wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly ; and thence the Mistake might arise. *Ægeon*, in the first Scene of the first Act, is precise as to the Time his Son left him, in Quest of his Brother :

*My youngest? Boy, and yet my eldest  
Care,*

*At eighteen years became inquisi-  
tive -*

*After his Brother, &c.*

And how long it was from the Son's thus parting from his Father, to their meeting again at *Ephesus*, where *Ægeon*, mistakenly, recognizes the Twin-bro-

ther for him ; we as precisely learn from another Passage in the fifth Act.

*Æge. But seven years since, in  
Syracusa-bay,*

*Thou know'st we parted ;*

So that these two Numbers, put together, settle the Date of their Birth beyond Dispute THEOB.

<sup>5</sup> ———and GO with me :] We should read,

———and GAUDE with me :

i. e. Rejoice, from the French, *Gaudir*. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *After so long grief such nativity.* ] We should surely read,

*After so long grief such festivity.* *Nativity* lying so near, and the termination being the same of both words, the mistake was easy.

Come,

Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon ;  
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt. Antipholis S. and E.*

*S. Dro.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,  
That kitchen'd me for you to day at dinner ;  
She now shall be my sifter, not my wife.

*E. Dro.* Methinks, you are my glafs, and not my  
brother :

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth :  
Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

*S. Dro.* Not I, Sir ; you are my elder.

*E. Dro.* That's a question :  
How shall I try it ?

*S. Dro.* We'll draw cuts for the senior :  
'Till then, lead thou first.

*E. Dro.* Nay, then thus—— [ *Embracing.*  
We came into the world, like brother and brother :  
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[ *Exeunt.*



M U C H A D O

A B O U T

N O T H I N G.

# Dramatis Personæ.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*

Leonato, *Governor of Messina.*

Don John, *Bastard Brother to Don Pedro.*

Claudio, *a young Lord of Florence, Favourite to Don Pedro.*

Benedick, *a young Lord of Padua, favour'd likewise by Don Pedro.*

Balthazar, *Servant to Don Pedro.*

Antonio, *Brother to Leonato.*

Borachio, *Confident to Don John.*

Conrade, *Friend to Borachio.*

Dogberry, } *two foolish Officers.*

Verges, }

Hero, *Daughter to Leonato.*

Beatrice, *Niece to Leonato.*

Margaret, } *two Gentlewomen, attending on Hero.*

Ursula, }

*A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.*

S C E N E, *Messina in Sicily.*

The Story is from *Aristo Orl. Fur. B. v.*

POPE.

M U C H

# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. <sup>1</sup>

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## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*A Court before Leonato's House.*

*Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.*

LEONATO.

I Learn in this letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Messina*.

*Mess.* He is very near by this ; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

*Leon.* How many gentlemen have you lost in this action ?

*Mess.* But few of any Sort, and none of Name.

*Leon.* A victory is twice itself, when the atchiever

<sup>2</sup>  
*Much Ado about Nothing.]* no one Speech address'd to her, nor one Syllable spoken by her. Neither is there any one Passage, from which we have any Reason to determine that *Hero's* Mother was living. It seems, as if the Poet had in his first Plan design'd such a Character ; which, on a Survey of it, he found would be superfluous ; and therefore he left it out, THEOBALD.

brings



brings home full numbers; I find here, that Don *Pedro* hath bestowed much honour on a young *Florentine*, call'd *Claudio*.

*Mess.* Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don *Pedro*: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bet- ter'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

*Leon.* He hath an uncle here in *Messina* will be very much glad of it.

*Mess.* I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that <sup>2</sup> joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

*Leon.* Did he break out into tears?

*Mess.* In great measure.

*Leon.* A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer <sup>3</sup> than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

*Beat.* I pray you, <sup>4</sup> is Signior *Montanto* return'd from the wars or no?

*Mess.* I know none of that name, Lady; <sup>5</sup> there was none such in the army of any Sort.

*Leon.* What is he that you ask for, Neice?

<sup>2</sup> ——— joy could not shew it self modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.] This is judiciously express'd. Of all the transports of Joy, that which is attended with tears is least offensive; because carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that usually attends another's happiness. This he finely calls a *modest* joy, such a one as did not insult the observer by an indication of happiness unmixed with pain. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— no faces truer] That

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is, none honest, none more sincere.

<sup>4</sup> — is Signior *Montanto* return'd] *Montante*, in Spanish, is a huge two-handed sword, given, with much humour, to one, the speaker would represent as a Boaster or Bravado. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— there was none such in the army of any sort.] Not meaning there was none such of any order or degree whatever, but that there was none such of any quality above the common. WARBURTON.

WARBURTON.  
*Hero.*

*Hero.* My Cousin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua*.

*Mess.* O, he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

*Beat.* He set up his bills here in *Messina*, and challeng'd *Cupid*<sup>6</sup> at the flight; and my Uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? but how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

*Leon.* Faith, Neice, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

*Mess.* He hath done good service, Lady, in these wars.

*Beat.* You had musty victuals, and he hath help to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

*Mess.* And a good foldier too, Lady.

*Beat.* And a good foldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

*Mess.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stufft with all honourable virtues.

*Beat.* It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stufft man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

*Leon.* You must not, Sir, mistake my Neice; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her; they never meet, but there's a skirmish of Wit between them.

*Beat.* Alas, he gets nothing by That. In our last

<sup>6</sup> ——— *challeng'd Cupid at the flight*;] The disuse of the bow makes this passage obscure. *Benedick* is represented as challenging *Cupid* at archery. To challenge *at the flight* is, I believe, to wager who shall shoot the arrow furthest without any particular mark. To challenge *at the bird-bolt*, seems to mean the same as to challenge at children's archery, with small arrows such as are discharged at birds. In *Twelfth Night* Lady *Olivia* opposes a *bird-bolt* to a *cannon bullet*, the lightest to the heaviest of missile weapons.

conflict, four of his <sup>7</sup> five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that if he have <sup>8</sup> wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

*Mess.* Is it possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible; <sup>9</sup> he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

*Mess.* I see, Lady, <sup>1</sup> the gentleman is not in your books.

*Beat.* No; an he were, I would burn my Study.

<sup>7</sup> — *four of his five wits*] In our author's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers. So *Darwin* on the Soul, *Wit, seeking truth from cause to cause ascends,*

*And never rests till it the first attain;*

*Will. Seeking good, finds many middle ends,*

*But never stays till it the last do gain.*

And in another part.

*But if a phrenzy do possess the brain,*

*It so disorders and blots the form of things,*

*As factious proves altogether vain,*

*And to the wit no true relation brings.*

*Then doth the wit, admitting all for true,*

*Builds fond conclusions on the idle grounds; —*

The *wits* seem to have reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five inlets of ideas.

<sup>8</sup> *wit enough to keep himself warm,*] But how would that make a *difference between him and his horse*? We should read, *Wit enough to keep himself FROM HARM.* This suits the satirical turn of her speech, in the character she would give of *Ben-dick*; and this would make the difference spoken of. For 'tis the nature of horses, when wounded, to run upon the point of the weapon. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>9</sup> — *he wears his faith*] Not religious Profession, but *Profession of friendship*; for the speaker gives it as the reason of her asking, *who was now his Companion?* that *he had every month a new sworn brother.*

*WARBURTON.*

<sup>1</sup> — *the gentleman is not in your books.*] This is a phrase used, I believe, by more than understand it. *To be in one's books* is *to be in one's codicils or will, to be among friends set down for legacies.*

But,



But, I pray you, who is his companion? is there no<sup>2</sup> young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

*Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

*Beat.* O lord, he will hang upon him like a disease; he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*; it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cur'd.

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, Lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You'll ne'er run mad, Neice.

*Beat.* No, not 'till a hot *January*.

*Mess.* Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and Don John.*

*Pedro.* Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

*Leon.* Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

*Pedro.* You embrace your<sup>3</sup> charge too willingly: I think, this is your daughter.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

<sup>2</sup> young squarer—] A squarer they square. So the sense may I take to be a choleric, quarrelsome fellow, for in this sense be, *Is there no hot-blooded youth that will keep him company through all his mad pranks?*

*Shakespeare* uses the word to square. So in *Midsummer Night's Dream* it is said of *Oberon* and *Titania*, that they never meet but  
<sup>3</sup> You embrace your charge—] That is, your burthen, your encumbrance.

*Bene.* Were you in doubt, Sir, that you askt her?

*Leon.* Signior *Benedick*, no; for then were you a child.—

*Pedro.* You have it full, *Benedick*; we may guess by this what you are, being a man: truly, the lady fathers herself; be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

*Bene.* If Signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all *Messina*, as like him as she is.

*Beat.* I wonder, that you will still be talking, Signior *Benedick*; no body marks you.

*Bene.* What, my dear lady *Disdain*! are you yet living?

*Beat.* Is it possible, *Disdain* should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick*? Courtesie itself must convert to *Disdain*, if you come in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesie a turn-coat; but it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

*Beat.* A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

*Bene.* God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

*Bene.* I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer; but keep your way o'God's name, I have done.

*Beat.*

*Beat.* You always end with a jade's trick ; I know you of old.

*Pedro.* This is the sum of all : *Leonato*,—Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*,—my dear friend *Leonato* hath invited you all ; I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month ; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer : I dare swear, he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

*Leon.* If you swear, my Lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid You welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the prince your brother ; I owe you all duty.

*John.* I thank you ; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your Grace lead on ?

*Pedro.* Your hand, *Leonato* ; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

S C E N E III.

*Claud.* *Benedick*, didst thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato* ?

*Bene.* I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady ?

*Bene.* Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment ? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex ?

*Claud.* No, I pr'ythee, speak in sober judgment.

*Bene.* Why, i'faith, methinks, she is too low for an high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise ; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome ; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou think'st, I am in sport ; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.



*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a jewel?

*Bene.* Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting *Jack*, to tell us *Cupid* is <sup>4</sup> a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter? come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the Song?

*Claud.* In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever look'd on.

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter; there's her Cousin, if she were not possessed with such a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of *May* doth the last of *December*: but I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

*Claud.* I would scarce trust myself, tho' I had sworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

*Bene.* Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one man, but he will wear <sup>5</sup> his cap with suspicion? shall I never see a batchelor of threescore again? go to, i'faith, if thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and <sup>6</sup> sigh away *Sundays*: look, *Don Pedro* is return'd to seek you.

<sup>4</sup> *to tell us Cupid is a rare hare-finder, &c.*] I know not whether I conceive the jest here intended. *Claudio* hints his love of *Hero*. *Benedick* asks whether he is serious, or whether he only means to jest, and tell them that *Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter. A man praising a pretty lady in jest, may shew the quick sight of *Cupid*; but what has it to do with the carpentry of *Vulcan*? Perhaps the

thought lies no deeper than this, *Do you mean to tell us as new what we all know already?*

<sup>5</sup> — wear his cap with suspicion? ] That is, subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy.

<sup>6</sup> — sigh away *Sundays*: ] A proverbial expression to signify that a man has no rest at all; when *Sunday*, a day formerly of ease and diversion, was passed so uncomfortably. WAREBURTON.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

*Re-enter Don Pedro and Don John.*

*Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato's* house?

*Bene.* I would, your Grace would constrain me to tell.

*Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegiance.

*Bene.* You hear, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this,—on my allegiance.—He is in love. With whom?—now that is your Grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is—with *Hero*, *Leonato's* short daughter.

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it uttered. <sup>7</sup>

*Bene.* Like the old tale, my lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

*Claud.* If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

*Pedro.* Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

*Pedro.* By my troth, I speak my thought.

*Claud.* And, in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

*Bene.* And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speak mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel.

*Pedro.* That she is worthy, I know.

*Bene.* That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

<sup>7</sup> *Claud.* *If this were so, so were it uttered.*] This and the three next speeches I do not well understand, there seems something omitted relating to *Hero's* consent, or to *Claudio's* marriage, else I know not what *Claudio* can wish *not to be otherwise*. The Copies all read alike.

it may be better thus,

*Claud.* *If this were so, so were it.*

*Bene.* *Uttered like the old tale,*  
&c

*Claudio* gives a sullen answer, *if it is so, so it is*. Still there seems something omitted which *Claudio* and *Pedro* concur in wishing.

*Pedro.* Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain his part, <sup>8</sup> but in the force of his will.

*Bene.* That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, <sup>9</sup> or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me; because I will not do them the Wrong to mistrust any, I will do my self the Right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a batchelor.

*Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

*Bene.* With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a balladmaker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the Sign of blind *Cupid*.

*Pedro.* Weil, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument. <sup>1</sup>

*Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd <sup>2</sup> *Adam*.

*Pedro.*

<sup>8</sup> ——— *but in the force of his will.*] Alluding to the definition of a Heretick in the Schools.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead,*] That is, *I will wear a horn on my forehead which the huntsman may blow.* A recheate is the sound by which dogs are called back. *Shakespeare* had no mercy upon the poor cuckold, his *horn* is an inexhaustible subject of merriment.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *notable argument.*] An eminent subject for satire.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the Shoulder, and call'd Adam.*] But why should he therefore be called *Adam*? Perhaps, by a Quotation or two we may be able to trace the Poet's Allusion here. In *Law-Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it*, (a Comedy written by *John Day*, and printed in 1608) I find this Speech. *Adam Bell, a substantial Outlaw, and a*  
*passing*



*Pedro.* Well, as time shall try; in time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

*Bene.* The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's-horns, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good Horse to hire*, let them signifie under my Sign, *Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man*.

*Claud.* If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

*Pedro.* Nay, <sup>3</sup> if *Cupid* hath not spent all his quiver in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too then.

*Pedro.* Well, you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato's*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

*Bene.* I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage, and so I commit you——

*Claud.* To the tuition of God; From my house, if I had it,——

*Pedro.* The sixth of *July*, your loving friend, *Benedick*.

*Bene.* Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your

passing good Archer, yet no Tobaccoist.—By this it appears, that *Adam Bell* at that time of day was of Reputation for his Skill at the Bow. I find him again mentioned in a Burlesque Poem of *Sir William Davenant's*, called, *The long Vacation in London*.

THEOBALD.

*Adam Bell* was a companion of *Robin Hood*, as may be seen in *Robin Hood's Garland*; in which, if I do not mistake, are these lines,

For he brought Adam Bell, Chim  
of the Clough,  
And William of Cloudelea,  
To shoot with this scresster for forty  
marks,

And the forester beat them all three.

<sup>3</sup> — if *Cupid* hath not spent all his quiver in *Venice*,] All modern Writers agree in representing *Venice* in the same light that the Ancients did *Cyprus*. And 'tis this Character of the People that is here alluded to.

WARBURTON.

discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere † you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. [Exit.]

## S C E N E V.

*Claud.* My Liege, your Highness now may do me good.

*Pedro.* My love is thine to teach, teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

*Claud.* Hath *Leonato* any son, my lord?

*Pedro.* No child but *Hero*, she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her, *Claudio*?

*Claud.* O my lord,  
When you went onward on this ended action,  
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye;  
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand  
Than to drive liking to the name of love;  
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts  
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate Desires,  
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is;  
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

*Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a lover presently,  
And tire the hearer with a book of words.  
If thou dost love fair *Hero*, cherish it,  
And I will break with her, and with her Father;  
And Thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end,  
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

*Claud.* How sweetly do you minister to love,  
That know love's grief by his completion!  
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,

† — ere you flout old ends, &c.] This I think is the meaning; or  
Before you endeavour to distinguish it may be understood in another  
your self any more by antiquated sense, examine, if your sarcasms  
allusions, examine whether you can do not touch yourself.  
fairly claim them for your own.

I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

*Pedro.* What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

*s* The fairest grant is the necessity;  
Look, what will serve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lov'st;  
And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know, we shall have revelling to-night;  
I will assume thy part in some disguise,  
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*;  
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,  
And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:  
Then, after, to her father will I break;  
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine;  
In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.

*Re-enter Leonato and Antonio.*

*Leon.* How now, Brother, where is my Cousin your son? hath he provided this musick?

*Ant.* He is very busy about it; but, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

*Leon.* Are they good?

*Ant.* As the event stamps them, but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The Prince and Count *Claudio*, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: The Prince discover'd to *Claudio*, that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

*Ant.* A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

*s* The fairest grant is the request than the necessity of its being granted. WARBURTON.  
[i. e. no one can have a better reason for granting a re-

*Leon.*



*Leon.* No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear itself. But I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for answer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it. [*Several cross the Stage here.*] Cousin, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me and I will use your skill. Good Cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Changes to an Apartment in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Don John and Conrade.*

*Conr.* **W**HAT the good-ger, my lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

*John.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

*Conr.* You should hear reason.

*John.* And when I have heard it, what Blessing bringeth it?

*Conr.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

*John.* I wonder, that thou (being, as thou say'st thou art, born under *Saturn*) goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief: I cannot hide what I am: \* I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour. <sup>6</sup>

*Conr.*

\* — *I cannot hide what I am:*] This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too fullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence.

<sup>6</sup> — *claw no man in his humour.*]

*Cour.* Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, 'till you may do it without controlement; you have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

*John.* I had rather be a canker<sup>7</sup> in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am trusted with a muzzel, and enfranchis'd with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

*Cour.* Can you make no use of your discontent?

*John.* I will make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? what news, *Borachio*?

*Enter Borachio.*

*Bora.* I came yonder from a great supper; the

*mour.*] To *claw* is to flatter, so the *pope's claw backs*, in bishop *Jewel*, are the *pope's flatterers*. The sense is the same in the proverb, *Mulus mulum scabit*.

<sup>7</sup> I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace;] A canker is the canker rose, *dog-rose*, *cynosbatus*, or *hip*. The sense is, I would rather live in obscurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or estimation to my brother. He still continues his wish of gloomy independence. But what is the meaning of the ex-

pression, *a rose in his grace*? if he was a *rose* of himself, his brother's *grace* or *favour* could not degrade him. I once read thus, *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his garden*; that is, I had rather be what nature makes me, however mean, than owe any exaltation or improvement to my brother's kindness or cultivation. But a less change will be sufficient: I think it should be read, *I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose by his grace*.

Prince,

Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*John.* Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? what is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

*John.* Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

*Bora.* Even he.

*John.* A proper Squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

*Bora.* Marry, on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato*.

*John.* A very forward *March* chick! How come you to know this?

*Bora.* Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio* hand in hand in sad conference. I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should woo *Hero* for himself; and having obtained her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

*John.* Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless my self every way; you are both sure, and will assist me.

*Cour.* To the death, my lord.

*John.* Let us to the great supper; their Cheer is the greater, that I am subdu'd; 'would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Hall in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret and Ursula.*

LEONATO.

WAS not Count *John* here at Supper?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.<sup>8</sup>

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and *Benedick*; the one is too like an image, and says nothing: and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tatling.

*Leon.* Then half Signior *Benedick's* tongue in Count *John's* mouth, and half Count *John's* melancholy in Signior *Benedick's* face——

*Beat.* With a good Leg, and a good foot, Uncle, and mony enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good Will.

*Leon.* By my troth, Neice, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Ant.* In faith, she's too curst.

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst; I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, God sends a curst Cow short-horns; but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

<sup>8</sup> — heart-burn'd an hour after.] The pain commonly called the heart-burn, proceeds from an acid humour in the stomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to tart looks.

*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

*Beat.* Just, if he send me no Husband; for the which Blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lye in woollen.

*Leon.* You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

*Beat.* What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take six pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

*Ant.*<sup>9</sup> Well, Neice, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father. [To Hero.

*Beat.* Yes, faith, it is my Cousin's duty to make curtsie, and say, *Father, as it pleases you*; but yet for all that, Cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsie, and say, *Father, as it pleases me.*

*Leon.* Well, Neice, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

*Beat.* Not 'till God make men of some other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, uncle, I'll none; *Adam's* sons are my brethren, and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

*Leon.* Daughter, remember, what I told you; if

<sup>9</sup> *Well then, &c.* — ] Of the two next speeches Mr. Warburton says, *All this impious nonsense thrown to the bottom is the players, and fitted in without rhyme or reason.* He therefore puts them in the margin. They do not deserve indeed so honourable a place, yet I am afraid they are too much in the manner of our author, who is sometimes trifling to purchase merriment at too dear a rate.

the Prince do sollicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

*Beat.* The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time; If the Prince be too \* important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the Answer; for hear me, *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a *Scotch* jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, 'till he sinks into his grave.

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle, I can see a church by day-light.

*Leon.* The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and others in Masquerade.*

*Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

*Hero.* So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

*Pedro.* With me in your company?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

*Pedro.* And when please you to say so?

*Hero.* When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

*Pedro.* ' My visor is *Philemon's* roof; within the house is *Jove*.

*Hero.*

\* *Important* here and in many other places, is *importunate*.

' *My Visor is Philemon's Roof, within the House is Love.*] Thus

the whole Stream of the Copies, from the first downwards. *Hero* says to *Don Pedro*, God forbid, the Lute should be like the Case!



*Hero.* Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

*Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love.

*Balth.* Well; I would, you did like me. <sup>2</sup>

*Marg.* So would not I for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

*Balth.* Which is one?

*Marg.* I say my Prayers aloud.

*Balth.* I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

*Marg.* God match me with a good dancer!

*Balth.* Amen.

*Marg.* And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, Clerk.

*Balth.* No more words, the clerk is answer'd.

i e. that your Face should be as homely and as coarse as your Mask. Upon this, *Don Pedro* compares his Visor to *Philemon's* Roof. 'Tis plain, the Poet alludes to the Story of *Baucis* and *Philemon* from *OVID*: And this old Couple, as the *Roman* Poet describes it, liv'd in a thatch'd Cottage;

— *Strigulis* & *canna* *tecta*  
*paup'ri.*

But why, *Within the House* is Love? Though this old Pair lived in a Cottage, this Cottage received two fraggling Gods, (*Jupiter* and *Mercury*;) under its Roof. So, *Don Pedro* is a Prince; and though his Visor is but ordinary, he would insinuate to *Hero*, that he has something god-like within: alluding either to his Dignity, or the Qualities of his Person and Mind. By these Circumstances, I am sure, the Thought is mended: as, I think verily, the Text is too by the Change of a single Letter.

— *within the House* is Jove.

Nor is this Emendation a little confirmed by another Passage in our Author, in which he plainly alludes to the same Story. *As you like it.*

*Clown.* *I am here with thee and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet, honest Ovid, was amongst the Goths.*

*Jaq.* *O Knowledge ill inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd House!* THEOBALD.

This emendation, thus impressed with all the power of his eloquence and reason, *Theobald* had in the 4to edition of 1600, which he professes to have seen.

<sup>2</sup> *Balth.* *Well; I would, you did like me.*] This and the two following little Speeches, which I have placed to *Balthazar*, are in all the printed Copies given to *Benedick*. But, 'tis clear, the Dialogue here ought to be betwixt *Balthazar*, and *Margaret*: *Benedick*, a little lower, converses with *Beatrice*: and so every Man talks with his Woman once round.

THEOBALD.

Urs.

*Urf.* I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urf.* I know you by the wagling of your head.

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Urf.* You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urf.* Come, come, do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

*Beat.* Will you not tell me, who told you so?

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me.

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me, who you are?

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful, and that I had my good Wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*; <sup>3</sup> well, this was Signior *Benedick* that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure, you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

*Beat.* Why, he is the Prince's jester; a very dull fool, only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: <sup>4</sup> none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; <sup>5</sup> for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they

<sup>3</sup> — *Hundred merry Tales*;] A book, I suppose, like the *Oxford Fests*.

<sup>4</sup> — *his gift is in devising IMPOSSIBLE slanders*:] We should read IMPASSIBLE, *i. e.* slanders so ill invented that they will pass upon no body. WARB.

*Impossible* is better.

<sup>5</sup> — *his villany*;] By which, she means his malice and impiety. By his impious jests, she insinuates he pleased libertines; and by his *devising slanders* of them, he angered them.

WARBURTON.

laugh at him, and beat him; I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would, he had boarded me.

*Bene.* When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

*Beat.* Do, do, he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing sav'd, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders.

[*Musick within.*

*Bene.* In every good thing.

*Beat.* Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [Exeunt.

### S C E N E III.

*Manent* John, Borachio, and Claudio.

*John.* Sure, my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

*Bora.* And that is *Claudio*; I know him by his Bearing.

*John.* Are you not Signior *Benedick*?

*Claud.* You know me well, I am he.

*John.* Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on *Hero*; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

*Claud.* How know ye, he loves her?

*John.* I heard him swear his affection.

*Bora.* So did I too, and he swore he would marry her to night.

*John.* Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* John and Bora.

*Claud.* Thus answer I in name of *Benedick*,  
But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*.

'Tis certain so—the Prince wooes for himself.

Friend-



Friendship is constant in all other things,  
 Save in the office and affairs of love ;  
 Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues,  
 Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
 And trust no agent ; beauty is a witch,  
 Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.  
 This is an accident of hourly proof,  
 Which I mistrusted not. Farewel then, *Hero* !

*Enter Benedick.*

*Bene.* Count *Claudio* ?

*Claud.* Yea, the same.

*Bene.* Come, will you go with me ?

*Claud.* Whither ?

*Bene.* Even to the next willow, about your own business, Count. What fashion will you wear the garland of ? about your neck, like an Usurer's chain ?<sup>6</sup> or under your arm, like a Lieutenant's scarf ? you must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

*Claud.* I wish him Joy of her.

*Bene.* Why, that's spoken like an honest drover ; so they sell bullocks : but did you think, the Prince would have served you thus ?

*Claud.* I pray you, leave me.

*Bene.* Ho ! now you strike like the blind man ; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the Post.

*Claud.* If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

*Bene.* Alas, poor hurt fowl ! now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my Lady *Beatrice* should know me, and not know me ! the Prince's fool !—ha ? it may be, I go under that Title, because I am merry—

<sup>6</sup> — *Usurer's chain* ? ] I zens, or whether he satirically know not whether the *chain* was, uses *usurer* and *alderman* as synonymous terms. in our authour's time, the common ornament of wealthy citi-

yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed. <sup>7</sup> It is the base (tho' bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Don Pedro.*

*Pedro.* Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you see him?

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the Will of this young lady, and I offer'd him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

*Pedro.* To be whipt! what's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a School-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

*Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

*Bene.* Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who (as I take it) have stol'n his bird's nest.

*Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

<sup>7</sup> It is the base, tho' bitter, disposition of *Beatrice*, who puts the world into her person ] That is, it is the disposition of *Beatrice*, who takes upon her to personate the world, and therefore represents the world as saying what she only says

herself.

*Base tho' bitter.* I do not understand how *base* and *bitter* are inconsistent, or why what is *bitter* should not be *base*. I believe we may safely read, *it is the base, the bitter disposition.*

*Bene.*

*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

*Pedro.* The lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

*Bene.* O, she misus'd me past the indurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very valor began to assume life, and scold with her; she told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the Prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; hudling jest upon jest, with <sup>8</sup> such impassible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me; she speaks Ponyards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the North-Star; I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgress'd; she would have made *Hercules* have turn'd Spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you shall find her <sup>9</sup> the infernal *Até* in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar

<sup>8</sup> such IMPOSSIBLE conveyance] We should read IMPASSABLE. A term taken from fencing, when the strokes are so swift and repeated as not to be parried or passed off. WARB.

I know not what to propose. *Impossible* seems to have no meaning here, and for *impassable* I have not found any authority. *Spenser* uses the word *importable* in a sense very congruous to this passage, for *insupportable*, or *not to be sustained*.

Both him charge on either side  
With hideous strokes and importable power,  
Which forced him his ground to traverse wide.

It may be easily imagined, that the transcribers would change a word so unusual, into that word most like it which they could readily find. It must be however confessed, that *importable* appears harsh to our ears, and I wish a happier Critick may find a better word:

*Sir Thomas Hanmer* reads *impetuous*, which will serve the purpose well enough, but is not likely to have been changed to *impossible*.

<sup>9</sup> the infernal *Até* in good apparel.] This is a pleasant allusion to the custom of ancient poets and painters, who represent the furies in raggs. WARB.



would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato and Hero:*

*Pedro.* Look, here she comes.

*Bene.* Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the *Antipodes*, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of *Asia*; bring you the length of *Prestor Jobn's* foot: fetch you a hair off the great *Cham's* beard: do you any ambassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy; you have no employment for me?

*Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.

*Bene.* O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot indure this Lady Tongue.

*Pedro.* Come, Lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedick*.

*Beat.* Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say, I have lost it.

*Pedro.* You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools; I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seek.

*Pedro.* Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad, my Lord.

*Pedro.* How then? sick?

*Claud.*

*Claud.* Neither, my Lord.

*Beat.* The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, Count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

*Pedro.* I'faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her father, and his good-will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

*Leon.* Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say, Amen, to it.

*Beat.* Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.——

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and doat upon the exchange.

*Beat.* Speak, Cousin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

*Pedro.* In faith, Lady you have a merry heart.

*Beat.* Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care; my cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin.

*Beat.* Good Lord, for alliance!—' thus goes every

*' Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt. ]* a woman, who accepts a worse match than those which she had refused, that she has passed through the wood, and at last taken a crooked stick. But conjectural criticism has always something to abate its confidence. *Shakespeare*, in *All's well that ends well*, uses the phrase, *to go to the world*, for marriage. So that my emendation depends only on the opposition of *wood* to *sun-burnt*.

What is it, *to go to the world?* perhaps, to enter by marriage into a settled state: but why is the unmarried Lady *sunburnt*? I believe we should read, *thus goes every one to the wood but I, and I am sunburnt*. Thus does every one but I find a shelter, and I am left exposed to wind and sun. The nearest way to the wood, is a phrase for the readiest means to any end. It is said of

one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry *beigh bo!* for a husband.

*Pedro.* Lady *Beatrice*. I will get you one.

*Beat.* I would rather have one of your Father's getting: hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? your Father got excellent Husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*Pedro.* Will you have me, Lady?

*Beat.* No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too costly to wear every day: but, I beseech your Grace, pardon me, I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

*Pedro.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

*Beat.* No, sure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was born.—Cousins, God give you joy.

*Leon.* Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

*Beat.* I cry you mercy, Uncle: by your Grace's pardon. [*Exit Beatrice.*

## S C E N E VI.

*Pedro.* By my troth a pleasant-spirited Lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, \* she hath often dream'd of an unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

*Pedro.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

\* *she hath often dream'd of unhappiness,*] So all the editions; but Mr. *Tobald's* alters it to, *an happiness*, having no conception that *unhappiness* meant any thing but misfortune, and that he thinks she could not laugh at. He had never heard that it sig-

nified a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. Thus *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their comedy of the *Maid of the Mill*.

—*My dreams are like my thoughts  
honest and innocent:  
Yours are unhappy.*

WARBURTON.  
*Leon.*



*Leon.* O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

*Pedro.* She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

*Leon.* O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

*Pedro.* Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

*Claud.* To morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

*Leon.* Not 'till *Monday*, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

*Pedro.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, *Claudio*, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the *Interim* undertake one of *Hercules's* labours, which is, <sup>3</sup> to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

*Leon.* My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

*Claud.* And I, my Lord.

*Pedro.* And you too, gentle *Hero*?

*Hero.* I will do any modest office, my Lord, to help my Cousin to a good husband.

*Pedro.* And *Benedick* is not the unhopfullest husband that I know: thus far I can praise him, he is of a noble strain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty.

<sup>3</sup> To bring *Benedick* and *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other ] A mountain of affection with one another is a strange expression, yet I know not well how to change it. Perhaps it was originally written, to bring *Benedick* and *Beatrice* into a meeting of affection; to

bring them, not to any more meetings of contention, but to a meeting or conversation of love. This reading is confirmed by the proposition with; a mountain with each other, or affection with each other, cannot be used, but a meeting with each other is proper and regular.

I will

I will teach you how to humour your Cousin, that she shall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on *Benedick*, that in despite of his quick wit, and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with *Beatrice*. If we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the only Love-Gods; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to another Apartment in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Don John and Borachio.*

*John.* **I**T is so, the Count *Claudio* shall marry the Daughter of *Leonato*.

*Bora.* Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

*John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

*Bora.* Not honestly, my Lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

*John.* Shew me briefly how.

*Bora.* I think, I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero*.

*John.* I remember.

*Bora.* I can, at any unreasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

*John.* What life is in That, to be the death of this marriage?

*Bora.* The poison of That lies in you to temper; go you to the Prince your Brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the  
renown'd

renown'd *Claudio*, (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated State, such a one as *Hero*;

*John*. What proof shall I make of That?

*Bora*. Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other issue?

*John*. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

*Bora*. Go then find me a meet hour, to draw Don  
Pe-

*Bora*. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw on Pedro and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them that you know *Hero* loves me;— Offer them Instances, which shall bear no less Likelihood than to see me at her Chamber-window; hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *CLAUDIO*; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended Wedding.] Thus the whole Stream of the Editions from the first *Quarto* downwards. I am obliged here to give a short Account of the Plot depending, that the Emendation I have made may appear the more clear and unquestionable. The Business stands thus: *Claudio*, a Favourite of the *Arragon* Prince, is, by his Intercessions with her Father, to be married to fair *Hero*; *Don John*, Natural Brother of the Prince, and a Hater of *Claudio*, is in his Spleen zealous to disappoint the Match. *Borachio*, a rascally Dependant on *Don John*, offers his Assistance, and engages to break off the Marriage by this Stratagem. “ Tell the Prince and *Claudio* (says He) that *Hero* is in Love with Me; they won't believe it;

“ offer them Proofs, as that  
“ they shall see me converse with  
“ her in her Chamber-window.  
“ I am in the good Graces of  
“ her Waiting-woman *Margaret*;  
“ and I'll prevail with *Margaret*  
“ at a dead Hour of Night to personate her Mistress *Hero*;  
“ do you then bring the Prince and *Claudio* to overhear our Discourse; and They shall have the Torment to hear me address *Margaret* by the Name of *Hero*, and her say sweet things to me by the Name of *Claudio*.”— This is the Substance of *Borachio*'s Device to make *Hero* suspected of Disloyalty, and to break off her Match with *Claudio*. But in the name of common Sense, could it displease *Claudio* to hear his Mistress making Use of his Name tenderly? If he saw another Man with her, and heard her call him *Claudio*, he might reasonably think her betrayed, but not have the same Reason to accuse her of Disloyalty. Besides, how could her naming *Claudio* make the Prince and *Claudio* believe that She lov'd *Borachio*, as he desires *Don John* to insinuate to them that She did? The Circumstances,



*Pedro*, and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them, that you know, *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, as in a love of your Brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discover'd thus. They will hardly believe this without trial. Offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *Borachio*; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended Wedding; for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truths of *Hero's* disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

*John*. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

*Bora*. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*John*. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exeunt.]

### S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to Leonato's Orchard.*

*Enter Benedick, and a Boy.*

*Bene*. B O Y, —

*Boy*. Signior.

*Bene*. In my chamber-window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

circumstances weigh'd, there is no Doubt but the Passage ought to be reformed, as I have settled in the Text

—hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *BORACHIO*.

THEOBALD.  
*Boy*.

*Boy.* I am here already, Sir.

*Bene.* I know that—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love! and such a man is *Claudio*. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe; I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.*

*Pedro.* Come, shall we hear this musick?

*Claud.* Yea, my good lord—how still the evening is,  
As

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

*Pedro.* See you where *Benedick* hath hid himself?

*Claud.* O very well, my lord; the musick ended,  
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

*Pedro.* Come, *Balthazar*, we'll hear that Song again;

*Balth.* O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice  
To slander musick any more than once.

*Pedro.* It is the witness still of excellency,  
To put a strange face on his own perfection;  
I pray thee, sing; and let me woo no more.

*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;  
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit  
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes;  
Yet will he swear, he loves.

*Pedro.* Nay, pray thee, come;  
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,  
Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes,  
There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

*Pedro.* Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks,  
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting.

*Bene.* Now, divine air; now is his soul ravish'd!—  
is it not strange, that sheeps guts should hale souls out  
of men's bodies?—well, a horn for my money, when  
all's done.

### The S O N G.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot in sea, and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never:  
Then sigh not so, but let them go,  
And be you blith and bonny;  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into hey nonny, nonny.*

*Sing*



*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo  
Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
The frauds of men were ever so,  
Since summer was first leafy:  
Then sigh not so, &c.*

*Pedro.* By my troth, a good Song.

*Balth.* And an ill finger, my lord.

*Pedro.* Ha, no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

*Bene.* [*aside.*] If he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

*Pedro.* Yea, marry, dost thou hear, *Balthazar*? I pray thee get us some excellent musick; for to morrow night we would have it at the lady *Hero's* chamber-window.

*Balth.* The best I can, my lord. [*Exit Balthazar.*]

*Pedro.* Do so: farewell. Come hither, *Leonato*; what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedick*?

*Claud.* O, ay;——stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits. [*aside to Pedro.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

*Bene.* Is't possible, sits the wind in that corner? [*Aside.*]

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; <sup>s</sup> but that she loves him with an enraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

*Pedro.*

<sup>s</sup> but that she loves him with an enraged affection, it is past the INFINITE of thought.] It is impossible to make Sense and Grammar of this speech. And the reason is, that the two beginnings of two different sentences are jumbled together and made one. For—*but that she loves him with an enraged affection.*— is only part of a sentence which should conclude thus,—*is most certain.* But a new idea striking the speaker, he leaves this sentence

tence

*Pedro.* May be, she doth but counterfeit.

*Claud.* Faith, like enough.

*Leon.* O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

*Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shews she?

*Claud.* Bait the hook well, this fish will bite. [*Aside.*

*Leon.* What effects, my lord? she will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did, indeed.

*Pedro.* How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I would have thought, her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

*Leon.* I would have sworn, it had, my lord; especially against *Benedick*.

*Bene.* [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

*Claud.* He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up. [*Aside.*

*Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to *Benedick*?

tence unfinished, and turns to another, — *It is past the infinite of thought* — which is likewise left unfinished; for it should conclude thus — *to say how great that affection is.* These broken disjointed sentences are usual in conversation. However there is one word wrong, which yet perplexes the sense, and that is INFINITE. Human thought cannot surely be called *infinite* with any kind of figurative propriety. I suppose the true reading was DEFINITE. This makes the passage intelligible. *It is past the DEFINITE of thought* — i. e. it cannot be defined or conceived how great that affection is. *Shakespeare* uses the word again in the same sense in *Cymbeline*.

*For Idiots, in this case of favour, would*

*Be wisely DEFINITE.* —

i. e. could tell how to pronounce or determine in the case. WARB.

Here are difficulties raised only to shew how easily they can be removed. The plain sense is, *I know not what to think otherwise, but that she loves him with an enraged affection: It* (this affection) *is past the infinite of thought.* Here are no abrupt stops, or imperfect sentences. *Infinite* may well enough stand; it is used by more careful writers for *indefinite*: And the speaker only means, that *thought*, though in itself *unbounded*, cannot reach or estimate the degree of her passion.

*Leon.* No, and swears she never will; that's her torment.

*Claud.* 'Tis true, indeed, so your daughter says: shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

*Leon.* This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there she will sit in her smock; 'till she have writ a sheet of paper—my daughter tells us all.

*Claud.* Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

*Leon.* Oh,——when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the sheet.

*Claud.* That——

*Leon.* <sup>6</sup> O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest, to write to one that, she knew, wou'd flout her: I measure him, says she, by my own Spirit, for, I should flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.

*Claud.* Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; O sweet *Benedick*! God give me patience!

*Leon.* She doth, indeed, my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid, she will do desperate outrage to herself; it is very true.

<sup>6</sup> O, she tore the Letter into a thousand half-pence;] *i. e.* into a thousand Pieces of the same bigness. This is farther explained by a Passage in *As you like it*.

——There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are.

In both places the Poet alludes

to the old silver Penny which had a Crease running *ross-wise* over it, so that it might be broke into two or four equal pieces, half-pence, or farthings.

THEOBALD.

How the quotation explains the passage, to which it is applied, I cannot discover.



*Pedro.* It were good that *Benedick* knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

*Claud.* To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

*Pedro.* If he should, it were an Alms to hang him; she's an excellent sweet lady, and (out of all suspicion) she is virtuous.

*Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

*Pedro.* In every thing, but in loving *Benedick*.

*Leon.* O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

*Pedro.* I would, she had bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have dafft all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell *Benedick* of it; and hear what he will say.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you?

*Claud.* *Hero* thinks, surely she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustom'd crossness.

*Pedro.* She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.<sup>7</sup>

*Claud.* He is a very proper man.

*Pedro.* He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

*Claud.* 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wise.

*Pedro.* He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

*Pedro.* As *Hector*, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either

<sup>7</sup> *Contemptible spirit.*] That is, a temper inclined to scorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our authour uses

his verbal adjectives with great licence. There is therefore no need of changing the word with Sir *T. Hanmer* to *contemptuous*.

he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like fear.

*Leon.* If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

*Pedro.* And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your Niece: shall we go seek *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

*Claud.* Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible, she may wear her heart out first.

*Pedro.* Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love *Benedick* well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

*Leon.* My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

*Claud.* If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*

*Pedro.* Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meerly a Dumb Show; let us send her to call him to dinner. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E X.

*Benedick advances from the Arbour.*

*Bene.* This can be no trick, the conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from *Hero*; they seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear, how I am censur'd; they say, I will

bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry—I must not seem proud—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness. And virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it. And wise—but for loving me—by my troth, it is no addition to her wit—nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance to have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a batchelor, I did not think I should live 'till I were marry'd. Here comes *Beatrice*: by this day, she's a fair lady; I do spy some marks of love in her.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Beat.* Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

*Bene.* You take pleasure then in the message.

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal—You have no stomach, Signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

*Bene.* Ha! *against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*:—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me*;—that's as much as to say, any pains that



that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew; I will go get her picture. *[Exit.]*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Continues in the Orchard.*

*Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.*

HERO.

GOOD *Margaret*, run thee into the parlour,  
 There shalt thou find my Cousin *Beatrice*,  
 Proposing with the Prince and *Claudio*;  
 Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and *Ursula*  
 Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse  
 Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;  
 And bid her steal into the pleached Bower,  
 Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the Sun,  
 Forbid the Sun to enter; like to Favourites,  
 Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride.  
 Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,  
 To listen our Purpose; this is thy office,  
 Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant, presently. *[Exit.]*

*Hero.* Now, *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,  
 As we do trace this alley up and down,  
 Our Talk must only be of *Benedick*;  
 When I do name him, let it be thy Part  
 To praise him more than ever man did merit.  
 My Talk to thee must be, how *Benedick*  
 Is sick in love with *Beatrice*; of this matter  
 Is little *Cupid's* crafty arrow made,

That only wounds by hear-say : now begin.

*Enter Beatrice, running towards the Arbour.*

For look, where *Beatrice*, like a lapwing, runs  
Close by the ground to hear our conference.

*Urf.* The pleasant<sup>st</sup> angling is to see the fish  
Cut with her golden ears the silver stream,  
And greedily devour the treacherous bait ;  
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who e'en now  
Is couched in the woodbine-coverture ;  
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

*Hero.* Then go we near her, that her ear lose no-  
thing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. ———  
No, truly, *Ursula*, she's too disdainful ;  
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild  
As haggards of the rock.

*Urf.* But are you sure,  
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* so entirely ?

*Hero.* So says the Prince, and my new-trothed lord.

*Urf.* And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam ?

*Hero.* They did intreat me to acquaint her of it ;  
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,  
To wish him wrestle with affection,  
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

*Urf.* Why did you so ? doth not the Gentleman  
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,  
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon ?

*Hero.* O God of love ! I know, he doth deserve  
As much as may be yielded to a man :  
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart  
Of prouder stuff than that of *Beatrice*.  
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
<sup>s</sup> Mis-prizing what they look on ; and her wit  
Values itself so highly, that to her  
All matter else seems weak ; she cannot love,

<sup>s</sup> *Mis-prizing*.] Despising; contemning.

Nor take no shape nor project of affection,  
She is so self-indeared.

*Urs.* Sure, I think so;  
And therefore certainly it were not good  
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

*Hero.* Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,  
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,  
But she would spell him backward; if fair-fac'd,  
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;  
° If black, why Nature, drawing of an antick,  
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;  
¹ If low, an Aglet very vilely cut;  
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;  
If silent, why, a block moved with none.  
So turns she every man the wrong side out,  
And never gives to truth and virtue That,  
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

*Hero.* No; for to be so odd, and from all fashions,

° *If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick, Made a foul blot ;]* The *antick* was a buffoon character in the old *Eng ish* farces, with a *bl cked face*, and a *patch-work h. bit*. What I would observe from hence is, that the name of *antick* or *antique*, given to this character, shews that the people had some traditional ideas of its being borrowed from the *ancient mimes*, who are thus described by *Apuleius*, *mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obdusi*.

WARBURTON.

¹ *If low, an Agat very vilely cut ;]* But why an *agat*, if low? For what likeness between a *little man* and an *agat*? The ancients, indeed, used this stone to cut upon; but very exquisite-

ly. I make no question but the poet wrote;

—————*an Aglet very vilely cut ;*  
An *aglet* was the tagg of those points, formerly so much in fashion. These taggs were either of gold, silver, or brass, according to the quality of the wearer; and were commonly in the shape of little images; or at least had a head cut at the extremity. The *French* call them *aiguillettes*. *Mazeray*, speaking of *Henry III*d's sorrow for the death of the princess of *Conti*, says,—*portant meme sur les aiguillettes de petites tetes de Mort*. And as a *tall* man is before compar'd to a *Launce ill-headed*; so, by the same figure, a *little Man* is very aptly liken'd to an *Aglet ill-cut*.

WARBURTON.



As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable:  
 But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,  
 She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me  
 Out of myself, press me to death with wit.  
 Therefore let *Benedick*, like cover'd fire,  
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;  
 It were a better death than die with mocks,  
 Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

*Urf.* Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

*Hero.* No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,  
 And counsel him to fight against his passion.  
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders  
 To stain my Cousin with; one doth not know,  
 How much an ill word may impoison liking.

*Urf.* O, do not do your Cousin such a wrong.  
 She cannot be so much without true judgment,  
 Having so swift and excellent a wit,  
 As she is priz'd to have, as to refuse  
 So rare a gentleman as *Benedick*.

*Hero.* He is the only man in *Italy*,  
 Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.

*Urf.* I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,  
 Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick*,  
 For shape, for bearing, <sup>2</sup> argument and valour,  
 Goes foremost in report through *Italy*.

*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

*Urf.* His Excellence did earn it, ere he had it.  
 When are you marry'd, Madam?

*Hero.* Why, every day—to morrow—Come, go in,  
 I'll shew thee some attires, and have thy counsel  
 Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

*Urf.* <sup>3</sup> She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught  
 her, Madam.

*Hero.* If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;  
 Some *Cupids* kill with arrows, Some with traps. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *Argument.*] This word seems here to signify *discourse*, or, the powers of reasoning:

<sup>3</sup> *She's lim'd*] She is ensnared and entangled as a sparrow with *birdlime*.

Beatrice, *advancing*.

*Beat.* 4 What fire is in my ears? can this be true?  
 Stand I condemn'd for Pride and Scorn so much?  
 Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!  
 No glory lives behind the back of such.  
 And, *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee;  
 Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;<sup>5</sup>  
 If thou dost love, thy kindness shall incite thee  
 To bind our loves up in a holy band.  
 For others say, thou dost deserve; and I  
 Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

*Leonato's House.*

*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick and Leonato.*

*Pedro.* Do but stay 'till your marriage be consum-  
 mate, and then go I toward *Arragon*.

*Claud.* I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll  
 vouchsafe me.

*Pedro.* Nay, That would be as great a foil in the new  
 gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat  
 and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with  
*Benedick* for his company; for, from the crown of his  
 head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath  
 twice or thrice cut *Cupid's* bow-string, and the little  
 hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as

4 *What fire is in my ears?*—] Alluding to a proverbial saying of the common people, that their ears burn when others are talking of them. WARBURTON.

5 *Taming my wild heart to the loving hand*] This image

is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as *Haggards of the rock*; she therefore says, that *wild as her heart is, she will tame it to the hand.*

found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

*Claud.* I hope, he is in love.

*Pedro.* Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be sad, he wants mony.

*Bene.* I have the tooth-ach.

*Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it.

*Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

*Pedro.* What? sigh for the tooth-ach!

*Leon.* Which is but a humour, or a worm.

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

*Claud.* Yet say I, he is in love.

*Pedro.* <sup>6</sup> There is no appearance of fancy in him. unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to be a *Dutch* man to day, a *French* man to morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, a *German* from the waste downward, all stops; and a *Spaniard* from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

*Claud.* If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing o'd signs; he brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

*Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

*Claud.* No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuf't tennis-balls.

*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

<sup>6</sup> *There is no appearance of* *f:care* uses for *love* as well as for fancy, &c.] Here is a play upon the word *fancy*, which *Shake-* *humour, caprice, or affectation.*

*Pedro.*



*Pedro.* Nay, he rubs himself with civet; can you smell him out by that?

*Claud.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

*Pedro.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face?

*Pedro.* Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

*Claud.* Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string and now govern'd by stops ———

*Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, he is in love.

*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*Pedro.* That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all, dies for him.

*Pedro.* She shall be bury'd with her face upwards. <sup>7</sup>

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aside with me, I have study'd eight or nine wise words to speak to you which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

*Pedro.* For my life, to break with him about *Beatrice*.

*Claud.* 'Tis even so. *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this time play'd their parts with *Beatrice*; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

<sup>7</sup> *She shall be buried with her Face upwards.*] Thus the whole Set of Editions: But what is there any ways particular in This? Are not all Men and Women buried so? Sure, the Poet means, in Opposition to the general Rule, and by way of Distinction, with her *heels* upwards, or face downwards. I have cho-

sen the first Reading, because I find it the Expression in Vogue in our Author's time. THEOBALD.

This emendation, which appears to me very specious, is rejected by Dr. Warburton. The meaning seems to be, that she who acted upon principles contrary to others, should be buried with the same contrariety.

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Don John.*

*John.* My Lord and Brother, God save you.

*Pedro.* Good den, brother.

*John.* If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

*Pedro.* In private?

*John.* If it please you; yet Count *Claudio* may hear; for, what I would speak of, concerns him.

*Pedro.* What's the matter?

*John.* Means your lordship to be marry'd to morrow. [To Claudio.]

*Pedro.* You know, he does.

*John.* I know not that, when he knows what I know.

*Claud.* If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

*John.* You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter; and aim better at me by That I now will manifest; for my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, Suit ill spent, and Labour ill bestow'd!

*Pedro.* Why, what's the matter?

*John.* I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyal.

*Claud.* Who? *Hero*?

*John.* Even she; *Leonato's Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero*.

*Claud.* Disloyal?

*John.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not 'till further warrant; go but with me to night, you shall see her chamber window enter'd, even the night before

fore her wedding day ; if you love her, then to morrow wed her ; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

*Claud.* May this be so ?

*Pedro.* I will not think it. —

*John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know ; if you will follow me, I will shew you enough ; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

*Claud.* If I see any thing to night why I should not marry her to morrow ; in the Congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

*Pedro.* And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

*John.* I will disparage her no farther, 'till you are my witnessses. Bear it coldly but 'till night, and let the issue shew itself.

*Pedro.* O day untowardly turned !

*Claud.* O mischief strangely thwarting !

*John.* O plague right well prevented !

So you will say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to the Street.*

*Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.*

*Dogb.* ARE you good men and true ?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's Watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry.*

*Dogb.*



*Dogb.* First, who think you the most defartless man to be constable?

*1 Watch.* *Hugh Outcake, Sir, or George Seacole*; for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbour *Seacole*: God hath blest you with a good name; and to be a well-fav. ur'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

*2 Watch.* Both which, master constable——

*Dogb.* You have: I knew, it would be your answer. Well, for your Favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is <sup>8</sup> no need of such vanity: you are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the Constable of the Watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

*2 Watch.* How if he will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's Subjects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's Subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

*2 Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how Sleeping should offend; only have a care that your <sup>9</sup> Bills be not stolen:  
well,

<sup>8</sup> *no need of such vanity:]* should read therefore, MORE  
*Dogberry* is only absurd, not ab- need WARBURTON.  
solutely out of his senses. We <sup>9</sup> *B.l's be not stolen.]* A bill  
is

well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

*2 Watch.* How if they will not?

*Dogb.* Why then let them alone 'till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

*2 Watch.* Well, Sir.

*Dog.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him by virtue of your office to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

*2 Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have been always call'd a merciful man, Partner.

*Dogb.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

*2 Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

*Dogb.* Why, then depart in Peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'Tis very true.

*Dogb.* This is the end of the Charge: you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

is still carried by the watchmen at Lichfield. It was the old weapon of the English infantry, which, says *Temple*, gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds. It may be called *securis falcata*.

*Verg.*  
8

*Verg.* Nay, bi'rlady, that, I think, he cannot.

*Dogb.* Five shillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statues, he may stay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* Bi'rlady, I think, it be so.

*Dogb.* Ha, ha, ha! well, masters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellow's counfels and your own, and good night; come, neighbour.

*2 Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here upon the church-bench 'till two, and then all to bed.

*Dogb.* One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior *Leonato's* door, for the Wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coil to night; adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Borachio and Conrade.*

*Bora.* What! *Conrade*——

*Watch.* Peace, stir not. [Aside.]

*Bora.* *Conrade*, I say!

*Con.* Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

*Bora.* Mafs, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a scab follow.

*Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

*Bora.* Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

*Watch.* [Aside.] Some Treason, masters; yet stand close.

'*Bora.*



*Bora.* Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* a thousand ducats.

*Conr.* Is it possible that any Villany should be so dear?

*Bora.* Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

*Conr.* I wonder at it.

*Bora.* That shews, <sup>2</sup> thou art unconfirm'd; thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man.

*Conr.* Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora.* I mean the fashion.

*Conr.* Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

*Bora.* Tush, I may as well say, the fool's the fool; but see'st thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

*Watch.* I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief these seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

*Bora.* Didst thou not hear some body?

*Conr.* No, 'twas the vane on the house.

*Bora.* Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty; sometimes, fashioning them like *Pbarao's* soldiers in the reechy Painting; sometimes, like the God *Bell's* priests in the old church-window; <sup>3</sup> sometimes, like the shaven *Hercules*

<sup>1</sup> any VILLANY should be so rich?] The sense absolutely requires us, to read VILLAIN.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> thou art unconfirmed;] i. e. unpractised in the ways of the World.

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> sometimes, like the shaven Hercules, &c.] By the shaven

VOL. III.

Hercules is meant *Samson*, the usual subject of old tapestry. In this ridicule on the fashion, the poet has not unartfully given a stroke at the barbarous workmanship of the common Tapestry hangings, then so much in use. The same kind of raillery *Cervantes* has employed on the like occasion,

*cules* in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club.

*Conr.* All this I see, and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

*Bora.* Not so neither; but know, that I have to-night wooed *Margaret*, the Lady *Hero's* Gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale vilely—I should first tell thee, how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my master, planted and placed, and possessed by my master *Don John*, saw a far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

*Conr.* And thought they, *Margaret* was *Hero*?

*Bora.* Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*; but the devil my master knew she was *Margaret*; and partly by his oaths, which first possess them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that *Don John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged; swore, he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there before the whole

occasion, when he brings his knight and squire to an inn, where they found the story of *Dido* and *Aneas* represented in bad tapestry. On *Sancho's* seeing the tears fall from the eyes of the forsaken queen as big as walnuts, he hopes that when their achievements became the general subject for these sort of works, that fortune will send them a better artist.—What authorized the poet to give this name to *Samson* was the folly of certain christian mythologists, who pretend that the Grecian *Hercules* was the Jewish *Samson*. The

retinue of our author is to be commended: The sober audience of that time would have been offended with the mention of a venerable name on so light an occasion. *Shakespear* is indeed sometimes licentious in these matters: But to do him justice, he generally seems to have a sense of religion, and to be under its influence. What *Pedro* says of *Benedick*, in this comedy, may be well enough applied to him. *The man doth fear God, however it seems not to be in him by some large jests he will make* WARBURTON.

Con-

Congregation shame her with what he saw o'er night,  
and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch*. We charge you in the Prince's name,  
stand.

2 *Watch*. Call up the right master constable; we  
have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lech-  
ery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 *Watch*. And one *Deformed* is one of them; I  
know him, he wears a lock.

*Conr*. Masters, masters, <sup>4</sup>————

2 *Watch*. You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I  
warrant you.

*Conr*. Masters,————

1 *Watch*. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey  
you to go with us.

*Bora*. We are like to prove a goodly Commodity,  
being taken up of these mens bills.

*Conr*. A commodity in question, I warrant you.  
Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

*Hero's Apartment in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Hero, Margaret and Ursula.*

*Hero*. GOOD *Ursula*, wake my cousin *Beatrice*,  
and desire her to rise.

*Urs*. I will, lady.

*Hero*. And bid her come hither.

<sup>4</sup> In former copies:

*Conr*. *Masters, Masters,*——

2 *Watch*. *You'll be made bring  
Deformed forth, I warrant you,*

*Conr*. *Masters, never speak,  
we charge you, let us obey you to go  
with us.]*

The Regulation which  
I have made in this last Speech,  
tho' against the Authority of all

the printed Copies, I flatter my-  
self, carries its Proof with it.

*Conrade* and *Borachio* are not de-  
signed to talk absurd Nonsense.

It is evident therefore, that *Con-  
rade* is attempting his own Justi-  
fication; but is interrupted in it

by the Impertinence of the Men  
in Office.

THEOBALD.



*Urf.* Well:

[*Exit Ursula.*

*Marg.* Troth, I think, your other <sup>s</sup> Rabato were better.

*Hero.* No, pray thee, good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

*Marg.* By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

*Marg.* I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the Dutchess of *Milan's* gown, that they praise so.

*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say.

*Marg.* By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls down-sleeves, side-sleeves and skirts, round underborne with a blueish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

*Marg.* 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

*Hero.* Fie upon thee, art not ashamed?

*Marg.* Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say (saving your reverence) a husband. If bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a Husband? none, I think, if it be the right Husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy; ask my lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

<sup>s</sup> *Rabato.*] A Neckband; a Ruff. *Rabat.* French. HANMER.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet *Hero*.

*Hero.* Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Marg.* Clap us into <sup>6</sup> *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Yes, *Light o' love* with your heels; then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack <sup>7</sup> no barns.

*Marg.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

*Beat.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill—hey ho!

*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* <sup>8</sup> For the letter that begins them all, H.

*Marg.* Well, if you be not <sup>9</sup> turn'd *Turk*, there's no more failing by the star.

*Beat.* What means the fool, trow?

*Marg.* Nothing I, but God send every one their heart's desire!

*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

<sup>6</sup> *Light o' love.*] A tune so called; which has been already mentioned by our authour.

<sup>7</sup> *No barns.*] A quibble between *barns*, repositories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children.

<sup>8</sup> *For the letter that begins them all, H.*] This is a poor jest, somewhat obscured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation.

*Margaret* asks *Beatrice* for what she cries, *hey ho*; *Beatrice* answers, for an *H*, that is, for an *ache* or *pain*.

<sup>9</sup> *turn'd Turk*] *i. e.* taken captive by Love, and turn'd a Renegado to his religion.

WARBURTON.

This interpretation is somewhat far-fetched, yet, perhaps, it is right.

*Beat.* I am stufft, cousin, I cannot smell.

*Marg.* A maid, and stufft! there's goodly catching of cold.

*Beat.* O, God help me, God help me, how long have you profest apprehension?

*Marg.* Ever since you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

*Beat.* It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap—By my troth, I am sick.

*Marg.* Get you some of this distill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

*Beat.* *Benedictus*? why *Benedictus*? you have some moral in this *Benedictus*.

*Marg.* Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thistle: you may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, bi'rlady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love; yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man; he swore, he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

\* *Some moral.*] That is, some secret meaning, like the *moral* of a fable.

~ *He eats his meat without grudging*] I do not see how this is a proof of *Benedick's* change of mind. It would afford more proof of amorousness to say, *he eats not his meat without grudging*; but it is impossible to fix

the meaning of proverbial expressions: perhaps, *to eat meat without grudging*, was the same as *to do as others do*, and the meaning is, *he is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notwithstanding his boasts, like other mortals, to have a wife*.

*Beat.*



*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

*Marg.* Not a false gallop.

*Enter Ursula.*

*Urs.* Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the Gallants of the town are come to fetch you to Church.

*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

*Another Apartment in Leonato's House.*

*Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.*

*Leon.* **W**HAT would you with me, honest neighbour?

*Dogb.* Marry, Sir, I would have some confidence with you, that discerns you nearly.

*Leon.* Brief, I pray you; for, you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

*Dogb.* Marry, this it is, Sir.

*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

*Leon.* What is it, my good friends?

*Dogb.* Goodman *Verges*, Sir, speaks a little of the matter: an old man, Sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, as honest as the skin between his brows.

*Verg.* Yes, I thank God, <sup>3</sup> I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

*Dogb.*

<sup>3</sup> *I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.*] There is much humour, and extreme good sense under the covering of this blundering expression. It is a sly insinuation that length of years, and the being much *back-nied in the ways of men*, as *Shakespear* expresses it, take off the gloss of virtue, and bring much defilement on the manners.

*Dogb.* Comparisons are odorous; *palabras*, neighbour *Verges*.

*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious.

*Dogb.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

*Leon.* All thy tediousness on me, ha?

*Dogb.* Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

*Verg.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.

*Verg.* Marry, Sir, our Watch to night, excepting your Worship's presence, hath ta'en a couple of as ar-rant knaves as any in *Messina*.

*Dogb.* A good old man, Sir; he will be talking, as they say; when the age is in, the wit is out; God help us, it is a world to see—well said, i'faith, neighbour *Verges*—well, he's a good man; \* an two men ride an horse, one must ride behind—an honest soul, i'faith, Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worshipp'd; all men are not alike, alas, good neighbour!

*Leon.* Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

*Dogb.* Gifts, that God gives.

*Leon.* I must leave you.

For as a great Wit says, *Youth is the season of Virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest.*      *WARBURTON.*

Much of this is true, but I believe *Shakespeare* did not intend to bestow all this reflection on the speaker.

\* *If two men ride, &c.]* This

is not out of place, or without meaning. *Dogberry*, in his vanity of superiour parts, apologizing for his neighbour, observes, that, *of two men on a horse, one must ride behind.* The first place of rank, or understanding, can belong but to *one*, and that happy *one* ought not to despise his inferiour.

*Dogb.*

*Dogb.* One word, Sir; our Watch have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons; and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worship.

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

*Dogb.* It shall be suffigance.

*Leon.* Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

*Leon.* I'll wait upon them. I am ready.

*[Exeunt Leonato.*

*Dogb.* Go, good Partner, go get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine those men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dogb.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant; here's That *[touching his forehead]* shall drive some of them to a non-come. Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the Jail.

*Exeunt.*

A C T



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

## A CHURCH.

*Enter* D. Pedro, D. John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, *and* Beatrice.

## LEONATO.

COME, friar *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Friar.* You come hither, my Lord, to marry this lady?

*Claud.* No.

*Leon.* To be marry'd to her, Friar. You come to marry her.

*Friar.* Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count.

*Hero.* I do.

*Friar.* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

*Claud.* Know you any, *Hero*?

*Hero.* None, my Lord.

*Friar.* Know you any, Count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer, none.

*Claud.* O what men dare do! what men may do!  
what

Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

*Bene.* How now! Interjections? why, then <sup>s</sup> some be of laughing, as, ha, ha, he!

*Claud.* Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave; Will you with free and unconstrained soul

<sup>s</sup> *Some be of laughing.*] This is a quotation from the *Accidence*.

Give me this maid your daughter ?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as God did give her me.

*Claud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift ?

*Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render her again.

*Claud.* Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness :

There, *Leonato*, take her back again ;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend.

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour :

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here !

O, what authority and shew of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal !

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue ? would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shews ? but she is none :

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed ; <sup>6</sup>

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my Lord ?

*Claud.* Not to be marry'd,

Not knit my soul to an approved Wanton.

*Leon.* Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof <sup>7</sup>

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity —

*Claud.* I know what you would say. If I have known her,

<sup>6</sup> — *luxurious bed* ;] That is, *lascivious*. *Luxury* is the confessor's term for unlawful pleasures of the sex.

<sup>7</sup> *Dear my Lord, if you in your own Proof.*] I am surpriz'd, the Poetical Editors did not observe the Lameness of this Verse. It evidently wants a Syllable in the last Foot, which I have restor'd by a Word, which, I pre-

sume, the first Editors might hesitate at ; tho' it is a very proper one, and a Word elsewhere used by our Author. Besides, in the Passage under Examination, this Word comes in almost necessarily, as *Claudio* had said in the Line immediately preceding ;

*Not knit my Soul to an approved Wanton.*

THEOBALD.

You'll

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,  
And so extenuate the forehead sin.

No, *Leonato*,

I never tempted her with word too large;<sup>8</sup>  
But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd  
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

*Hero*. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

*Claud*. Out on thy Seeming! I will write against it:<sup>9</sup>  
You seem to me as *Dian* in her orb,  
As chaste as is the bud<sup>1</sup> ere it be blown:  
But you are more intemperate in your blood  
Than *Venus*, or those pamper'd animals  
That rage in savage sensuality.

*Hero*. Is my Lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

*Leon*. Sweet Prince, why speak not you?

*Pedro*. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about  
To link my dear friend to a common Stale.

*Leon*. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

*John*. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

*Bene*. This looks not like a Nuptial,

*Hero*. True! O God!

*Claud*. *Leonato*, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's Brother?

Is this face *Hero's*? are our eyes our own?

*Leon*. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

*Claud*. Let me but move one question to your  
daughter,

And, by that fatherly and kindly power<sup>2</sup>  
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

<sup>8</sup> — word too large;] So he uses large jests in this play, for licentious, not restrained within due bounds.

<sup>9</sup> — I will write against it;] What? a libel? nonsense. We should read, I will RATE against it, i. e. rail or revile.

As to subscribe to any thing is to allow it, so to write against is to disallow or deny.

<sup>1</sup> — chaste as is the bud] Before the air has tasted its sweetness.

<sup>2</sup> — kindly power] That is, natural power. Kind is nature.



*Leon.* I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

*Hero.* O God defend me, how am I beset!

What kind of catechizing call you this?

*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your name.

*Hero.* Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name  
With any just reproach?

*Claud.* Marry, that can *Hero*;

*Hero* herself can blot out *Hero's* virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.

*Pedro.* Why, then you are no maiden. *Leonato,*  
I am sorry, you must hear; upon mine Honour,  
Myself, my Brother, and this grieved Count  
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night  
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;  
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,<sup>3</sup>  
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had  
A thousand times in secret.

*John.* Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,  
Not to be spoken of;

There is not chastity enough in language,  
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,  
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

*Claud.* O *Hero!* what a *Hero* hadst thou been,<sup>4</sup>  
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd  
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart?  
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,  
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!  
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
And on my eyelids shall Conjecture hang,  
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;

<sup>3</sup> — liberal villa'n, ] Li- illiberal.

beral here, as in many places of these plays, means, frank beyond honesty or decency. Free of tongue. Dr. Warburton unnecessarily reads

<sup>4</sup> I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word *Hero*.

And never shall it more be gracious.

*Leon.* Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

*Beat.* Why, how now, Cousin, wherefore sink you down?

*John.* Come, let us go; these things, come thus to light,  
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exe. D. Pedro, D. John and Claud.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Bene.* How doth the lady?

*Beat.* Dead, I think; help, uncle.

*Hero!* why, *Hero!* uncle! Signior *Benedick!* friar!

*Leon.* O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;  
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,  
That may be wish'd for.

*Beat.* How now, cousin *Hero*?

*Friar.* Have comfort, Lady.

*Leon.* Dost thou look up?

*Friar.* Yea, wherefore should she not?

*Leon.* Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? could she here deny  
The story that is printed in her blood?<sup>5</sup>  
Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:  
For did I think, thou wouldst not quickly die,  
Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,  
Myself would on the rereward of reproaches  
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?  
Chid I for That at frugal nature's frame?<sup>6</sup>

I've

<sup>5</sup> *The story that is printed in her blood?* ] That is, the story which her blushes discover to be true.

<sup>6</sup> — Griev'd I, I had but one?

*Chid I for That at frugal nature's FRAME?*

*I've one too much by thee.* — ] The meaning of the second line according to the present reading, is this, *Chid I at frugal nature that*

I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?  
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?  
 Why had I not, with charitable hand,  
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?  
 Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamy,  
 I might have said, no part of it is mine;  
 This shame derives itself from unknown loins.  
 But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,  
 And mine that I was proud on, <sup>7</sup> mine so much,  
 That I myself was to myself not mine,  
 Valuing of her; why, she,—O, she is fall'n  
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea  
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;

*that she sent me a girl and not a boy?* But this is not what he chid nature for; if he himself may be believed, it was because she had given him *but one*: and in that he owns he did foolishly, for he now finds he had *one too much*. He called her *frugal*, therefore, in giving him but one child. (For to call her so because she chose to send a girl, rather than a boy, would be ridiculous) So that we must certainly read,

*Chid I for this at frugal nature's 'FRINE, i. e. refraine, or keeping back her further favours, stopping her hand, as we say, when she had given him one.* But the Oxford Editor has, in his usual way, improved this amendment, by substituting *hand* for *'fraine*.

WARBURTON.

Though *frame* be not the word which appears to a reader of the present time most proper to exhibit the poet's sentiment, yet it may as well be used to shew that he had *one child*, and *no more*, as that he had a *girl*, not a *boy*, and

as it may easily signify *the system of things, or universal scheme*, the whole order of beings is comprehended, there arises no difficulty from it which requires to be removed by so violent an effort as the introduction of a new word offensively mutilated.

*7 But mine, AND mine I lov'd,  
 AND mine I prais'd,*

*AND mine that I was proud on,——]* The sense requires that we should read, as in these three places The reasoning of the speaker stands thus,—*Had this been my adopted child, this shame would not have rebounded on me. But this child was mine, AS mine I loved her, praised her, was proud of her: consequently, as I claimed the glory I must needs be subjected to the shame, &c.*

WARBURTON.

Even of this small alteration there is no need. The speaker utters his emotion abruptly. But *mine, and mine that I lov'd, &c.* by an ellipsis frequent, perhaps too frequent, both in verse and prose.

And



And salt too little, which may season give  
To her foul tainted flesh!

*Bene.* Sir, Sir, be patient;  
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,  
I know not what to say.

*Beat.* O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd.

*Bene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

*Beat.* No, truly, not; altho' until last night  
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, That is stronger  
made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.  
Would the two Princes lie? and *Claudio* lie?  
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,  
Wash'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.

*Friar.* Hear me a little,  
For I have only been silent so long,  
And given way unto this course of fortune,  
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd  
A thousand blushing apparitions  
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,  
To burn the errors that these Princes hold  
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,  
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,  
Which with experimental seal do warrant  
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,  
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
Under some biting error.

*Leon.* Friar, it cannot be;  
Thou seest, that all the grace, that she hath left,  
Is, that she will not add to her damnation  
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:  
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse  
That, which appears in proper nakedness?

*Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of? <sup>8</sup>

*Hero.* They know, that do accuse me; I know none:

If I know more of any man alive,  
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,  
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,  
Prove you that any man with me convers'd  
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight  
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,  
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

*Friar.* There is some strange misprision in the Princes.

*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent of honour, <sup>9</sup>  
And if their wisdoms be mis-led in this,  
The Practice of it lives in *John* the bastard,  
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

*Leon.* I know not: if they speak but truth of her,  
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,  
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,  
Nor age so eat up my invention,  
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,

<sup>8</sup> *Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of? ] The friar had just before boasted his great skill in fishing out the truth. And indeed, he appears, by this question, to be no fool. He was by, all the while at the accusation, and heard no names mentioned. Why then should he ask her what man she was accused of? But in this lay the subtilty of his examination: For had *Hero* been guilty, it was very probable that, in that hurry and confusion of spirits, into which the terrible insult of her lover had thrown her, she would never have observed that the man's name was not mentioned; and so, on this question, have

betrayed herself by naming the person she was conscious of an affair with. The friar observed this, and so concluded, that were she guilty she would probably fall into the trap he laid for her. — I only take notice of this to shew how admirably well *Shakespeare* knew how to sustain his characters. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> — bent of honour,] *Bent* is used by our authour for the utmost degree of any passion or mental quality. In this play before, *Benedick* says of *Beatrice*, her affliction has its full bent. The expression is derived from archery; the bow has its bent when it is drawn as far as it can be.

Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,  
 But they shall find awak'd, in such a kind,  
 Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,  
 Ability in means, and choice of friends,  
 To quit me of them thoroughly.

*Friar.* Pause a while,  
 And let my counsel sway you in this case.  
 Your daughter here the Princes left for dead;<sup>1</sup>  
 Let her awhile be secretly kept in,  
 And publish it, that she is dead, indeed:  
 Maintain a mourning<sup>2</sup> ostentation,  
 And on your family's old Monument  
 Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites  
 That appertain unto a burial.

*Leon.* What shall become of this? what will this do?

*Friar.* Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her behalf

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:  
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,  
 But on this travail look for greater birth:  
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
 Upon the instant that she was accus'd,  
 Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,  
 Of every hearer: for it so falls out,  
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,  
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,  
 Why, then we reck the value; then we find  
 The virtue that possession would not shew us  
 Whilst it was ours; so will it fare with *Claudio*:

<sup>1</sup> In former copies,  
*Your Daughter here the Prin-*  
*cess (left for dead;]* But  
 how comes *Hero* to start up a  
*Princess* here? We have no In-  
 timation of her Father being a  
 Prince; and this is the first and  
 only Time that she is compli-  
 mented with this Dignity. The  
 Remotion of a single Letter, and  
 of the *Parentbesis*, will bring her

to her own Rank, and the Place  
 to its true Meaning.

*Your Daughter here the Princes*  
*left for dead;*

i. e. *Don Pedro*, Prince of *Ar-*  
*ragon*; and his Bastard Brother  
 who is likewise called a Prince.

THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> ——— ostentation, ] Show;  
 appearance.



When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words;  
 Th' idea of her Life shall sweetly creep  
 Into his study of imagination,  
 And every lovely organ of her life  
 Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit;  
 More moving, delicate, and full of life,  
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
 Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn,  
 If ever love had interest in his liver,  
 And wish, he had not so accused her;  
 No, though he thought his accusation true:  
 Let this be so, and doubt not, but success  
 Will fashion the event in better shape  
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.  
 But if all Aim but this be levell'd false,  
 The supposition of the lady's death  
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy.  
 And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,  
 As best befits her wounded reputation,  
 In some reclusive and religious life,  
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

*Bene.* Signior *Leonata*, let the friar advise you:  
 And though, you know, my inwardness and love  
 Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,  
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this  
 As secretly and justly as your soul  
 Should with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief,  
 The smallest twine may lead me. <sup>3</sup>

*Friar.* 'Tis well consented, presently away;  
 For to strange fores, strangely they strain the cure.

<sup>3</sup> *The smallest twine may lead me.* ] This is one of our authour's observations upon life. Men over-powered with distress eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every

scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself, is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him.

Come, lady, die to live ; this wedding day,  
Perhaps, is but prolong'd : have patience and en-  
dure. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E III. 4

*Manent* Benedick and Beatrice.

*Bene.* Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while ?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason, I do it freely.

*Bene.* Surely, I do believe, your fair cousin is  
wrong'd.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserve of me,  
that would right her !

*Bene.* Is there any way to shew such friendship ?

*Beat.* A very even way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it ?

*Beat.* It is a man's office, but not yours.

*Bene.* I do love nothing in the world so well as you ;  
is not that strange ?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not ; it were  
as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as  
you ; but believe me not ; and yet I lie not ; I con-

[ SCENE III.] The poet, in my opinion, has shewn a great deal of address in this scene. *Beatrice* here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her cousin *Hero* : And without this very natural incident, considering the character of *Beatrice*, and that the story of her Passion for *Benedick* was all a fable, she could never have been easily or naturally brought to confess she loved him, notwithstanding all the foregoing preparation. And

yet, on this confession, in this very place, depended the whole success of the plot upon her and *Benedick*. For had she not owned her love here, they must have soon found out the trick, and then the design of bringing them together had been defeated ; and she would never have owned a passion she had been only tricked into, had not her desire of revenging her cousin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once. WARBURTON.

feels nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'st me.

*Beat.* Do not swear by it, and eat it.

*Bene.* I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devis'd to it; I protest, I love thee.

*Beat.* Why then, God forgive me.

*Bene.* What offence, sweet *Beatrice*?

*Beat.* You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I lov'd you.

*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

*Bene.* Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

*Beat.* Kill *Claudio*.

*Bene.* Ha! not for the wide world.

*Beat.* You kill me to deny; farewell.

*Bene.* Tarry, sweet *Beatrice*.

*Beat.* I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

*Bene.* *Beatrice*,——

*Beat.* In faith, I will go.

*Bene.* We'll be friends first.

*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

*Bene.* Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

*Beat.* Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman! O, that I were a man! what! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with publick accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour — O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

*Bene.* Hear me, *Beatrice*.



*Beat.* Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

*Bene.* Nay, but *Beatrice*.

*Beat.* Sweet *Hero*! she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

*Bene.* *Beat*——

*Beat.* Princes and Counts! surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect, a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! but manhood is melted into curtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lye, and swears it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

*Bene.* Tarry, good *Beatrice*; by this hand, I love thee.

*Beat.* Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

*Bene.* Think you in your soul, the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

*Bene.* Enough, I am engag'd; I will challenge him, I will kiss your hand, and so leave you; by this hand, *Claudio* shall render me a dear account; as you hear of me, so think of me; go comfort your cousin; I must say, she is dead, and so farewell. [ *Exeunt.*

#### S C E N E IV.

*Changes to a Prison.*

*Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.*

*To. Cl.* IS our whole dissembly appear'd?

*Dogb.* O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

*Sexton.*

*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors ?

*Verg.* Marry, that am I and my Partner.

*Dogb.* Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd ? let them come before master constable.

*To. Cl.* Yea, marry, let them come before me ; what is your name, friend ?

*Bora.* *Borachio.*

*To. Cl.* Pray, write down, *Borachio.* Yours, Sirrah ?

*Conr.* I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is *Conrade.*

*To. Cl.* Write down, master gentleman *Conrade* ; masters, do you serve God ?

*Both.* Yea, Sir, we hope. <sup>s</sup>

*To. Cl.* Write down, that they hope they serve God : and write God first : for God defend, but God should go before such villains.—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly ; how answer you for yourselves ?

*Conr.* Marry, Sir, we say, we are none.

*To. Cl.* A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah, a word in your ear, Sir ; I say to you, it is thought you are both false knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.

*To. Cl.* Well, stand aside ; 'fore God, they are both in a tale ; have you writ down, that they are none ?

*Sexton.* Master town-clerk, you go not the way to

<sup>s</sup> Both. Yea, Sir, we hope.

*To. Cl.* Write down that they hope they serve God : and write God first ; for God defend, but God should go before such Villains ;—] This short Passage, which is truly humorous and in character, I

have added from the old *Quarto.* Besides, it supplies a Defect : for, without it, the *Town Clerk* asks a Question of the Prisoners, and goes on without staying for any Answer to it. THEOBALD.

examine, you must call the watch that are their accusers.

<sup>6</sup> *To Cl.* Yea, marry, that's the deffest way, let the Watch come forth; masters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuse these men.

*Enter Watchmen.*

*1 Watch.* This man said, Sir, that Don *John* the Prince's brother was a villain.

*To. Cl.* Write down, Prince *John* a villain; why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

*Bora.* Master town-clerk——

*To. Cl.* Pray thee, fellow, Peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

*Sexton.* What heard you him say else?

*2 Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thousand ducats of Don *John*, for accusing the lady *Hero* wrongfully.

*To. Cl.* Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

*Dogb.* Yea, by th' ma's, that it is.

*Sexton.* What else, fellow?

*1 Watch.* And that Count *Claudio* did mean, upon

<sup>6</sup> *To. Cl.* *Yea, marry, that's the easiest Way, let the Watch come forth.*] This, *easiest*, is a Sophistication of our modern Editors, who were at a Loss to make out the corrupted Reading of the old Copies. The *Quarto*, in 1600, and the first and second Editions in *Folio* all concur in reading;

*Yea, marry, that's the easiest way, &c.*

A Letter happen'd to slip out at Press in the first Edition; and 'twas too hard a Task for the subsequent Editors to put it in, or

guess at the Word under this accidental Depravation. There is no doubt, but the Author wrote, as I have restor'd the Text;

*Yea, marry, that's the deffest way, &c.*

i. e. the *readiest*, most *commodious* Way. The Word is pure *Saxon*. *Deaplice, debite, congrue, duely, fitly. Gedæplice, opportune, commode, fitly, conveniently, feasonably, in good time, commodiously.*

*Vid. Spelman's Saxon Gloss,*  
THEOBALD.

his



his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*To. Cl.* O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

*Sexton.* What else?

*2 Watch.* This is all.

*Sexton.* And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince *John* is this morning secretly stoll'n away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly dy'd. Master Constable, let these men be bound and brought to *Leonato*; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [Exit.

*Dogb.* Come let them be opinion'd.

*Sexton.* Let them be in hand. ?

*Conr.:*

7 *Sexton.* *Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb.*] So the Editions. Mr. *Theobald* gives the words to *Conrade*, and says, *But why the Sexton should be so pert upon his Brother Officers, there seems no reason from any superior qualifications in him; or any suspicion he shews of knowing their ignorance.* This is strange. The Sexton throughout shews as good sense in their Examination as any Judge upon the bench could do. And as to his suspicion of their ignorance, he tells the Town-clerk *That he goes not the way to examine.* The meanness of his name hindered our Editor from seeing the Goodness of his Sense. But this *Sexton* was an Ecclesiastic of one of the inferior Orders called the *Sacristan*, and not a *Brother Officer*, as the Editor calls him. I suppose the book from whence the Poet took his subject was some old *English* novel translated from the *Italian*, where

the word *Sagristano* was rendered *Sexton.* As in *Fairfax's Godfrey of Boulogne*;

*When Phœbus next unclos'd his  
wakeful eye,*

*Up rose the SEXTON of that  
place profane.*

The passage then in question is to be read thus,

*Sexton.* *Let them be in hand.*

[Exit:

*Conr. Off, Coxcomb!*

*Dogberry* would have them pinion'd. The *Sexton* says, it was sufficient if they were kept in safe custody, and then goes out. When one of the watchmen comes up to bind them, *Conrade* says, *Off, Coxcomb!* as he says afterwards to the Constable, *Away! you are an ass.*—But the Editor adds, *The old Quarto gave me the first umbrage for placing it to Conrade.* What these words mean I don't know: But I suspect the old Quarto divides the passage as I have done. WARB,  
There

*Cour.* Off, *Coxcomb*.

*Dogb.* God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb*: come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

*Cour.* Away! you are an afs, you are an afs.—

*Dogb.* Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an afs! but, masters, remember, that I am an afs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an afs; no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness; I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, an householder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in *Messina*, and one that knows the law; go to, and a rich fellow enough; go to, and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him; bring him away; O, that I had been writ down an afs! —————

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Before Leonato's House.*

*Enter Leonato and Antonio.*

A N T O N I O.

**I**F you go on thus, you will kill yourself;  
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief  
Against your self.

*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel,  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
As water in a sieve; give not me counsel,  
Nor let no Comforter delight mine ear,

There is nothing in the old quarto different in this scene from the common copies, except that the names of two actors, *Kempe* and *Cooley*, are placed at the beginning of the speeches, instead of the proper words

But

But such a one whose wrongs do suite with mine.  
 Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,  
 Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
 And bid him speak of patience ;  
 Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,  
 And let it answer every strain for strain :  
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,  
 In every lineament, branch, shape and form.  
 If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, <sup>s</sup>  
 And, Sorrow wag ! cry ; hem, when he should groan ;  
 Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk  
 With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,  
 And I of him will gather patience.  
 But there is no such man ; for, brother, men  
 Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief

<sup>s</sup> *If such a one will smile, and stroke his Beard,*  
*And hallow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan,*] Mr. Rowe is the first Authority that I can find for this Reading. But what is the Intention, or how are we to expound it ? “ If a Man will *halloo*, and *wobop*, and *fidget*, and *wriggle about*, to shew a Pleasure when He should groan,” &c. This does not give much *Decorum* to the Sentiment. The old *Quarto*, and the 1st and 2d *Folio* Editions all read,  
*And sorrow, wagge, cry hem, &c.*  
 We don't, indeed, get much by this Reading ; tho', I flatter myself, by a slight Alteration it has led me to the true one,  
*And Sorrow wage ; cry, hem ! when he should groan ;*  
 i. e. If such a one will combat with, strive against Sorrow, &c. Nor is this Word infrequent with our Author in these Significa-

tions. THEOBALD,  
 Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, for *wag* read *waiwe*, which is, I suppose, the same as, *put aside*, or *shift off*. None of these conjectures satisfy me, nor perhaps any other reader. I cannot but think the true reading nearer than it is imagined. I point thus,  
*If such an one will smile, and stroke his beard,*  
*And, sorrow wag ! cry ; hem, when he should groan ;*  
 That is, *If he will smile, and cry sorrow he gone, and hem instead of groaning.* The order in which *and* and *cry* are placed is harsh, and this harshness made the sense mistaken. Range the words in the common order, and my reading will be free from all difficulty.  
*If such an one will smile, and stroke his beard,*  
*Cry, sorrow, wag ! and hem when he should groan.*

Which



Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,  
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
 Would give preceptial medicine to rage;  
 Fetter strong madness in a filken thread;  
 Charm ach with air, and agony with words.  
 No, no; 'tis all mens office to speak patience  
 To those, that wring under the load of sorrow;  
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
 To be so moral, when he shall endure  
 The like himself; therefore give me no counsel;  
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement. <sup>9</sup>

*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing differ.

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;  
 For there was never yet philosopher,  
 That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;  
 However they have writ the style of Gods, <sup>1</sup>  
 And made a pish at chance and sufferance. <sup>2</sup>

*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself:  
 Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason; nay, I will do so.  
 My soul doth tell me, *Hero* is bely'd;  
 And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince;  
 And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Don Pedro, and Claudio.*

*Ant.* Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* hastily.

*Pedro.* Good den, good den.

<sup>9</sup> — *than advertisement.*] That is, than admonition, than moral instruction.

<sup>1</sup> *However they have writ the style of Gods.*] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wise men. *Sapiens ille cum Diis, ex pari, vivit.* Senec. Ep. 59. Jupiter

*quo antecedit virum bonum? divitius bonus est. Sapiens nihilo se minoris aestimat.—Deus non vincit Sapientem felicitate.* Ep. 73.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *And made a pish at chance and sufferance.*] Alludes to their famous *Apathy*.

WARBURTON.

*Claud.*

## ABOUT NOTHING.

*Claud.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Hear you, my lords?

*Pedro.* We have some haste, *Leonato*.

*Leon.* Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well,  
my lord.

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

*Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

*Ant.* If he could right himself with quarrelling,  
Some of us would lye low.

*Claud.* Who wrongs him?

*Leon.* Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler,  
hou!

Nay, n . . lay thy hand upon thy sword,  
I fear thee not.

*Claud.* Marry, beshrew my hand,  
If it should give your age such cause of fear;  
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

*Leon.* Tush, tush, man, never flear and jest at me;  
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;  
As, under privilege of age, to brag  
What I have done being young, or what would do,  
Were I not old: know, *Claudio*, to thy head,  
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,  
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;  
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,  
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man;  
I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child,  
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,  
And she lyes bury'd with her ancestors,  
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,  
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!

*Claud.* My villany?

*Leon.* Thine, *Claudio*; thine, I say.

*Pedro.* You say not right, old man.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;  
Despight his nice fence and his active practice,  
His *May* of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

*Claud.*

M U C H A D O

*Claud.* Away, I will not have to do with you.

*Leon.* <sup>3</sup> Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kill'd my child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

*Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men indeed; <sup>4</sup>  
But that's no matter, let him kill one first;

Win me and wear me, let him answer me;

Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me;

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

*Leon.* Brother ~~Anthony~~—

*Ant.* Content yourself; God knows, I lov'd my Niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.

Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkfops!

*Leon.* Brother *Anthony*—

*Ant.* Hold you content; what, man? I know them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,

<sup>3</sup> *Canst Thou so daffe me?*— ] This is a Country Word, Mr. *Pope* tells us, signifying, *daunt*. It may be so; but that is not the Exposition here: To *daffe*, and *doffe* are synonymous Terms, that mean, to *put off*: which is the very Sense requir'd here, and what *Leonato* would reply, upon *Claudius's* saying, He would have nothing to do with him.

THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> *Ant.* *He shall kill two of us, &c.*] This *Brother Anthony* is the truest picture imaginable of human nature. He had assumed the Character of a Sage to comfort his Brother, o'er-

whelm'd with grief for his only daughter's affront and dishonour; and had severely reprov'd him for not commanding his passion better on so trying an occasion. Yet, immediately after this, no sooner does he begin to suspect that his *Age* and *Valour* are slighted, but he falls into the most intemperate fit of rage himself: and all his Brother can do or say is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactness of Judgment peculiar to *Shakespeare*. As to the expression, too, of his passion, nothing can be more highly painted. WARB.

That



That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,  
Go antickly, and show an outward hideousness,  
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,  
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;  
And this is all.

*Leon.* But, brother *Anthony*,——

*Ant.* Come, 'tis no matter:

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

*Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not <sup>s</sup> wake your  
patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;  
But, on my Honour, she was charg'd with nothing  
But what was true, and very full of proof.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord ——

*Pedro.* I will not hear you.

*Leon.* No! come, brother, away, I will be heard.

*Ant.* And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exe. ambo.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter* Benedick.

*Pedro.* See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

*Claud.* Now, Signior, what news?

*Bene.* Good day, my lord.

<sup>s</sup> — *we will not wake your*  
*patience.*] This conveys a  
sentiment that the speaker would  
by no means have implied, That  
the patience of the two Old men  
was not exercised, but asleep,  
which upbraids them for infen-  
sibility under their wrong. *Shake-*  
*peare* must have wrote —— *We*  
*will not WRACK, i. e.* destroy  
your patience by tantalizing you.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is very spe-

ciuous, and perhaps is right; yet  
the present reading may admit  
a congruous meaning with less  
difficulty than many other of  
*Shakespeare's* expressions.

The old men have been both  
very angry and outrageous; the  
Prince tells them that he and  
*Claudio will not wake their pa-*  
*tience*; will not any longer force  
them to *endure* the presence of those  
whom, though they look on them  
as enemies, they cannot resist.

*Pedro.*

*Pedro.* Welcome, Signior; you are almost come to part almost a fray.

*Claud.* We had like to have had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

*Pedro.* *Leonato* and his brother; what think'st thou? had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I came to seek you both.

*Claud.* We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou use thy wit?

*Bene.* It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

*Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

*Claud.* Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

*Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale: art thou sick or angry?

*Claud.* What! courage, man: what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it against me.—I pray you, chuse another subject.

*Claud.* Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.<sup>6</sup>

*Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more: I think, he be angry, indeed.

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.<sup>7</sup>

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?

*Claud.* God blefs me from a challenge!

*Bene.* You are a villain; I jest not. I will make it

<sup>6</sup> Nay, then give him another staff; &c.] Allusion to Tilting. See note, *As you like it*. Act 3. Scene 10. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> ————— to turn his girdle.]

We have a proverbial speech, *If he be angry, let him turn his girdle*. But I do not know its original or meaning.

good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardise. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

*Pedro.* What, a feast?

*Claud.* I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

*Pedro.* I'll tell thee, how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; right, says she, a fine little one; no, said I, a great wit; just, said she, a great gross one; nay, said I, a good wit; just, said she, it hurts no body; nay, said I, the gentleman is wise; certain, said she, a<sup>s</sup> wise gentleman; nay, said I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, said she, for he swore a thing to me on *Monday* night, which he forswore on *Tuesday* morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did she an hour together trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in *Italy*.

*Claud.* For the which she wept heartily, and said, she car'd not.

*Pedro.* Yea, that she did; but yet for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

*Claud.* All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

<sup>8</sup> ——— a wise gentleman;] *enough to be a coward.* Perhaps  
This jest depending on the col- *wise gentleman* was in that age  
loquial use of words is now ob- used ironically, and always stood  
scure; perhaps we should read, for *silly fellow.*  
*a wise gentle man, or a man wise*



*Pedro.* But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible *Benedick's* head.

*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the married man?

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy, you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company; your brother, the bastard, is fled from *Messina*; you have among you kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and 'till then, peace be with him! [Exit *Benedick*.

*Pedro.* He is in earnest.

*Claud.* In most profound earnest, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice*.

*Pedro.* And hath challeng'd thee?

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

*Pedro.* <sup>9</sup> What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.*

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

*Pedro.* But, soft you, let me see, pluck up my heart and be sad; did he not say, my brother was fled?

*Dogb.* Come, you, Sir; if justice cannot tame you,

<sup>9</sup> *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!* It was esteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, to go in the doublet and hose, and leave off the cloak,

to which this well turn'd expression alludes. The thought is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and exposes him as naked as being in the doublet and hose without a cloak. WARBURTON.

she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance ; nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

*Pedro.* How now, two of my brother's men bound ?  
*Borachio,* one ?

*Claud.* Hearken after their offence, my lord.

*Pedro.* Officers, what offence have these men done ?

*Dogb.* Marry, Sir, they have committed false-report ; moreover, they have spoken untruths ; secondarily, they are slanders ; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady ; thirdly, they have verify'd unjust things ; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

*Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they have done ; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence ; sixth and lastly, why they are committed ; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge ?

*Claud.* Rightly reason'd, and in his own division ; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

*Pedro.* Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer ? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence ?

*Bora.* Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine answer : do you hear me, and let this Count kill me : I have deceiv'd even your very eyes ; what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Don *John* your brother incens'd me to slander the lady *Hero* ; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Hero's* garments ; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her ; my villany they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame ; the lady is dead upon mine

————— one meaning well suited.] That is, one meaning is put into many different dresses; the Prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech.

and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

*Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

*Claud.* I have drunk poison, while he utter'd it.

*Pedro.* But did my brother set thee on to this?

*Bora.* Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

*Pedro.* He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery; And fled he is upon this villany.

*Claud.* Sweet *Hero!* now thy image doth appear  
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

*Dogh.* Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time, our Sexton hath reform'd Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

*Verg.* Here, here comes master Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Leonato, and Sexton.*

*Leon.* Which is the villain? let me see his eyes;  
That when I note another man like him,  
I may avoid him; which of these is he?

*Bora.* If you would know your wronger, look on  
me.

*Leon.* Art thou, art thou the slave, that with thy  
breath

Hast kill'd mine innocent child?

*Bora.* Yea, even I alone.

*Leon.* No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself;  
Here stand a pair of honourable men,  
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:  
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death;  
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;  
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

*Claud.* I know not how to pray your patience,



Yet I must speak : chuse your revenge yourself ;  
 Impose me to what penance your invention  
 Can lay upon my sin ; yet sinn'd I not,  
 But in mistaking.

*Pedro.* By my soul, nor I ;  
 And yet, to sati fy this good old man,  
 I would bend under any heavy weight,  
 That he'll enjoin me to.

*Leon.* You cannot bid my daughter live again,  
 That were impossible ; but, I pray you both,  
 Possess the People in *Messina* here  
 How innocent she dy'd ; and if your love  
 Can labour aught in sad invention,  
 Hang her an Epitaph upon her tomb,  
 And sing it to her bones : Sing it to night ;  
 To morrow morning come you to my house,  
 And since you could not be my son-in-law,  
 Be yet my nephew ; my brother hath a daughter,  
 Almost the copy of my child that's dead,  
 And she alone is heir to both of us ;  
 Give her the Right you should have given her Cousin,  
 And so dies my revenge.

*Cland.* O noble Sir !  
 Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me :  
 I do embrace your offer ; and dispose  
 For henceforth of poor *Claudio*.

*Leon.* To morrow then I will expect your Coming,  
 To night I take my leave. This naughty man  
 Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,  
 Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,  
 Hir'd to it by your brother.

*Bora.* No, by my soul, she was not ;  
 Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me.  
 But always hath been just and virtuous,  
 In any thing that I do know by her.

*Dogb.* Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under  
 white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did  
 call me afs : I beseech you, let it be remembered in his

punishment; and also the watch heard them talk of one *Deformed*: they say, he wears <sup>2</sup> a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

*Dogb.* Your Worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dogb.* God save the foundation!

*Leon.* Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner; and I thank thee.

*Dogb.* I leave an errant knave with your Worship, which, I beseech your Worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your Worship; I wish your Worship well: God restore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour. [Exeunt.]

*Leon.* Until to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

*Ant.* Farewel, my Lords; we look for you to-morrow.

<sup>2</sup> — he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name,] There could not be a pleasanter ridicule of the fashion, than the constable's descent on his own blunder. They heard the conspirators satirize the fashion; whom they took to be a man, surnamed, *Deformed*. This the constable applies with exquisite humour to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastical fashions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite

lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *Love-lock*. Against this fashion *William Frinn* wrote his treatise, called, *The unloveliness of Love-locks*. To this fantastick mode *Fletcher* alludes in his *Cupid's Revenge* — This morning I brought him a new periwig with a lock at it — and yonder's a fellow come has bored a hole in his ear. And again in his *Woman-bater* — If I could endure an ear with a hole in it, or a platted lock, &c.

WARBURTON.

*Pedro.*

*Pedro.* We will not fail.

*Claud.* To-night I'll mourn with *Hero*.

*Leon.* Bring you these fellows on, we'll talk with  
*Margaret,*

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Changes to Leonato's House.*

*Enter Benedick, and Margaret.*

*Bene.* P R A Y thee, sweet Mistress *Margaret*, de-  
serve well at my hands, by helping me to  
the speech of *beauties*

*Marg.* Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of  
my beauty?

*Bene* In so high a style, *Margaret*, that no man  
living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth,  
thou deservest it.

*Marg.* <sup>3</sup> To have no Man come over me? why,  
shall I always keep below stairs?

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth,  
it catches.

*Marg.* And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils,  
which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit, *Margaret*, it will not hurt

<sup>3</sup> *To have no Man come over me? why, shall I always keep below Stairs?* ] Thus all the printed Copies, but, sure, erroneously: for all the Jest, that can lie in the Passage, is destroy'd by it. Any Man might come over her, literally speaking, if she always kept below Stairs. By the

Correction I have ventur'd to make, *Margaret*, as I presume, must mean, What! shall I always keep above Stairs? i. e. Shall I for ever continue a *Chambermaid*? THEOBALD.

I suppose every reader will find the meaning of the old copies.



a woman ; and so, I pray thee, call *Beatrice* ; I give thee the bucklers \*

*Marg.* Give us the swords ; we have bucklers of our own.

*Bene.* If you use them, *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

*Marg.* Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who, I think, hath legs [Exit Margaret.

*Bene.* And therefore will come. [*Sings.*] *The God of love, that sits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deserve, ——— I mean, in singing ; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse ; why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self, in love ; marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme ; I have try'd ; I can find out no rhyme to lady but baby, an innocent's rhyme ; for scorn, born, a hard rhyme ; for school, fool, a babbling rhyme ; very ominous endings ; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Beatrice.*

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'st thou come when I call thee ?

*Beat.* Yea, Signior, and depart when thou bid me.

*Bene.* O, stay but 'till then.

*Beat.* Then, is spoken ; fare you well now ; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is,

\* ——— *I give thee the bucklers.* all thoughts of defence, so *clipeum abjicere*. The rest deserves no comment.

with

with knowing what hath past between you and *Claudio*.

*Bene.* Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiss thee.

*Beat.* Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknist.

*Bene.* Thou hast frightened the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit; but, I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward; and, I pray thee, now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

*Beat.* For them all together; which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

*Bene.* Suffer love! a good epithet; I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart, if you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

*Beat.* It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance, *Beatrice*, that liv'd <sup>5</sup> in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

*Bene.* <sup>6</sup> Question?—why, an hour in clamour, and a quar-

<sup>5</sup> in the time of good neighbours;] *i. e.* When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is

extremely humorous.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> Question? why, an hour, &c.] *i. e.* What a question's there,

a quarter in rhewm ; therefore it is most expedient for the wife, if Don worm (his conscience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself ; so much for praising myself ; who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy ; and now tell me, how doth your Cousin ?

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how do you ?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

*Bene.* Serve God, love me, and mend ; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

*Enter Urfula.*

*Urf.* Madam, you must come to your uncle ; yonder's old coil at home ; it is proved, my lady *Hero* hath been falsely accus'd ; the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd ; and Don *John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone : will you come presently ?

*Beat.* Will you go hear this news, Signior ?

*Bene.* I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy heart ; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to a CHURCH.*

*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants with Tapers.*

*Claud.* **I**S this the monument of *Leonato* ?

*Atten.* It is, my lord.

there, or what a foolish question do you ask. But the *Oxford Editor* not understanding this phrase, contracted into a single

word, (of which we have many instances in *English*) has fairly struck it out. WARBURTON.



## E P I T A P H.

*Done to death by slanderous tongues  
Was the Hero, that here lies :  
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,  
Gives her fame which never dies.  
So the life, that dy'd with shame,  
Lives in death with glorious fame.  
Hang thou there upon the tomb,  
Praising her when I am dumb.*

*Claud.* Now musick sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

## S O N G.

*Pardon, Goddess of the night,  
Those that slew thy virgin knight ;<sup>7</sup>  
For the which, with songs of woe,  
Round about her tomb they go.  
Midnight, assist our moan ;  
Help us to sigh and groan  
Heavily, heavily ;  
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,  
'Till death be utter'd,  
Heavily, heavily.*

*Claud.* Now unto thy bones good night !  
Yearly will I do this Rite.

*Pedro.* Good morrow, masters, put your torches out ;  
The wolves have prey'd ; and, look, the gentle  
day,  
Before the wheels of *Phæbus*, round about  
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey :

<sup>7</sup> *Those that slew thy virgin Knight.*] *Knight*, in its original signification, means *Follower* or *Pupil*, and in this sense may be feminine. *Helena*, in *All's well, that ends well*, uses *knight* in the same signification.

Thanks

Thanks to you all, and leave us ; fare you well.

*Claud.* Good morrow, masters ; each his several way.

*Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ;  
And then to *Leonato's* we will go.

*Claud.* And *Hymen* now with luckier issue speed's,<sup>s</sup>  
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe !

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IX.

*Changes to Leonato's House.*

*Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Urfula, Antonio,  
Friar, and Hero.*

*Friar.* DID I not tell you, she was innocent ?

*Leon.* So are the Prince and *Claudio*, who  
accus'd her,

Upon the error that you heard debated.

But *Margaret* was in some fault for this ;

Although against her will, as it appears,

In the true course of all the question.

*Ant.* Well ; I am glad, that all things sort so well.

*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd  
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

*Leon.* Well, Daughter, and you gentlewomen all,  
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd :

The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour

To visit me ; you know your office, brother,

<sup>s</sup> *And Hymen now with luckier Issue speeds,  
Than this, for whom we render'd up this Woe.] Claudio*  
could not know, without being a Prophet, that this new-propos'd Match should have any luckier Event than That design'd with *Hero*. Certainly, therefore, this should be a Wish in *Claudio* ; and, to this end, the Poet might have wrote, *speed's* ; i. e. *speed us* : and so it becomes a Prayer to *Hymen*. THIRLBY.

You must be father to your brother's daughter,  
And give her to young *Claudio*. [ *Exeunt Ladies.*

*Ant.* Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

*Bene.* Friar, I must intreat your pains, I think.

*Friar.* To do what, Signior?

*Bene.* To bind me, or undo me, one of them :  
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is, good Signior,  
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

*Leon.* That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most  
true.

*Bene.* And I do with an eye of love requite her.

*Leon.* The sight whereof, I think, you had from me.  
From *Claudio* and the Prince ; but what's your will ?

*Bene.* Your answer, Sir, is enigmatical ;  
But for my will, my will is, your good will  
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd  
I' th' state of honourable marriage ;  
In which, good Friar, I shall desire your help.

*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.

*Friar.* And my help.

S C E N E X.

*Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.*

*Pedro.* Good morrow to this fair assembly:

*Leon.* Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, *Claudio*,  
We here attend you ; are you yet determin'd  
To day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

*Claud.* I'll hold my mind, were she an *Ethiope*.

*Leon.* Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar  
ready. [ *Exit Antonio.*

*Pedro.* Good morrow, *Benedick* ; why, what's the  
matter,  
That you have such a *February* face,  
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness ?

*Claud.* I think, he thinks upon the savage bull :  
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,  
And



And so all *Europe* shall rejoice at thee ;  
 As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,  
 When he would play the noble beast in love.

*Bene.* Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,  
 And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow ;  
 And got a calf, in that same noble feat,  
 Much like to you ; for you have just his bleat.

## S C E N E XI.

*Enter* Antonio, with Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and  
 Ursula, mask'd.

*Claud.* For this I owe you ; here come other reck-  
 'nings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

*Ant.* This same is she, and I do give you her.

*Claud.* Why, then she's mine ; Sweet, let me see  
 your face.

*Leon.* No, that you shall not, 'till you take her  
 hand

Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.

*Claud.* Give me your hand ; before this holy Friar,  
 I am your husband if you like of me.

*Hero.* And when I liv'd, I was your other wife.

[*Unmasking.*

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

*Claud.* Another *Hero* ?

*Hero.* Nothing certainer.

One *Hero* dy'd defil'd, but I do live ;

And, surely, as I live, I am a maid.

*Pedro.* The former *Hero* ! *Hero*, that is dead !

*Leon.* She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander  
 liv'd.

*Friar.* All this amazement can I qualify.  
 When, after that the holy rites are ended,  
 I'll tell thee largely of fair *Hero*'s death :  
 Mean time let wonder seem familiar,  
 And to the chapel let us presently.

*Bene.*

*Bene.* Soft and fair, Friar. Which is *Beatrice*?

*Beat.* I answer to that name; what is your will?

*Bene.* Do not you love me?

*Beat.* Why, no, no more than reason.

*Bene.* Why, then your Uncle, and the Prince, and

*Claudio*, have been deceiv'd; they swore, you did.

*Beat.* Do not you love me?

*Bene.* Troth, no, no more than reason.

*Beat.* Why, then my Cousin, *Margaret* and *Ursula*,

Have been deceiv'd; for they did swear, you did.

*Bene.* They swore, you were almost sick for me.

*Beat.* They swore, you were well-nigh dead for me.

*Bene.* 'Tis no matter; then you do not love me?

*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

*Leon.* Come, Cousin, I am sure, you love the gentleman.

*Claud.* And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;

For here's a paper written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,

Fashion'd to *Beatrice*.

*Hero.* And here's another,

Writ in my Cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto *Benedick*.

*Bene.* A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts; come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

*Beat.* <sup>9</sup> I would not deny you; but, by this good

<sup>9</sup> *I would not deny you, &c*] Mr. Theobald says, is not this mock-reasning? She would not deny him, but that she yields upon great persuasion. In changing the Negative I make no doubt but I have retriev'd the poet's humour: and so changes not into yet. But is not this a Mock Critic? who could not see that the plain obvious sense of the common reading was this, I cannot find in my heart to deny you, but for all

that I yield, after having stood out great persuasions to submission. He had said, *I take thee for pity*, she replies, *I would not deny thee.* i. e. I take thee for pity too: but as I live I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. Mr. Theobald: by altering *not to yet* makes it supposed, that *he* had been importunate, and that *she* had often denied; which was not the case.

WARBURTON.  
day,

day, I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save your life; for as I was told, you were in a consumption.

*Bene.* Peace, I will stop your mouth ———

[*Kissing her.*

*Pedro.* How dost thou, *Benedick*, the married man?

*Bene.* Will thee what, Prince; a College of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: dost think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? no: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him; in brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me, for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion; for thy part, *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cousin.

*Claud.* I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends; let's have a Dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

*Leon.* We'll have dancing afterwards.

*Bene.* First, o' my word; therefore, play, musick.

<sup>1</sup> In former copies:

*Leon.* *Peace, I will stop your Mouth.*] What can *Leonato* mean by This? "Nay, pray, peace, "Niece; don't keep up this "Obstinacy of Professions, for "I have Proofs to stop your "Mouth." The ingenious *Dr. Tilly* agreed with me, that this ought to be given to *Benedick*, who, upon saying it, kisses *Be-*

*trice*: and this being done before the whole Company, how natural is the Reply which the Prince makes upon it?

*How dost thou, Benedick, the married Man?*

Besides, this Mode of Speech, preparatory to a Salute, is familiar to our Poet in common with other Stage-Writers.

I HEBBALD.

Prince,



Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife ;  
there is no staff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

*Enter* Messenger.

*Mess.* My Lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight,  
And brought with armed men back to *Messina*.

*Bene.* Think not on him 'till to morrow : I'll devise  
thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, Pipers.

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ALL'S WELL,

THAT

ENDS WELL.

# Dramatis Personæ.\*

*KING of France.*

*Duke of Florence.*

*Bertram, Count of Rouffillon.*

*Lafeu, an old Lord.*

*Parolles, a parasitical follower of Bertram; a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*

*Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.*

*Steward, } Servants to the Countess of Rouffillon.*  
*Clown, }*

*Countess of Rouffillon, mother to Bertram.*

*Helena, daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous physician, some time since dead.*

*An old Widow of Florence.*

*Diana, daughter to the widow.*

*Violenta, } Neighbours, and friends to the widow.*  
*Mariana, }*

*Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

**SCENE** *lies partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.*

\* The Persons were first enumerated by Rowe.

The first Edition of this Play is in the Folio of 1623.

ALL'S



# ALL'S WELL, that ENDS WELL.

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*The Countess of Rouffillon's House in France.*

*Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rouffillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.*

C O U N T E S S.

**I**N delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And I in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now <sup>2</sup> in ward, evermore in subjection.

<sup>1</sup> *In DELIVERING my son from me—*] To deliver from, in the sense of giving up, is not English. Shakespear wrote, in DISSEVERING my son from me— The following Words, too,— *I bury a second husband—* demand this reading. For to *dissever* implies a violent divorce; and therefore might be compared to the *burying a husband*; which *delivering* does not. WARB.

Of this change I see no need: the present reading is clear, and, perhaps, as proper as that which

the great commentator would substitute; for the King *dissevers* her son from her, she only *delivers* him.

<sup>2</sup> *In ward.*] Under his particular care, as my guardian 'till I come to age. It is now almost forgotten in *England* that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in *France*, it is of no great use to enquire, for *Shakespeare* gives to all nations the manners of *England*.

*Laf.* You shall find of the King a husband, Madam; you, Sir, a father. He, that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; <sup>3</sup> whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than slack it where there is such abundance.

*Count.* What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandon'd his physicians, Madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

*Count.* <sup>4</sup> This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for

<sup>3</sup> *whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.*] An Opposition of Terms is visibly design'd in this sentence; tho' the Opposition is not so visible, as the Terms now stand. *Wanted* and *Abundance* are the Opposites to one another; but how is *lack* a Contrast to *stir up*? The Addition of a single Letter gives it, and the very Sense requires it. Read *slack it*. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that had! how sad a PASSAGE 'tis!]* *Lafeu* was speaking of the King's desperate Condition: which makes the Countess recall to mind the deceased *Gerard de Narbon*, who, she thinks, could have cured him. But in using the word *had*, which implied his death, she stops in the middle of her sentence, and

makes a reflection upon it, which, according to the present reading, is unintelligible. We must therefore believe *Shakespear* wrote (O *that had!* how sad a PRESAGE 'tis) *i. e.* a *Presage* that the King must now expect no cure, since so skilful a Person was himself forced to submit to a malignant distemper. WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious, perhaps preferable to the present reading, yet since *passage* may be fairly enough explained, I have left it in the text. *Passage* is *anything that passes*, so we now say, a *passage* of an *author*, and we said about a century ago, the *passages* of a *reign*. When the *Countess* mentions *Helena's* loss of a father, she recollects her own loss of a husband, and stops to observe how heavily that word *had* passes through her mind.

the King's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the King's disease.

*Laf.* How call'd you the man you speak of, Madam?

*Count.* He was famous, Sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.*

*Laf.* He was excellent, indeed, Madam; the King very lately spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could have been set up against mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the King languishes of?

*Laf.* A fistula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would, it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

*Count.* His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her; disposition she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for <sup>5</sup> where an unclean

<sup>5</sup> where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there, commendations go with pity; they are Virtues and Traitors too: in her they are the better for THEIR simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.] This obscure encomium is made still more obscure by a slight corruption of the text. Let us explain the passage as it lies. By virtuous qualities are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; in the same sense that the *Italians* say, *qualità virtuosa*; and not moral ones. On this account it is, she says, that, in an ill mind, these virtuous qualities are virtues and traitors too: i. e. the advantages of education enable an ill

mind to go further in wickedness than it could have done without them: But, says the Countess, in her they are the better for THEIR simpleness. But simpleness is the same with what is called honesty; immediately after; which cannot be predicated of the qualities of education. We must certainly read

HER simpleness,

And then the sentence is properly concluded. The Countess had said, that virtuous qualities are the worse for an unclean mind, but concludes that Helen's are the better for her simpleness. i. e. her clean, pure mind. She then sums up the Character, she had before given in detail, in these



clean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; <sup>s</sup> in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and atchieves her goodness.

*Laf.* Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have it.

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Count.* <sup>6</sup> If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

*Ber.*

words, *she derives her honesty, and atchieves her goodness, i. e.* She derives her *honesty*, her *simpleness*, her moral Character, from her Father and Ancestors: But she atchieves or wins her *goodness*, her *virtue*, or her qualities of good breeding and erudition, by her own pains and labour.

WARBURTON.

This is likewise a plausible but unnecessary alteration. *Her virtues are the better for their simpleness*, that is, her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design. The learned commentator has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not shewn the full extent of *Shakespeare's* masterly observation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and trai-*

*tors too.* Estimable and useful qualities, joined with evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the sharpers of his time, observes, that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge, that a young man who falls into their way is betrayed as much by his judgment as his passions.

<sup>6</sup> *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.*] This seems very obscure; but the addition of a Negative perfectly dispels all the mist. *If the living be not enemy, &c.* excessive grief is an enemy to the living, says *Lafau*: Yes, replies the Countess; and if the living be not enemy to the grief, [*i. e.* strive to conquer it,] the excess makes

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How understand we that?

*Count.* Be thou blest, *Bertram*, and succeed thy father

In manners as in shape! thy blood and virtue  
 Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness  
 Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,  
 Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy  
 Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend  
 Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,  
 But never tax'd for speech. What heav'n more will,  
 'That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,  
 Fall on thy head! Farewel, my Lord;  
 'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my Lord,  
 Advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best,  
 That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heav'n bless him! Farewel, *Bertram*.

[*Exit Countess.*]

*Ber.* [*To Helena.*] <sup>8</sup> The best wishes, that can be  
 forg'd in your thoughts, be servants to you! Be com-  
 fortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much  
 of her.

*Laf.* Farewel, pretty Lady, you must hold the cre-  
 dit of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu:*

makes it soon mortal.

WARBURTON.

This emendation I had once  
 admitted into the text, but re-  
 admitted the old reading, because  
 I think it capable of an easy  
 explication. *Lafeu* says, *exces-*  
*sive grief is the enemy of the liv-*  
*ing: the Countess* replies, *If the*  
*living be an enemy to grief, the*  
*excess soon makes it mortal: that*  
*is, if the living do not indulge*  
*grief, grief destroys itself by its*  
*own excess.* By the word *mortal*

I understand *that which dies*, and  
*Dr. Warburton, that which de-*  
*stroys.* I think that my inter-  
 pretation gives a sentence more  
 acute and more refined. Let the  
 reader judge.

<sup>7</sup> *That thee may furnish.*] That  
 may help thee with more and  
 better qualifications.

<sup>8</sup> *The best wishes, &c.*] That  
 is, may you be mistress of your  
 wishes, and have power to bring  
 them to effect.

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*Hel.* Oh, were that all!—I think not on my father;  
 9 And these great tears grace his remembrance more,  
 Than those I shed for him. What was he like?  
 I have forgot him. My imagination  
 Carries no favour in it, but my *Bertram's*.  
 I am undone! there is no living, none,  
 If *Bertram* be away. It were all one,  
 That I should love a bright partic'lar star,  
 And think to wed it; he is so above me:  
 1 In his bright radiance and collateral light  
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
 Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself;  
 The hind, that would be mated by the lion,  
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,  
 To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
 In our heart's table: heart, too capable  
 Of every line and 2 trick of his sweet favour! —  
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
 Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

*Enter* Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,  
 And yet I know him a notorious liar;  
 Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;  
 Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,  
 That they take place, when virtue's steely bones

9 *These great tears.*] The tears which the *King*, and *Countess* shed for him. the radiance that shoots on all sides from him.

1 *In his bright radiance, &c.*] I cannot be united with him and move in the same sphere, but must be comforted at a distance by 2 *Trick of his sweet favour.*] So in *King John*; he hath a trick of *Cœur de Lion's* face. *Trick* seems to be some peculiarity of look or feature.



Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we see  
 3 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

S C E N E III.

*Par.* Save you, fair Queen.

*Hel.* And you, Monarch.

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And, no.——

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity?

*Hel.* Ay: you have some 4 stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it against him?

*Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he assails; and our virginity, tho' valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

*Par.* There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

*Par.* Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost; 'tis too cold a companion: away with't.

3 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.] Cold for naked; as superfluous for over-cleath'd. This makes the propriety of the Antithesis. WARBURTON.

4 Stain of soldier.] Stain for colour. *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called red-tail'd humble bee. WARBURTON.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

*Par.* There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mother; which is most infallible disobedience. <sup>5</sup> He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offenders against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most prohibited sin in the canon. - Keep it not, you cannot chuse but lose by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

*Hel.* How might one do, Sir, to lose it to her own liking?

*Par.* Let me see. <sup>6</sup> Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with

*5* He, that hangs himself, is a Virgin:] But why is he that hangs himself a Virgin? Surely, not for the reason that follows. *Virginity murders itself.* For tho' every Virgin be a Suicide, yet every Suicide is not a Virgin. A word or two are dropt, which introduced a comparison in this place; and *Shakespear* wrote it thus,

*As he, that hangs himself, so is a Virgin.*

And then it follows naturally, *Virginity murders itself.* By this emendation, the *Oxford Editor* was enabled to alter the text thus,

*He that hangs himself is like a*

*Virgin.*

And this is his usual way of becoming a Critick at a cheap expence.

WARBURTON.

I believe most readers will spare both the emendations, which I do not think much worth a claim or a contest. The old reading is more spritely and equally just.

<sup>6</sup> *Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes, &c.]* *Parolles*, in answer to the question, *how one shall lose virginity to her own liking*, plays upon the word *liking*, and says, *she must do ill, for virginity, to be so lost, must like him that likes not virginity.*

lying. The longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion: richly futed, but unfutable; just like the brooch and the tooth-pike, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, 'yes, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

*Hel.* <sup>8</sup> Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,  
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,  
<sup>9</sup> A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,

<sup>7</sup> For yet, as it stood before, Sir T. Hanmer reads yes.

<sup>8</sup> *Not my virginity yet.*] This whole speech is abrupt, unconnected and obscure. Dr. Warburton thinks much of it supposititious. I would be too glad to think so of the whole, for a commentator naturally wishes to reject what he cannot understand. Something which should connect *Helena's* words with those of *Parolles*, seems to be wanting. Hanmer has made a fair attempt by reading,

*Not my virginity yet—You're for the court,*

*There shall your master, &c.*

Some such clause has, I think, dropped out, but still the first words want connection. Perhaps *Parolles*, going away after his harangue, said, *will you any thing with me?* to which *Helen* may reply.—I know not what to do with the passage.

<sup>9</sup> *A Phoenix, Captain, &c.*] The eight lines following *friend*,

I am persuaded is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player. What put it into his head was *Helen's* saying, as it should be read for the future,

*There shall your Master have a thousand loves;*

*A Mother, and a Mistress, and a Friend.*

*I know not, what he shall—*

*God send him well.*

Where the Fellow finding a thousand loves spoken of, and only three reckoned up, namely, a *Mother's*, a *Mistress's*, and a *Friend's*, (which, by the way, were all a judicious Writer could mention; for there are but these three species of love in Nature) he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonsense: and, because they were yet too few, he pieces out his *loves* with *enmities*, and makes of the whole such finished nonsense as is never heard out of *Bedlam*.

WARBURTON.



A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,  
 A counsellor, a \* traitress, and a dear;  
 His humble ambition, proud humility;  
 His jarring concord; and his discord dulcet;  
 His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world  
 Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms,  
 That blinking *Cupid* gossips. Now shall he——  
 I know not, what he shall—God send him well!——  
 The court's a learning place——and he is one——

*Par.* What one, i'faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well——'tis pity——

*Par.* What's pity?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in't,  
 Which might be felt; that We the poorer born,  
 Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
 Might with effects of them follow our friends:  
 ' And shew what we alone must think, which never  
 Returns us thanks.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Monsieur *Parolles*,  
 My lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*

*Par.* Little *Helena*, farewell; if I can remember thee,  
 I will think of thee at court.

*Hel.* Monsieur *Parolles*, you were born under a cha-  
 ritable star.

*Par.* Under *Mars*, I.

*Hel.* I especially think, under *Mars*.

*Par.* Why under *Mars*?

*Hel.* The wars have kept you so under, that you  
 must needs be born under *Mars*.

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

*Par.* Why think you so?

\* —— a traitress,] It seems that *traitress* was in that age a term of endearment, for when *Lafœu* introduces *Helena* to the king, he says *You look like a tray-*

*tor, but such traytors his majesty does not much fear.*

*' And shew what we alone must think ] And shew by realities what we now must only think.*

*Hel.*

*Hel.* You go so much backward, when you fight.

*Par.* That's for advantage.

*Hel.* So is running away, when fear proposes safety : but the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, <sup>2</sup> is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

*Par.* I am so full of busineses, as I cannot answer thee acutely : I will return perfect courtier ; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee ; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away ; farewell. When thou hast leifure, say thy prayers ; when thou hast none, remember thy friends ; get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee : so farewell. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heav'n. The fated sky  
Gives us free scope ; only, doth backward pull  
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

<sup>3</sup> What power is it, which mounts my love so high,

<sup>2</sup> is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.] The integrity of the metaphor directs us to *Shakespear's* true reading ; which, doubtless, was—— a good MING, i. e. mixture, composition, a word common to *Shakespear* and the writers of this age ; and taken from the texture of cloth. The *M.* was turn'd the wrong way at press, and from thence came the blunder.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture I could wish to see better proved. This common word *ming* I have never found. The first edition of this play ex-

hibits *wing* without a capital : yet, I confess, that a *virtue of a good wing* is an expression that I cannot understand, unless by a metaphor taken from falconry, it may mean, a *virtue that will fly high*, and in the style of *Hotspur*, *Pluck honour from the moon.*

<sup>3</sup> What power is it, that mounts my love so high,

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye ?]

She means, by what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me, why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope.

That

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?  
 \* The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
 To join like likes; and kiss, like native things.  
 Impossible be strange attempts, to those  
 That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose,  
 What hath been, cannot be. Who ever strove  
 To shew her merit, that did miss her love?  
 The King's disease—my project may deceive me,  
 But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[Exit.

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to the Court of France.*

*Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters, and divers Attendants.*

*King.* **T**HE Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;  
 Have fought with equal fortune, and  
 continue  
 A braving war.

\* *The mightiest space in fortune  
 nature brings  
 To join like likes; and kiss, like  
 native things.  
 Impossible be strange attempts,  
 to those  
 That weigh their pain in sense;  
 and do suppose,  
 What hath been,———]*

All these four lines are obscure, and, I believe, corrupt. I shall propose an emendation, which those who can explain the present reading, are at liberty to reject.

*Through mightiest space in fortune  
 nature brings  
 Likes to join likes, and kiss,  
 like native things.*

That is, *Nature* brings like qualities and dispositions to meet through any distance that fortune may have set between them; she joins them, and makes them *is* like things born together,

The next lines I read with *Hanmer*.

*Impossible be strange attempts to those*

*That weigh their pain in sense, and do suppose*

*What ha'nt been, cannot be.*

*New* attempts seem impossible to those, who estimate their labour or enterprises by sense, and believe that nothing can be but what they see before them.

I Lord.



1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

*King.* Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it,  
A certainty vouch'd from our cousin *Austria*;  
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us  
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend  
Prejudicates the business, and would seem  
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,  
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead  
For ample credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer;  
And *Florence* is deny'd, before he comes:  
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see  
The *Tuscan* service, freely have they leave  
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve  
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
For breathing and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes here?

*Enter Bertram, Lafeu and Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* It is the count *Roussillon*, my good Lord,  
young *Bertram*.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.  
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,  
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts  
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to *Paris*.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your Majesty's.

*King.* I would, I had that corporal soundness now,  
As when thy father and myself in friendship  
First try'd our soldiership: he did look far  
Into the service of the time, and was  
Disciplin'd of the brav'st. He lasted long;  
But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me  
To talk of your good father; in his youth

<sup>5</sup> He had the wit, which I can well observe  
To day in our young lords: but they may jest,  
Till their own scorn return to them; unnoted  
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.

<sup>6</sup> So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride or sharpness, if they were,  
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,

*5 He had the wit, which I can  
well observe  
To day in our young Lords: but  
they may jest,  
Till their own scorn return to  
them; unnoted  
Ere they can hide their levity in  
honour.] i. e. Ere their ti-  
tles can cover the levity of their  
behaviour, and make it pass for  
desert. The Oxford Editor, not  
understanding this, alters the line*  
10

*Ere they can eye their levity  
with his honour.*

WARBURTON.

I believe *honour* is not dignity  
of birth or rank, but acquired re-  
putation: Your father, says the  
King, had the same airy flights  
of satirical wit with the young  
lords of the present time, but they  
do not what he did, hide their  
unnoted levity in honour, cover  
petty faults with great merit.

This is an excellent observa-  
tion. Jocular follies, and slight  
offences, are only allowed by  
mankind in him that overpowers  
them by great qualities.

<sup>6</sup> So like a Courtier, no Con-  
tempt or Bitterness

Were in his Pride or Sharpness;  
if they were,

His Equal had awak'd them.—]

This passage is so very incor-  
rectly pointed, that the Author's  
Meaning is lost. As the Text

and Stops are reform'd, these are  
most beautiful Lines, and the  
Sense is this——“He had no  
“Contempt or Bitterness; if he  
“had any thing that look'd  
“like *Pride* or *Sharpness*, (of  
“which Qualities Contempt and  
“Bitterness are the Excesses,)  
“his Equal had awak'd them,  
“not his Inferior: to whom he  
“scorn'd to discover any thing  
“that bore the Shadow of *Pride*  
“or *Sharpness*.”

WARBURTON.

The original edition reads the  
first line thus,

*So like a courtier, contempt nor  
bitterness.*

The sense is the same. Nor was  
used without reduplication. So  
in *Measure for Measure*,

*More nor less to others paying,  
Than by self-offences weighing.*

The old text needs to be ex-  
plained. He was so like a cour-  
tier, that there was in his dig-  
nity of manner nothing contemptu-  
ous, and in his keenness of wit  
nothing bitter. If *bitterness* or  
*contemptuousness* ever appeared,  
they had been awakened by some  
injury, not of a man below him,  
but of his *Equal*. This is the  
complete image of a well bred  
man, and somewhat like this *Vol-  
taire* has exhibited his hero *Lewis*  
XIV.

Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
 Exceptions bid him speak; and at that time  
 7 His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him  
 8 He us'd as creatures of another place,  
 And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks;  
 9 Making them proud of his humility,  
 In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man  
 Might be a copy to these younger times;  
 Which, follow'd well, would now demonstrate them  
 But goes backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance, Sir,  
 Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;  
 1 So in approval lives not his epitaph,  
 As in your royal speech.

7 *His tongue obeyed his hand.*] We should read,

*His tongue obeyed the hand.*  
 That is, the *hand* of his honour's  
 clock, shewing the true minute  
 when exceptions bid him speak.

8 *He us'd as creatures of another place.*] *i. e.* He made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. The *Oxford* Editor, not understanding the Sense, has altered another place, to a *Brother-race*.

WARBURTON.

9 *Making them proud of his humility,*  
*In their poor praise, he humbled—*] But why were they proud of his Humility? It should be read and pointed thus.

—*Making them proud; AND his Humility,*

*In their poor praise, he humbled—*

*i. e.* by condescending to stoop to his Inferiors, he exalted them and made them proud; and, in

the gracious receiving their *poor praise*, he *humbled* even his *humility*. The Sentiment is fine.

WARBURTON.

Every man has seen the *mean* too often *proud* of the *humility* of the great, and perhaps the great may sometimes be *humbled* in the *praises* of the mean, of those who commend them without conviction or discernment: this, however is not so common; the *mean* are found more frequently than the *great*.

1 *So in approval lives not his Epitaph,*

*As in your royal speech.*]

*Epitaph* for character. WARB.

I should wish to read,

*Approval* so lives not in his *Epitaph*,

*As in your royal speech.*

*Approval* is *approbation*. If I should allow Dr. Warburton's interpretation of *Epitaph*, which is more than can be reasonably expected, I can yet find no sense in the present reading.



*King.* Would, I were with him! he would always  
say,

Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words  
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them  
To grow there, and to bear—Let me not live,——  
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,  
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,  
When it was out—let me not live, (quoth he,)  
After my flame lacks oil; to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are  
<sup>2</sup> Meer fathers of their garments; whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions:—this he wish'd.  
I, after him, do after him wish too,  
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some labourers room.

<sup>2</sup> *Lord.* You're loved, Sir;

They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

*King.* I fill a place, I know't—How long is't, count,  
Since the physician at your father's died?  
He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six months since, my Lord.

*King.* If he were living, I would try him yet;—  
Lend me an arm;——the rest have worn me out  
With several applications—nature and sickness  
Debate it at their leisure—Welcome, count,  
My son's no dearer.

*Ber.* Thank your Majesty. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

<sup>2</sup> ——*Whose judgments are* faculties, than to invent new  
*Mere fathers of their garments.]* modes of dress.  
Who have no other use of their

S C E N E VI.

*Changes to the Countess's at Rouffillon.*

*Enter Countess, Steward and Clown.*<sup>3</sup>

*Count.* I Will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to<sup>4</sup> even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

*Count.* What does this knave here? get you gone, Sirrah; the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not, for, I know, you<sup>5</sup> lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

*Clo.*

<sup>3</sup> *Steward and Clown.*] A *Clown* in *Shakespeare* is commonly taken for a *licensed jester*, or *domestick fool*. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were, at that time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. In the picture of *Sir Thomas Moore's* family, by *Hans Holbein*, the only servant represented is *Patison the fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wife.

In some plays, a servant, or rustic, of remarkable petulance and freedom of speech, is likewise called a *Clown*.

<sup>4</sup> *To even your content.*] To act up to your desires.

<sup>5</sup> *you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries YOURS.*] Well, but if he had folly to commit them, he neither wanted knavery, nor any thing else, sure, to make them *his own*. This nonsense should be read, *To make such knaveries YARE*; nimble, dextrous, *i. e.* Tho' you be fool enough to commit knaveries, yet you have quickness enough to commit them dextrously: for this observation was to let us into his character. But now, tho' this be set right, and, I dare say, in *Shakespeare's* own words, yet the former part of the sentence will still be inaccurate—you lack not folly to commit THEM. Them, what? the sense requires *knaveries*, but the antecedent

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, Sir.

*Clo.* No, Madam; 'tis not so well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd; but, if I have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, *Isbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good will in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clo.* In *Isbel's* case, and mine own; service is no heritage, and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, 'till I have issue of my body; for they say, bearns are blessings.

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clo.* My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo.* Faith, Madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

*Clo.* I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

cedent refer'd to, is *complaints*. But this was certainly a negligence of *Shakespeare's*, and therefore to be left as we find it. And the reader, who cannot see that this is an inaccuracy which the Author might well commit, and the other what he never could, has either read *Shakespeare* very

little, or greatly mispent his pains. The principal office of a critick is to distinguish between these two things. But 'tis that branch of criticism which no precepts can teach the writer to discharge, or the reader to judge of.

WARBURTON.

*Clo.*



*Clo.* Y'are shallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of; he, that eares my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop; If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherisheth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyfam* the papist, howfoe'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' th' herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

*Clo.* <sup>6</sup> A prophet, I, Madam; and I speak the truth the next way; ———

“ For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true  
“ shall find;

“ Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckow  
“ sings by kind.

*Count.* Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

<sup>6</sup> *A prophet, I, Madam; and I speak the truth the next way.*] It is a superstition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have something in them of divinity. On which account they were esteemed sacred: Travellers tell us in what esteem the *Turks* now hold them; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in *France*, as appears from the old word *Benét*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that *Pantagruel*, in *Rablais*, ad-

vised *Panurge* to go and consult the fool *Triboulet* as an oracle; which gives occasion to a satirical Stroke upon the privy council of *Francis the First*—*Par l'avis, conseil, prediction des fols vos sçavez quants princes, &c. ont esté conservez, &c.*—The phrase—*speak the truth the next way*, means *directly*; as they do who are only the instruments or *canals* of others; such as inspired persons were supposed to be.

WARBURTON.

*Stew.* May it please you, Madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you; of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; *Helen* I mean.

*Clo.* <sup>7</sup> "Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,

[Singing,

"Why the *Grecians* sacked *Troy*?

"Fond done, fond done;—for *Paris*, he,

"Was this King *Priam's* joy.

"With that she sighed as she stood,

"And gave this sentence then;

"Among nine bad if one be good,

"There's yet one good in ten."<sup>8</sup>

*Count.* What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, Sirrah.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o' th' song: 'would, God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the Parson; one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lot-

<sup>7</sup> *Was this fair face the cause,  
quoth she,*

*Why the Grecians sacked Troy?*

*Fond done, fond done;*

*Was this King Priam's joy.]*

This is a Stanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally necessary to make the sense and the alternate rhyme. For it was not *Helen*, who was King *Priam's* joy, but *Paris*. The third line therefore should be read thus,

*Fond done, fond done, FOR  
PARIS, HE.           WARB.*

<sup>8</sup> *Among nine bad if one be  
good,*

*There's yet one good in ten.]*

This second stanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confession, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Countess observed, that he corrupted the song; which shews the song said, *Nine good in ten.*

*If one be bad amongst nine good,  
There's but one bad in ten.*

This relates to the ten sons of *Priam*, who all behaved themselves well but *Paris*. For, tho' he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; *Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Diu, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous, Penmon, Paris,* and *Polites.*           WARBURTON.

tery

tery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you?

*Clo.*<sup>9</sup> That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—tho' honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplus of humility over the black gown of a big heart—I am going, forsooth. The business is for *Helen* to come hither. [Exit.

*Count.* Well, now.

*Stew.* I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

*Count.* Faith, I do; her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds; there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, she wish'd me; alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son;

<sup>9</sup> *Clo.* *That man, &c.*] The clown's answer is obscure. His lady bids him do as he is commanded. He answers with the licentious petulance of his character, that *if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiss*; that he does not amiss, being at the command of a woman, he makes the effect, not of his Lady's goodness, but of his own honesty, which, though not very nice or puritanical, will do no hurt; and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the Puritans, will comply with the in-

junctions of superiours, and wear the *surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart*; will obey commands, though not much pleased with a state of subjection.

Here is an allusion, violently enough forced in, to satirise the obstinacy with which the Puritans refused the use of the ecclesiastical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of union, and, perhaps, to insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride.



' Fortune, she said, was no Goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; *Diana*, no Queen of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight to be ſurpriz'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward. This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held it my duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence, in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

*Count.* You have diſcharg'd this honeſtly, keep it to yourſelf; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor miſdoubt; pray you, leave me; ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care; I will ſpeak with you further anon.  
[*Exit Steward.*]

' *Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no Goddeſs, &c. Love, no God, &c. complained againſt the Queen of Virgins, &c.*] This paſſage ſtands thus in the old Copies:

*Love, no God, that would not extend his Might only where Qualities were level, Queen of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight, &c.*

'Tis evident to every ſenſible Reader that ſomething muſt have ſlipt out here, by which the Meaning of the Context is rendered defective. The Steward is ſpeaking in the very words he overheard of the young Lady;

Fortune was no Goddeſs, ſhe ſaid, for one Reason; Love, no God, for another;—what could ſhe then more naturally ſubjoin, than as I have amended in the Text?

*Diana, no Queen of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight to be ſurprized without Reſcue, &c.*

For in Poetical Hiſtory *Diana* was as well known to preſide over *Chaſtity*, as *Cupid* over *Love*, or *Fortune* over the *Change* or *Regulation* of our *Circumſtances*.

THEOBALD.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Helena.*

*Count.* Ev'n so it was with me, when I was young ;  
 If we are nature's, these are ours : this thorn  
 Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;  
 Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born ;  
 It is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
 Where love's strong passion is imprest in youth ;  
<sup>2</sup> By our remembrances of days foregone,  
<sup>3</sup> Such were our faults, O! then we thought them none.  
 Her eye is sick on't ; I observe her now. ———

*Hel.* What is your pleasure, Madam ?

*Count.* *Helena*, you know, I am a mother to you.

*Hel.* Mine honourable mistress.

*Count.* Nay, a mother ;  
 Why not a mother ? when I said a mother,  
 Methought, you saw a serpent ; what's in mother,  
 That you start at it ? I say, I'm your mother ;  
 And put you in the catalogue of those,  
 That were enwomb'd mine ; 'tis often seen,  
 Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds  
 A native slip to us from foreign feeds.  
 You ne'er oppress me with a mother's groan,  
 Yet I express to you a mother's care :  
 God's mercy ! maiden, do's it curd thy blood,  
 To say, I am thy mother ? what's the matter,  
 That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
 The many-colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eyes ?  
 Why, ——— that you are my daughter ?

<sup>2</sup> *By our remembrances* ] That is, according to our recollection. So we say, he is old by my reckoning.

<sup>3</sup> *Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.* ] We should read,

—O! then we thought them none. A motive for pity and pardon ; agreeable to fact, and the indulgent character of the speaker.

This was sent to the *Oxford* Editor, and he altered O, to *tho'*.

WARBURTON.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* That I am not.

*Count.* I say, I am your mother.

*Hel.* Pardon, Madam.

The count *Rouffillon* cannot be my brother;  
I am from humble, he from honour'd, name;  
No note upon my parents, his all noble.  
My master, my dear lord he is; and I  
His servant live, and will his vassal die:  
He must not be my brother. —

*Count.* Nor I your mother?

*Hel.* You are my mother, Madam, would you were.  
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)  
Indeed, my mother! — or were you both our mothers  
I care no more for, than I do for heav'n.  
So I were not his sister: 's can't no other,  
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?

*Count.* Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law;

4 — or were you both our mothers

I CARE no more FOR, than I do FOR heav'n,

So I were not his sister:] The second line has not the least glimmering of sense. *Helen*, by the indulgence and invitation of her mistress, is encouraged to discover the hidden cause of her grief; which is the love of her mistress's son; and taking hold of her mistress's words, where she bids her call her *mother*, she unfolds the *mystery*: and, as she is discovering it, emboldens herself by this reflexion, in the line in question, as it ought to be read in a parenthesis.

(I CAN no more FEAR, than I do FEAR heav'n.)

i. e. I can no more fear to trust so indulgent a mistress with the secret than I can fear heav'n who has my vows for its happy issue.

This break, in her discovery, is exceeding pertinent and fine, Here again the *Oxford* Editor does his part. WARBURTON.

I do not much yield to this emendation; yet I have not been able to please myself with any thing to which even my own partiality can give the preference.

*Sir Thomas Hanmer* reads,  
Or were you both our mothers,  
I cannot ask for more than that of heaven.

So I were not his sister; can be no other

Way I your daughter, but he must be my brother?

's Can't no other,

But, I your daughter, he must be my brother.] The mean-

ing is obscur'd by the elliptical diction Can it be no other way, but if I be your daughter he must be my brother?



God shield, you mean it not, daughter and mother  
 So strive upon your pulse! what, pale again?  
 My fear hath catch'd your fondness.—<sup>6</sup> Now I see  
 The myst'ry of your loneliness, and find  
 Your salt tears' head; now to all sense 'tis gross,  
 You love my son; invention is ashamed,  
 Against the proclamation of thy passion,  
 To say, thou dost not; therefore tell me true;  
 But tell me then, 'tis so. For, look, thy cheeks  
 Confess it one to th' other; and thine eyes  
 See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviour,  
 That in their kind they speak it: only sin  
 And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,  
 That truth should be suspected; speak, is't so?  
 If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew:  
 If it be not, forswear't; howe'er, I charge thee,  
 As heav'n shall work in me for thine avail,  
 To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good Madam, pardon me.

*Count.* Do you love my son?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress.

*Count.* Love you my son?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, Madam?

*Count.* Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,  
 Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose

<sup>6</sup> ————— Now I see  
 The myst'ry of your loveliness,  
 and find  
 Your salt tears' head:—]  
 The Mystery of her *Loveliness*  
 is beyond my comprehension:  
 The old Countess is saying no-  
 thing ironical, nothing taunting,  
 or in Reproach, that this Word  
 should find a place here; which  
 it could not, unless sarcastically  
 employed, and with some spleen.  
 I dare warrant, the Poet meant,  
 his old Lady should say no more  
 than this: "I now find the Mys-

tery of your creeping into  
 "Corners, and weeping, and  
 "pining in secret." For this  
 Reason I have amended the Text,  
*Loneliness*. The Steward, in the  
 foregoing Scene, where he gives  
 the Countess Intelligence of *He-*  
*len's* Behaviour, says;

Alone she was, and did com-  
 municate to herself her own  
 Words to her own Ears.

THEOBALD.

& Your salt tears' head ] The  
 source, the fountain of your tears,  
 the cause of your grief.

The state of your affection; for your passions  
Have to the full appeach'd.

*Hel.* Then, I confess,  
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,  
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,  
I love your son:  
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love;  
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,  
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit;  
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him;  
Yet never know, how that desert shall be.  
I know, I love in vain: strive against hope;  
Yet, in this <sup>s</sup> captious and intenable sieve,  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still; thus, *Indian-like*,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more. My dearest Madam,  
Let not your hate encounter with my love,  
For loving where you do; but if yourself,  
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,  
Did ever in so true a flame of liking  
Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*  
Was both herself and love; O then, give pity  
To her, whose state is such, that cannot chuse  
But lend, and give, where she is sure to lose;  
That seeks not to find that, which search implies;  
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,  
To go to *Paris*?

*Hel.* Madam, I had.

*Count.* Wherefore? tell true.

<sup>s</sup> *Captious and intenable sieve.*] for *rotten*, which yet is a word  
The word *captious* I never found more likely to have been mista-  
in this sense; yet I cannot tell ken by the copyers than used by  
what to substitute, unless *cavious* the authour.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* I will tell truth ; by Grace itself, I swear.  
 You know, my father left me some prescriptions  
 Of rare and prov'd effects ; such as his reading  
 And manifest experience had collected  
 For general sov'reignty ; and that he will'd me,  
 In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,  
 As <sup>9</sup> notes, whose faculties inclusive were,  
 More than they were in note : amongst the rest,  
 There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,  
 To cure the desperate languishings, whereof  
 The King is render'd lost.

*Count.* This was your motive for *Paris*, was it,  
 speak ?

*Hel.* My lord your son made me to think of this ;  
 Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,  
 Had from the conversation of my thoughts,  
 Haply, been absent then.

*Count.* But think you, *Helen*,  
 If you should tender your supposed aid,  
 He would receive it ? he and his physicians  
 Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him :  
 They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit  
 A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,  
 Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off  
 The danger to itself ?

*Hel.* There's something hints  
 More than my father's skill, (which was the great'st  
 Of his Profession,) that his good receipt  
 Shall for my legacy be sanctified

<sup>9</sup> Notes, whose faculties inclusive.] Receipts in which greater virtues were inclosed than appeared to observation.

<sup>1</sup> There's something IN'T  
 More than my father's skill—  
 —that his good receipt, &c.]  
 Here is an inference, [that] without any thing preceding, to

which it refers, which makes the sentence vicious, and shews that we should read,

*There's something HINTS  
 More than my father's skill,—  
 —that his good receipt—*

*i. e.* I have a secret premonition or presage.      WARBURTON.



By th' luckiest stars in heav'n ; and, would your honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture  
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's Cure,  
By such a day and hour.

*Count.* Dost thou believ't ?

*Hel.* Ay, Madam, knowingly.

*Count.* Why, *Helen*, thou shalt have my leave and love :

Means and attendants ; and my loving greetings  
To those of mine in Court. I'll stay at home,  
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt :  
Begone, to morrow ; and be sure of this,  
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

### *The Court of France.*

*Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave  
for the Florentine war. Bertram and Parolles.*

*Flourish Cornets.*

K I N G.

<sup>2</sup> **F**arewel, young Lords. These warlike principles  
Do not throw from you. You, my Lords,  
farewel ;

Share

<sup>2</sup> In all the latter copies these lines stood thus :

*Farewel, young Lords ; these  
warlike principles*

*Do not throw from you. You,  
my Lords, farewel ;*

*Share the advice betwixt you ;  
if both again,*

*The gift doth stretch itself as  
'tis receiv'd.]* The third

line in that state was unintelligible. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads thus :

*Farewel young Lord, these war-  
like principles*

Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, Sir,  
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return  
And find your Grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart  
Will not confess, it owns the malady  
That doth my life besiege ; farewell, young Lords ;  
Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy *Frenchmen* ; <sup>3</sup> let higher *Italy*

Those

*Do not throw from you ; you, my  
Lord, farewell ;  
Share the advice betwixt you ;  
if both gain all,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis  
receiv'd,  
And is enough for both. ]*

The first edition, from which the passage is restored, was sufficiently clear ; yet it is plain, that the latter Editors preferred a reading which they did not understand.

<sup>3</sup> ————— let higher *Italy*  
(*Those 'bated, that inherit but  
the Fall*

*Of the last Monarchy ; ) see, &c. ]*  
This is obscure. *Italy*, at the time of this scene, was under three very different tenures. The emperor, as successor of the *Roman* emperors, had one part ; the pope, by a pretended donation from *Constantine*, another ; and the third was compos'd of free states. Now by the *last monarchy* is meant the *Roman*, the last of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the scramble, several cities set up for themselves, and became free states : now these

might be said properly to inherit the *fall* of the monarchy. This being premised, let us now consider sense. The King says, *higher Italy* ; — giving it the rank of preference to *France* ; but he corrects himself and says, I except those from that precedence, who only inherit the fall of the last monarchy ; as all the little petty states ; for instance, *Florence* to whom these volunteers were going. As if he had said, I give the place of honour to the emperor and the pope, but not to the free states.

WARBURTON.

The ancient geographers have divided *Italy* into the higher and the lower, the *Apennine Hills* being a kind of natural line of partition ; the side next the *Adriatick* was denominated the higher *Italy*, and the other side the lower : and the two Seas followed the same terms of distinction, the *Adriatick* being called the upper Sea, and the *Tyrrhene* or *Tuscan* the lower. Now the *Senones* or *Senois* with whom the *Florentines* are here supposed to be at war inhabited the higher *Italy*,

Those 'bated, that inherit but the Fall  
Of the last Monarchy; see, that you come  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when  
The brave St. Questant shrinks, find what you seek,  
That Fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health at your bidding serve your Majesty!

King. Those girls of *Italy*,—take heed of them;  
They say, our *French* lack language to deny,  
If they demand. + Beware of being captives,  
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me. [To Bertram.  
[Exit.

1 Lord. Oh, my sweet Lord, that you will stay be-  
hind us! ———

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark ———

*Italy*, their chief town being  
*Ariminum* now called *Rimini* upon  
the *Adriatick*. HANMER.

Sir T. Hanmer reads.

*These bastards that inherit, &c.*  
with this note.

Reflecting upon the abject and  
degenerate condition of the Ci-  
ties and States which arose out  
of the ruins of the *Roman* Em-  
pire, the last of the four great  
Monarchies of the World.

HANMER.

Dr. Warburton's observation is  
learned, but rather too subtle;  
Sir Tho. Hanmer's alteration is  
merely arbitrary. The passage  
is confessedly obscure, and there-  
fore I may offer another expla-  
nation. I am of opinion that  
the epithet *higher* is to be un-  
derstood of situation rather than  
of dignity. The sense may then  
be this, *Let us go to Italy, where you*  
*are to exercise your valour, see*  
*that you come to gain honour, to*  
*the abatement, that is, to the*

*disgrace and depression of those*  
*that have now lost their ancient*  
*military fame, and inherit but the*  
*fall of the last monarchy. To*  
*abate* is used by *Shakspeare* in  
the original sense of *abatere*, to  
*depress, to sink, to deject, to sub-*  
*due.* So in *Coriolanus*,

—— 'till ignorance deliver you,  
*As most abated captives to some*  
*nation*

*That won you without blows.*  
And *bated* is used in a kindred  
sense in the *Jew of Venice*.

—— in a bondman's key  
*With bated breath and whif-*  
*pring humbleness.*

The word has still the same  
meaning in the language of the  
law.

+ —— *Beware of being cap-*  
*tives,*

*Before you serve.*] The word  
*serve* is equivocal; the sense is,  
*Be not captives before you serve*  
*in the war. Be not captives be-*  
*fore you are soldiers.*

2 Lord.



2 Lord. Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,  
Too young, and *the next year*, and 'tis too early.—

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. Shall I stay here the forehorse to a smock,  
Creeking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
'Till Honour be bought up, and no sword worn  
But one to dance with? by heav'n, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory, and so farewell.

Ber. <sup>5</sup> I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1 Lord. Farewel, Captain.

2 Lord. Sweet Monsieur *Parolles*! ———

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin;  
good sparks and lustrous. A word, good metals.  
<sup>6</sup> You shall find in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one captain *Spurio* with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it; say to him, I live, and observe his reports of me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. *Mars* doat on you for his novices! what will ye do?

<sup>5</sup> I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body. ] I read thus, *Our parting is the parting of a tortured body.* Our parting is as the disruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cause of mistakes, the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the sentence is omitted.

<sup>6</sup> You shall find in the Regiment of the *Spinii*, one Captain *Spurio*,

his Cicatrice, with an Emblem of War here on his sinister Cheek;]

It is surprising, none of the Editors could see that a slight Transposition was absolutely necessary here, when there is not common Sense in the Passage, as it stands without such Transposition. *Parolles* only means, "You shall find one Captain *Spurio* in the Camp with a Scar on his left Cheek, a Mark of War that my Sword gave him."

THEOBALD.

*Ber.* Stay ; the King——

*Par.* Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble Lords, you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu ; be more expressive to them, for <sup>7</sup> they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star ; and tho' the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd : after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so.

*Par.* Worthy fellows, and like to prove most finewy sword-men. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter the King, and Lafeu.* [*Lafeu kneels.*

*Laf.* Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll see thee to stand up.

*Laf.* Then here's a man stands, that hath bought his pardon.

I would, you had kneel'd, my Lord, to ask me mercy ;  
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

*King.* I would, I had ; so I had broke thy pate,  
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

<sup>7</sup> they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, &c.] The main obscurity of this passage arises from the mistake of a single letter. We should read, instead of, *do muster*, *TO muster*.——*To wear themselves in the cap of the time*, signifies to be the foremost in the fashion: the figurative allusion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their mistress's favours in their caps.

——there to muster true gait,

signifies to assemble together in the high road of the fashion. All the rest is intelligible and easy.

WARBURTON.

I think this emendation cannot be said to give much light to the obscurity of the passage. Perhaps it might be read thus, They *do muster* with the *true gait*, that is, they have the true military step. Every man has observed something peculiar in the strut of a soldier.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* Goodfaith, <sup>8</sup> acrofs :——but, my good Lord,  
'tis thus ;

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity ?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox ?

<sup>9</sup> Yes, but you will, my noble grapes ; an if

My royal fox could reach them : I have seen a *medicine*,  
That's able to breathe life into a stone ;

Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary

With sprightly fire and motion ; whose simple touch

Is powerful to araise King *Pepin*, nay,

To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand,

And write to her a love-line.

*King.* What her is this ?

*Laf.* Why, doctor-she : my Lord, there's one ar-  
riv'd,

If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one, that in her sex, <sup>1</sup> her years, profession,

Wisdom and constancy, hath amaz'd me more

Than I dare blame my weakness : will you see her,

For that is her Demand, and know her business ?

That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good *Lafeu*,

Bring in the admiration, that we with thee

May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,

By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

<sup>8</sup> — *acrofs* :—— ] This word, as has been already observed, is used when any pass of wit miscarries.

<sup>9</sup> *Yes, but you will, my noble grapes ; an' if* ] These words, *my noble grapes*, seem to Dr. *Warburton* and Sir *T. Han-*  
*ner*, to stand so much in the way, that they have silently omitted them. They may be in-

deed rejected without great loss, but I believe they are *Shakespeare's* words. *You will eat*, says *Lafeu*, *no grapes*. *Yes, but you will eat such noble grapes as I bring you, if you could reach them*.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *her years, profession,* ] By *profession* is meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming. *WARBURTON.*



*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,  
And not be all day neither. [*Exit Lafeu.*

*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*Laf.* [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.

[*Bringing in Helena,*

*King.* This haste hath wings, indeed.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways,  
This is his Majesty, say your mind to him ;  
A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors  
His Majesty seldom fears : I'm *Cressid's* uncle, <sup>2</sup>  
That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [*Exit.*

### S C E N E   I I I .

*King.* Now, fair One, do's your business follow us ?

*Hel.* Ay, my good Lord.

*Gerard de Narbon* was my father,  
In what he did profess, well found.

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praise toward him ;  
Knowing him, is enough : on's bed of death  
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,  
Which as the dearest issue of his practice,  
And of his old experience th' only darling,  
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,  
Safer than mine own two : more dear I have so ;  
And hearing your high Majesty is touch'd  
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour <sup>3</sup>  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,  
I come to tender it, and my appliance,  
With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden ;  
But may not be so credulous of cure,

<sup>2</sup> — *Cressid's uncle,* ] See  
*Troilus and Cressida.*

<sup>3</sup> — *wherein the honour*  
*Of my dear father's gift stands*  
*chief in power,* ] Perhaps

we may better read,

———— *wherein the power*  
*Of my dear father's gift stands*  
*chief in honour.*

When our most learned doctors leave us ; and  
 The congregated college have concluded,  
 That labouring art can never ransom nature  
 From her unaidable estate : we must not  
 So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
 To prostitute our past-cure malady  
 To empericks ; or to dissever so  
 Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
 A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

*Hel.* My duty then shall pay me for my pains ;  
 I will no more enforce mine office on you ;  
 Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts  
 A modest one to bear me back again.

*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful ;  
 Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give,  
 As one near death to those that wish him live ;  
 But what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;  
 I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do, can do no hurt to try,  
 Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.  
 He that of greatest works is finisher,  
 Oft does them by the weakest minister :  
 So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,  
 When judges have been babes ; great floods have flown  
 From simple sources ; and great seas have dry'd,  
 When mir'cles have by th' greatest been deny'd. <sup>4</sup>  
 Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
 Where most it promises : and oft it hits  
 Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

*King.* I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind  
 Maid ;  
 Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :

<sup>4</sup> *When miracles have by th' greatest been deny'd.* ] I do not see the import or connection of this line. As the next line stands without a correspondent rhyme, I suspect that something has been lost.

Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :  
It is not so with him that all things knows,  
As 'tis with us, that square our guesses by shows :  
But most it is presumption in us, when  
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.  
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give consent,  
Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.  
I am not an impostor, that proclaim  
Myself against the level of mine aim ;  
But know I think, and think I know most sure,  
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident ? within what space  
Hop'st thou my cure ?

*Hel.* The greatest grace lending grace,  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;  
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp  
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;  
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;  
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence,  
What dar'st thou venture ?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,  
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame <sup>6</sup>  
Traduc'd by odious ballads : my maiden's name

Scar'd

<sup>5</sup> *Myself against the level of mine aim ;] i. e.* pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my condition.

WARBURTON.

I rather think that the means to say, *I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another, that proclaim a cure and*

*aim at a fraud ; I think what I speak.*

<sup>6</sup> ————— *a divulged shame Traduc'd by odious ballads : my maiden's name*

*Scar'd otherwise, no worse of worst extended ;*

*With vilest torture let my life be ended.] This passage is ap-*

parently



Sear'd otherwise, no worfe of worst extended ;  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

*King.* 7 Methinks, in thee some blessed Spirit doth  
speak

His powerful found, within an organ weak ;

And

parently corrupt, and how shall  
it be rectified ? I have no great  
hope of success, but something  
must be tried. I read the whole  
thus,

*King.* What darest thou ven-  
ture ?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,  
A strumpet's boldness ; a divulged  
shame,

Traduc'd by odious ballads my  
maiden name ;

Sear'd otherwise, to worst of worst  
extended ;

With vilest torture let my life be  
ended.

When this alteration first came  
into my mind, I supposed *Helen* to  
mean thus, *First*, I venture what is  
dearest to me, my maiden reputa-  
tion ; but if your distrust ex-  
tends my character to the worst  
of the worst, and supposes me  
feared against the sense of in-  
famy, I will add to the stake of  
reputation, the stake of life. This  
certainly is sense, and the language  
as grammatical as many other  
passages of *Shakespeare*. Yet we  
may try another experiment.

Fear otherwise to worst of worst  
extended ;

With vilest torture let my life be  
ended.

That is, let me act under the  
greatest terrors possible.

Yet once again we will try to  
find the right way by the glimmer  
of *Hammer's* emendation, who  
reads thus,

———— my maiden name

Sear'd ; otherwise the worst of  
worst extended, &c.

Perhaps it were better thus,

———— my maiden name

Sear'd ; otherwise the worst to  
worst extended ;

With vilest torture let my life be  
ended.

7 Methinks, in thee some blessed  
spirit doth speak

His powerful found, within an  
organ weak ; ] To speak a  
found is a barbarism : For to speak  
signifies to utter an articulate  
found, *i. e.* a voice. So *Shake-  
speare*, in *Love's Labour Lost*, says  
with propriety, *And when love  
speaks the voice of all the Gods.*  
To speak a found therefore is im-  
proper, tho' to utter a found is  
not ; because the word *utter* may  
be applied either to an articulate  
or inarticulate. Besides, the con-  
struction is vicious with the two  
ablatives, *in thee*, and, *within an  
organ weak*. The lines there-  
fore should be thus read and  
pointed,

Methinks, in thee some blessed  
spirit doth speak :

His power full sounds within an  
organ weak.

But the *Oxford* Editor would be  
only so far beholden to this emen-  
dation, as to enable him to make  
sense of the lines another way,  
whatever be some of the rules of  
criticism or ingenuously dealing.

It

And what impossibility would slay  
 In common sense, sense saves another way.  
 Thy life is dear ; for all that life can rate  
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate : <sup>s</sup>  
<sup>9</sup> Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all  
 That happiness and <sup>1</sup> prime can happy call ;  
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.  
 Sweet Practiser, thy physick I will try ;  
 That ministers thine own death, if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property  
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,  
 And well deserv'd ! Not helping, death's my fee ;  
 But if I help, what do you promise me ?

*King.* <sup>2</sup> Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even ?

*King.* Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of heaven.

*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,  
 What Husband in thy power I will command.  
 Exempted be from me the arrogance  
 To chuse from forth the royal blood of *France* ;  
 My low and humble name to propagate  
 With any branch or image of thy state : \*

But

*It powerful sounds within an organ weak.* WARBURT.

<sup>s</sup> — in thee hath estimate : ]  
 May be counted among the gifts  
 enjoyed by thee.

<sup>9</sup> Youth, Beauty, wisdom, courage, all ] The verse wants  
 a foot. VIRTUE, by mischance,  
 has dropt out of the line.

WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> — prime ] Youth ; the  
 spring or morning of life.

<sup>2</sup> King. Make thy Demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even ?

*King.* Ay, by Scepter and my  
 hopes of help. ] The King

could have but a very slight Hope  
 of *Help* from her, scarce enough  
 to swear by : and therefore *He-*  
*len* might suspect he meant to  
 equivocate with her. Besides,  
 observe, the greatest Part of the  
 Scene is strictly in Rhime : and  
 there is no Shadow of Reason  
 why it should be interrupted here.  
 I rather imagine the Poet wrote,  
*Ay, by my Scepter, and my Hopes*  
*of Heaven.* THIRLEY.

\* *With any branch or IMAGE*  
*of thy state : ]* Shakespear  
 unquestionably wrote *IMPAGE*,  
 grafting. *IMP* a graft, or slip,  
 or

But such a one thy vassal, whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand, the premises observ'd,  
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:  
So, make the choice of thine own time; for I,  
Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still rely.  
More should I question thee, and more I must;  
(Tho' more to know, could not be more to trust:)  
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—but rest  
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.  
Give me some help here; ho! if thou proceed  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to Rouffillon.*

*Enter Countess and Clown.*

*Count.* COME on, Sir; I shall now put you to the  
height of your breeding.

*Clo.* I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught;  
I know, my business is but to the court.

*Count.* But to the court? why, what place make  
you special, when you put off that with such con-  
tempt? But to the court!

*Clo.* Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any  
manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that  
cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and  
say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and,  
indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the  
court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all  
questions.

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks;

or sucker: by which she means *Caxton* calls our Prince *Arthur*,  
one of the sons of *France*. So *that noble* IMPE of *fame*. *WARB.*  
the



the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffaty punk, as *Tib's* rush for *Tom's* fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tuesday*, a morris for *May-day*, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

*Clo.* From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me, if I am a courtier;—it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* <sup>3</sup> To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in a question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

*Clo.* <sup>4</sup> O Lord, Sir ——— there's a simple putting off — more, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clo.* O Lord, Sir ——— thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clo.* O Lord, Sir, ——— nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whip'd, Sir, as I think.

<sup>3</sup> *To be young again, ———* ] back to youth.

The lady censures her own levity in trifling with her jester, as a ridiculous attempt to return

<sup>4</sup> *O Lord, Sir, ———* ] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court.

WARBURTON.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* O Lord, Sir——spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, O Lord, Sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? indeed, your O Lord, Sir, is very frequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my —— O Lord, Sir; I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble hufwife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* O Lord, Sir——why, there't serves well again.

*Count.* An end, Sir; to your business: give *Helen* this, And urge her to a present answer back.

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son:  
This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them?

*Count.* Not much imployment for you, you understand me.

*Clo.* Most fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

*Changes to the Court of France.*

*Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.*

*Laf.* **T**HEY say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern, and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.<sup>s</sup>

*Par.* Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our later times.

*Ber.* And so 'tis.

<sup>s</sup> —— unknown fear.] Fear is here the object of fear.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* To be relinquish'd of the artists ———<sup>4</sup>

*Par.* So I say, both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.<sup>6</sup>

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentick Fellows —

*Par.* Right, so I say.

*Laf.* That gave him out incurable, ———

*Par.* Why, there 'tis, so say I too.

*Laf.* Not to be help'd, ———

*Par.* Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of an ———

*Laf.* Uncertain life, and sure death, ———

*Par.* Just, you say well: so would I have said.

*Laf.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is, indeed, if you will have it in shewing; you shall read it in, what do you call there ———

*Laf.* A shewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.<sup>7</sup>

*Par.* That's it, I would have said the very same.

<sup>6</sup> *Par.* So I say, both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentick fellows ———] *Shakespeare*, as I have often observed, never throws out his words at random. *Paracelsus*, tho' no better than an ignorant and knavish enthusiast was at this time in such vogue, even amongst the learned, that he had almost justly *Galen* and the ancients out of credit. On this account *learned* is applied to *Galen*; and *authentick* or fashionable to *Paracelsus*. *Sancy*, in his *Confession Catholique*, p. 301. Ed. Col. 1720, is made to say, *Je trouve la Riviere premier Medecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens la. Il est bon Galeniste, & tres bon Paraceliste. Il dit que la doctrine de Galien est honorable, & non mesprisable pour la pathologie, & profitable pour les Boutiques. L'autre, pourvu que*

*ce soit de vrais preceptes de Paracelse, est bonne à suivre pour la verité, pour la subtilité, pour l'espargne; en somme pour la Therapeutique.* WARBURTON.

As the whole merriment of this scene consists in the pretensions of *Parolles* to knowledge and sentiments which he has not, I believe here are two passages in which the words and sense are bestowed upon him by the copies, which the authour gave to *Lafau*. I read this passage thus,

*Laf.* To be relinquish'd of the artists ———

*Par.* So I say.

*Laf.* Both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*, of all the learned and authentick fellow ———

*Par.* Right, so I say.

<sup>7</sup> *A shewing of a heav'nly effect, &c.*] The title of some pamphlet here ridiculed.

WARBURTON.

*Laf.*



*Laf.* Why, your dolphin is not lustier: for me, I speak in respect——

*Par.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

*Laf.* Very hand of heav'n.

*Par.* Ay, so I say.

*Laf.* In a most weak——

*Par.* And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; <sup>8</sup> which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made than alone the recov'ry of the King; as to be——

*Laf.* Generally thankful.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter King, Helena, and attendants.*

*Par.* I would have said it, you said well. Here comes the King.

*Laf.* Lustick, as the *Dutchman* says. I'll like a Maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a Corranto.

*Par.* *Mort du Vinaigre!* is not this *Helena*?

*Laf.* 'Fore God, I think so.

*King.* Go, call before me all the Lords in court.

<sup>8</sup> —— *which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, &c.*] Between the words *us* and *a farther*, there seems to have been two or three words dropt, which appear to have been to this purpose—*should, indeed, give us* [notice, that there is of this,] *a farther use to be made*—— so that the passage should be read with asterisks for the future.

WARBURTON.

I cannot see that there is any hiatus, or other irregularity of

language than such as is very common in these plays. I believe *Parolles* has again usurped words and sense to which he has no right; and I read this passage thus,

*Laf.* In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence; *which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made than the mere recovery of the king.*

*Par.* *As to be.*

*Laf.* *General'y thankful.*

Sir, my preserver, by thy patient's side;  
 And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
 Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive  
 The confirmation of my promis'd gift;  
 Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter three or four Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye; this youthful parcel  
 Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
 O'er whom both sov'reign power and father's voice  
 I have to use; thy frank election make;  
 Thou hast power to chuse, and they none to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress  
 Fall, when love please! marry, to each but one.—

*Laf.* I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,  
 My mouth no more were broken<sup>9</sup> than these boys,  
 And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well:  
 Not one of those, but had a noble father.

*[She addresses herself to a Lord.]*

*Hel.* Gentlemen, heaven hath, through me, restor'd  
 The King to health.

*All.* We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,  
 That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—  
 Please it your Majesty, I have done already:  
 The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,  
 “ We blush that thou should chuse, but be refus'd;  
 “ Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,<sup>1</sup>  
 “ We'll ne'er come there again.

*King.* Make choice, and see,  
 Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

<sup>9</sup> A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth.

<sup>1</sup> *Let the white DEATH sit on thy cheek for ever,]* *Shakespeare, I think, wrote DEARTH;*

*i. e.* want of blood, or more figuratively barrenness, want of fruit or issue. *WARBURTON.*  
 The *white death* is the *chlorosis*.

*Hel.* Now, *Dian*, from thy altar do I fly,  
And to imperial<sup>2</sup> *Love*, that God most high,  
Do my sighs stream: Sir, will you hear my suit?

<sup>1</sup> *Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, Sir:—all the rest is mute.

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-  
ace for my life.

*Hel.* The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,  
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:  
Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

<sup>2</sup> *Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive,  
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

*Laf.* Do all they deny her? <sup>3</sup> if they were sons of  
mine, I'd have them whipt, or I would send them to  
the *Turk* to make eunuchs of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid that I your hand should take,  
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:  
Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her;  
sure, they are bastards to the *English*, the *French* ne'er  
got 'em.

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too good,  
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

<sup>4</sup> *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

<sup>2</sup> *And to IMPERIAL Love,—]* The old editions read IMPAR-  
TIAL, which is right. Love who  
has no regard to difference of  
condition, but yokes together  
high and low, which was her  
case.

WARBURTON.

There is no edition of this  
play older than that of 1623,  
the next is that of 1632, of  
which both read *imperial*: the

second reads *imperial Jove*.

<sup>3</sup> *Laf. Do they all deny her?]*

None of them have yet denied  
her, or deny her afterwards but  
*Bertram*. The scene must be so  
regulated that *Lafeu* and *Parolles*  
talk at a distance, where they  
may see what passes between *He-*  
*lena* and the lords, but not hear  
it, so that they know not by  
whom the refusal is made.



*Laf.* † There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drunk wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say, I take you; but I give Me and my service, ever whilst I live, Into your guided power: this is the man. [*To Bertram.*

*King.* Why then, young *Bertram*, take her, she's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife, my Liege? I shall beseech your Highness, In such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not, *Bertram*, What she hath done for me?

*Ber.* Yes, my good Lord, But never hope to know why I should marry her.

*King.* Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down Must answer for your raising? I know her well: She had her breeding at my father's charge: A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain Rather corrupt me ever!

*King.* 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which I can build up: strange is it, that our bloods, Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off In differences, so mighty. If she be All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislike'st, A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislike'st

† *There's one grape yet, —* ] This speech the three last editors have perplexed themselves by dividing between *Lafeu* and *Parolles*, without any authority of copies, or any improvement of sense. I have restored the old reading, and should have thought no explanation necessary, but that *Mr. Theobald* apparently misun-

derstood it.

Old *Lafeu* having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on *Bertram* who remained, cries out, *There is one yet into whom his father put good blood, — but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an ass.*

Of virtue for the name: but do not so.  
 5 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
 The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.  
 Where great addition swells, and virtue none,  
 It is a drop'd honour; 6 good alone  
 Is good, without a name vileness is so:  
 The property by what it is should go,  
 Not by the title: She is young, wise, fair; 7  
 In these, to nature she's immediate heir;

And

5 *Whence from lowest place vir-  
 tuous things proceed,*] This  
 easy Correction was prescribed  
 by Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

6 ~~—————~~ *good alone,  
 Is good without a name. Vile-  
 ness is so:*] The text is here  
 corrupted into nonsense. We  
 should read,

~~—————~~ *good alone  
 Is good; and, with a name, vile-  
 ness is so.*

i. e. good is good, tho' there be  
 no addition of title; and vile-  
 ness is vileness, tho' there be.  
 The Oxford Editor, understand-  
 ing nothing of this, strikes out  
*vileness* and puts in its place,  
*in'tself*. WARBURTON.

The present reading is certain-  
 ly wrong, and, to confess the  
 truth, I do not think Dr. War-  
 burton's emendation right; yet  
 I have nothing that I can propose  
 with much confidence. Of all the  
 conjectures that I can make, that  
 which least displeases me is this:

~~—————~~ *virtue alone,  
 Is good without a name; Helen  
 is so;*

The rest follows easily by this  
 change.

7 ~~—————~~ *She is YOUNG, wise, fair;  
 In these, to nature she's imme-  
 diate heir;*

*And these breed honour; ———]*  
 The objection was, that Helen

had neither riches nor title: To  
 this the King replies, she's *the*  
*immediate heir* of nature, from  
 whom she inherits youth, wis-  
 dom, and beauty. The thought  
 is fine. For by the *immediate heir*  
 to nature, we must understand  
 one who inherits wisdom and  
 beauty in a supreme degree. From  
 hence it appears that *young* is a  
 faulty reading, for that does not,  
 like wisdom and beauty, admit  
 of different degrees of excellence;  
 therefore she could not, with re-  
 gard to *that*, be said to be the  
*immediate heir* of nature; for in  
*that* she was only joint-heir with  
 all the rest of her species. Be-  
 sides, tho' *wisdom* and *beauty* may  
*breed honour*, yet *youth* cannot be  
 said to do so. On the contrary,  
 it is *age* which has this advantage.  
 It seems probable that some foolish  
 player when he transcribed this  
 part, not apprehending the  
 thought, and wondring to find  
*youth* not reckoned amongst the  
 good qualities of a woman when  
 she was proposed to a lord, and  
 not considering that it was com-  
 prised in the word *fair*, foisted  
 in *young*, to the exclusion of a  
 word much more to the purpose.  
 For I make no question but  
 Shakespeare wrote,

~~—————~~ *She is GOOD, wise, fair.*



And these breed honour : That is honour's scorn,  
 Which challenges itself as honour's born,  
 And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,  
 When rather from our acts we them derive  
 Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave  
 Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave ;  
 A lying trophy ; <sup>8</sup> and as oft is dumb,  
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb  
 Of honour'd bones, indeed. What should be said ?  
 If thou can'st like this creature as a maid,  
 I can create the rest : virtue and she,  
 Is her own dow'r ; honour and wealth from me.

*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive  
 to chuse.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad:  
 Let the rest go.——

*King.* <sup>9</sup> My honour's at the stake ; which to defend,

For the greatest part of her encomium turned upon her virtue. To omit this therefore in the recapitulation of her qualities, had been against all the rules of good speaking. Nor let it be objected that this is requiring an exactness in our author which we should not expect. For he who could reason with the force our author doth here, (and we ought always to distinguish between *Shakespeare* on his guard and in his rambles) and illustrate that reasoning with such beauty of thought and propriety of expression, could never make use of a word which quite destroyed the exactness of his reasoning, the propriety of his thought, and the elegance of his expression.

WARBURTON.

Here is a long note which I wish had been shorter. *Gold* is

better than *young*, as it refers to *honour*. But she is more the *immediate heir* of nature with respect to *youth* than *goodness*. To be *immediate heir* is to inherit without any intervening transmitter: thus she inherits beauty *immediately* from nature, but honour is transmitted by ancestors; youth is received *immediately* from nature, but *goodness* may be conceived in part the gift of parents, or the effect of education. The alteration therefore loses on one side what it gains on the other.

<sup>9</sup> *My honour's at the Stake ;  
 which to defeat*

*I must produce my Power.——]*  
 The poor King of France is again made a Man of Gotham, by our unmerciful Editors. For he is not to make use of his Authority to *defeat*, but to *defend*, his Honour. THEOBALD.

I must



I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,  
 Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift!  
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up  
 My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,  
 We, poizing us in her defective scale,  
 Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,  
 It is in us to plant thine honour, where  
 We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:  
 Obey our will, which travels in thy good;  
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,  
 Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;  
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever  
 Into the staggers,<sup>1</sup> and the careless lapse  
 Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate  
 Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,  
 Without all terms of pity. Speak, thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I submit  
 My fancy to your eyes. When I consider,  
 What great creation, and what dole of honour  
 Flies where you bid; I find, that she, which late  
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
 The praised of the King; \* who, so enobled,  
 Is, as 'twere, born so.

*King.* Take her by the hand,  
 And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise  
 A counterpoize; if not in thy estate,  
 A balance more repleat.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the favour of the King  
 Smile upon this contract! whose ceremony  
 Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,<sup>2</sup>

And

<sup>1</sup> *Into the staggers,* ——— ]  
 One species of the *staggers*, or  
 the *horses apoplexy*, is a raging  
 impatience which makes the ani-  
 mal dash himself with destructive  
 violence against posts or walls.

To this the allusion, I suppose,  
 is made.

<sup>2</sup> ——— whose ceremony  
 Shall seem expedient on the new-  
 born brief,  
 And be perform'd to night; ——— ]

And be perform'd to night; the solemn feast  
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,  
 Thy love's to me religious; else does err. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Manent* Parolles and Lafeu.

*Laf.* Do you hear, Monsieur? a word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure, Sir?

*Laf.* Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation? —my Lord? my Master?

*Laf.* Ay, is it not a language I speak?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

*Laf.* Are you companion to the Count *Rouffillon*?

*Par.* To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is Count's man; Count's master is of another file.

*Par.* You are too old, Sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old. —

*Laf.* I must tell thee, Sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries, <sup>3</sup> to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass; yet the scarfs and the ban-

This, if it be at all intelligible, is at least obscure and inaccurate. Perhaps it was written thus,

————— what ceremony  
 Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,

Shall be perform'd to night; the solemn feast

Shall more attend ————— ]

The brief is the contract of espou-

sal, or the licence of the church. The king means, What ceremony is necessary to make this contract a marriage, shall be immediately performed; the rest may be delayed.

<sup>3</sup> ————— for two ordinaries, ]  
 While I sat twice with thee at table.

nerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up,<sup>4</sup> and that thou'rt scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee ———

*Laf.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if,——Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! so, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, I look thro' thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I have not, my Lord, deserv'd it.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not 'bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser ———

*Laf.* Ev'n as soon as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smack o'th' contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default,<sup>5</sup> he is a man I know.

*Par.* My Lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would, it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.<sup>6</sup>

[*Exit.*

*Par.*

<sup>4</sup> ——— taking up, ] To take up, is to contradict, to call to account, as well as to pick off the ground.

<sup>5</sup> — in the default,] That is, at a need.

<sup>6</sup> — for doing I am past: as I will by thee, in what motion



*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; <sup>7</sup> scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord!—well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of— I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*Re-enter Lafeu.*

*Laf.* Sirrah, your Lord and Master's married, there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your Lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I serve above, is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God?

*Par.* Ay, Sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

*age will give me leave.*] Here is a line lost after *past*; so that it should be distinguished by a break with asterisks. The very words of the lost line it is impossible to retrieve; but the sense is obvious enough. *For doing I am past*; age has deprived me of much of my force and vigour, yet I have still enough to shew the world I can do myself right, *as I will by thee, in what motion* [or in the best manner] *age will give me leave.* WARBURTON.

This suspicion of a chasm

is groundless. The conceit which is so thin that it might well escape a hasty reader, is in the word *past*, *I am past, as I will be past by thee.*

*Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me;*] This the poet makes *Parolles* speak alone; and this is nature. A coward would try to hide his postroony even from himself.—An ordinary writer would have been glad of such an opportunity to bring him to confession.

WARBURTON.

*Par.*

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my Lord.

*Laf.* Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more sawcy with lords and honourable personages, than <sup>s</sup> the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Bertram.*

*Par.* Good, very good, it is so then.—Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*Par.* What is the matter, sweet heart?

*Ber.* Although before the solemn Priest I've sworn, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what, sweet heart?

*Ber.* O my *Parolles*, they have married me: I'll to the *Tuscan* wars, and never bed her.

*Par.* *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my boy, to th' wars.

He wears his honour in a box, unseen,  
That hugs his kickfy-wickfy here at home;  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of *Mars's* fiery steed: to other regions  
*France* is a stable, we that dwell in't jades,  
Therefore to th' war.

*Ber.* It shall be so, I'll send her to my house,

<sup>s</sup> In former copies: *heraldry.*] Sir Tho. Hamner restored it.  
— than the commission of  
*your birth and virtue gives you*

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
 And wherefore I am fled; write to the King  
 That which I durst not speak. His present gift  
 Shall furnish me to those *Italian* fields,  
 Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife  
 To the dark house,<sup>9</sup> and the detested wife.

*Per.* Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.  
 I'll fend her straight away: to-morrow  
 I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

*Per.* Why, these balls bound, there's noise in it.—  
 'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:  
 Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,  
 The King has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so,  
[*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter Helena and Clown.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

*Cl.* She is not well, but yet she has her health; she's very merry, but yet she is not well: but, thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world; but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

*Cl.* Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things?

*Cl.* One, that she's not in heav'n, whither God send her quickly; the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

<sup>9</sup> *To the dark house,—*] The *dark house* is a house made gloomy by discontent. *Milton* says of *death* and the king of *Hell* pre-

paring to combat,  
*So frown'd the mighty comba-*  
*tants, that Hell*  
*Grew darker at their frown.*

*Enter*



*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* Bless you, my fortunate Lady!

*Hel.* I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles and I her mony, I would, she did, as you say.

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, thou'rt a knave.

*Clo.* You should have said, Sir, before a knave, th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

*Clo.* Did you find me in yourself, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the search, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.  
Madam, my Lord will go away to night,  
A very serious business calls on him.  
The great prerogative and rite of love,  
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;  
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint:  
Whose want, and whose delay, ' is strew'd with sweets  
Which they distil now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,

*Whose want, - and whose delay, &c.] The sweets with which this want are strew'd, I suppose, are compliments and professions of kindness.*

And

And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o'th' King,  
And make this haste as your own good proceeding;  
Strengthen'd with what apology, you think,  
May make it probable need.<sup>2</sup>

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That having this obtain'd, you presently  
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In every thing I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so. [Exit Parolles.

*Hel.* I pray you.—Come, Sirrah. [To Clown.  
[Exeunt.

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Lafeu and Bertram.*

*Laf.* But, I hope, your Lordship thinks not him a  
soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark  
for a bunting.

*Ber.* I do assure you, my Lord, he is very great in  
knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I have then sinned against his experience, and  
transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way  
is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to re-  
pent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I  
will pursue the amity.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* These things shall be done, Sir.

*Laf.* I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

<sup>2</sup> ——— [*probable need.*] A specious appearance of necessity.

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O; I know him well; I, Sir, he, Sir's, a good workman; a very good taylor.

*Ber.* Is she gone to the King? [*Aside to Parolles.*

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to night?

*Par.* As you'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, given order for our horses; and to night, when I should take possession of the bride——and ere I do begin——

*Laf.* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten——God save you, captain.

*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my Lord and you, Monsieur?

*Par.* I know not, how I have deserved to run into my Lord's displeasure.

*Laf.* <sup>3</sup> You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

*Ber.* It may be, you have mistaken him, my Lord.

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monsieur, I have

<sup>3</sup> You have made shift to run into't, Boots and Spurs and all, like him that leapt into the Custard;] This odd Allusion is not introduc'd without a View to Satire. It was a Foolery practis'd at City-Entertainments, whilst the

*Jester* or *Zany* was in Vogue, for him to jump into a large deep Custard: set for the Purpose, to set on a Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh; as our Poet says in his *Hamlet*. THEOBALD.



spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

*Par.* An idle lord, I swear. ———

*Ber.* I think so.

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I know him well, and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my elog.

## S C E N E XI.

*Enter* Helena.

*Hel.* I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, *Helena*, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time; nor does The ministration and required office On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled: this drives me to intreat you, That presently you take your way for home, And rather muse, than ask, why I intreat you; For my respects are better than they seem, And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shews itself at the first view, To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[*Giving a letter.*]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so I leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out That, Wherin tow'rd me my homely stars have fail'd

To

To equal my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let That go :

My haste is very great. Farewel ; hie home.

*Hel.* Pray, Sir, your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say ?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe ;  
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine, and yet it is ;  
But, like a tim'rous thief, most fain would steal  
What law does vouch mine own.

*Ber.* What would you have ?

*Hel.* Something, and scarce so much — nothing,  
indeed —————

I would not tell you what I would, my Lord—'faith,  
yes ; —————

Strangers and foes do funder, and not kifs.

*Ber.* I pray you, stay not : but in haste to horse.

*Hel.* <sup>4</sup> I shall not break your bidding, good my  
Lord. [Exit Helena.

*Ber.* Where are my other men, Monsieur ? — fare-  
wel.

Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,  
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum :  
Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Bravely, Couragio ! [Exeunt.

<sup>4</sup> In former copies :

*Hel.* I shall not break your  
Bidding, good my Lord :

Where are my other Men ? Mon-  
sieur, farewel.

*Ber.* Go thou toward home,  
where I will never come.]

What other Men is *Helena* here  
enquiring after ? Or who is she  
suppos'd to ask for them ? The  
old Countess, 'tis certain, did

not send her to the Court with-  
out some Attendants : but neither  
the *Clown*, nor any of her Re-  
tinue, are now upon the Stage :  
*Bertram*, observing *Helena* to lin-  
ger fondly, and wanting to shift  
her off, puts on a Shew of Haste,  
asks *Parolles* for his Servants, and  
then gives his Wife an abrupt  
Dismission. THEOBALD.

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The Duke's Court in Florence.*

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords, with Soldiers.*

D U K E.

**S**O that, from point to point, now have you heard  
The fundamental reasons of this war,  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,  
And more thirsts after.

*1 Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel  
Upon your Grace's part ; but black and fearful  
On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much, our cousin *France*  
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom  
Against our borrowing prayers.

*2 Lord.* Good my Lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yield, <sup>5</sup>  
But like a common and an outward man, <sup>6</sup>  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-unable motion ; <sup>7</sup> therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it, since I have found  
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail  
As often as I guesst.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

*2 Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nation,  
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day

<sup>5</sup> ——— *I cannot yield,*] I cannot inform you of the reasons.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *an outward man,*] *i. e.* one not in the secret of affairs.

WARBURTON.

So *inward* is familiar, admitted to secrets. *I was an inward of his.* Measure for Measure.

<sup>7</sup> *By self-unable MOTION;* —] We should read NOTION.

WARBURTON.



Come here for phyfick.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they be :  
And all the honours, that can fly from us,  
Shall on them fettle. You know your places well.  
When better fall, for your avails they fell ;  
To-morrow, to the field. [ *Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*Changes to Rouffillon, in France.*

*Enter Countess, and Clown.*

*Count.* IT hath happen'd, all as I would have had it ;  
I fave, that he comes not along with her.

*Clo.* By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a  
very melancholy man:

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you ?

*Clo.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and finge ;  
mend his ruff, and finge ; ask questions, and finge ;  
pick his teeth, and finge. I knew a man that had this  
trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and when he  
means to come. [ *Reads the letter.*

*Clo.* I have no mind to *Isbel*, since I was at court.  
Our old ling, and our *Isbels* o'th' country, are nothing  
like your old ling, and your *Isbels* o'th' court: the  
brain of my *Cupid's* knock'd out ; and I begin to love,  
as an old man loves mony, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here ?

*Clo.* E'en that you have there. [ *Exit.*

*Countess reads a letter.*

*I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered  
the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bed-  
ded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall  
hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come.*

*If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate Son,  
Bertram.*

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,  
To fly the favours of so good a King,  
To pluck his indignation on thy head;  
By the misprizing of a maid, too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O Madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady.

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

*Count.* Why should he be kill'd?

*Clo.* So say I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children: Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear, your son was run away.

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Helena, and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good Madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.—

2 *Gen.* Do not say so.

*Count.* Think upon patience—'Pray you, gentlemen, I've felt so many quirks of joy and grief,  
That the first face of neither, on the start,  
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son?

2 *Gen.*

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence.

We met him thitherward, for thence we came;  
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, Madam; here's my passport.

8 *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off; and shew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a Then I write a Never.*

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gen. Ay, Madam, and, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer.  
If thou engross't all the griefs as thine,  
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son,  
But I do wash his name out of my blood,  
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

2 Gen. Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a foldier?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,  
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour  
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 Gen. Ay, Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter. [Reading.

Count. Find you that there?

8 *When thou canst get the ring, upon my finger,] i. e. When thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession. The Oxford Editor, who took it the other way, to signify, when thou canst get it on upon my finger, very sagaciously alters it*

to, *When thou canst get the ring from my finger.* WARBURTON.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation sufficient, but I once read it thus, *When thou canst get the ring upon thy finger, which never shall come off mine.*



*Hel.* Yes, Madam.

*1 Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

*Count.* Nothing in *France*, until he have no wife? There's nothing here, that is too good for him, But only she; and she deserves a lord, That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

*1 Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have some time known.

*Count.* *Parolles*, was't not?

*1 Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

*Count.* A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness: My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

*1 Gen.* Indeed, good lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.<sup>9</sup>

*Count.* Y'are welcome, gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you see my son, to tell him, that his sword can never win the honour that he loses: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

*2 Gen.* We serve you, Madam, in that and all your worthiest affairs.

*Count.* Not so, but as we change our courtesies. Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]

<sup>9</sup> — a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.] That is, his vices stand him in stead. *Helen* had before deliver'd this thought in all the beauty of expression.

— I knew him a notorious liar;  
I think him a great way fool, solely a coward;  
Yet these first evils sit so fit in him,

That they take place, while virtue's steely bones

Look bleak in the cold wind—  
But the *Oxford* Editor reads, Which 'boves him not much to have. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> The gentlemen declare that they are servants to the *Countess*, she replies, No otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France:  
 Nothing in *France*, until he has no wife!  
 Thou shalt have none, *Rouffillon*, none in *France*;  
 Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I  
 That chase thee from thy country, and expose  
 Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
 Of the none-sparing war? and is it I,  
 That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou  
 Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
 Of smoaky muskets? O you leaden messengers,  
 That ride upon the violent speed of fire,  
 Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,<sup>2</sup>  
 That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord:  
 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.  
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,  
 I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;  
 And tho' I kill him not, I am the cause  
 His death was so effected. Better 'twere,  
 I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd  
 With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere,  
 That all the miseries, which nature owes,  
 Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rouffillon*;  
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar;  
 As oft it loses all. I will be gone:  
 My being here it is, that holds thee hence.  
 Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although  
 The air of paradise did fan the house,  
 And angels offic'd all; I will be gone;  
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

<sup>2</sup> — move *the* still-piercing air, — pierce *the* still-moving air,  
*That sings with piercing, —* ] *That sings with piercing, —*  
 The words are here odly shuffled i. e. pierce the air, which is in  
 into nonsense. We should read, perpetual motion, and suffers no  
 injury by piercing. WARB.

To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!  
 For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to the Duke's Court in Florence.*

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Drum  
 and Trumpets, Soldiers, Parolles.*

*Duke.* **T**HE General of our Horse thou art, and  
 we,  
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence  
 Upon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir, it is  
 A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet  
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,  
 To th' extream edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then go forth,  
 And fortune play upon thy prosp'rous helm,  
 As thy auspicious mistress!

*Ber.* This very day,  
 Great *Mars*, I put myself into thy file;  
 Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove  
 A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Changes to Rouffillon in France.*

*Enter Countess and Steward.*

*Count.* **A** Las! and would you take the letter of her?  
 Might you not know, she would do, as  
 she has done,  
 By sending me a letter? Read it again.



L E T T E R.

*I am \* St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone ;  
 Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
 That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,  
 With sainted vow my faults to have amended.  
 Write, write, that from the bloody course of war  
 My dearest master, your dear son, may bide ;  
 Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far  
 His name with zealous fervour sanctify.  
 His taken labours bid him me forgive ;  
 I, his despightful † Juno, sent him forth  
 From courtly friends, with camping foes to live ;  
 Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.  
 He is too good and fair for death and me,  
 Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.*

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words ?  
 Rynaldo, you did never lack advice<sup>3</sup> so much,  
 As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,  
 I could have well diverted her intents,  
 Which thus she hath prevented.

*Stew.* Pardon, Madam,  
 If I had given you this at over-night  
 She might have been o'er-ta'en ; and yet she writes,  
 Pursuit would be but vain.

*Count.* What angel shall  
 Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,  
 Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,  
 And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath  
 Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rynaldo,  
 To this unworthy husband of his wife ;

\* — St. Jaques' pilgrim,—] found, Florence being somewhat  
 I do not remember any place fa- out of the road from Rouffillon to  
 mous for pilgrimages consecrated Compostella.  
 in Italy to St. James, but it is † Juno, ] Alluding to the  
 common to visit St. James of story of Hercules.  
 Compostella, in Spain. Another <sup>3</sup> Advice, is discretion or  
 aint might easily have been thought.

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,  
 That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief;  
 Tho' little he do feel it, set down sharply.  
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger ;  
 When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,  
 He will return, and hope I may, that she,  
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
 Led hither by pure love. Which of them both  
 Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense  
 To make distinction ; provide this messenger ;  
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;  
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.  
[*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to a publick Place in Florence.*

*A Tucket afar off.*

*Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and  
 Mariana, with other Citizens.*

*Wid.* **N**A Y, come. For if they do approach the  
 city, we shall lose all the fight.

*Dia.* They say, the *French* Count has done most  
 honourable service.

*Wid.* It is reported, that he has ta'en their greatest  
 commander ; and that with his own hand he slew the  
 Duke's brother. We have lost our labour, they are  
 gone a contrary way : hark, you may know by their  
 trumpets.

*Mar.* Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves  
 with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of this  
*French* Earl ; the honour of a maid is her name, and  
 no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*Wid.* I have told my neighbour, how you have been  
 solicited by a gentleman his companion.

*Mar.* I know that knave, ('hang him!) one *Pa-  
 rolles* ; a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the  
 young Earl ; beware of them, *Diana* ; their promises,  
entice-

enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, <sup>4</sup> are not the things they go under; many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Enter Helena, disguis'd like a Pilgrim.*

*Wid.* I hope so. — Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know, she will lie at my house; thither they send one another; I'll question her: God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To St. Jaques le Grand. Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the St. Francis, beside the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*]

*Wid.* Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this way.

<sup>4</sup> are not the things they go under;] Mr. Theobald explains these words by, *They are not really so true and sincere as in appearance they seem to be.* He found something like this sense would fit the passage, but whether the words would fit the sense he seems not to have considered. The truth is, the negative particle should be struck out, and the words read thus, *are the things they go under; i. e.* they make use of oaths, promises, &c. to facilitate their design upon us. The allusion is to the military use of cover'd-ways, to fa-

cilitate an approach or attack; and the Scene, which is a besieged city, and the persons spoken of who are soldiers, make the phrase very proper and natural. The Oxford Editor has adopted this correction, tho' in his usual way, with a *but*; and reads, *are but the things they go under.*

WARBURTON.

I think *Theobald's* interpretation right; *to go under* the name of any thing is a known expression. The meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them pass.

IF



If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but 'till the troops  
come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;  
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess  
As ample as myself.

*Hel.* Is it yourself?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim:

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

*Wid.* You came, I think, from *France*.

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours,  
That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you?

*Dia.* The Count *Roussillon*: know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;  
His face I know not.

*Dia.* Whatsoe'er he is,  
He's bravely taken here. He stole from *France*,  
As 'tis reported; for the King had married him  
Against his liking. Think you, it is so?

*Hel.* Ay, surely, meer the truth; I know his lady.

*Dia.* There is a gentleman, that serves the Count,  
Reports but coarsely of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?

*Dia.* Monsieur *Parolles*.

*Hel.* Oh, I believe with him,  
In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated; all her deserving  
Is a reserved honesty, and that  
I have not heard examin'd.<sup>s</sup>

*Dia.* Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

*Wid.* Ah! right; good creature! wheresoe'er she is

<sup>s</sup> ——— *examined.* ] That is, *question'd, doubted.*

# THAT ENDS WELL.

Her heart weighs sadly ; this young maid might do her  
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you mean ?

May be, the am'rous Count solicits her  
In the unlawful purpose.

*Wid.* He does, indeed ;

And brokes<sup>6</sup> with all, that can in such a suit  
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid :  
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard  
In honestest defence.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Bertram, Parolles, Officers  
and Soldiers attending.*

*Mar.* The Gods forbid else !

*Wid.* So, now they come :

That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldest son ;

That, *Escalus*.

*Hel.* Which is the *Frenchman* ?

*Dia.* He ;

That with the plume ; 'tis a most gallant fellow ;  
I would, he lov'd his wife ! if he were honest,  
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome gentle-  
man ?

*Hel.* I like him well.

*Dia.* 'Tis pity, he is not honest ; yond's that same  
knave,<sup>7</sup>

That leads him to these places ; were I his lady,  
I'd poison that vile rascal.

<sup>6</sup> — brokes — ] Deals as a any particular Locality ? I make  
broker. no Question but our Author

<sup>7</sup> ————— yond's that same wrote,  
knave, *That leads him to these Places.*  
*That leads him to these Places ;]* i. e. such irregular Steps, to  
What Places ? Have they been Courses of Debauchery, to not  
talking of Brothels ; or, indeed, loving his Wife. THEOBALD.

*Hel.* Which is he?

*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?

*Hel.* Perchance, he's hurt i'th' battel.

*Par.* Lose our drum! well. —

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look, he has spied us.

*Wid.* Marry, hang you!

[*Exeunt* Bertram, Parolles, &c.]

*Mar.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier! —

*Wid.* The troop is past: come, pilgrim, I will bring you,

Where you shall host: Of injoyn'd penitents  
There's four or five, to great St. *Jaques* bound,  
Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you:  
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid  
To eat with us to night, the charge and thanking  
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,  
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin  
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter* Bertram, and the two French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my Lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman; he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise breaker, the



owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

*Ber.* I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will suddenly surprize him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't; <sup>8</sup> when  
your

<sup>8</sup> *When your Lordship sees the bottom of his Success in't, and to what Metal this counterfeit Lump of Ours will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's Entertainment, your Inclining cannot be remov'd.]* Lump of Ours has been the Reading of all the Editions. *Ore*, according to my Emendation, bears a Consonancy with the other Terms accompanying, (*viz. Metal, Lump and melted*) and helps the Propriety of the Poet's Thought: For so one Metaphor is kept up, and all the Words are proper and suitable to it. But, what is the Meaning of *John Drum's Entertainment*? *Lafeu* several times afterwards calls *Parolles, Tom Drum*. But the Difference of the Christian Name will make none in the Explanation. There is an old motly Interlude, (printed in 1601) call'd *Jack Drum's Entertainment*: Or, the *Comedy of Pasquil and Katharine*. In This, *Jack Drum* is a Servant of Intrigue; who is ever aiming at Projects, and always foil'd, and given

Lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal his counterfeit lump of Ore will be melted, if you give him not *John Drum's* entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

*Ber.* How now, Monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

*Par.* But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum so lost! there was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

given the Drop. And there is another old Piece (publish'd in 1627) call'd, *Apollo's* *bro-swing*, in which I find these Expressions.

*Thuriger.* *Tou Lozel, hath  
Siug infected you?*

*Why do you give such kind Enter-  
tainment to that Cobweb?*

*Scopas.* *It shall have Tom  
Drum's Entertainment; a  
Flap with a Fox-tail.*

But both these Pieces are, perhaps, too late in Time, to come to the Assistance of our Author: so we must look a little higher. What is said here to *Bertram* is to this Effect. "My Lord, as you  
" have taken this Fellow [*Pa-  
" rolles*] into so near a Confi-  
" dence, if, upon his being found  
" a Counterfeit, you don't ca-  
" sheer him from your Favour,

" then your Attachment is not  
" to be remov'd" — I'll now subjoin a Quotation from *Holing-  
shed*, (of whose Books *Shakspeare* was a most diligent Reader) which will pretty well ascertain *Drum's* History. This Chrono-  
loger, in his Description of *Ire-  
land*, speaking of *Patrick Scarfe-  
field*, (Mayor of *Dublin* in the  
Year 1551) and of his extrava-  
gant Hospitality, subjoins, that  
no Guest had ever a cold or for-  
bidding Look from any Part of  
his Family: so that *his Porter*,  
*or any other Officer*, durst not,  
*for both his Ears*, give the simplest  
*Man*, that resorted to his House,  
*Tom Drum's* Entertainment,  
*which is*, to hale a Man in by  
the Head, and thrust him out by  
both the Shoulders. THEOBALD.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that *Cæsar* himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

*Par.* It might have been recover'd.

*Ber.* It might, but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet* —

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach to't, Monsieur; if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening; and <sup>9</sup> I will presently pen down my dilemma's, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his Grace, you are gone about it?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know, th'art valiant; and to the <sup>1</sup> possibility

<sup>9</sup> I will presently pen down my Dilemmas,] By this word, *Parolles* is made to insinuate that he had several ways, all equally certain, of recovering this Drum.

For a *Dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways. *WARB.*  
<sup>1</sup> Possibility of thy soldiership,] dele *thy*: the sense requires it.

WARBURTON.



of thy foldiership, will subscribe for thee; farewell.  
*Par.* I love not many words. [Exit.]

## S C E N E XI.

*1 Lord.* No more than a fish loves water. — Is not this a strange fellow, my Lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

*2 Lord.* You do not know him, my Lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

*Ber.* Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

*2 Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almost <sup>2</sup> imbos'd him, you shall see his fall to night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

*1 Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoak'd by the old lord *Lafeu*; when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see, this very night.

*2 Lord.* I must go and look my twigs; he shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother, he shall go along with me.

*2 Lord.* As't please your lordship. I'll leave you. [Exit.]

<sup>2</sup> *We have almost imbos'd him.]*  
 To imbos a deer, is to inclose him in a wood. *Milton* uses the same word.

*Like that self-begotten bird  
 In th' Arabian woods embos'd,  
 Which no second knows or bird.*

*Ber.*

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you  
The las I spoke of.

*1 Lord.* But you say, she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,  
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,  
By this same coxcomb that we have i'th'wind,  
Tokens and letters, which she did re-send;  
And this is all I've done; she's a fair creature,  
Will you go see her?

*1 Lord.* With all my heart, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XII.

*Changes to the Widow's House.*

*Enter Helena, and Widow.*

*Hel.* IF you misdoubt me that I am not she,  
I know not, how I shall assure you further;  
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

*Wid.* Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born,  
Nothing acquainted with these busineses;  
And would not put my reputation now  
In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you.  
First, give me trust, the Count he is my husband;  
And what \* to your sworn counsel I have spoken,  
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,  
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,  
Err in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should believe you,  
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves  
Y'are great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,

<sup>3</sup> *But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.] i. e. By discovering herself to the Count.*      \* *To your sworn counsel.] To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of secrecy.*

Which I will over-pay, and pay again  
When I have found it. The Count wooes your  
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,  
Resolves to carry her ; let her consent,  
As we'll direct her how, 'tis best to bear it.  
⁴ Now his important blood will nought deny,  
That she'll demand : a ring the Count does wear,  
That downward hath succeeded in his house  
From son to son, some four or five descents,  
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds  
In most rich choice ; yet in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,  
Howe'er repented after.

*Wid.* Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawful then. It is no more,  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,  
Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;  
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
Herself most chastly absent : after this,  
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns  
To what is past already.

*Wid.* I have yielded :  
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,  
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musick of all sorts, and songs compos'd  
To her unworthiness : it nothing steads us  
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,  
As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.* Why then, to night  
Let us assay our plot ; which if it speed,  
⁵ Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed ;

And

⁴ *Important* here, and elsewhere, is *im'ortunate*.

⁵ *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed ;*

*And lawful meaning in a LAW-FUL act ;]* To make this gingling riddle complete in all its parts, we should read the second



And lawful meaning in a lawful act,  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.  
But let's about it. —————

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Part of the French Camp in Florence.*

*Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six  
Soldiers in ambush.*

L O R D.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner; when you fall upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one amongst us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

*Sol.* Good captain, let me be th' interpreter.

*Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

*Sol.* No, Sir, I warrant you.

*Lord.* But what linsy-woolfsy hast thou to speak to us again?

*Sol.* Ev'n such as you speak to me.

cond line thus,

*And lawful meaning in a WICK-  
ED act;*

The sense of the two lines is this, It is a *wicked meaning* because the woman's intent is to deceive; but a *lawful deed*, because the man enjoys his own wife. Again, it is a *lawful meaning* because done by her to gain her husband's estranged affection, but it is a *wicked act* because he goes intentionally to

commit adultery. The riddle concludes thus, *Where both not sin and yet a sinful fact.* i. e. Where neither of them sin, and yet it is a sinful fact on both sides; which conclusion, we see, requires the emendation here made. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads in the same sense,

*Unlawful meaning in a lawful  
act.*

*Lord.* He must think us <sup>6</sup> some band of strangers i'th' adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick, but couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

*Enter.* Parolles.

*Par.* Ten o'clock; within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say, I have done? it must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smother me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find, my tongue is too foul-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

*Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit; yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the <sup>7</sup> instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of <sup>8</sup> *Bajazet's* mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

*Lord.*

<sup>6</sup> *Some band of strangers in the adversaries entertainment.* ] That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay.

<sup>7</sup> *The Instance.* ] The proof.  
<sup>8</sup> *and buy myself another of Bajazet's MULE.* ] We should read, *Bajazet's MUTE*, i. e. a Tur-

*Lord.* Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*]

*Par.* I would, the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spanish* sword.

*Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*]

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard, and to say, it was in stratagem.

*Lord.* 'T would not do. [*Aside.*]

*Par.* Or to drown my cloaths, and say, I was stript.

*Lord.* Hardly serve. [*Aside.*]

*Par.* Though I swore, I leap'd from the window of the citadel——

*Lord.* How deep? [*Aside.*]

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

*Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*]

*Par.* I would, I had any drum of the enemies; I would swear, I recover'd it.

*Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*]

*Par.* A drum now of the enemies! [*Alarum within.*]

*Lord.* *Throco movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

*All.* *Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.*

*Par.* Oh! ransom, ransom:—do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize him and blindfold him.*]

*Inter.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

*Par.* I know, you are the *Muskos* regiment, And I shall lose my life for want of language.

If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*, *Italian*, or *French*, let him speak to me,

I'll discover That which shall undo the *Florentine*.

*Inter.* *Boskos vauvado*; I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue; *Kereybonto*,——Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

*Turkish* mute. So in *Henry V.*  
 Either our history shall with  
 full mouth  
 Speak freely of our acts; or

else our grave,  
 Like *turkish* mute, shall have a  
 tongueless mouth.  
 WARBURTON.



*Par.* Oh!

*Inter.* Oh, pray, pray, pray.

*Mancha ravancha dulce.*

*Lord.* *Osceoribi dulchos volivorco.*

*Inter.* The General is content to spare thee yet,  
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on  
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'st inform  
Something to save thy life.

*Par.* Oh let me live,  
And all the secrets of our Camp I'll shew;  
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that  
Which you will wonder at.

*Inter.* But wilt thou faithfully?

*Par.* If I do not, damn me.

*Inter.* *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space. [*Exit.*

[*A short alarum within.*

*Lord.* Go, tell the Count *Rousillon* and my brother,  
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled  
'Till we do hear from them.

*Sol.* Captain, I will.

*Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves,  
Inform 'em That.

*Sol.* So I will, Sir.

*Lord.* 'Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lockt,  
[*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to the Widow's House.*

*Enter Bertram, and Diana.*

*Ber.* **T**HEY told me, that your name was *Fon-*  
*ticell.*

*Dia.* No, my good Lord, *Diana.*

*Ber.* Titled Goddess,  
And worth it with addition! but, fair soul,

In

In your fine frame hath love no quality?  
 If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
 You are no Maiden, but a Monument:  
 When you are dead, you should be such a one  
 As you are now, for you are cold and stern;  
 And now you should be as your Mother was,  
 When your sweet self was got.

*Dia.* She then was honest,

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No.

My Mother did but duty: such, my Lord,  
 As you owe to your Wife.

*Ber.* <sup>9</sup> No more o' that!

I pr'ythee do not strive against my vows:  
 I was compell'd to her, but I love thee  
 By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever  
 Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us,

<sup>9</sup> *No more o' that!*

*I pr'ythee do not strive against  
 my vows:*

*I was compell'd to her.]* I know not well what *Bertram* can mean by entreating *Diana* not to strive against his vows. *Diana* has just mentioned his wife, so that the vows seem to relate to his marriage. In this sense not *Diana*, but Himself, strives against his vows. His vows indeed may mean vows made to *Diana*; but, in that case, to strive against is not properly used for to reject, nor does this sense cohere well with his first exclamation of impatience at the mention of his wife. *No more of that!* Perhaps we might read,

*I pr'ythee do not drive against  
 my vows.*

*Do not run upon that topick; talk  
 of any thing else that I can bear  
 to hear.*

I have another conceit upon this passage, which I would be thought to offer without much confidence.

*No more of that!*

*I pr'ythee do not shrive—against  
 my voice*

*I was compell'd to her.*

*Diana* tells him unexpectedly of his wife. He answers with perturbation, *No more of that!* *I pr'ythee do not play the confessor—against my own consent I was compell'd to her.*

When a young profligate finds his courtship so gravely repressed by an admonition of his duty, he very naturally desires the girl not to take upon her the office of a confessor.

'Till we serve you : but when you have our roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,  
And mock us with our bareness.

*Ber.* How have I sworn !

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth ;  
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true ;  
' What is not holy, that we swear not 'bides,  
But take the High'st to witness : then, pray tell me,

*' What is not holy, that we  
swear not BY,]* Yes, no-  
thing is more common than such  
kind of oaths. But *Diana* is  
not here accusing *Bertram* for  
swearing by a Being not holy,  
but for swearing to an unholy  
purpose ; as is evident from the  
preceding lines,

*'Tis not the many oaths, that  
make the Truth :*

*But the plain simple vow, that  
is vow'd true.*

The line in question, therefore,  
is evidently corrupt, and should  
be read thus,

*What is not holy, that we swear,  
not 'BIDES,*

*i. e.* If we swear to an unholy  
purpose the oath abides not, but  
is dissolved in the making. This  
is an answer to the purpose. She  
subjoins the reason two or three  
lines after,

—————this has no holding,  
*To swear by him, whom I pro-  
test to love,  
That I will work against  
him.*—————

*i. e.* That oath can never hold,  
whose subject is to offend and  
displease that Being, whom, I  
profess, in the act of swearing  
by him, to love and reverence.  
—What may have misled the  
editors into the common reading  
was, perhaps, mistaking *Ber-*

*tram's* words above,

*By love's own sweet constraint,  
to be an oath ; whereas it on-  
ly signifies, being constrained by  
love.* WARBURTON.

This is an acute and excellent  
conjecture, and I have done it  
the due honour of exalting it to  
the text ; yet, methinks, there is  
something yet wanting. The fol-  
lowing words, *but take the High'st  
to witness*, even though it be un-  
derstood as an anticipation or as-  
sumption in this sense,—but now  
suppose that you *take the Highest  
to witness*,—has not sufficient re-  
tion to the antecedent sentence.  
I will propose a reading nearer  
to the surface, and let it take its  
chance.

*Ber.* How have I sworn !

*Diana.* 'Tis not the many oaths,  
that make the truth ;

*But the plain single vow, that  
is vow'd true.*

*Ber.* What is not holy, that  
we swear not by,

*But take the High'st to witness.*

*Diana.* Then, pray tell me,

*If I should swear, &c.*

*Bertram* means to enforce his  
suit, by telling her, that he has  
bound himself to her, not by  
the petty protestations usual a-  
mong lovers, but by vows of  
greater solemnity. She then  
makes a proper and rational reply.

If



If I should swear by *Jove's* great Attributes  
 I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
 When I did love you ill? this has no holding,  
 \* To swear by him whom I protest to love,  
 That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths  
 Are words, and poor conditions but unseal'd;  
 At least in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it:  
 Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy,  
 And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,  
 That you do charge men with: stand no more off,  
 But give thyself unto my sick desires,  
 Which then recover. Say, thou art mine; and ever  
 My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

*Dia.* I see, that men make hopes in such affairs  
 That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my Dear, but have no power  
 To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my Lord?

*Ber.* It is an Honour 'longing to our House,  
 Bequeathed down from many Ancestors;  
 Which were the greatest obloquy i'th' world  
 In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine Honour's such a ring;  
 My chastity's the jewel of our House;  
 Bequeathed down from many Ancestors;  
 Which were the greatest obloquy i'th' world  
 In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom  
 Brings in the champion Honour on my part,  
 Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring.  
 My House, my Honour, yea, my life be thine,  
 And I'll be bid by thee.

\* To swear by him whom I protest to love,  
 That I will work against him.]  
 This passage likewise appears to me corrupt. She swears not by him whom she loves, but by *Jupiter*. I believe we may read, to swear to him. There is, says she, no holding, no consistency, in swearing to one that I love him, when I swear it only to injure him.

*Dia.*

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window ;

I'll order take, my Mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,

When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :

My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd ;

And on your finger, in the night, I'll put

Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,

May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu. 'till then ; then, fail not : you have won

A Wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

*Ber.* A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee.

[*Exit.*

*Dia.* For which live long to thank both heaven and me.

You may so in the end. —————

My Mother told me just how he would woo,

As if she fate in's heart ; she says, all men

Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry me,

When his Wife's dead : therefore I'll lie with him,

When I am buried. <sup>2</sup> Since *Frenchmen* are so braid,

Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid ;

Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin

To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

[*Exit.*

<sup>2</sup> ———— Since *Frenchmen are so braid,*

*Marry that will, I'll live and die a Maid ;*] What ! because *Frenchmen* were false, she, that was an *Italian*, would marry nobody. The text is corrupted ; and we should read,

————— Since *Frenchmen are so braid,*

*Marry 'em that will, I'll live and die a maid.*

*i. e.* since *Frenchmen* prove so crooked and perverse in their manners, let who will marry

them, I had rather live and die a maid, than venture upon them. This she says with a view to *Helena*, who appeared so fond of her husband, and went thro' so many difficulties to obtain him.

WARBURTON.

The passage is very unimportant, and the old reading reasonable enough. Nothing is more common than for girls, on such occasions, to say in a pett what they do not think, or to think for a time what they do not finally resolve.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

*Changes to the French Camp in Florence.*

*Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* YOU have not given him his Mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since; there is something in't, that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Meerly our own traitors; and, as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; so

3 1 *Lord.*] The later Editors have with great liberality bestowed lordship upon these interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called, with more propriety, *capt. E.* and *capt. G.* It is true that *captain E.* is in a former scene called *Lord E.* but the subordination in which they

seem to act, and the timorous manner in which they converse, determines them to be only captains. Yet as the later readers of *Shakespeare* have been used to find them lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin.

he,



he, that in this action contrives against his own Nobility, <sup>4</sup> in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we shall not then have his company to night?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a measure of his own Judgment, <sup>5</sup> wherein so curiously he hath set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these Wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of Peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a Peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count *Roussillon* do then? will he travel higher, or return again into *France*?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his Council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his Wife some two months since fled from his House, her pretence is a Pilgrimage to *St. Jaques le Grand*; which holy Undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd; and there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters,

<sup>4</sup> *In his proper stream o'erflows his own judgment.] This is a* *himself.] That is, betrays his* *very just and moral reason. Ber-*  
*own secrets in his own talk. The* *tram,* *by finding how errone-*  
*reply shews that this is the mean-* *ously he has judged, will be less*  
*ing.* *confident, and more easily moved*

<sup>5</sup> *He might take a measure of* *by admonition.*

which makes her story true, even to the point of her death; her Death itself (which could not be her office to say, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

*Enter a Servant.*

How now? where's your master?

*Serv.* He met the Duke in the street, Sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his Lordship will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Bertram.*

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness; here's his Lordship now. How now, my Lord, is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to night dispatch'd sixteen businessies; a month's

month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your Lordship.

*Ber.* I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? come, <sup>6</sup> bring forth this counterfeit module; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophet.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as fate in the Stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber.* No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord.* I have told your Lordship already: the Stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk; he hath confess'd himself to *Morgan*, whom he supposes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th' Stocks; and what, think you, he hath confess'd?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your Lordship be in't, as, I believe, you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

<sup>6</sup> *bring forth this counterfeit* MODULE;] This epithet is improper to a *module*, which professes to be the counterfeit of another thing. We should read MEDAL. And this the *Oxford*

Editor follows. WARBURTON.

*Module* being the *patern* of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow, who, by *counterfeit* virtue pretended to make himself a *patern*.

S C E N E



S C E N E V.

*Enter Parolles, with his interpreter.*

*Ber.* A plague upon him, muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

*1 Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa.*

*Inter.* He calls for the tortures; what, will you say without 'em?

*Par.* I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

*Interp.* *Bosko Chimurcho.*

*2 Lord.* *Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

*Inter.* You are a merciful General. Our General bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

*Inter.* First demand of him, how many Horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

*Par.* Five or six thousand, but very weak and un-serviceable; the troops are all scatter'd, and the Commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

*Inter.* Shall I set down your answer so?

*Par.* Do, I'll take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

*Ber.* What a past-saving slave is this!

*1 Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, that was his own phrase, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

*2 Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

*Inter.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse I said, (I will say true,) or thereabouts, set down; for I'll speak truth.

*1 Lord.*

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

*Inter.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, Sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

*Inter.* Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see; *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many; *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowick*, and *Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, *Christopher*, *Vaumont*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each; so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand Poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

*Inter.* Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain *Dumain* be i'th' camp, a *Frenchman*: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them singly.

*Inter.* Do you know this Captain *Dumain*?

*Par.* I know him; he was a botcher's 'prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him *nay*. [*Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.*

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

*Inter.* Well, is this Captain in the Duke of *Florence's* Camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge he is, and lowfy.

*1 Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your Lordship anon.

*Inter.* What is his reputation with the Duke?

*Par.* The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o'th' band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

*Inter.* Marry, we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

*Inter.* Here 'tis, here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know, if it be it or no.

*Ber.* Our Interpreter does it well.

*1 Lord.* Excellently.

*Inter.* <sup>7</sup> *Dian.* *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

*Par.* That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurements of one Count *Rouffillon*, a foolish idle boy; but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

*Inter.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable! both sides rogue.

<sup>7</sup> *Dian.* *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*] After this line there is apparently a line lost, there being no rhyme that corresponds to gold.



Interpreter reads the letter.

*When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.*

*After he scores, he never pays the score :*

*3 Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it :*

*He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before,*

*And say, a soldier (Dian) told thee this :*

*\* Men are to mell with, boys are but to kifs.*

*For, count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it ;*

*Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.*

Thine, as 'he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

*Ber.* He shall be whipt thro' the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

*2 Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguist, and the armi-potent foldier.

*3 Half won is match well made; match, and well make it.]*

This line has no meaning that I can find. I read, with a very slight alteration, *Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it.* That is, *a match well made is half won; watch, and make it well.*

This is, in my opinion, not all the error. The lines are misplaced, and should be read thus :

*Half won is match well made;  
watch, and well make it ;*

*When he swears oaths, bid him  
drop gold, and take it.*

*After he scores, he never pays  
the score :*

*He never pays after-debts, take  
it before,*

*And say——*

That is, take his money and leave him to himself. When the players had lost the second line, they tried to make a connexion out of the rest. Part is apparently in couplets, and the note was probably uniform.

*\* Men are to mell with, boys are not to kifs.]* All the Editors have obtruded a new Maxim upon us here, that *Boys are not to kifs.*—*Livia*, in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Tamer tam'd*, is of a quite opposite Opinion.

*For Boys were made for Nothing  
but dry Kiffs.*

And our Poet's Thought, I am persuaded, went to the same Tune. To *mell*, is derived from the French word, *meler*; to mingle.

THEOBALD.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

*Inter.* I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

*Par.* My life, Sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a Dungeon, i'th' Stocks, any where, so I may live.

*Inter.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more, to this Captain *Dumain*: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

*Par.* He will steal, Sir, <sup>9</sup> an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels *Nessus*. He professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than *Hercules*. He will lye, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think, truth were a fool; drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, Sir, of his honesty, he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

*Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

*Inter.* What say you to his expertness in war?

*Par.* Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the *English* Tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there

<sup>9</sup> *An egg out of a cloister.*] I know not that *cloister*, though it may etymologically signify any thing shut is used by our authour, otherwise than for a *monastery*, and therefore I cannot guess whence

this hyperbole could take its original: perhaps it means only this: *He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.*

call'd *Mi'e-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord*. He hath out-villain'd villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber*. A pox on him, ' he's a cat still.

*Inter*. His Qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

*Par*. Sir, for a *Quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' in-tail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

*Inter*. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Du-main*?

2 *Lord*. ' Why does he ask him of me?

*Inter*. What's he?

*Par*. E'en a crow o'th' same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his Brother for a Coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a Retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

*Inter*. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine*?

*Par*. Ay, and the Captain of his horse, Count *Rouillon*?

*Inter*. I'll whisper with the General, and know his pleasure.

*Par*. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and ' to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have

' *He's a cat still.*] That is, hear his neighbour's character throw him how you will, he than his own.  
lights upon his legs.

2 *Why does he ask him of me?*] That is, *to beguile the supposition.*]  
This is nature. Every man is to make the Count think me a man on such occasions more willing to that *deserves well.*



I run into this danger; yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [Aside.]

*Inter.* There is no remedy, Sir, but you must die; the General says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

*Par.* O Lord, Sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

*Inter.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unbinding him.]

So, look about you; know you any here?

*Ber.* Good morrow, noble Captain.

*2 Lord.* God bless you, Captain *Parolles*.

*1 Lord.* God save you, noble Captain.

*2 Lord.* Captain, what Greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France*.

*1 Lord.* Good Captain; will you give me a copy of that same Sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Roussillon*? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [Exeunt.]

*Inter.* You are undone, Captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crush'd with a Plot?

*Inter.* If you can find out a Country where but women were that had receiv'd so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speak of you there. [Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

*Par.* Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more, But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft, As Captain shall; simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass,  
That every braggart shall be found an afs.

Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, *Perolles*, live  
Safest in shame ! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive ;  
There's place and means for every man alive.

I'll after them.

[*Exit.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to the Widow's House, at Florence.*

*Enter Helena, Widow and Diana.*

*Hel.* **T**HAT you may well perceive I have not  
wrong'd you,

One of the Greatest in the christian world  
Shall be my Surety ; 'fore whose Throne 'tis needful,  
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.

Time was, I did him a desired office

Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude

Through stinky *Tartar's* bosom would peep forth,

And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,

His Grace is at *Marseilles*, to which place

We have convenient Convoy ; you must know,

I am supposed dead ; the Army breaking,

My husband hies him home ; where, heaven aiding,

And by the leave of my good Lord the King,

We'll be before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle Madam,

You never had a servant, to whose trust

Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor you, Mistress,

Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour

To recompense your love : doubt not, but heav'n

Hath brought me up to be your Daughter's dower,

As it hath fated her to be \* my motive

\* *my motive*] *motive* for assistant.

And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!  
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
 5 When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
 Defiles the pitchy night; so lust doth play  
 With what it loaths, for that which is away,  
 But more of this hereafter. You, *Diana*,  
 Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
 Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty  
 Go with your impositions, I am yours  
 Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet I pray you:  
 6 But with the word the time will bring on summer,  
 When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
 And be as sweet as sharp: we must away,  
 7 Our Waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;

*All's*

5 When SAUCY trusting of the  
 cozen'd thoughts  
 Defiles the pitchy night;] *i. e.*  
 makes the person guilty of inten-  
 tional adultery. But trusting a  
 mistake cannot make any one  
 guilty. We should read, and  
 point, the lines thus,  
 When FANCY, trusting of the  
 cozen'd thoughts,  
 Defiles the pitchy night.  
*i. e.* the fancy, or imagination,  
 that he lay with his mistress, tho'  
 it was, indeed, his Wife, made  
 him incur the guilt of adultery.  
*Night*, by the ancients, was  
 reckoned odious, obscene, and  
 abominable. The Poet, allud-  
 ing to this, says, with great beau-  
 ty, *Defiles the pitchy night, i. e.*  
 makes the night, more than or-  
 dinary, abominable.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture is truly inge-  
 nious, but, I believe, the au-

thour of it will himself think it  
 unnecessary, when he recollects  
 that *saucy* may very properly sig-  
 nify *luxurious*, and by conse-  
 quence *lascivious*.

6 But with the word, *the time  
 will bring on summer,*]  
 With the word, *i. e.* in an in-  
 stant of time. The Oxford Edi-  
 tor reads (but what he means by  
 it I know not) *Bear with the  
 word.* WARBURTON.

The meaning of this observa-  
 tion is, that as *briars* have *sweet-  
 ness* with their *prickles*, so shall  
 these *troubles* be recompensed  
 with *joy*.

7 *Our waggon is prepar'd, and  
 time revives us;*] The word  
*Revives* conveys so little sense,  
 that it seems very liable to suspi-  
 cion.

— and time revives us;

*i. e.* looks us in the face, calls  
 upon us to hasten' WARB.



*All's well, that ends well; still the Fine's the crown;  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [Exeunt.]*

## S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to Rouffillon in France.*

*Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.*

*Laf.* **N**O, no, no, your Son was mis-led with a snipt-taffata fellow there, <sup>s</sup> whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth

The present reading is corrupt, and I am afraid the emendation none of the soundest. I never remember to have seen the word *revvy*. One may as well leave blunders as make them. Why may we not read for a shift, without much effort, *the time invites us?*

<sup>s</sup> *whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour.]* Parolles is represented as an affected follower of the fashion, and an encourager of his master to run into all the follies of it; where he says, *Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble Lords—they wear themselves in the cat of time—and tho' the Devil lead the measure, such are to be followed.* Here some particularities of fashionable dress are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous saffron* is more obscure. This alludes to a fantastic fashion, then much followed, of using *yellow starch* for their bands and ruffs. So *Fletcher*, in his *Queen of Corinth*,

—Has he familiarly  
Distik'd your yellow starch; or  
Said your doublet

*Was not exactly frenchified—  
And Johnson's Devil's an Ass.*

*Carmen and chimney-sweepers are got into the yellow starch.*

This was invented by one *Turner*, a tire-woman, a court-bawd; and, in all respects, of so infamous a character, that her invention deserved the name of *villainous saffron*. This woman was, afterwards, amongst the miscreants concerned in the murder of *Sir Thomas Overbury*, for which she was hanged at *Tyburn*, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention: which made *yellow starch* so odious, that it immediately went out of fashion. 'Tis this, then, to which *Shakespeare* alludes: but using the word *saffron* for *yellow*, a new idea presented itself, and he pursues his thought under a quite different allusion——*Whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youths of a nation in his colour, i. e. of his temper*

youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble bee. I speak of.

*Count.* <sup>9</sup> I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous Gentlewoman that ever Nature had Praise for creating; if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a Mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand fallets ere we light on such another herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, Sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the fallet, or rather the herb of grace.

*Laf.* They are not fallet herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

*Clo.* I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much skill in grafs.

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

*Clo.* A fool, Sir, at a woman's service; and a knave, at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction?

*Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

*Clo.* And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her service.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

*Clo.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

temper and disposition. Here the general custom of that time, of colouring *paste* with saffron, is alluded to. So in the *Winter's Tale*:

*I must have saffron to colour*

*the warden pyes.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *I would, I had not known him.*] This dialogue serves to connect the incidents of *Parolles* with the main plan of the play.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* Why, Sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a Prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that, a *Frenchman*?

*Clo.* Faith, Sir, he has an *English* name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in *France* than there.

*Laf.* What Prince is that?

*Clo.* The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of Darknes, *alias* the Devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse; I give thee not this to seduce thee from thy Master thou talk'ft of, serve him still.

*Clo.* <sup>2</sup> I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the Master I speak of ever keeps a good fire; but, sure, he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the House with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horse be well look'd to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature. [Exit.

<sup>1</sup> *his phisnomy is more HOTT R* in France than there.] This is intolerable nonsense. The stupid Editors, because the Devil was talked of, thought no quality would suit him but *hotter*. We should read,—*more HONOUR'D*. A joke upon the *French* people, as if they held a dark complexion, which is natural to them, in more estimation than the *English* do,

who are generally white and fair. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, &c.*] *Shakespear* is but rarely guilty of such impious trash. And it is observable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools*, which is now grown the characteristic of the *fine-gentleman*. WARBURTON.

*Laf.*



*Laf.* A shrewd knave, and an <sup>3</sup> unhappy.

*Count.* So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his saw-cinefs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

*Laf.* I like him well, 'tis not amifs; and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Lady's death, and that my Lord your Son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my Master to speak in the behalf of my Daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose; his Highness has promis'd me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your son, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His Highness comes post from *Marseilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

*Count.* It rejoices me, that, I hope, I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remain with me 'till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O Madam, yonder's my Lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar

<sup>3</sup> *Unhappy.* ] That is, *mischievously haggish*; *unlucky*.

under't,

under't, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Count.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

*Clo.* But it is your + carbonado'd face.

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.* 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The Court of France, at Marseilles.*

*Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.*

H E L E N A.

**B**UT this exceeding posting day and night  
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it.  
But since you've made the days and nights as one,  
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs;  
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,  
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,——

*Enter a Gentleman.*

This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,

<sup>4</sup> *But it is your carbonado'd face.]* Mr. Pope reads it *carbina-  
nado'd*, which is right. The joke, such as it is, consists in the allusion to a wound made with a carabine; arms, which Henry IV. had made famous, by bringing into use amongst his horse.  
WARBURTON.

If

If he would spend his power. God save you, Sir.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of *France*.

*Gent.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, Sir, that you are not fallen  
From the report that goes upon your goodnes; ;  
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions  
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to  
The use of your own virtues, for the which  
I shall continue thankful.

*Gent.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the King;  
And aid me with that store of power you have,  
To come into his presence.

*Gent.* The King's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, Sir?

*Gent.* Not, indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste  
Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!

*Hel.* *All's well, that ends well* yet,  
Tho' time seems so adverse, and means unfit:  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to *Roussillon*,  
Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I beseech you, Sir,  
Since you are like to see the King before me,  
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;  
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,  
But rather make you thank your pains for it.  
I will come after you with what good speed  
Our means will make us means.

<sup>5</sup> *Our means will make us* obscure his meaning. *Helena*  
*means.*] *Shakespeare* de- says, they will follow with such  
lights much in this kind of re- speed as the means which they have  
duplication, sometimes so as to will give them ability to exert.

*Gent.*



*Gent.* This I'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,  
What-e'er falls more. We must to horse again.  
Go, go, provide. [Exeunt,

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to Rouffillon.*

*Enter Clown, and Parolles.*

*Par.* **G**OOD Mr. *Levatch*, give my Lord *Lafeu* this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher cloaths; <sup>6</sup> but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly, fortune's displeasure is but stuttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, Sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

*Laf.*

<sup>6</sup> In former editions, — but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's Mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure. ] I believe the poet wrote, in fortune's moat; because the Clown in the very next speech replies, I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's butt'ring; and again, when he comes to repeat *Parolles's* petition to *Lafeu*, that bath fall'n into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. And again, Pray you, Sir, use the carp as you may, &c. In all which places, 'tis obvious a moat

or pond is the allusion. Besides, *Parolles* smelling strong, as he says, of fortune's strong displeasure, carries on the same image; for as the *meats* round old seats were always replenish'd with fish, so the Clown's joke of holding his nose, we may presume, proceeded from this, that the privy was always over the moat; and therefore the Clown humourously says, when *Parolles* is pressing him to deliver his letter to Lord *Lafeu*, Fob! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from fortune's closetool, to give to a Nobleman! WARB.

*stink,*

*Laf.* Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose against any man's <sup>7</sup> metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

*Par.* Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool, to give to a Nobleman! look, here he comes himself.

*Enter Lafeu.*

Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. <sup>8</sup> I do pity his distress in my families of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

*Par.* My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd

<sup>7</sup> *Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose against any man's metaphor.* ] Nothing could be conceived with greater humour, or justness of satire, than this speech. The use of the *stinking metaphor* is an odious fault, which grave writers often commit. It is not uncommon to see moral declaimers against vice, describe her as *Hesiod* did the Fury *Tristitia* :

Τῆς ἐκ γίνων μύξαι ῥέον.

Upon which *Longinus* justly observes, that, instead of giving a terrible image, he has given a very nasty one. *Cicero* cautions well against it, in his book *de Orat.* *Quoniam hæc*, says he,

*vel summa laus est in verbis transferendis ut sensum feriat id, quod translatum sit, fugienda est omnis turpitudine earum rerum, ad quas eorum animos qui audiunt trahet similitudo. Nolo morte dici Africani castratam esse rempublicam. Nolo stercus curiæ dici Glauciam.* Our poet himself is extremely delicate in this respect; who, throughout his large writings, if you except a passage in *Hamlet*, has scarce a metaphor that can offend the most squeamish reader.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *I pity his distress in my MILES of comfort,* ] We should read, *SIMILIES of comfort*, such as the calling him *fortune's cat, carp,* &c.

WARBURTON.

the

the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more. Come, you shall ha't, save your word.

*Par.* My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles*.

*Laf.* You beg more than one word then. Cox' my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

*Par.* O my good Lord, you were the first that found me.

*Laf.* Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my Lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the Devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound Trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you last night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; <sup>9</sup> go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> ——— *you shall eat;*] *Parolles* has many of the lineaments of *Falstaff*, and seems to be the character which *Shakespeare* delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his *vices fit so fit in him* that he is not at last suffered to starve.

S C E N E



## S C E N E III.

*Flourish.* Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with attendants.

*King.* We lost a jewel of her, our <sup>1</sup> esteem  
Was made much poorer by it ; but your son,  
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know  
Her estimation home. <sup>2</sup>

*Count.* 'Tis past, my Liege ;  
And I beseech your Majesty to make it  
Natural rebellion, done i'th' blade of youth, <sup>3</sup>  
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,  
O'erbears it, and burns on.

*King.* My honour'd Lady,  
I have forgiven and forgotten all ;  
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,  
And watch'd the time to shoot.

*Laf.* This I must say,  
But first I beg my pardon, the young Lord  
Did to his Majesty, his Mother, and his Lady,  
Offence of mighty note ; but to himself  
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,  
Whose beauty did astonish the survey  
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;  
Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve,  
Humbly call'd mistrefs.

*King.* Praising what is lost,

<sup>1</sup> ——— *esteem*] Dr. Warburton in Theobald's edition altered this word to *estate*, in his own he lets it stand and explains it by *worth* or *estate*. But *esteem* is here *reckoning* or *estimate*. Since the loss of *Helen* with her *virtues* and *qualifications*, our *account* is *sunk* ; what we have to *reckon* ourselves

king of, is much poorer than before.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *home*.] That is, *completely*, in its full extent.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *blade of youth*,] In the *spring* of early life, when the man is yet *green*. Oil and fire suit but ill with *blade*, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads, *blaze* of youth.

Makes the remembrance dear. Well——— call him  
hither ;

We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill †  
All repetition : let him not ask our pardon.

The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
Th' incensing relicks of it. Let him approach,  
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,  
So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my Liege.

*King.* What says he to your daughter ? Have you  
spoke ?

*Laf.* All, that he is, hath reference to your High-  
ness.

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters  
sent me,  
That set him high in fame.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Bertram.*

*Laf.* He looks well on't.

*King.* I'm not a day of season,  
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail  
In me at once ; but to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way ; so stand thou forth,

† —— the first view shall  
kill

*All repetition: —— ] The  
first interview shall put an end to  
all recollection of the past. Shake-  
speare is now hastening to the  
end of the play, finds his mat-  
ter sufficient to fill up his remain-  
ing scenes, and therefore, as on  
other such occasions, contracts  
his dialogue and precipitates his  
action. Decency required that*

*Bertram's double crime of cruelty  
and disobedience, joined like-  
wise with some hypocrisy, should  
raise more resentment ; and  
that though his mother might  
easily forgive him, his king  
should more pertinaciously vindi-  
cate his own authority and He-  
len's merit : of all this Shakespeare  
could not be ignorant, but Shake-  
speare wanted to conclude his  
play.*

The

The time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high repented blames,  
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole.

Not one word more of the consumed time,  
Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember  
The daughter of this Lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my Liege. At first  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:  
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;  
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stoll'n;  
Extended or contracted all proportions

To

<sup>s</sup> SCORN'D a fair colour, or  
express'd it stoll'n;] First, it is  
to be observed, that this young  
man's case was not indifference  
to the sex in general, but a very  
strong attachment to one; there-  
fore he could not *scorn* a fair co-  
lour, for it was that which had  
captivated him. But he might  
very naturally be said to do what  
men, strongly attach'd to one,  
commonly do, not allow beauty  
in any face but his mistress's.  
And that this was the thought  
here, is evident,

1. From the latter part of the  
verse,

— or express'd it stoll'n;

2. From the preceding verse,  
*Which warp'd the line of every  
other favour;*

3. From the following verses,  
*Extended or contracted all pro-  
portions*

VOL. III.

To a most hideous object:—

*Secondly,* It is to be observed,  
that he describes his indifference  
for others in highly figurative  
expressions. Contempt is brought  
in lending him her perspective-  
glass, which does its office pro-  
perly by *warping* the lines of all  
other faces; by *extending* or *con-  
tracting* into a *hideous object*; or  
by *expressing* or shewing native  
red and white as paint. But with  
what propriety of speech can this  
glass be said to *scorn*, which is  
an affection of the mind? Here  
then the metaphor becomes mi-  
serably mangled; but the fore-  
going observation will lead us to  
the genuine reading, which is,

SCORCH'D a fair colour, or ex-  
press'd it stoll'n;

*i. e.* this glass represented the  
owner as brown or tanned; or,  
if not so, caused the native co-  
lour



To a most hideous object : thence it came,  
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,  
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd :——

That thou do'st love her, strikes some scores away  
From the great 'compt; but love, that comes too late,  
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
To the great sencer turns a four offence,  
Crying, that's good that is gone : our rash faults  
Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.  
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
Destroy our friends, and, after, weep their dust :  
° Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,  
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.  
Be this sweet *Helen's* knell; and now, forget her.  
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,  
The main consents are had, and here we'll stay  
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

*Count.* 7 Which better than the first, O dear heav'n  
bles. Or,

our to appear artificial. Thus he speaks in character, and consistently with the rest of his speech. The emendation restores integrity to the figure, and, by a beautiful thought, makes the *sornful perspicill.ve of content* do the office of a *burning-glass*.  
WARBURTON.

It was but just to insert this note, long as it is, because the commentator seems to think it of importance. Let the reader judge.

° *Our own love, waking, &c.]* These two lines I should be glad to call an *introduction of a jay*. They are ill connected with the former, and not very clear or proper in themselves. I believe

the authour made two couplets to the same purpose, wrote them both down that he might take his choice, and so they happened to be both preserved.

For *sleep* I think we should read *sicet*. *Love cries to see what was done while hatred slept, and suffered mischief to be done.* Or the meaning may be, that *hatred* still continues to *sleep* at ease, while *love* is weeping; and so the present reading may stand.

7 *Which better than the first, O dear Heav'n, bles, Or, e'er they meet, in me, O Nature, cease!*] I have ventured, against the Authority of the printed Copies, to prefix the *Countess's*

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's name  
Must be digested: give a favour from you  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,  
And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen*, that's dead,  
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,  
The last that e'er she took her leave at court,  
I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Her's it was not.

*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it: For mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.  
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it *Helen*,  
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessitated to help, that by this token  
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her  
Of what should stead her most?

*Ber.* My gracious Sovereign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never her's.

*Count.* Son, on my life,  
I've seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it  
At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I'm sure, I saw her wear it.

*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my Lord, she never saw it;  
In *Florence* was it from a casement thrown me,<sup>8</sup>  
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name

*Countess's* Name to these two Lines. The King appears, indeed, to be a Favourer of *Bertram*: but if *Bertram* should make a bad Husband the second Time, why should it give the King such mortal Pangs? A fond and disappointed Mother might reasonably not desire to live to see such a Day: and from her

the Wish of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with Propriety. THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> *In Florence was it from a casement——]* *Bertram* still continues to have too little virtue to deserve *Helen*. He did not know indeed that it was *Helen's* ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window.

Of her that threw it: <sup>9</sup> Noble she was, and thought  
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd  
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,  
I could not answer in that course of honour  
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd  
In heavy satisfaction, and would never  
Receive the ring again.

*King. Plutus himself,*  
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine, <sup>1</sup>  
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,  
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen's*,  
Whoever gave it you: then if you know, <sup>2</sup>  
That you are well acquainted with yourself,  
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to surety,  
That she would never put it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,  
(Where you have never come) or sent it us

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Noble she was, and  
thought  
I stood engag'd;—*] I don't  
understand this Reading; if we  
are to understand, that she thought  
*Bertram* engaged to her in Af-  
fection, insinuated by her Charms,  
this Meaning is too obscurely ex-  
press'd. The Context rather  
makes me believe, that the Poet  
wrote,

——— *noble she was, and thought  
I stood engag'd;—*  
i. e. unengag'd: neither my  
Heart, nor Person, dispos'd of.

THEOBALD.

The plain meaning is, when  
she saw me receive the ring,  
she thought me engaged to her.

<sup>1</sup> *King. Plutus himself,*  
*That knows the tinct and mul-  
tiplying medicine,]* *Plutus*  
the grand alchymist, who knows  
the nature which confers the  
properties of gold upon base

metals, and the matter by which  
gold is multiplied, by which a  
small quantity of gold is made  
to communicate its qualities to  
a large mass of metal.

In the reign of *Henry* the fourth  
a law was made to forbid *all men  
thenceforth* to multiply gold, or  
use any craft of multiplication.  
Of which law *Mr. Boyle*, when  
he was warm with the hope of  
transmutation, procured a repeal.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *then if you know,  
That you are well acquainted  
with yourself,]* i. e. then if  
you be wise. A strange way of  
expressing so trivial a thought!

WARBURTON.

The true meaning of this  
strange expression is, *If you know  
that your faculties are so sound,  
as that you have the proper con-  
sciousness of your own actions, and  
are able to recollect and relate  
what you have done, tell me, &c.*

Upon



Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She never saw it.

*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour ;  
And mak'st conject'ral fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out ; if it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so—  
And yet I know not—thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close  
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring. Take him away.

[*Guards seize Bertram.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall, <sup>3</sup>  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,  
We'll sift this matter further.

*Ber.* If you shall prove,  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,  
Where yet she never was. [*Exit Bertram guarded.*]

S C E N E V.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*King.* I'm wrap'd in dismal thinkings.

*Gent.* Gracious Sovereign,  
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not :  
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*,  
Who hath some four or five removes come short <sup>4</sup>

To

<sup>3</sup> *My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall, Shall tax my fears of little vanity, Having vainly feared too little.]* The proofs which I have already had, are sufficient to show that my fears were not vain and irrational. I have rather been hi-  
therto more easy than I ought, and have unreasonably had too little fear.  
<sup>4</sup> *Who hath FOR four or five removes come short ]* We should read, *Who hath SOME four or five removes come short.* So in *King Lear*,  
*For that I am SOME twelve or*

To tender it herself. I undertook it,  
 Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
 Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,  
 Is here attending: her business looks in her  
 With an importing visage; and she told me,  
 In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
 Your Highness with herself.

The King reads a letter.

*Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead. I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rouillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for justice: grant it me, O King, in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.* Diana Capulet.

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in law in a fair, and toll for him. For this, I'll none of him.

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*, To bring forth this discov'ry. Seek these suitors: Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

*Enter Bertram.*

I am afraid, the life of *Helen* (lady)  
 Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now justice on the doers!

*King.* I wonder, Sir, wives are so monstrous to you,  
 And that you fly them as you swear to them;  
 Yet you desire to wed. What woman's that?

*Enter Widow and Diana.*

*Dia.* I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,

*fourteen moonshines*

*Lag of a brother,* \_\_\_\_\_

WARBURTON.

*Removes are journies or post-stages.*

Derived

Derived from the ancient *Capulet* ;  
 My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
 And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, Sir, whose age and honour  
 Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
 And both shall cease without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, Count ; do you know these wo-  
 men ?

*Ber.* My Lord, I neither can, nor will, deny  
 But that I know them ; do they charge me further ?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your wife ?

*Ber.* She's none of mine, my Lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marry,  
 You give away this hand, and that is mine ;  
 You give away heav'n's vows, and those are mine ;  
 You give away myself, which is known mine ;  
 For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
 That she, which marries you, must marry me,  
 Either both or none.

*Laf.* Your reputation comes too short for my daugh-  
 ter, you are no husband for her. [*To Bertram.*

*Ber.* My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature,  
 Whom sometime I have laugh'd with : let your High-  
 nefs

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,  
 Than for to think that I would sink it here.

*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to  
 friend,

'Till your deeds gain them : fairer prove your honour,  
 Than in my thought it lies !

*Dia.* Good my Lord,  
 Ask him upon his oath, if he does think  
 He had not my virginity.

*King.* What say'st thou to her ?

*Ber.* She's impudent, my Lord ;  
 And was a common gamester to the camp.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my Lord ; if I were so,  
 He might have bought me at a common price.



Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,  
Whose high respect and rich validity<sup>5</sup>  
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,  
He gave it to a commoner o'th' camp,  
If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis his:  
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem  
Conferr'd by Testament to th' sequent issue,  
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,  
That ring's a thousand proofs.

*King.* Methought, you said,  
You saw one here in Court could witness it.

*Dia.* I did, my Lord, but loth am to produce  
So bad an instrument; his name's *Parolles*.

*Laf.* I saw the man to day, if man he be.

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

*Ber.* What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,  
With all the spots o'th' world tax'd and debosh'd,  
Which nature sickens with: but to speak truth,  
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,  
That will speak any thing?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think, she has; certain it is, I lik'd her,  
And boarded her i'th' wanton way of youth:  
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint;  
As<sup>6</sup> all impediments in fancy's course,  
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,  
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,

<sup>5</sup> *Validity* is a very bad word for *value*, which yet I think is its meaning, unless it be considered as making a contract *valid*.

<sup>6</sup> — *all impediments in fancy's course,*

*Are motives of more fancy: — ]  
Every thing that obstructs love is*

*an occasion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance, she got the ring.*

I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word *modern*, which, perhaps, signifies rather *meanly pretty*.

Subdu'd me to her rate : she got the ring ;  
And I had that, which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.

*Dia.* I must be patient :  
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,  
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)  
Send for your ring, I will return it home,  
And give me mine again.

*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you ?

*Dia.* Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

*King.* Know you this ring ? this ring was his of late.

*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

*King.* The story then goes false, you threw it him  
Out of a casement.

*Dia.* I have spoke the truth.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Ber.* My Lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

*King.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts  
you !——

Is this the man you speak of ?

*Dia.* It is, my Lord.

*King.* Tell me, Sirrah, but tell me true, I charge  
you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off ;  
By him and by this woman here, what know you ?

*Par.* So please your Majesty, my master hath been  
an honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him,  
which Gentlemen have.

*King.* Come, come, to the purpose ; did he love  
this Woman ?

*Par.* 'Faith, Sir, he did love her ; but how ?

*King.*

*King.* How, I pray you?

*Par.* He did love her, Sir, as a Gentleman loves a Woman.

*King.* How is that?

*Par.* He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's Command.

*Laf.* He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty Orator.

*Dia.* Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

*Par.* 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

*Par.* Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good Lord.

*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him.



*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

*Dia.* It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away, I do not like her now;  
To prison with her: and away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,  
Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my Liege.

*King.* I think thee now some common customer.

*Dia.* By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;  
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;

I'll swear, I am a maid; and he knows not.

Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life;

I'm either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to Lafeu.*]

*King.* She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay; royal Sir,

[*Exit Widow.*]

The jeweller, that owns the ring, is sent for,

And he shall surety me. But for this Lord, [*To Bert.*]

Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,

Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.

<sup>7</sup> He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd,

And at that time he got his wife with child;

Dead tho' she be, she feels her young one kick:

So there's my riddle; one, that's dead, is quick.

And now behold the meaning.

<sup>7</sup> *He knows himself, &c.*—] and playing with his passions; This dialogue is too long, since but it was much easier than to the audience already knew the whole transaction; nor is there any reason for puzzling the king make a pathetic interview between *Helena* and her husband, her mother, and the king.

*Enter*

*Enter Helena, and Widow.*

*King.* Is there no Exorcist<sup>s</sup>  
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?  
Is't real, that I see?

*Hel.* No, my good Lord,  
'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,  
The name, and not the thing.

*Ber.* Both, both; oh, pardon!

*Hel.* Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid,  
I found you wond'rous kind; there is your ring,  
And look you, here's your letter: this it says,  
*When from my finger you can get this ring,  
And are by me with child, &c.* This is done.  
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

*Ber.* If she, my Liege, can make me know this  
clearly,  
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,  
Deadly divorce step between me and you!  
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

*[To the Countess.*

*Lef.* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:  
Good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief, *[To Parolles.*  
So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make sport  
with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy  
ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,  
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:  
If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower, *[To Diana.*  
Chuse thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;  
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,  
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.  
Of that and all the progress more and less,  
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:  
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. *[Exeunt.*

<sup>s</sup> — *Exorcist*] This word is used not very properly for *enchanter*.

# E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by the KING.

**T**HE King's a beggar, now the play is done :

All is well ended, if this suit be won,  
That you express content ; which we will pay,  
With strife to please you, day exceeding day ;  
\* Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;  
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

\* Ours be your patience then,  
and yours our parts.] The  
meaning is : Grant us then your  
patience ; hear us without inter-  
ruption. And take our parts ;  
that is, support and defend us.

This play has many delight-  
ful scenes, though not sufficiently  
probable, and some happy cha-  
racters, though not new, nor  
produced by any deep know-  
ledge of human nature. *Parol-  
les* is a boaster and a coward,  
such as has always been the sport  
of the stage, but perhaps never  
raised more laughter or contempt  
than in the hands of *Shakespeare*.

I cannot reconcile my heart to  
*Bertram* ; a man noble without

generosity, and young without  
truth ; who marries *Helen* as a  
coward, and leaves her as a pro-  
fligate : when she is dead by his  
unkindness, sneaks home to a  
second marriage, is accused by a  
woman whom he has wronged,  
defends himself by falshood, and  
is dismissed to happiness.

The story of *Bertram* and *Di-  
ana* had been told before of *Ma-  
riana* and *Angelo*, and, to con-  
fess the truth, scarcely merited  
to be heard a second time.

The story is copied from a no-  
vel of *Boccace*, which may be read  
in *Shakespear Illustrated*, with  
remarks not more favourable to  
*Bertram* than my own.

T H E



THE  
L I F E and D E A T H  
O F  
K I N G J O H N.

# Dramatis Personæ.

KING John.

Prince Henry, *Son to the King.*

Arthur, *Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.*

Pembroke,

Essex,

Salisbury,

Hubert,

Bigot,

} *English Lords.*

Faulconbridge, *Bastard-Son to Richard the First.*

Robert Faulconbridge, *suppos'd Brother to the Bastard.*

James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.*

Peter of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of France.*

Lewis, *the Dauphin.*

*Arch-Duke of Austria.*

*Card. Pandulpho, the Pope's Legate.*

Melun, *a French Lord.*

Chatillon, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of England.*

Constance, *Mother to Arthur.*

Blanch, *Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and  
Niece to King John.*

*Lady Faulconbridge, Mother to the Bastard, and Ro-  
bert Faulconbridge.*

*Citizens of Angiers, Herald, Executioners, Messengers,  
Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE, sometimes in England; and some-  
times in France.*

Of this Play there are three  
editions in 4to preceding the first  
folio.

I. 1591, for *Sam<sup>r</sup>son Clarke.*

II. 1611, *Valentine Simmer*  
for *John Helme.*

III. 1622, *Aug. Mathews* for  
*Thomas Dewe.*

The LIFE and DEATH of  
KING JOHN.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Court of England.*

*Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex,  
and Salisbury, with Chatillon.*

*King JOHN.*

NOW, say, *Chatillon*, what would *France* with  
us?

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the King  
of *France*,

In my behaviour, <sup>2</sup> to the Majesty,

The

<sup>1</sup> *The troublesome Reign of King John* was written in two parts, by *W. Shakespeare* and *W. Rowley*, and printed 1611. But the present Play is intirely different, and infinitely superior to it. POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of *Rowley*, nor in the account of *Rowley's* works is any mention made of his conjunction with *Shakespeare* in any play. *King John* was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play in

its present form, is that of 1623 in fol. The edition of 1591 I have not seen.

*The Life and Death* ——— ]  
Though this Play have this Title, yet the Action of it begins at the thirty-fourth Year of his Life; and takes in only some Transactions of his Reign to the Time of his Demise, being an Interval of about seventeen Years.

THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> *In my behaviour*, ——— ] The word *behaviour* seems here to have



The borrow'd Majesty of *England* here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning. Borrow'd Majesty!

*K. John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

*Chat. Philip of France,* in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother *Geffrey's* son,  
*Arthur Plantagenet,* lays lawful claim  
To this fair island, and the territories,  
To *Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;*  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;  
And put the same into young *Arthur's* hand,  
Thy nephew, and right-royal Sovereign.

*K. John.* What follows, if we disallow of this?

*Chat.* The proud<sup>3</sup> controul of fierce and bloody  
war,

T' inforce these rights so forcibly with-held.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for  
blood,

Controulment for controulment; so answer *France.*

*Chat.* Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,  
The farthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.  
\* Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France,*  
For ere thou canst report, I will be there,  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.  
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

have a signification that I have never found in any other authour. *The king of France,* says the Envoy, *thus speaks in my* behaviour to the Majesty of England: That is, the king of *France* speaks in the character which I here assume. I once thought that these two lines, *in my behaviour,* &c. had been uttered by the ambassador as part of his master's message, and that *behaviour* had meant the conduct of the king of

*France* towards the king of *England,* but the ambassador's speech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning.

<sup>3</sup> *Controul.* ] *Opposition* from *contrelier.*

\* *Be thou as lightning.* ] The simile does not suit well: the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is destructive, and the thunder innocent.

And

And <sup>s</sup> sullen presage of your own decay.

An honourable conduct let him have,

*Pembroke*, look to't; farewell, *Chatillon*.

[*Exeunt Chat. and Pem.*

*Eli.* What now, my son? Have I not ever said,  
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease,  
Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,  
Upon the right and party of her son?  
This might have been prevented, and made whole  
With very easy arguments of love;  
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must  
With fearful, bloody, issue arbitrate.

*K. John.* Our strong possession, and our right for  
us——

*Eli.* Your strong possession much more than your  
right,  
Or else it must go wrong with you and me;  
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,  
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I shall hear.

*Enter Essex.*

*Essex.* My Liege, here is the strangest controversie,  
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,  
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?

[*Exit Essex.*

*K. John.* Let them approach.  
Our abbies and our priories shall pay  
This expedition's charge——

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip, his Brother.*

What men are you?

*Phil.* Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman

<sup>s</sup> *Sullen presage.*] By the epithet *sullen*, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain, that our authour's imagination had now suggested a new idea. It is as if he had said, be a trumpet to alarm with our invasion, be a bird of ill omen to croak out the prognostick of your own ruin.

Born in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,  
A soldier, by the honour giving hand  
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou?

*Robert.* The son and heir to that same *Faulconbridge*,

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?  
You came not of one mother then, it seems?

*Phil.* Most certain of one mother, mighty King,  
That is well known; and, as I think, one father;  
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother;  
Of that I doubt, as all mens' children may.

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy  
mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

*Phil.* I, Madam? no, I have no reason for it;  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;  
The which if he can prove, he pops me out  
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:  
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!

*K. John.* A good blunt fellow; why, being younger  
born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

*Phil.* I know not why, except to get the land;  
But, once, he slander'd me with bastardy;  
But whether I be true begot or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head;  
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,  
(Fair fall the bones, that took the pains for me!)  
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.  
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,  
And were our father, and this son like him;  
O old Sir *Robert*, father, on my knee  
I give heav'n thanks, I was not like to thee.

*K. John.* Why, what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent  
us here?

*Eli.* He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion's* face,



The accent of his tongue affecteth him.  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man?

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
And finds them perfect *Richard*. Sirrah, speak,  
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

*Phil.* Because he hath a half-face, like my father,  
' With that half-face would he have all my land?  
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year!

*Rob.* My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,  
Your brother did imploy my father much;—

*Phil.* Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.  
Your tale must be, how he imploy'd my mother.

*Rob.* And once dispatch'd him in an embassie  
To *Germany*; there with the Emperor  
To treat of high affairs touching that time.  
Th' advantage of his absence took the King,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;  
Where, how he did prevail, I shame to speak,

<sup>6</sup> *With half that Face.*] But why with *half* that Face? There is no Question but the Poet wrote, as I have restored the Text, *With that half-face*—— Mr. *Pope*, perhaps, will be angry with me for discovering an *Anachronism* of our Poet's. in the next Line; where he alludes to a Coin not struck till the Year 1504, in the Reign of King *Henry VII.* viz. a Groat, which, as well as the half Groat, bore but half Faces impress'd. *Vide Stow's Survey of London, p. 47. Hollingshed, Cambden's Remains, &c.* The Poet sneers at the meagre sharp Visage of the elder Brother, by comparing him to a Silver Groat, that bore the King's Face in Profile, so shew'd but half the Face: The Groats of all our Kings of

*England*, and, indeed, all their other Coins of Silver, one or two only excepted, had a full Face crown'd; till *Henry VII.* at the Time above-mentioned, coined Groats and half Groats, as also some Shillings, with half Faces, that is, Faces in Profile, as all our Coin has now. The first Groats of king *Henry VIII.* were like these of his Father; though afterwards he returned to the broad Faces again. These Groats, with the Impression in Profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to: though, as I said, the Poet is knowingly guilty of an *Anachronism* in it: for, in the Time of King *John* there were no Groats at all: they being first, as far as appears, coined in the Reign of King *Edward III.* THEOBALD.

But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores  
 Between my father and my mother lay,  
 (As I have heard my father speak himself)  
 When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
 Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
 His lands to me; and took it on his death,  
 That this, my mother's son, was none of his;  
 And if he were, he came into the world  
 Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
 Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,  
 My father's land, as was my father's will.

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;  
 Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:  
 And if she did play false, the fault was hers;  
 Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands,  
 That marry wives. Tell me, how, if my brother,  
 Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
 Had of your father claim'd this son for his?  
 In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world,  
 In sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,  
 My brother might not claim him; nor your father,  
 Being none of his, refuse him; <sup>7</sup> this concludes.  
 My mother's son did get your father's heir,  
 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

*Rob.* Shall then my father's will be of no force  
 To dispossess that child, which is not his?

*Phil.* Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,  
 Than was his will to get me, as I think.

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,  
 And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:

Or the reputed son of *Cœur-de-lion*,  
<sup>8</sup> Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

*Phil.* Madam, and if my brother had my shape,  
And

<sup>7</sup> *This concludes.*] This is a so, not liking him, he is not at  
*decisive argument.* As your fa- liberty to reject him.  
 ther, if he liked him, could not  
 have been forced to resign him, <sup>8</sup> *Lord of THY presence, and*  
*no land beside?*] *Lord of*  
*thy*



9 And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;  
 And if my legs were too such riding rods,  
 My arms such eel-skins stuf; ' my face so thin,  
 \* That in my ear I durst not stick a rose,  
 Lest men should say, Look, where three farthings  
 goes!

*thy presence can signify only, Master of thyself; and it is a strange expression to signify even that. However that he might be, without parting with his land. We should read,*

*Lord of THE presence,——  
 i. e. Prince of the Blood.*

WARBURTON.

*Lord of thy presence may signify something more distinct than master of thyself. It means master of that dignity, and grandeur of appearance, that may sufficiently distinguish thee from the vulgar without the help of fortune.*

*Lord of his presence apparently signifies, great in his own person, and is used in this sense by King John in one of the following scenes.*

9 And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him.] This is obscure and ill expressed. The meaning is: *If I had his shape—Sir Robert's—as he has.*

Sir Robert his, for Sir Robert's is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of his. So Donne,

—Who now lives to age,  
 Fit to be call'd Methusalem  
 his page?

' ———my Face so thin,  
 That in mine Ear I durst not  
 stick a Rose,  
 Lest Men should say, Look, where

three-farthings goes! ] In this very obscure passage our Poet is anticipating the Date of another Coin; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full-blown Rose. We must observe, to explain this Allusion, that Queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only, Prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three-farthing Pieces. She at one and the same Time, coined Shillings, Six-pences, Groats, Three-pences, Two-pences, Three-half-pence, Pence, Three-farthings, and Half-pence. And these Pieces all had her Head, and were alternately with the Rose behind, and without the Rose. The Shilling, Groat, Two-pence, Penny, and Half penny had it not: The other intermediate Coins, viz. the Six-pence, Three-pence, Three-half-pence, and Three-farthings had the Rose.

THEOBALD.

\* That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose.] The sticking Roses about them was then all the court-fashion, as appears from this passage of the *Confession Catholique du S. de Sancy*, l. 2. c. 1. Je luy ay appris à mettre des ROSES par tous les coins, i. e. in every place about him, says the Speaker, of one to whom he had taught all the court-fashions.

WARBURTON.

And



And to his shape were heir to all this land;  
 'Would, I might never stir from off this place,  
 I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face,  
 I would not be Sir *Nobbe* in any case.

*Eli.* I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?  
 I am a soldier, and now bound to *France*.

*Phil.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my  
 chance;

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,  
 Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.

—Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

*Phil.* Our country manners give our betters way.

*K. John.* What is thy name?

*Phil.* *Philip*, my Liege, so is my name begun;

*Philip*, good old Sir *Robert*'s wife's eldest son.

*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name, whose  
 form thou bear'st.

Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise up more great;  
 Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

*Phil.* Brother by th' mother's side, give me your  
 hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land.

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away!

*Eli.* The very spirit of *Plantagenet*!

I am thy grandam; *Richard*, call me so.

*Phil.* = Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what  
 tho'?

Some-

= Madam, by chance, but not  
 by truth; what tho'?

I am your grandson, Madam, by  
 chance, but not by honesty—what  
 then?

Something about, a little from,  
 &c ] I his speech composed  
 of allusive and proverbial sen-

tences, is obscure. *I am*, says  
 the spritely knight, *your grand-*  
*son*, a little irregularly, but every  
 man cannot get what he wishes  
 the legal way. He that dares  
 not go about his designs by day  
 must make his motions in the night;  
 he, to whom the door is shut,  
 must

Something about, a little from the right ;  
 In at the window, or else o'er the hatch,  
 Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,  
 And have his have, however men do catch ;  
 Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;  
 And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. *John*. Go, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy  
 desire ;

A landless Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire.  
 Come, Madam, and come, *Richard* ; we must speed  
 For *France*, for *France* ; for it is more than need.

*Phil*. Brother, adieu ; good fortune come to thee,  
 For thou was got i'th' way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but Philip*.]

## S C E N E . III.

<sup>3</sup> A foot of honour better than I was,  
 But many a many foot of land the worse !  
 Well, now can I make any *Joan* a lady.  
 Good den, Sir *Robert*,—Godamercy, fellow ;  
 And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter* ;  
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names :  
 'Tis too respectful and unsociable  
 For your conversing. <sup>4</sup> Now your traveller,  
<sup>5</sup> He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess ;

must climb *the window*, or leap  
*the hatch*. This, however, shall  
 not depress me ; for the world  
 never enquires how any man got  
 what he is known to possess, but  
 allows that *to have is to have*,  
 however it was *caught*, and that  
 he *who wins spot well*, whatever  
 was his skill, whether the arrow  
 fell *near the mark*, or *far off it*.

<sup>3</sup> *A foot of honour*.] A step,  
*un pas*.

<sup>4</sup> *Now your traveller*.] It is

said in *All's well, that ends well*,  
 that *a traveller is a good  
 thing after dinner*. In that  
 age of newly excited curiosity,  
 one of the entertainments at  
 great tables seems to have been  
 the discourse of a traveller.

<sup>5</sup> *He and his tooth-pick*.] It  
 has been already remarked, that  
*to pick the tooth*, and wear a  
*piqued beard*, were, in that time,  
 marks of a man affecting foreign  
 fashions.

And

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise  
 My piked man of countries ;—My dear Sir,  
 (Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)  
 I shall beseech you,——that is question now :  
 And then comes answer <sup>6</sup> like an ABC-book :  
 O Sir, says answer, at your best command,  
 At your employment, at your service, Sir :——  
 No, Sir, says question, I, sweet Sir, at yours,——  
<sup>7</sup> And so e'er answer knows what question would,  
 Saving in dialogue of compliment ;  
 And talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,

<sup>6</sup> *Like an a, b, c book.* ] An a, b, c book, or, as they spoke and wrote it, an *a'sey* book, is a *catechism*.

<sup>7</sup> *And so e'er answer knows what question would,*  
 SAVING in dialogue of compli-  
 ment.] In this fine speech, *Faulconbridge* would shew the advantages and prerogatives of *men of worship*. He observes, particularly, that *he* has the traveller at command ; (people at that time, when a new world was discovering, in the highest estimation.) At the first intimation of his desire, to hear strange stories, the traveller complies, and will scarce give him leave to make his question, but *e'er answer knows what question would*—What then, why, according to the present reading, it grows towards supper-time : And is *not this worshipful society* ? To spend all the time between dinner and supper before either of them knows what the other would be at. Read SERVING instead of *saving*, and all this nonsense is

avoided ; and the account stands thus, “E'er answer knows what question would be at, my traveller *serves in his dialogue of compliment*, which is his standing dish at all tables ; then he comes to talk of the *Alps and Apennines*, &c. and, by the time this discourse concludes, it draws towards supper.” All this is sensible and humorous ; and the phrase of *servicing in* is a very pleasant one to denote that this was his worship's *second course*. What follows shews the romantic turn of the voyagers of that time ; how greedily their relations were swallowed, which he calls *sweet poison for the age's tooth* ; and how acceptable it made men at court—*For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising*. And yet the *Oxford* Editor says, by this *sweet poison* is meant *flattery*.  
 WARBURTON.

This passage is obscure ; but such an irregularity, and perplexity runs thro' the whole speech, that I think this emendation not necessary.



The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*;  
 It draws towards supper in conclusion, so.  
 But this is worshipful society,  
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself:  
 For he is but a bastard to the time,  
 That doth not smack of observation;  
 [And so am I, whether I smack or no :]  
 And not alone in habit and device,  
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement ;  
 But from the inward motion to deliver  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth ;  
<sup>8</sup> Which tho' I will not practise to deceive,  
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;  
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.  
<sup>9</sup> But who comes in such haste, in riding robes ?  
 What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband,  
 That will take pains <sup>1</sup> to blow a horn before her ?  
 O me ! it is my mother ; now, good lady,  
 What brings you here to court so hastily ?

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Lady Faulconbridge, and James Gurney.*

*Lady.* Where is that slave, thy brother, where is he,  
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down ?

*Phil.* My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert's* son,  
<sup>2</sup> *Colbrand* the giant, that same mighty man,  
 Is it Sir *Robert's* son, that you seek so ?

*Lady.* Sir *Robert's* son ? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,

<sup>8</sup> *Which though, &c.*] The construction will be mended; if instead of *which though*, we read, *this though*.

<sup>9</sup> *But who comes here.*] *Milton*, in his tragedy, introduces *Dallilah* with such an interrogatory exclamation.

<sup>1</sup> *To blow a horn.*] He means,

that a woman who travelled about like a *post* was likely to *horn* her husband.

<sup>2</sup> *Colbrand* was a *Danish* giant, whom *Guy of Warwick* discomfited in the presence of king *Athelstan*. The combat is very pompously described by *Drayton* in his *Polyolbion*.

Sir *Robert's* son; why scorn'st thou at Sir *Robert*?  
He is Sir *Robert's* son, and so art thou.

*Phil.* *James Gurney*, wilt thou give us leave a while?

*Gur.* Good leave, good *Philip*.

*Phil.* <sup>3</sup> *Philip!* ——— *sparrow* ——— *James*;  
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit James.*

Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert's* son,  
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me  
Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his fast:  
Sir *Robert* could do well; marry, confess!  
Could he get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it;  
We knew his handy-work; therefore, good mother,  
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?  
Sir *Robert* never holpe to make this leg.

*Lady.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,  
That, for thine own gain, should'st defend mine ho-  
nour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

*Phil.* <sup>4</sup> Knight, Knight, good mother ——— *Basilisco* like.

What!

<sup>3</sup> *Philip, sparrow, James.*] I think the Poet wrote,

*Philip! spare me, James.*

*i. e.* don't affront me with an appellation that comes from a Family which I disclaim. WARB.

The old reading is far more agreeable to the character of the speaker.

*Dr. Gray* observes, that *Skelton* has a poem to the memory of *Philip Sparrow*; and *Mr. Pope* in a short note remarks, that a *Sparrow* is called *Philip*.

<sup>4</sup> Knight, Knight, ——— *good Mother, Basilisco like.*] Thus must this Passage be pointed; and, to come at the Humour of it, I must clear up an old Circumstance of Stage-History. *Faul-*

*conbridge's* Words here carry a concealed Piece of Satire on a stupid *Drama* of that Age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perseda*. In this Piece there is the Character of a bragging cowardly Knight, called *Basilisco*. His Pretension to Valour is so blown and seen through, that *Piston*, a Buffoon-servant in the Play, jumps upon his Back, and will not disengage him, till he makes *Basilisco* swear upon his dudgeon dagger to the Contents, and in the Terms, he dictates to him: as, for Instance,

*Bas.* O, I swear, I swear.

*Pist.* By the Contents of this Blade,

*Bas.*

What! I am dub'd ; I have it on my shoulder :  
 But, mother, I am not Sir *Robert's* son ;  
 I have disclaim'd Sir *Robert*, and my land ;  
 Legitimation, name, and all is gone :  
 Then, good my mother, let me know my father ;  
 Some proper man, I hope ; who was it, mother ?

*Lady.* Hast thou deny'd thyself a *Faulconbridge* ?

*Phil.* As faithfully, as I deny the devil.

*Lady.* King *Richard Cœur-de-lion* was thy father ;  
 By long, and vehement suit, I was seduc'd  
 To make room for him in my husband's bed.  
 Heav'n lay not my transgression to my charge !  
 Thou art the issue of my dear offence,  
 Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

*Phil.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
 Madam, I would not wish a better father.

<sup>5</sup> Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
 And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly  
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
 Subjected tribute to commanding love,

*Baf.* By the Contents of this  
*Blade,*

*Pist.* I, the *foresaid* Basilisco,

*Baf.* I, the *foresaid* Basilisco,  
 Knight, good fellow, knight,  
 knight,—

*Pist.* Knave, good fellow, knave,  
 knave,—

So that 'tis clear, our Poet is sneering at this Play ; and makes *Philip*, when his Mother calls him *Knave*, throw off that Reproach by humorously laying claim to his new Dignity of *Knighthood* ; as *Basilisco* arrogantly insists on his Title of *Knight* in the Passage above quoted. The old Play is an execrable bad one ; and, I suppose, was sufficiently exploded in the Representation : which might

make this Circumstance so well known, as to become the Butt for a Stage-sarcasm. THEOBALD.

*Knight, Knight, good mother—*

*Basilisco like*] The words allude to an expression in an old foolish play, then the common butt of ridicule, but the beauty of the passage consists in his alluding, at the same time, to his high original. His father, *Richard the first*, was surnamed *Cœur-de-lion*. And the *Cor Leonis*, a fixed star of the first magnitude, in the sign *Leo*, is called *Basilisco*.  
 WARBURTON.

Could one have thought it !

<sup>5</sup> *Some sins.*] There are *sins*, that whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured *on earth*.

And



Against whose fury, and unmatched force,  
 The awless lion could not wage the fight;  
 Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard's* hands.  
 He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,  
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
 With all my heart, I thank thee for my father.  
 Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well  
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.  
 Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin,  
 And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,  
 If thou hadst said him *nay*, it had been sin;  
 Who says, it was, he lyes; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Before the Walls of Angiers in France.*

*Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, the  
 Archduke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.*

L E W I S.

**B**EFORE *Angiers* well met, brave *Austria*.  
*Arthur!* that great fore-runner of thy blood  
<sup>6</sup> *Richard*, that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
 And fought the holy wars in *Palestine*,  
<sup>7</sup> By this brave Duke came early to his grave:

And

<sup>6</sup> *Richard, that robb'd, &c.]*  
 So *Rastal* in his *Chronicle*. It is  
 sayd that a Lyon was put to  
 kynge *Richard*, beyng in prison,  
 to have devoured him, and when  
 the lyon was gapynge he put his  
 arme in his mouth, and pulled  
 the lyon by the harte so hard that

he slewe the lyon, and therefore  
 some say he is called *Rycharde  
 Cure de Lyon*, but some say he is  
 called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his  
 boldeness and hardy stomake.

Dr. GRAY.

<sup>7</sup> *By this brave Duke, &c.]*  
 This is not true. *Richard* was  
 made

And for amends to his posterity,  
<sup>8</sup> At our importance hither is he come,  
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;  
 And to rebuke the usurpation  
 Of thy unnatural uncle, *English John*.

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

*Arthur*. God shall forgive you *Cœur-de lion's* death  
 The rather, that you give his off-spring life;  
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war.  
 I give you welcome with a pow'rless hand,  
 But with a heart full of unstained love:

Welcome before the gates of *Angiers*, Duke.

*Lewis*. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

*Aust*. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
 A seal to this indenture of my love;  
 That to my home I will no more return,  
 Till *Angiers* and the right thou hast in *France*,  
<sup>9</sup> Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,  
 And coops from other lands her islanders;  
 Ev'n till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,  
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
 And confident from foreign purposes,  
 Ev'n till that outmost corner of the west,  
 Salute thee for her King. Till then, fair boy,  
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*Const*. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's  
 thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,  
 To make a more requital to your love.

*Aust*. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who lift their  
 swords

In such a just and charitable war.

made prisoner by the Duke of  
*Austria*, but was released for an  
 exorbitant ransom, and was af-  
 terwards killed with a cross-bow,  
 before the castle of *Chalons*.

<sup>8</sup> *At my importance.*] At my  
 importunity.

<sup>9</sup> *That pale, that white-fac'd  
 shore.*] *England* is supposed to  
 be called *Albion* from the white  
 rocks facing *France*.

DR. GRAY.

K. *Philip*. Well then, to work; our engines shall  
be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town;  
Cail for our chiefest men of discipline,  
To cull the plots of best advantages.  
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
Wade to the market-place in *French-mens'* blood,  
But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Const.* Stay for an answer to your Embassie,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.  
My lord *Chatillon* may from *England* bring  
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter Chatillon.*

K. *Philip*. \* A wonder, lady!—Lo, upon thy wish  
Our messenger *Chatillon* is arrived.  
—What *England* says, say briefly, gentle lord,  
We coldly pause for thee. *Chatillon*, speak.

*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this poultry siege,  
And stir them up against a mightier task.  
*England*, impatient of your just demands,  
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have staid, have giv'n him time  
To land his legions all as soon as I.  
His marches are <sup>1</sup> expedient to this town,  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
With him along is come the mother-Queen;  
An *Até*, stirring him to blood and strife.  
With her, her niece, the lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;  
With them a bastard of the King deceas'd,

\* *Answer, lady.*] The wonder is only that *Chatillon* happened to arrive at the moment when *Constance* mentioned him, which the *French* king, according to a superstition which pre-

vails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good.

<sup>1</sup> *Expedient.*] Immediate, expeditious.

And



And all th' unsettled humours of the land;  
 Rash, inconfid'rate, fiery voluntaries,  
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,  
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
<sup>2</sup> Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
 Than now the *English* bottoms have waft o'er,  
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
 To do offence and <sup>3</sup> scathe in christendom.  
 The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums beat.*  
 Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.  
 To parly, or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. *Philip*. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

*Aust.* By how much unexpected, by so much  
 We must awake endeavour for defence;  
 For courage mounteth with occasion:  
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter King of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor,  
 Blanch, Pembroke, and others.*

K. *John*. Peace be to *France*, if *France* in peace  
 permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own;  
 If not, bleed *France*, and peace ascend to heav'n.  
 Whilst we, God's wrathful agent, do correct  
 Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heav'n.

K. *Philip*. Peace be to *England*, if that war return  
 From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace.  
*England* we love; and for that *England's* sake  
 With burthen of our armour here we sweat;  
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine.  
 But thou from loving *England* art so far,

<sup>2</sup> Bearing their birth-rights,  
 &c.] So in *Henry VIII.*

*Many broke their backs*

*With bearing maners on them.*

<sup>3</sup> *Scathe.*] Destruction; waste.

That thou hast under-wrought its lawful King ;  
 Cut off the sequence of posterity ;  
 Out-faced infant state ; and done a rape  
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
 Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey's* face.  
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his ;  
 This little abstract doth contain that large,  
 Which dy'd in *Geffrey* ; and the hand of time  
 Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.  
 That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,  
 And this his son ; *England* was *Geffrey's* right,  
 And this is *Geffrey's* ; in the name of God,  
 How comes it then, that thou art call'd a King,  
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
 Which own the crown that thou o'er-mastereft ?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great commif-  
 sion, *France*,

To draw my answer to thy articles ?

*K. Philip.* From that supernal judge, that stirs good  
 thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,

\* To look into the blots and stains of right.

That judge hath made me guardian to this boy ;

Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,

And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

*K. John.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

*K. Philip.* Excuse it, 'tis to beat usurping down.

*Eli.* Who is't, that thou dost call usurper, *France* ?

*Const.* Let me make answer : thy usurping son.—

*Eli.* Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be King,  
 That thou may'st be a Queen, and check the world !

\* To look into the blots and stains of right. ] Mr. Theobald reads, with the first folio, *blots*, which being so early authorised, and so much better understood, needed not to have been changed by Dr. Warburton to *bolts*, tho' *blot* might be used in that time for spots : so Shakespeare calls Banquo spotted with blood, the blood-bolter'd Banquo. The verb to blot is used figuratively for to disgrace a few lines lower. And, perhaps, after all, *bolts* was only a typographical mistake.

*Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true,  
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy,  
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*,  
Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.  
My boy a bastard! by my soul, I think,  
His father never was so true begot;  
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

*Eli.* There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy  
father.

*Const.* There's a good grandam, boy, that would  
blot thee.

*Aust.* Peace.——

*Faulc.* Hear the crier.

*Aust.* What the devil art thou?

*Faulc.* One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,  
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.  
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead Lions by the beard;  
I'll smoak your skin-coat, an I catch you right;  
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

*Blanch.* O, well did he become that Lion's robe,  
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

*Faulc.* It lies as lightly on the back of him, <sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> *It lies as lightly on the back  
of him,*

*As great Alcides' Shoes upon  
an Afs.]* But why his Shoes,  
in the Name of Propriety? For  
let *Hercules* and his Shoes have  
been really as big as they were ever  
supposed to be, yet they (I mean  
the Shoes) would not have been  
an Overload for an Afs. I am  
persuaded, I have retrieved the  
true Reading; and let us observe  
the Justness of the Comparison  
now. *Faulconbridge* in his Re-  
sentment would say this to *Aus-*  
*tria*, "That Lion's skin, which

" my great Father King *Rich-*  
" *ard* once wore, looks as un-

" coothly on thy Back, as that

" other noble Hide, which was

" borne by *Hercules*, would look

" on the Back of an Afs." A  
double Allusion was intended;  
first, to the *Fable* of the Afs in  
the Lion's Skin; then *Richard*  
I. is finely set in Competition  
with *Alcides*; as *Austria* is satiri-  
cally coupled with the Afs.

THEOBALD.

Mr. *Theobald* had the art of  
making the most of his discove-  
ries.



As great *Alcides*' shews upon an afs ;  
But, afs, I'll take that burden from your back,  
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

*Aust.* What cracker is this fame, that deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?  
King *Philip*, determine what we shall do strait.

*K. Philip.* Women and fools, break off your conference.—

King *John*, this is the very sum of all.

*England*, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Tourainè*, *Maine*,  
In right of *Arthur* I do claim of thee.

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

*K. John.* My life as soon.—I do defy thee, *France*.  
—*Arthur* of *Britain*, yield thee to my hand ;  
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,  
Than e'er the coward-hand of *France* can win.  
Submit thee, boy.

*Eli.* Come to thy grandam, child.

*Const.* Do, child, go to it' grandam, child.  
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will  
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig ;  
There's a good grandam.

*Arth.* Good my mother, peace ;  
I would, that I were low laid in my grave ;  
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

*Eli.* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

*Const.* Now shame upon you, whether she does or no !  
His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's shames,  
Draws those heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,  
Which heav'n shall take in nature of a fee :  
Ay, with these crystal beads heav'n shall be brib'd  
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heav'n and earth !

*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heav'n and earth !  
Call me not slanderer ; thou, and thine, usurp  
The domination, royalties and rights  
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee ;

Thy

Thy sins are visited on this poor child ;  
The canon of the law is laid on him,  
Being but the second generation  
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*K. John.* Bedlam, have done.

*Const.* <sup>6</sup> I have but this to say,  
That he's not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,  
And with her.—Plague her sin ; his injury,  
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,  
All punish'd in the person of this child,  
And all for her, a plague upon her !

*Eli.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

*Const.* Ay, who doubts that ? a will !——a wicked  
will ;

<sup>6</sup> *I have but this to say,  
That he's not only plagued for her  
sin,  
But, &c.———* ] This pas-  
sage appears to me very obscure.  
The chief difficulty arises from  
this, that *Constance* having told  
*Elinor* of her *sin-conceiving womb*,  
pursues the thought, and uses *sin*  
through the next lines in an am-  
biguous sense, sometimes for  
*crime*, and sometimes for *off-  
spring*.

*He's not only plagued for her sin,  
&c.* He is not only made mise-  
rable by vengeance for her *sin* or  
*crime*, but her *sin*, her *offspring*,  
and she, are made the instruments  
of that vengeance, on this de-  
scendant, who, though of the se-  
cond generation, is *plagued for  
her and with her* ; to whom she  
is not only the cause but the in-  
strument of evil.

The next clause is more per-

plexed. All the editions read,  
———Plagu'd for her,  
*And with her plague her sin ; his  
injury,  
Her injury, the beadle to her  
sin,  
All punish'd in the person of this  
child.*

I point thus :

———Plagu'd for her  
*And with her.——Plague her  
sin ! his injury  
Her injury, the beadle to her  
sin.*

That is ; instead of inflicting  
vengeance on this innocent and  
remote descendant, *punish her sin*,  
her immediate offspring : then  
the affliction will fall where it is  
deserved ; *his injury* will be *her  
injury*, and the misery of her *sin* ;  
her son will be a *beadle*, or chaf-  
tiser, to her *crimes*, which are  
now *all punished in the person of  
this child.*

A woman's will, a cankered grandam's will.

K. *Phil* Peace, Lady; pause, or be more temperate:

7 It ill beseems this presence to cry Aim  
To these ill tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
These men of *Angiers*; let us hear them speak,  
Whose title they admit, *Arthur's* or *John's*.

*Trumpets sound.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.*

*Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. *Phil.* 'Tis *France* for *England*.

K. *John.* *England* for itself;

You men of *Angiers* and my loving subjects——

K. *Phil.* You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur's* subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle——

K. *John.* For our advantage—therefore hear us first:——

These flags of *France*, that are advanced here  
Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.  
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;  
And ready mounted are they to spit forth  
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

7 *It ill beseems this presence to cry Aim*

*To these ill tuned repetitions,]*

Dr. *Warburton* has well observed on one of the former plays, that to *cry aim* is to *encourage*. I once thought it was borrowed from archery; and that *aim!* having been the word of command, as we now say *present!*

to *cry aim* had been to *incite notice*, or *raise attention*. But I rather think, that the old word of applause was *f'aine*, *love it*, and that to applaud was to cry *f'aine*, which the *English*, not easily pronouncing *fe*, sunk into *aime* or *eim*. Our exclamations of applause are still borrowed, as *bravo*, and *encore*.

All



All preparations for a bloody siege  
 And merciless proceeding, by these *French*,  
 Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates ;  
 And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,  
 That as a waste do girdle you about,  
 By the compulsion of their ordinance  
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
 Had been dishabited, and wide havock made  
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
 But on the sight of us your lawful King,  
 (Who painfully with much expedient march  
 Have brought a counter-check before your gates,  
 To save unscratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)  
 Behold, the *French*, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parole ;  
 And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,  
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
 They shoot but calm words folded up in smoak,  
 To make a faithless error in your ears ;  
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens ;  
 And let in us, your King, whose labour'd spirits,  
 Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed,  
 Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. *Philip*. When I have said, make answer to us  
 both.

Lo! in this right hand, whose protection  
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
 Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet* ;  
 Son to the elder brother of this man,  
 And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.  
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
 In warlike march these greens before your town :  
 Being no further enemy to you,  
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,  
 In the relief of this oppressed child,  
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then  
 To pay that duty, which you truly owe  
 To him that owns it ; namely, this young Prince.  
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,

Save

Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up ;  
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heav'n ;  
 And with a blessed, and unvext retire,  
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,  
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,  
 Which here we came to spout against your town ;  
 And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.  
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
 'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls  
 Can hide you from our messengers of war ;  
 Tho' all these *English*, and their discipline,  
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.  
 Then tell us, shall your city call us Lord,  
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?  
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
 And stalk in blood to our possession ?

*Cit.* In brief, we are the King of *England*'s subjects ;  
 For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

*K. John.* Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

*Cit.* That can we not ; but he that proves the  
 King,

To him will we prove loyal ; till that time,  
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of *England* prove the  
 King ?

And if not that, I bring you witness,  
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of *England*'s breed——

*Faulc.* (Bastards, and else.)

*K. John.* To verify our title with their lives.

*K. Phil.* As many, and as well born bloods as  
 those——

*Faulc.* (Some bastards too.)

*K. Phil.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

*Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,  
 We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of all those  
 souls,

That

That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!

*K. Philip.* Amen, Amen.—Mount, chevaliers, to arms!

*Faulc.* Saint George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence. Sirrah, were I at home  
At your den, sirrah, with your Lions,  
I'd set an ox-head to your Lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you.— [To Austria.

*Aust.* Peace, no more.

*Faulc.* O, tremble; for you hear the Lion roar.

*K. John.* Up higher to the plain! where we'll set forth

In best appointment all our regiments.

*Faulc.* Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.

*K. Philip.* It shall be so—and at the other hill  
Command the rest to stand. God, and our right!  
[Exeunt.

## S C E N E IV.

*After excursions, enter the Herald of France with trumpets to the gates.*

*F. Her.* <sup>s</sup> Ye men of Angiers, open wide your gates,  
And let young Arthur Duke of Bretagne in;  
Who by the hand of France this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground:  
And many a widow's husband groveling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;  
While victory with little loss doth play

<sup>s</sup> Ye men of Angiers, &c.—] of the widow's husband embracing the earth, is just and beautiful.  
This speech is very poetical and smooth, and except the conceit

Upon



Upon the dancing banners of the *French*,  
Who are at hand triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
*Arthur* of *Bretagne*, *England's* King, and yours.

*Enter English Herald with Trumpets.*

*E. Her.* <sup>9</sup> Rejoice, ye men of *Angiers*; ring your  
bells;

King *John*, your King and *England's*, doth approach,  
Commander of this hot malicious day.

Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright;  
Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmens'* blood.

There stuck no plume in any *English* Crest,  
That is removed by a staff of *France*.

Our Colours do return in those same hands,  
That did display them, when we first march'd forth;

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, <sup>1</sup> come

Our lusty *English*, all with purpled hands;

Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.

Open your gates, and give the victors way.

*Cit.* <sup>2</sup> Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,  
From first to last, the Onset and Retire

Of both your armies, whose equality

By our best eyes cannot be censured;

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd  
blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted  
power.

<sup>9</sup> *Rejoice, ye men of Angiers,*  
Et.] The *English* herald falls  
somewhat below his antagonist.  
*Silver armour gilt with blood*, is  
a poor image. Yet our authour  
has it again in *blackish*.

*Here say Duncan,*

*His silver skin laid with his  
golden blood.*

<sup>1</sup> *And, like a jolly troop of*

*huntsmen,*] It was, I think,  
one of the savage practices of  
the chase, for all to stain their  
hands in the blood of the deer,  
as a trophy.

<sup>2</sup> *Heralds, from off, &c.—*]  
These three speeches seem to  
have been laboured. The citi-  
zen's is the best; yet *both alike are*  
*like*, is a poor gingle.

Both

Both are alike, and both alike we like ;  
 One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,  
 We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at several  
 Doors.*

K. *John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast  
 away ?

Say, shall the current of our Right run on ?  
 Whose passage, vext with thy impediment,  
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell  
 With course disturb'd ev'n thy confining shores ;  
 Unless thou let his silver water keep  
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. *Philip.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of  
 blood

In this hot tryal, more than we of *France* ;  
 Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear,  
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
 Before we will lay by our just-borne arms,  
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear ;  
 Or add a royal number to the dead ;  
 Gracing the scroul, that tells of this war's loss,  
 With slaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

*Faulc.* Ha ! Majesty,—how high thy glory towers,  
 When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire !  
 Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel ;  
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs ;  
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men  
 In undetermin'd differences of Kings.

Why stand these royal Fronts amazed thus ?  
 Cry havock, <sup>3</sup> Kings ; back to the stained field,

<sup>3</sup> Cry havock ! Kings ; — ] He with Atè by his side,  
 That is, command slaughter to proceed ; so in another place. Cries, havock !

You

You equal Potents, fiery-kindled spirits !

Then let Confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and death.

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?

*K. Philip.* Speak, Citizens, for *England*, who's your King ?

*Cit.* The King of *England*, when we know the King ?

*K. Philip.* Know him in us, that here hold up his Right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear possession of our person here ;

Lord of our presence, *Angiers*, and of you.

*Cit.* \* A greater pow'r, than ye, denies all this  
And till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates.

Kings are our fears, —— until our fears resolv'd

Be by some certain King purg'd and depos'd.

*Faulc.* By heav'n, the Scroyles of *Angiers* flout you,  
Kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,

As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point

At your industrious Scenes and Acts of death.

Your royal presences, be rul'd by me ;

Do like the Mutines of *Jerusalem*,

Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend

Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.

By east and west let *France* and *England* mount

Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths ;

Till their soul-fearing clamours have braul'd down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City.

I'd play incessantly upon these jades ;

Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

\* In former copies :

*A greater pow'r, than we,*  
*denies all this ;*

*Kings OF our fears, —— ] We*  
should read, *than ye.* What

power was this ? their *fears.* It  
is plain therefore we should read,  
*Kings are our fears, ——*

*i. e.* our fears are the Kings  
which at present rule us. *WARB.*

That



That done, dissever your united strengths,  
 And part your mingled Colours once again ;  
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.  
 Then in a moment fortune shall cull forth  
 Out of one side her happy minion ;  
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
 And kiss him with a glorious Victory.  
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty States ?  
 Smacks it not something of the Policy ?

K. *John*. Now by the sky, that hangs above our  
 heads,

I like it well. *France*, shall we knit our Pow'rs,  
 And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,  
 Then, after, fight who shall be King of it ?

*Faulc*. And if thou hast the mettle of a King,  
 Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,  
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
 As we will ours, against these sawcy walls ;  
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
 Why then defie each other ; and, pell-mell,  
 Make work upon ourselves for heav'n or hell.

K. *Philip*. Let it be so ; say, where will you assault ?

K. *John*. We from the west will send destruction  
 Into this City's bosom.

*Aust*. I from the north.

K. *Philip*. Our thunder from the south  
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

*Faulc*. O prudent discipline ! from North to South ;  
*Austria* and *France* shoot in each other's mouth.  
 I'll stir them to it ; come, away, away !

*Cit*. Hear us, great Kings ; vouchsafe a while to  
 stay,

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league ;  
 Win you this city without stroke or wound ;  
 Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
 That here come sacrifices for the field ;  
 Persever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. *John*.

K. *John*. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

*Cit*. That daughter there of *Spain*, the lady *Blanch*,  
Is near to *England*; look upon the years  
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in *Blanch*?  
If \* zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in *Blanch*?  
If love, ambitious, sought a match of Birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch*?  
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat:  
If not compleat, <sup>5</sup> oh say, he is not she;  
And she again wants nothing, (to name Want,)  
If want it be not, that she is not he.  
He is the half part of a blessed man, <sup>6</sup>  
Left to be finished by such a She:  
And she a fair divided Excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.  
Oh! two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in:  
And two such shores, to two such streams made one,  
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,  
To these two Princes, if you marry them.  
This union shall do more than battery can,  
To our fast-closed gates: for at this match, <sup>7</sup>  
With swifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,  
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,

\* *Zealous* seems here to signify *pious*, or influenced by motives of religion.

<sup>5</sup> *If not complete of, say, &c.*]  
Sir T. Harmer reads, O! say.

<sup>6</sup> *He is the half Part of a blessed Man,*

*Left to be finished by, such as She:]*  
Dr. Thirlby prescrib'd that Reading, which I have here restor'd to the Text.

THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> ——— at this match, *With swifter spleen, &c.*] Our authour uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So in *Midsummer Night's Dream* he applies *spleen* to the lightning. I am loath to think that *Shakespeare* meant to play with the double of *match* for *nuptia'*, and the *match* of a gun.

And

And give you entrance ; but without this match,  
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
Lions so confident, mountains and rocks  
So free from motion ; no, not death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this City.

*Faulc.* Here's a stay, <sup>8</sup>  
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death  
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks and seas ;  
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.  
What Cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?  
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoak and bounce,  
He gives the bastinado with his tongue :  
Our ears are cudgel'd ; not a word of his,  
But buffets better than a fist of *France* ;  
Zounds ! I was never so bethumpt with words,  
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,  
Give with our Neice a dowry large enough ;  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now uncur'd assurance to the Crown,  
That yon green boy shall have no Sun to ripe  
The bloom, that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a Yielding in the looks of *France* ;  
Mark, how they whisper ; urge them, while their souls  
Are capable of this ambition ;

<sup>8</sup> *Here's a stay,*  
*That shakes the rotten carcass of*  
*old death*

*Out of his rags.*——] I cannot but think that every reader wishes for some other word in the place of *stay*, which though it may signify an *hindrance*, or *man* that *binders*, is yet very improper to introduce the next line. I read,

VOL. III.

*Here's a flaw,*  
*That shakes the rotten carcass of*  
*old Death.*

That is, here is a *gust* of bravery, a *blast* of menace. This suits well with the spirit of the speech. *Stay* and *flaw*, in a careless hand, are not easily distinguished, and if the writing was obscure, *flaw* being a word less usual was easily missed.

F f

Left



Left zeal now melted <sup>9</sup> by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*Cit.* Why answer not the double Majesties  
This friendly Treaty of our threaten'd town?

*K. Philip.* Speak, *England*, first, that hath been  
forward first

To speak unto this City: what say you?

*K. John.* If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely son,  
Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*;  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a Queen.

For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poitiers*,<sup>1</sup>

And all that we upon this side the sea,  
Except this City now by us besieg'd,  
Find liable to our Crown and Dignity,  
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich

In titles, honours, and promotions;  
As she in beauty, education, blood,  
Holds hand with any Princess of the world.

*K. Philip.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's  
face.

*Lewis.* I do, my lord, and in her eye I find  
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle;  
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
Which, being but the shadow of your son,

<sup>9</sup> *Left zeal now melted* — ]  
We have here a very unusual, and,  
I think, not very just image of  
*zeal*, which in its highest degree  
is represented by others as a  
flame, but by *Shakespeare* as a  
frost. To *reverse zeal*, in the  
language of others, is to *cool*, in  
*Shakespeare's* to *melt* it; when it  
exerts its utmost power it is com-  
monly said to *flame*, but by *Shake-*  
*speare* to be *congealed*.

<sup>1</sup> In old editions,

For ANGIERS and fair Tou-  
raine, Maine, Poitiers,

*And all that We upon this Side  
the Sea,  
Except this City now by us be-  
sieged,  
Find liable, &c. — ]* What  
was the City *besieged*, but *An-*  
*giers*? King *John* agrees to give  
up all he held in *France*, except  
the City of *Angiers* which he  
now besieged and laid Claim to.  
But could he give up all except  
*Angiers*, and give up *That* too?  
*Anjou* was one of the Provinces  
which the *English* held in *France*.

THEOBALD.

Becomes

Becomes a Sun, and makes your son a shadow.  
 I do protest, I never lov'd myself,  
 Till now, infix'd, I beheld myself,  
 Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.

[*Whispering with Blanch.*

*Faulc.* Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!  
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!  
 And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espie  
 Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,  
 That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,  
 In such a Love, so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will in this respect is mine.  
 If he see aught in you, that makes him like,  
 That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,  
 I can with ease translate it to my will:  
 Or if you will, to speak more properly,  
 I will enforce it easily to my love.  
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
 That all I see in you is worthy love,  
 Than this; that nothing do I see in you,  
 (Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your  
 judge)

That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. John.* What say these young Ones? what say you,  
 my Niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in Honour still to do  
 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love  
 this lady?

*Lewis.* Nay, ask me, if I can refrain from love;  
 For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. John.* Then do I give *Volquessen*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,  
*Poitiers*, and *Anjou*, these five Provinces,  
 With her to thee; and this addition more,  
 Full thirty thousand Marks of *English* coin.

*Philip of France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
 Command thy Son and Daughter to join hands.

*K. Philip.* It likes us well; young Princes, close  
your hands.

*Aust.* And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,  
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

*K. Philip.* Now, Citizens of *Angiers*, ope your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made:

For at Saint *Mary's* Chapel presently  
The Rites of Marriage shall be solemniz'd.

Is not the lady *Constance* in this troop?

I know, she is not; for this Match made up  
Her presence would have interrupted much.

Where is she and her son, tell me, who knows?

*Lewis.* She's sad and passionate at your Highness'  
Tent.

*K. Philip.* And, by my faith, this league, that we  
have made,

Will give her sadness very little Cure.

Brother of *England*, how may we content

This widow lady? in her Right we came;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way  
To our own vantage.

*K. John.* We will heal up all,

For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*,

And Earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of. Call the lady *Constance*;

Some speedy Messenger bid her repair

To our Solemnity: I trust, we shall,

If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd-for, unprepared, Pomp.

[*Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Faulc.* Mad world, mad Kings, mad composition!

*John,*



*John*, to stop *Arthur's* Title in the whole,  
 Hath willingly departed with a part :  
 And *France*, whose armour Conscience buckled on,  
 Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the field,  
 As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear  
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,  
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,  
 That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,  
 Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,  
 Who having no external thing to lose  
 But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that ;  
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,—  
 Commodity, the bias of the world,  
 The world, which of itself is poised well,  
 Made to run even, upon even ground ;  
 Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,  
 This sway of motion, this Commodity,  
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent.  
 And this same bias, this Commodity,  
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
 Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,  
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,  
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—  
 And why rail I on this Commodity ?  
 But for because he hath not wooed me yet :  
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,  
 When his fair angels would salute my palm ;  
 But that my hand, as unattempted yet,  
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.  
 Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail ;  
 And say, there is no sin but to be rich :  
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
 To say, there is no vice, but beggary.  
 Since Kings break faith upon commodity,  
 Gain, be my lord ; for I will worship thee !     [*Exit.*

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The French King's Pavilion.**Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.*

C O N S T A N C E.

**G**ONE to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!  
 False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be  
 friends!

Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* those provinces?  
 It is not so, thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;  
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again,  
 It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so.  
 I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word  
 Is but the vain breath of a common man:  
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;  
 I have a King's oath to the contrary.  
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
 For I am sick, and capable of fears;  
 Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:  
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;  
 A woman, naturally born to fears,  
 And, tho' thou now confests thou didst but jest,  
 With my vext spirits I cannot take a truce,  
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?  
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?  
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine?  
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
 Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words?  
 Then speak again, not all thy former tale,  
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true, as, I believe, you think them false,

That

That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*Const.* Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;  
And let belief and life encounter so,  
As doth the fury of two desp'rate men,  
Which in the very meeting, fall and die.

*Lewis* wed *Blanch* ! O boy, then where art thou ?  
*France* friend with *England* ! what becomes of me ?  
Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy sight :  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

*Sal.* What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

*Const.* Which harm within itself so heinous is,  
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

*Arth.* I do beseech you, mother, be content.

*Const.* If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,  
Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of unpleasing blots, and <sup>2</sup> fightless stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious, <sup>3</sup>  
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks ;  
I would not care, I then would be content :  
For then I should not love thee : no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy !  
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.  
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,  
And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, oh !  
She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee,  
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John* ;  
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*  
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
*France* is a bawd to fortune, and to *John* ;  
That strumpet fortune, that usurping *John* !

<sup>2</sup> — *fightless* ] The poet  
uses *fightless* for that which we  
now express by *unfightly*, dis-  
agreeable to the eyes.

<sup>3</sup> *Prodigious* ; that is, *portentous*,  
so deformed as to be taken for a  
*foreteller of evil*.



Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forsworn?  
 Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,  
 And leave these woes alone, which I alone  
 Am bound to under-bear.

*Sal.* Pardon me, Madam,  
 I may not go without you to the Kings.

*Const.* Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with  
 thee.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;  
 For Grief is proud, and makes his owner stout. <sup>4</sup>  
 To me, and to the State of my great Grief, <sup>5</sup>  
 Let Kings assemble: for my Grief's so great,  
 That no Supporter but the huge firm earth  
 Can hold it up: Here I and Sorrow sit:  
 Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it. <sup>6</sup>

[Sits down on the Floor.]

## S C E N E

<sup>4</sup> ——— [*makes its owner stout.*]  
 The old editions have, *makes its  
 owner stout*; the emendation is  
*Hammer's*.

<sup>5</sup> *To me, and to the State of my  
 great Grief,*

*Let Kings assemble:—*] In  
*Macb* *at's ab at nothing*, the fa-  
 ther of *Horc*, depressed by her  
 disgrace, declares himself so sub-  
 dued by grief that *a thread may  
 lead him*. How is it that grief  
 in *Leonato* and lady *Constance*,  
 produces effects directly opposite,  
 and yet both agreeable to nature.  
 Sorrow softens the mind while it  
 is yet warmed by hope, but har-  
 dens it when it is congealed by  
 despair. Distress, while there  
 remains any prospect of relief,  
 is weak and flexible, but when  
 no succour remains, is fearless  
 and stubborn; angry alike at those  
 that injure, and at those that do  
 not help; careless to please where

nothing can be gained, and fear-  
 less to offend when there is no-  
 thing further to be dreaded.  
 Such was this writer's knowledge  
 of the passions.

<sup>6</sup> ——— [*bid Kings come low  
 to it.*] I must here account  
 for the Liberty I have taken to  
 make a Change in the Division  
 of the 2d and 3d *Acts*. In the  
 old Editions, the 2d *Act* was  
 made to end here; though 'tis  
 evident, Lady *Constance* here, in  
 her Despair, seats herself on the  
 Floor: and she must be supposed,  
 as I formerly observed, imme-  
 diately to rise again, only to go  
 off and end the *Act* decently; or  
 the *Act* *Scene* must shut her in  
 from the Sight of the Audience,  
 an Absurdity I cannot wish to  
 accuse *Shakspeare* of. Mr. *Gil-  
 don* and some other Criticks fan-  
 cied, that a considerable Part of  
 the 2d *Act* was lost; and that the  
 Chasm

## S C E N E II.

*Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, and Austria.*

K. *Philip.* 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day

Ever in *France* shall be kept festival :  
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun <sup>7</sup>  
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist ;  
Turning with splendor of his precious eye

Chasm began here. I had joined in this Suspicion of a Scene or two being lost ; and unwittingly drew Mr. *Pope* into this Error. " *It seems to be so, says he, and it were to be wish'd the Restorer (meaning Me,) could supply it.*" To deserve this Great Man's Thanks, I'll venture at the Task ; and hope to convince my Readers, that nothing is lost ; but that I have supplied the suspected Chasm, only by rectifying the Division of the *Acts*. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the *Constitution* of the Play, I am satisfied that the 3d *Act* ought to begin with that Scene, which has hitherto been accounted the Last of the 2d *Act* : and my Reasons for it are these. The Match being concluded, in the Scene before that, betwixt the *Dauphin* and *Blanch*, a Messenger is sent for Lady *Constance* to K. *Philip's* Tent, for her to come to St. *Mary's* Church to the Solemnity. The Princes all go out, as to the Marriage ; and the *Bastard* staying a little behind, to descant on Interest and Commodity, very properly ends the *Act*. The next Scene then, in

the *French King's* Tent, brings us *Salisbury* delivering his Message to *Constance*, who, refusing to go to the Solemnity, sets herself down on the Floor. The whole Train returning from the Church to the *French King's* Pavilion, *Philip* expresses such Satisfaction on Occasion of the happy Solemnity of that Day, that *Constance* rises from the Floor, and joins in the Scene by entering her Protest against their Joy, and cursing the Business of the Day. Thus, I conceive, the Scenes are fairly continued ; and there is no Chasm in the Action : but a proper Interval made both for *Salisbury's* coming to Lady *Constance*, and for the Solemnization of the Marriage. Besides, as *Faulconbridge* is evidently the Poet's favourite Character, 'twas very well judg'd to close the *Act* with his Soliloquy. THEOBALD.

This whole note seems judicious enough ; but Mr. *Theobald* forgets that there were, in *Shakespeare's* time, no moveable scenes.

<sup>7</sup> From this passage *Rowe* seems to have borrowed the first lines of his *Fair Penitent*.

The

The meagre cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.  
The yearly course, that brings this day about,  
Shall never see it, but a holy-day.

*Const.* A wicked day, and not an holy-day. —

[*Rising.*

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,  
That it in golden letter should be set  
Among the high tides in the kalendar?  
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,  
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,  
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:  
But on this day,<sup>8</sup> let seamen fear no wreck;  
No bargains break, that are not this day made;  
This day, all things begun come to ill end,  
Yea, faith itself to hollow falshood change!

*K. Philip.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:  
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty?

*Const.* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit  
Resembling Majesty, which, touch'd and try'd,  
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn,  
You came in arms to spill my enemies blood,<sup>9</sup>  
But now in arms, you strengthen it with yours.  
The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,  
Is cold in amity and painted peace,  
And our oppression hath made up this league:  
Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, against these perjur'd Kings:  
A widow cries, be husband to me, heav'n!  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
Wear out the day in peace; but ere sun-set,

<sup>8</sup> *But on this day, —*] That  
is, ~~except~~ on this day.

<sup>9</sup> *You came in arms to spill my  
enemies' blood,  
But now in arms, you strengthen*

*it with yours.]* I am afraid  
here is a clinch intended; *You  
came in war to destroy my enemies,  
but now you strengthen them in  
embraces.*



Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings. †  
Hear me, oh, hear me!

*Aust.* Lady *Constance*, peace.

*Const.* War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war.

O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*! thou dost shame

That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou  
coward,

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side;

Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humourous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,

And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp, and swear,

Upon my party; thou cold-blooded slave,

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?

Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?

And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,

And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* O, that a man would speak those words to me!

*Faulc.* And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant  
limbs.

*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

*Faulc.* And hang a calve's skin on those recreant  
limbs.

*Aust.* <sup>2</sup> Methinks, that *Richard's* pride and *Ri-  
chard's* fall

Should

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare* makes this bitter curse effectual.

<sup>2</sup> *Methinks, that Richard's pride, &c.*] What was the ground of this quarrel of the Bastard to *Austria* is no where specify'd in the present play: nor is there in this place, or the scene where it is first hinted at (namely the se-

cond of Act 2.) the least mention of any reason for it. But the story is, that *Austria*, who kill'd King *Richard Cœur-de-lion*, wore as the spoil of that Prince, a lion's hide which had belong'd to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the Bastard very natural, and ought not to  
have

Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

*Faulc.* What words are these? how do my sinews shake!

My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!

How doth *Alecio* whisper in my ears,

“ Delay not, *Richard*, kill the villain strait;

“ Disrobe him of the matchless monument,

“ Thy father's triumph o'er the savages.”——

Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,

Twice will I not review the morning's rise,

Till I have torn that trophy from thy back;

And split thy heart, for wearing it so long.

*K. John.* We like not this, thou dost forget thyself.

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Pandulpho.*

*K. Philip.* Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

*Pand.* Hail, you anointed Deputies of heav'n!

To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is;

I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,

And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,

Do in his name religiously demand

Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,

So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce

Keep *Stephen Langton*, chosen Archbishop

have been omitted. In the first sketch of this play (which *Shakspeare* is said to have had a hand in, jointly with *William Rowley*) we accordingly find this omitted upon. and I have ventured to place a few of these verses here.

POPE.

To the insertion of these lines I have nothing to object. There are many other passages in the old play, of great value. The

omission of this incident, in the second draught, was natural. *Shakspeare*, having familiarised the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience; or, what is equally probable, the story was then so popular that a hint was sufficient at that time to bring it to mind, and these plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity.

Of

Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See?

This in our 'foresaid holy Father's name,  
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

*K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories<sup>3</sup>  
Can task the free breath of a sacred King?  
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.  
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*  
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:  
But as we under heav'n are supreme head,  
So, under him, that great Supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold;  
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.  
So tell the Pope, all rev'ence set apart  
To him and his usurp'd authority.

*K. Philip.* Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

*K. John.* Tho' you, and all the Kings of Christendom  
Are led so grossly by this meddling Priest,  
Dreading the curse, that mony may buy out;  
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself:  
Tho' you, and all the rest, so grossly led,  
This juggling witch-craft with revenue cherish;  
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppose  
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

*Pand.* Then by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate;

<sup>3</sup> This must have been at the time when it was written, in our struggles with popery, a very captivating scene.

So many passages remain in which *Shakespeare* evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in

motion, that I cannot but suspect that time has obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators.



And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt  
 From his allegiance to an heretick ;  
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
 Canoniz'd and worshipp'd as a Saint,  
 That takes away by any secret course <sup>4</sup>  
 Thy hateful life.

*Const.* O, lawful let it be,  
 That I have room with *Rome* to curse a while.  
 Good father Cardinal, cry thou, *Amen*,  
 To my keen curses ; for without my wrong  
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pand.* There's law, and warrant, Lady, for my curse.

*Const.* And for mine too ; when law can do no right,  
 Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong :  
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;  
 For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law ;  
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

*Pand.* *Philip* of *France*, on peril of a curse,  
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretick ;  
 And raise the pow'r of *France* upon his head,  
 Unless he do submit himself to *Rome*.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, *France* ? do not let go thy  
 hand.

*Const.* Look to that, devil ! lest that *France* repent,  
 And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.——

*Aust.* King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinal.

*Faulc.* And hang a calve's-skin on his recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,  
 Because——

*Faulc.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*K. John.* *Philip*, what say'st thou to the Cardinal ?

<sup>4</sup> This may allude to the bull published against Queen *Elizabeth*. Or we may suppose, since we have no proof that this play appeared in its present state, before the reign of King *James*,

that it was exhibited soon after the popish plot. I have seen a *Spanish* book in which *Garnet*, *Faux*, and their accomplices are registred as saints.

*Const.* What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

*Lewis.* Bethink you, father; for the difference  
Is purchase of a heavy curse from *Rome*,<sup>5</sup>  
Or the light loss of *England* for a friend;  
Forgo the easier.

*Blanch.* That's the curse of *Rome*.

*Const.* *Lewis*, stand fast; the Devil tempts thee here<sup>6</sup>  
In likeness of a new and trimmed bride.

*Blanch.* The Lady *Constance* speaks not from her  
faith:

But from her need.

*Const.* Oh, if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,  
That faith would live again by death of need:  
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;  
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

*K. John.* The King is mov'd, and answers not to this.

*Const.* O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

*Aust.* Do so, King *Philip*; hang no more in doubt.

<sup>5</sup> It is a political maxim, that kingdoms are never married. *Lewis* upon the wedding is for making war upon his new relations.

<sup>6</sup> ——— the Devil tempts thee here

*In Likeness of a new untrimmed Bride.]* Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear any Signification to square with the Sense required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted Reading. I have ventur'd to throw out the Negative, and read;

*In Likeness of a new and trimmed Bride.*

i. e. of a new Bride, and one deck'd and adorn'd as well by Art as Nature. THEOBALD.

—— a new untrimmed bride.] Mr. *Theobald* says, that as un-

*trimmed* cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required, it must be corrupt; therefore he will cashier it, and read, *and trimmed*; in which he is followed by the *Oxford* Editor; but they are both too hasty. It squares very well with the sense, and signifies *unsteady*. The term is taken from Navigation. We say too, in a similar way of speaking, *not well manned*. WARB.

I think Mr. *Theobald's* correction more plausible than Dr. *Warburton's* explanation. A commentator should be grave, and therefore I can read these notes with the proper severity of attention, but the idea of *trimming* a lady to *keep her steady*, would be too risible for any common power of face.

*Faulc.*

*Faulc.* Hang nothing but a calve's-skin, most sweet  
lout.

*K. Philip.* I am perplext, and know not what to say.

*Pand.* What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee  
more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curst ?

*K. Philip.* Good rev'rend father, make my person  
yours ;

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows.

The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms and our royal Selves.

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer than we well could wash our hands

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,

Heav'n knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd

With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint

The fearful diff'rence of incensed Kings.

And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, <sup>7</sup>so strong in both,

Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret ?

Play fast and loose with faith ? so, jest with heav'n ?

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm ?

Un-swear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity ? O holy Sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so ;

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose

Some gentle order, and we shall be blest

<sup>7</sup> *So strong in both.*] I believe the meaning is, were *so strong in both parties.*



To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to *England's* love.

Therefore, to arms! be champion of our Church!  
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,  
A mother's curse on her revolting son.

*France*, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A chafed lyon by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand, which thou dost hold.

*K. Phil.* I may dis-join my hand, but not my faith.

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;  
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,  
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow  
First made to heav'n, first be to heav'n perform'd;  
That is, to be the champion of our Church.

What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself;  
And may not be performed by thyself.

For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,

<sup>8</sup> I 't not amiss, when it is truly done?

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
The truth is then most done, not doing it.

The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again; tho' indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falshood falshood cures; as fire cools fire,

Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept,

<sup>9</sup> But thou hast sworn against religion:

By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st:

And

<sup>8</sup> *Is NOT amiss, when it is truly done:]* This is a conclusion *de travers*. We should

I rather read,

*Is't not amiss, when it is truly done?*

read,

*Is YET amiss,*—

as the alteration is less, and the sense which Dr. Warburton first discovered is preserved.

The Oxford Editor, according to his usual custom, will improve it further, and reads, *most amiss*.

<sup>9</sup> *But thou hast sworn against religion, &c.]* In this long

WARBURTON. speech, the Legate is made to

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,  
Against an oath. The truth thou art unsure  
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;

shew his skill in casuistry; and the strange heap of quibble and nonsense of which it consists, was intended to ridicule that of the schools. For when he assumes the politician, at the conclusion of the third act, the author makes him talk at another rate. I mean in that beautiful passage where he speaks of the mischiefs following the King's loss of his subjects hearts. This conduct is remarkable, and was intended, I suppose, to shew us how much better politicians the Roman courtiers are, than divines.

WARBURTON.

I am not able to discover here any thing inconsequent or ridiculously subtle. The propositions, that the *voice of the church is the voice of heaven*, and that *the Pope utters the voice of the church*, neither of which *Pandolph's* auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here used is irresistible; nor is it easy, notwithstanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety.

*But thou hast sworn against religion:*

*By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st:*

*And mak'st an oath the surety for the truth,*

*Against an oath the truth thou art unsure*

*To swear swear only not to be forsworn.]* By what. Sir

*T. Hanmer* reads, by *that*. I think it should be rather by

*which*. That is, *thou swear'st against the thing, by which thou swear'st; that is, against religion.*

The most formidable difficulty is in these lines.

*And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,*

*Against an oath the truth thou art unsure*

*To swear, &c.*

This Sir *T. Hanmer* reforms thus,

*And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,*

*Against an oath; this truth thou art unsure*

*To swear, &c.*

Dr. *Warburton* writes it thus,

*Against an oath the truth thou art unsure—*

which leaves the passage to me as obscure as before.

I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omission of a point. The sense, after I had considered it, appeared to me only this: *In swearing by religion against religion, to which thou hast already sworn, thou makest an oath the security for thy faith against an oath already taken.*

I will give, says he, a rule for conscience in these cases. Thou mayst be in doubt about the matter of an oath; when thou swarest thou mayst not be always sure to swear rightly, but let this be thy settled principle, *swear only not to be forsworn*; let not thy latter oaths be at variance with thy former.

Truth, through this whole speech, means *rectitude* of conduct.

Else

Else what a mockery should it be to swear?  
 But thou dost swear, only to be forsworn,  
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
 Therefore thy latter vows, against thy first,  
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself.

And better conquest never canst thou make,  
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
 Against these giddy, loose suggestions:  
 Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,  
 If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know,  
 The peril of our curses light on thee  
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off;  
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion.

*Faulc.* Will't not be?

Will not a calve's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

*Lewis.* Father, to arms!

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding-day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?  
 What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?  
 Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,  
 Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?  
 O husband, hear me; (ah! alack, how new  
 Is husband in my mouth?) ev'n for that name,  
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
 Against mine uncle.

*Const.* O, upon my knee,  
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
 Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom  
 Forethought by heav'n.

*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love; what motive may  
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

*Const.* That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,  
 His honour. Oh, thine honour, *Lewis*, thine ho-  
 nour! —————

*Lewis.* I muse, your Majesty doth seem so cold,  
 When such profound respects do pull you on?



*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.

*K. Phil.* Thou shalt not need. *England*, I'll fall from thee.

*Const.* O fair return of banish'd Majesty!

*Eli.* O foul revolt of *French* inconstancy!

*K. John.* *France*, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

*Faul.* Old time the clock-fetter, that bald sexton time,

Is it, as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.

*Blanch.* The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both, each army hath a hand,

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl afunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win:

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose:

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose:

Affured loss, before the match be play'd.

*Lewis.* Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

[*Exit* Faulconbridge.]

*France*, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,

A rage, whose heat hath this condition

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of *France*.

*K. Phil.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

*K. John.* No more than he that threats. To arms,  
let's hie. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

## S C E N E IV.

*Changes to a Field of Battle.*

*Alarms, Excursions: Enter Faulconbridge, with Austria's Head.*

*Faulc.* **N**OW, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot ;  
 ' Some airy devil hovers in the sky,  
 And pours down mischief. *Austria's* head lie there.—  
 Thus hath King *Richard's* son perform'd his vow,  
 And offer'd *Austria's* blood for sacrifice  
 Unto his father's ever-living soul.

*Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.*

*K. John.* There, *Hubert*, keep this boy. *Richard*,  
 make up ;  
 My mother is assailed in our tent,  
 And ta'en, I fear.

*Faul.* My Lord, I rescu'd her :  
 Her highness is in safety, fear you not.  
 But on, my Liege ; for very little pains  
 Will bring this labour to an happy end. [ *Exeunt.*

' *Some airy devil*—] We justify them. Not that of this must read, *Some fiery devil*, if change the propriety is out of we will have the *cause* equal to controversy. Dr. *Warburton* will the *effect*. *WARBURTON.* have the devil *fiery*, because he makes the day *hot* ; the authour makes him *airy*, because *he hovers in the sky*, and the *heat* and *mischief* are natural consequences of his malignity.

## S C E N E V.

*Alarms, Excursions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, and Lords.*

K. *John.* So shall it be—your Grace shall stay behind  
 [To Elinor,  
 So strongly guarded—Cousin, look not sad,  
 [To Arthur,  
 Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will  
 As dear be to thee, as thy father was.

*Arth.* O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. *John.* Cousin, away for *England*; haste before,  
 [To Faulconbridge:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
 Of hoarding Abbots; their imprison'd angels  
 Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace<sup>2</sup>  
 Must by the hungry now be fed upon.  
 Use our commission in its utmost force.

*Faulc.*<sup>3</sup> Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me  
 back,

When gold and silver beck me to come on.  
 I leave your highness—Grandam, I will pray  
 (If ever I remember to be holy)

<sup>2</sup> ———the fat ribs of Peace

*Must by the hungry now be fed upon.*] This word *now* seems a very idle term here, and conveys no satisfactory idea. An antithesis, and opposition of terms, so perpetual with our author, requires;

*Must by the hungry War be fed upon.*

*War*, demanding a large expence, is very poetically said to be *hungry*, and to prey on the wealth and fat of *peace*. WARBURTON.

This emendation is better than the former, but yet not necessary. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *hungry man* with less deviation from the common reading, but with not so much force or elegance as *war*.

<sup>3</sup> *Bell, book, and candle, &c.*] In an account of the *Romish* curse given by Dr. Gray, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration.



For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewel, my gentle cousin.

*K. John.* Coz, farewell. [Exit Faulc.

*Eli.* Come, hither, little kinsman;—hark, a word.

[Taking him to one side of the stage.

*K. John.* [To Hubert on the other side.

Come hither, *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,

We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh

There is a soul counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love :

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say——

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, *Hubert*, I'm almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your Majesty.

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so  
yet,——

But thou shalt have—and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say——but, let it go :

The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,

To give me audience. If the midnight bell

Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth

<sup>4</sup> Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;

Or if that surly spirit Melancholy

Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy thick,

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot laughter keep mens' eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment ;

<sup>4</sup> Sound ON unto the drowsie race of night ;] We should read,  
Sound ONE——— WARBURTON.

(A passion hateful to my purposes)

Or if thou could'st see me without eyes,  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;  
Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,  
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:  
But ah, I will not——yet I love thee well;  
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,  
By heav'n, I'd do't.

*K. John.* Do not I know, thou would'st?  
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye  
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend;  
He is a very serpent in my way,  
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?  
Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I'll keep him so,  
That he shall not offend your Majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My Lord?

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee;  
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
Remember:——Madam, fare you well.

[*Returning to the Queen.*

I'll send those pow'rs o'er to your Majesty.

*Eli.* My blessing go with thee!

*K. John.* For *England*, cousin, go.

*Hubert* shall be your man, t'attend on you  
With all true duty; on, toward *Calais*, ho!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*Changes to the French Court.*

*Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, and Attendants.*

K. Philip. SO, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole<sup>s</sup> Armada of collected fail  
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pand.* Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.

K. Philip. What can go well, when we have run so  
ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?

*Arthur* ta'en Pris'ner? divers dear friends slain?

And bloody *England* into *England* gone,

O'er-bearing interruption, spite of *France*?

*Lewis.* What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:  
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temp'rate order<sup>6</sup> in so fierce a course,  
Doth want example; who hath read, or heard,  
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Philip. Well could I bear that *England* had this  
praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

<sup>s</sup> *A whole Armado, &c.*] This similitude, as little as it makes for the purpose in hand, was, I do not question, a very taking one when the play was first represented; which was a winter or two at most, after the *Spanish* invasion in 1588. It was in reference likewise to that glorious period that *Shakespeare* concludes his play in that triumphant manner,

*Thus England never did, nor  
never shall*

*Lye at the proud feet of a conqueror, &c.*

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then posture of affairs. WARBURTON.

This play, so far as I can discover, was not played till a long time after the defeat of the *Armada*. The old play, I think, wants this simile. The commentator should not have affirmed what he could only guess.

<sup>6</sup> — in so fierce a CAUSE,] We should read COURSE, *i. e.* march. The *Oxford* Editor condescends to this emendation.

WARBURTON.

*Enter*



*Enter Constance.*

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a soul,  
Holding th' eternal spirit 'gainst her will  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath;  
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

*Const.* Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace.

*K. Philip.* Patience, good Lady; comfort, gentle  
*Constance.*

*Const.* No, I defy all counsel, and redress,  
But that, which ends all counsel, true redress,  
Death, death; oh amiable, lovely death!  
Thou odoriferous stench, found rottenness,  
Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;  
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsom dust,  
And be a carrion monster, like thyself;  
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,  
And kiss thee as thy wife; misery's love,  
O come to me!

*K. Philip.* O fair affliction, peace.

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;  
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,  
Then with a passion I would shake the world,  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,  
Which cannot hear a Lady's feeble voice,  
And scorns a <sup>7</sup> modern invocation.

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Const.* Thou art not holy to belie me so;

<sup>7</sup> *Modern invocation.*] It is in contempt, he uses this word, hard to say what *Shakespeare* means by *modern*: it is not opposed to *ancient*. In *All's well, that ends well*, speaking of a girl *her modern grace*. It apparently means something *slight* and *inconsiderable*.

I am not mad ; this hair I tear is mine ;  
 My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffrey's* wife :  
 Young *Arthur* is my son, and he is lost !  
 I am not mad ; I would to heaven, I were !  
 For then, 'tis like, I should forget myself.  
 Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget !  
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal.  
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
 My reasonable part produces reason  
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself.  
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,  
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he ;  
 I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel  
 The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

K. *Philip*.<sup>8</sup> Bind up those tresses ; O, what love I  
 note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs ;  
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,  
 Ev'n to that drop ten thousand wiewy friends  
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief ;  
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
 Sticking together in calamity.

*Const.* To *England*, if you will.——

K. *Philip*. Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I do it ?  
 I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,  
 O, that these hands could so redeem my son,  
 As they have giv'n these hairs their liberty !  
 But now I envy at their liberty,  
 And will again commit them to their bonds ;  
 Because my poor child is a prisoner,  
 And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> It was necessary that *Constance* should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be born long. I wish the following speeches had been equally happy ; but they only serve to shew, how difficult it is to maintain the pathetick long.

That

That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n ;  
 If that be, I shall see my boy again.  
 For since the birth of *Cain*, the first male-child,  
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
 There was not such a gracious creature born.  
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek ;  
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;  
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;  
 And so he'll die : and, rising so again,  
 When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n  
 I shall not know him ; therefore never, never,  
 Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

*Const.* He talks to me, that never had a son. —

*K. Philip.* You are as fond of grief, as of your  
 child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child ;  
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;  
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts ;  
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;  
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.  
 Fare you well ; ' had you such a loss as I,  
 I could give better comfort than you do.  
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-cloaths.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure ! [Exit.]

*K. Philip.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit.]

9 — *had you such a loss as I, I could give better comfort—*] ever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness.

S C E N E



## S C E N E VII.

*Lewis.* ' There's nothing in this world can make me  
joy;

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.  
A bitter shame hath spoilt the sweet world's taste,  
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,  
Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,  
On their departure, most of all shew evil.  
What have you lost by losing of this day?

*Lewis.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pand.* If you had won it, certainly, you had.  
No, no; when fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.  
'Tis strange to think how much King *John* hath lost  
In this, which he accounts so clearly won.  
Are not you griev'd, that *Arthur* is his prisoner?

*Lewis.* As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

*Pand.* Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.  
Now hear me speak with a prophetick spirit;  
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to *England's* throne: and therefore mark.  
*John* hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be  
That whilst warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
The misplac'd *John* should entertain an hour,  
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of rest.  
A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,

' *There's nothing in this, &c.*] strongly in the earlier years, and  
The young Prince feels his de- when can disgrace be less wel-  
feat with more sensibility than his come than when a man is going  
father. Shame operates most to his bride?

Must

Must be as boist'rously maintain'd, as gain'd.  
 And he, that stands upon a slipp'ry place,  
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.  
 That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall;  
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

*Lewis.* But what shall I gain by young *Arthur's* fall?

*Pand.* You, in the right of lady *Blanch* your wife,  
 May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

*Lewis.* And lose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

*Pand.* How green you are, and fresh in this old  
 world!

*John* lays you plots; the times conspire with you;  
 For he, that steeps his safety in <sup>2</sup> true blood,  
 Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts  
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;  
 That no so small advantage shall step forth  
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it.

No nat'ral exhalation in the sky,

<sup>3</sup> No 'scape of nature, no distemper'd day,  
 No common wind, no custom'd event,

But they will pluck away its nat'ral cause,  
 And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
 Abortives, and presages, tongues of heav'n  
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

*Lewis.* May be, he will not touch young *Arthur's*  
 life;

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand.* O Sir, when he shall hear of your approach,  
 If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,  
 Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts  
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,

<sup>2</sup> *True blood.*] The blood of him that has the *just* claim.

<sup>3</sup> *No 'scape of nature,*—] The author very finely calls a *monstrous birth*, an *escape of nature*. As if it were produced while she

was busy elsewhere, or intent on some other thing. But the *Oxford* Editor will have it, that *Shakespear* wrote,

*No scape of nature.*

WARBURTON.

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;  
 And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath,  
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.  
 Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot ;  
 And O, what better matter breeds for you  
 Than I have nam'd !——The bastard *Faulconbridge*  
 Is now in *England*, ransacking the church,  
 Offending charity. If but twelve *French*  
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call  
 To train ten thousand *English* to their side ;  
 † Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,  
 Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin* ;  
 Go with me to the King : 'tis wonderful  
 What may be wrought out of their discontent.  
 Now that their souls are top-full of offence,  
 For *England* go ; I will whet on the King.

*Lewis*. Strong reason makes strong actions : let us go ;  
 If you say *ay*, the King will not say *no*. [ *Exeunt*. ]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Changes to ENGLAND.*

*A PRISON.*

*Enter Hubert and Executioners.*

HUBERT.

**H**EAT me these irons hot, and, look, thou stand  
 Within the arras ; when I strike my foot  
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth ;

† Or, as a little snow. ] *Bacon*, in his history of *Henry VII.* speaking of *Perkin's* march, observes, that *their* snow-ball did not gather as it rolled.

And



And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
Fast to the chair. Be heedful; hence, and watch.

*Exec.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to't.—  
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter Arthur.*

*Arth.* Good mōrrow, *Hubert*.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title  
To be more Prince) as may be.—You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad but I;

Yet I remember when I was in *France*,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,  
So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be merry as the day is long:

And so I would be here, but that, I doubt,  
My uncle practises more harm to me.

He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault, that I was *Geffrey's* son?

Indeed, it is not; and I would to heav'n,  
I were your son, so you would love me, *Hubert*.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;  
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

*Arth.* Are you sick, *Hubert*? you look pale to day;  
In sooth, I wou'd, you were a little sick;  
That I might sit all night and watch with you.  
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.  
Read here, young *Arthur*—— [*Shewing a paper.*]  
How now, foolish rheum, [*Aside.*]

Turning despiteous torture out of door!  
I must be brief, lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—  
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, *Hubert*, for so foul effect.  
Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? when your head did  
but ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows;  
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)  
And I did never ask it you again;  
And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
Saying, what lack you? and where lies your grief?  
Or what good love may I perform for you?  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you at your sick service had a Prince.  
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,  
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:  
If heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
Why then, you must——Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you.

*Hub.* I've sworn to do it;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it.  
The iron of itself, tho' heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
And quench its fiery indignation,

<sup>s</sup> *Turning despiteous torture out of door!* ] For torture Sir followed, I think, without necessity, by Dr. Warburton.  
*T. Hanmer* reads *nature*, and is

Even in the matter of mine innocence :

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard, than hammer'd iron ?

Oh ! if an Angel should have come to me,

And told me, *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,

° I would not have believ'd a tongue, but *Hubert's*.

[*Hubert stamps, and the men enter.*

*Hub.* Come forth ; do, as I bid you.

*Artb.* O save me, *Hubert*, save me ! my eyes are out,  
Ev'n with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Artb.* Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough ?  
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heav'n's sake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.

Nay, hear me, *Hubert*—drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily ;

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

<sup>6</sup> *I would not have believed a  
tongue BUT HUBERT'S.*]

Thus Mr. *Pope* found the line in the old editions. According to this reading it is supposed that *Hubert* had told him, he would not put out his eyes ; for the angel who says *he would*, is brought in as contradicting *Hubert*. Mr. *Theobald*, by what authority I don't know, reads,

*I would not have believ'd him :  
no tongue, but Hubert's.*

which is spoiling the measure, without much mending the sense. *Shakespeare*, I am persuaded, wrote,

*I would not have believ'd a  
tongue* BATE HUBERT ;  
i. e. abate, disparage. The blunder seems to have arisen thus, *bate* signifies except, saving ; so

the transcribers, taking it in this sense, substituted the more usual word *but* in its place. My alteration greatly improves the sense, as implying a tenderness of affection for *Hubert* ; the common reading, only an opinion of *Hubert's* veracity ; whereas the point here was to win upon *Hubert's* passions which could not be better done than by shewing affection towards him.

WARBURTON.

I do not see why the old reading may not stand. Mr. *Theobald's* alteration, as we find, injures the measure, and Dr. *Warburton's* corrupts the language, and neither can be said much to mend the sense.



Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

*Exec.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend ;  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart ;  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy ?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heav'n ! that there were but a moth in yours,  
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandring hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense ;  
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise ? go to, hold your  
tongue.—

*Arth.* *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :  
Let me not hold my tongue : let me not, *Hubert* ;  
7 Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes. O spare mine eyes !  
Though to no use, but still to look on you.  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* 8 No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,  
Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
In undeserv'd extreams ; see else yourself,  
There is no malice in this burning coal ;  
The breath of heav'n hath blown its spirit out,

7 This is according to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us. not to hurt but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which,

8 No, in good sooth, &c.] The being innocent, I have not demerit. The fire, being created served.

And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert* :  
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes :  
And like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office ; only you do lack  
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eye,  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns :  
Yet am I sworn ; and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like *Hubert*. All this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace : no more. Adieu,  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heav'n ! I thank you, *Hubert*.

*Hub.* Silence, no more ; go closely in with me.  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [ *Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to the Court of England.*

*Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other  
Lords.*

*K. John.* **H** E R E once again we sit, once again  
crown'd,  
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

*Pemb.*

*Pemb.* <sup>9</sup> This once again, but that your highness  
pleas'd,

Was once superfluous; you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:  
'The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt:  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land  
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

*Sal.* Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp,  
' To guard a title that was rich before;  
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

*Pemb.* But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
This act is as an ancient tale new told,  
And in the last repeating troublesome;  
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

*Sal.* In this the antique and well-noted face  
Of plain old form is much disfigured;  
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;  
Startles and frights consideration;  
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,  
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

*Pemb.* When workmen strive to do better than well,  
<sup>2</sup> They do confound their skill in covetousness;  
And oftentimes excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:

<sup>9</sup> *This once again*—was once  
*superfluous.*] *This one time more*  
*was one time more than enough.*

<sup>1</sup> *To guard a title that was*  
*rich before.*] *To guard, is*  
*to fringe.*

<sup>2</sup> *They do confound their Skill in*  
*Covetousness.*] *i. e. Not*

by their Avarice, but in an eager  
Emulation, an intense Desire of  
excelling; as in *Henry V.*

*But if it be a Sin to covet Ho-*  
*nour,*

*I am the most offending Soul a-*  
*live.* THEOBALD.



As patches, set upon a little breach,  
 Discredit more <sup>3</sup> in hiding of the fault,  
 Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,  
 We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your highness  
 To over-bear it; and we're all well pleas'd;  
 Since all and every part of what we would,  
 Must make a stand at what your highness will.

*K. John.* <sup>4</sup> Some reasons of this double coronation  
 I have possess'd you with, and think them strong.  
 And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)  
 I shall endue you with: mean time, but ask  
 What you would have reform'd, that is not well,  
 And well shall you perceive how willingly  
 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

*Pemb.* Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,  
<sup>5</sup> To sound the purposes of all their hearts,  
 Both for myself and them, but chief of all,  
 Your safety, for the which, myself and they  
 Bend their best studies, heartily request  
 Th' infranchisement of *Arthur*; whose restraint  
 Doth move the murm'ring lips of discontent  
 To break into this dang'rous argument;  
 If what in rest you have, in right you hold,  
 Why shou'd your fears, (which, as they say, attend  
 The steps of wrong) then move you to mew up  
 Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days  
 With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth  
 The rich advantage of good exercise?

<sup>3</sup> ——— in hiding of the FAULT,  
 Than did the FAULT ——— ]  
 We should read FLAW in both  
 place.                      WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> Some reasons of this double co-  
 ronation

I have possess'd you with, and  
 think them strong.

And more, more strong, the les-  
 ser is my fear,

[I shall endue you with.] I have  
 told you some reasons, in my  
 opinion strong, and shall tell more  
 yet stronger; for the stronger my  
 reasons are, the less is my fear of  
 your disapprobation. This seems  
 to be the meaning.

<sup>5</sup> To sound the purposes.] To  
 declare, to publish the desires of  
 all those.

That the time's enemies may not have this  
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,  
That you have bid us ask, his liberty;  
Which for our good we do no further ask,  
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,  
Counts it your weal, that he have liberty.

K. *John*. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

*Enter Hubert.*

To your direction. *Hubert*, what news with you?

*Pemb.* This is the man, should do the bloody deed:  
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.

The image of a wicked heinous fault  
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his  
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast.  
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,  
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

*Sal.* The colour of the King doth come and go,  
Between his purpose and his conscience,<sup>6</sup>  
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:<sup>7</sup>  
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

*Pemb.* And when it breaks,<sup>8</sup> I fear, will issue thence  
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. *John*. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.  
Good Lords, although my will to give is living,  
The suit which you demand is gone, and dead.

<sup>6</sup> *Between his purpose and his conscience, ]* Between his consciousness of guilt, and his design to conceal it by fair professions.

<sup>7</sup> *Like Heralds, 'twixt two dreadful Battles set; ]* But Heralds are not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two Lines of Battle; tho' they, and Trumpets, are often sent over from Party to Party, to propose Terms, demand a Parley, &c.

I have therefore ventur'd to read, *sent.* THEOBALD.

This Dr. Warburton has followed without much advantage; *set* is not *fixed*, but only *placed*; heralds must be *set* between battles in order to be *sent* between them.

<sup>8</sup> *And when it breaks,——* This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an impostumated tumour.

He tells us, *Arthur* is deceas'd to-night.

*Sal.* Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

*Pemb.* Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,  
Before the child himself felt he was sick.

This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows on  
me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis shame  
That greatness should so grossly offer it:

So thrive it in your game, and so farewell!

*Pemb.* Stay yet, Lord *Saisbury*, I'll go with thee.  
And find th'inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood, which own'd the breadth of all this isle,  
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!

This must not be thus borne; this will break out

To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*K. John.* They burn in indignation; I repent,  
There is no sure foundation set on blood;  
No certain life achiev'd by others' death——

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood,  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
So foul a sky clears not without a storm;  
Pour down thy weather. How goes all in *France*?

*Mes.* From *France* to *England*.<sup>9</sup> Never such a power,  
For any foreign preparation,  
Was levy'd in the body of a land.

<sup>9</sup> *From France to England.*—] word goes, and answers, that  
The king asks how all goes in whatever is in France goes now  
France, the messenger catches the into England.



The copy of your speed is learn'd by them :  
For when you should be told, they do prepare,  
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk ?  
Where hath it slept ? where is my mother's care ?  
That such an army should be drawn in *France*,  
And she not hear of it ?

*Mes.* My Liege, her ear  
Is stopt with dust : the first of *April*, dy'd  
Your noble mother ; and, as I hear, my Lord,  
The Lady *Constance* in a frenzy dy'd  
Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue  
I idly heard ; if true or false, I know not.

*K. John.* With-hold thy speed, dreadful occasion !  
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd  
My discontented peers.—What ! mother dead ?  
How wildly then walks my estate in *France* ?  
Under whose conduct came those powers of *France*,  
That, thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here ?

*Mes.* Under the *Dauphin*.

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy  
With these ill tidings.

*Enter Faulconbridge, and Peter of Pomfret.*

Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings ? Do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Faulc.* But if you be afraid to hear the worst,  
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

*K. John.* Bear with me, Cousin ; for I was amaz'd  
Under the tide ; but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood, and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

*Faulc.* How I have sped among the clergymen,  
The sums I have collected shall express.  
But as I travell'd hither thro' the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasy'd ;

' Posselt

Possess with rumours, full of idle dreams ;  
 Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear,  
 And here's a Prophet that I brought with me  
 From forth the streets of *Pomfret*, whom I found  
 With many hundreds treading on his heels :  
 To whom he sung in rude harsh-founding rhimes,  
 That, ere the next *Ascension-day* at noon,  
 Your Highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou so?

*Peter.* Fore-knowing, that the truth will fall out so.

*K. John.* *Hubert*, away with him, imprison him,  
 And on that day at noon, whereon he says  
 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.  
 Deliver him to safety, <sup>1</sup> and return,  
 For I must use thee. ———

[*Exit Hubert, with Peter.*

O my gentle cousin,  
 Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?

*Faulc.* The *French*, my Lord ; men's mouths are  
 full of it :

Besides, I met Lord *Bigot* and Lord *Salisbury*,  
 With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,  
 And others more, going to seek the grave  
 Of *Arthur*, who, they say, is kill'd to night  
 On your suggestion.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go  
 And thrust thyself into their company :  
 I have a way to win their loves again :  
 Bring them before me.

*Faulc.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste : the better foot before.  
 O, let me have no subject enemies,  
 When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
 With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.  
 Be *Mercury*, set feathers to thy heels,

<sup>1</sup> *Deliver him to safety, ———* ] That is, Give him into safe cu-  
 stody.

And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

*Faulc.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*

*K. John.* Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.

Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the Peers ;

And be thou he.

*Mes.* With all my heart, my Liege.

[*Exit.*

*K. John.* My mother dead !

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* My Lord, they say, five moons were seen to  
night :

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons ?

*Hub.* Old men and beldams, in the streets,  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :  
Young *Arthur's* death is common in their mouths ;  
And, when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear.  
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist,  
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news ;  
Who with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste<sup>2</sup>

Had

<sup>2</sup> — *slippers, which his nimble haste*  
*Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,]* I know not how the commentators understand this im-

portant passage, which, in Dr. Warburton's edition, is marked as eminently beautiful, and, in the whole, not without justice. But *Shakespeare* seems to have con-founded



Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,  
Told of a many thousand warlike *French*,  
That were embatteled and rank'd in *Kent*.

Another lean, unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur's* death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these  
fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young *Arthur's* death?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a cause  
To wish him dead, but thou had'st none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my Lord? why, did you not pro-  
voke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of Kings,<sup>3</sup> to be attended  
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant,  
To break into the bloody house of life:  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law, to know the meaning  
Of dang'rous majesty; when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal, for what I did.

*K. John.* Oh, when the last account 'twixt heav'n  
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation.

How oft the sight of means, to do ill deeds,  
Makes deeds ill done? for hadst not thou been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind.  
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,

founded a man's shoes with his  
gloves. He that is frightened or  
hurried may put his hand into  
the wrong glove, but either shoe  
will equally admit either foot.  
The authour seems to be dis-  
turbed by the disorder which he

describes.

<sup>3</sup> *It is the curse of Kings, &c.]*  
This plainly hints at *Darvison's*  
case, in the affair of *Mary Queen*  
of *Scots*, and so must have been  
inserted long after the first repre-  
sentation.                      *WARBURTON.*

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur's* death.  
And thou, to be endeared to a King,  
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

*Hub.* My Lord——

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head, <sup>4</sup> or made  
a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed :  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
Or bid me tell my tale in express words ;  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,  
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.  
But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
And didst in signs again parley with sin :  
Yea, without stop, did'st let thy heart consent,  
And consequently thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—  
Out of my sight, and never see me more !  
My Nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,  
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs ;  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns,  
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.

<sup>4</sup> *Hadst thou but shook thy head,*  
&c.] There are many touches  
of nature in this conference of  
*John* with *Hubert*. A man en-  
gaged in wickedness would keep  
the profit to himself, and trans-  
fer the guilt to his accomplice.  
These reproaches vented against  
*Hubert* are not the words of art  
or policy, but the eruptions of a  
mind swelling with consciousness  
of a crime, and desirous of dis-  
charging its misery on another.

This account of the timidity

of guilt is drawn *ab ipsa reſeribus  
mentis*, from an intimate know-  
ledge of mankind, particularly  
that line in which he says, that  
*to have bid him tell his tale in ex-  
press words*, would have struck  
*him dumb* ; nothing is more cer-  
tain, than that bad men use all the  
arts of fallacy upon themselves,  
palliate their actions to their own  
minds by gentle terms, and hide  
themselves from their own de-  
tection in ambiguities and sub-  
terfuges.

Young

Young *Arthur* is alive : this hand of mine  
 Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,  
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought, <sup>s</sup>  
 And you have slander'd nature in my form ;  
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,  
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth *Arthur* live? O, haste thee to the  
 Peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
 And make them tame to their obedience.  
 Forgive the comment that my passion made  
 Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind ;

<sup>s</sup> *The dreadful motion of a*  
 MURD'ROUS *thought,*] Nothing  
 can be falser than what *Hubert*  
 here says in his own vindication ;  
 (yet it was the poet's purpose  
 that he should speak truth) for  
 we find, from a preceding scene,  
*the motion of a murd'rous thought*  
*had entered into him,* and that, very  
 deeply : and it was with difficul-  
 ty that the tears, the intreaties,  
 and the innocence of *Arthur* had  
 diverted and suppressed it. Nor  
 is the expression, in this reading,  
 at all exact, it not being the ne-  
 cessary quality of *a murd'rous*  
*thought* to be *dreadful*, affright-  
 ing or terrible : For it being  
 commonly excited by the flatter-  
 ing views of interest, pleasure,  
 or revenge, the mind is often  
 too much taken up with those  
 ideas to attend, steadily, to the  
 consequences. We must con-  
 clude therefore that *Shakespeare*  
 wrote,

— *a MURDERER'S thought.*  
 And this makes *Hubert* speak

truth, as the poet intended he  
 should. He had not committed  
 the murder, and consequently the  
*motion of a murderer's thought had*  
*never enter'd his bosom.* And in  
 this reading, the epithet *dread-*  
*ful* is admirably just, and in na-  
 ture. For after the perpetration  
 of the fact, the appetites, that  
 hurried their owner to it, lose  
 their force ; and nothing suc-  
 ceeds to take possession of the  
 mind, but a dreadful consciouf-  
 ness, that torments the murderer  
 without respite or intermission.

WARBURTON.

I do not see any thing in this  
 change worth the vehemence with  
 which it is recommended. Read  
 the line either way, the sense is  
 nearly the same, nor does *Hubert*  
 tell truth in either reading when  
 he charges *John* with *slandering*  
*his form.* He that could once  
 intend to burn out the eyes of  
 a captive prince, had a *mind* not  
 too *fair* for the *rudest form.*

And



And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
 Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring  
 The angry Lords with all expedient haste.  
 I conjure thee but slowly : run more fast. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E V.

*A Street before a Prison.*

*Enter Arthur on the Walls, disguis'd.*

*Arth.* **T**HE wall is high, and yet will I leap down,  
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!  
 There's few or none do know me : if they did,  
 This ship boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.  
 I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.  
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :  
 As good to die, and go ; as die, and stay. [Leaps down.  
 Oh me ! my Uncle's spirit is in these stones :  
 Heav'n take my soul, and *England* keep my bones ! [Dies.

*Enter Pembroke, Salisbury and Bigot.*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at *St. Edmondsbury* ;  
 It is our safety ; and we must embrace  
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pemb.* Who brought that letter from the Cardinal ?

*Sal.* The Count *Me'un*, a noble Lord of *France*,  
 Whose private with me of the *Dauphin's* love <sup>6</sup>  
 Is much more gen'ral than these lines import.

*Bigot.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

*Sal.* Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be  
 Two long day's journey, Lords, or ere we meet.

<sup>6</sup> *Whose private, &c.—*] *i. e.* is much more ample than the  
 whose private account, of the letters. POPE.  
*Dauphin's* affection to our cause,

*Enter.*

*Enter* Faulconbridge.

*Faulc.* Once more to day well met, distemper'd  
Lords ;

The King by me requests your presence strait.

*Sal.* The King hath dispossess'd himself of us ;  
We will not line his thin, bestain'd cloak  
With our pure honours : nor attend the foot,  
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.  
Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

*Faulc.* What e'er you think, good words, I think,  
were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now. <sup>7</sup>

*Faulc.* But there is little reason in your grief,  
Therefore 'twere reason, you had manners now.

*Pemb.* Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.

*Faulc.* 'Tis true, to hurt its master, no man else.

*Sal.* This is the prison : what is he lies here ?

[*Seeing* Arthur.

*Pemb.* O death, made proud with pure and princely  
beauty !——

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

*Bigot.* Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,  
Found it too precious, princely, for a grave.

*Sal.* Sir *Richard*, what think you ? have you beheld,  
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,  
Or do you almost think, altho' you see,  
What you do see ? could thought, without this object,  
Form such another ? 'tis the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest  
Of murder's arms ; this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,

<sup>7</sup> To *reason*, in *Shakespeare*, is not so often to *argue*, as to *talk*.

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

*Pemb.* All murders past do stand excus'd in this ;  
And this so sole, and so unmatched,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time ;  
And prove a deadly blood-shed but a jest,  
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

*Faulc.* It is a damned and a bloody work,  
The graceless action of a heavy hand :  
If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand ?  
We had a kind of light, what would ensue.  
It is the shameful work of *Hubert's* hand,  
The practice and the purpose of the King :  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
And breathing to this breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow, a holy vow ! <sup>8</sup>  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
By giving it the worship of revenge. <sup>9</sup>

*Pemb.* } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.  
*Bigot.* }

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you ;  
*Arthur* doth live, the King hath sent for you.

*Sal.* Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death.

<sup>8</sup> — a vow, — <sup>9</sup> — the worship of revenge.]  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,] This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. The worship is the dignity, the honour. We still say worshipful of magistrates.



—Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.* Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*]

*Faulc.* Your sword is bright, Sir, put it up again.

*Sal.* Not till I sheath it in a murd'rer's skin.

*Hub.* Stand back, Lord *Salisbury*; stand back, I say;  
By heav'n, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours.  
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;<sup>1</sup>  
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Bigot.* Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a Nobleman?

*Hub.* Not for my life; but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an Emperor.

*Sal.* Thou art a murd'rer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so;<sup>2</sup>  
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue so'er speaks false,  
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pemb.* Cut him to pieces.

*Faulc.* Keep the peace, I say.

*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gaul you, *Faulconbridge*.

*Faulc.* Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Salisbury*.  
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,  
Or I'll so maul you, and your toasting-iron,  
That you shall think, the devil is come from hell.

*Bigot.* What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?  
Second a villain, and a murderer?

*Hub.* Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

*Bigot.* Who kill'd this Prince?

*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep

<sup>1</sup> — true defence;] *Honest* make me a murderer by compelling me to kill you; I am

<sup>2</sup> Do not prove me so;

Yet, I am none.—] Do not

*hitherto* not a murderer.

My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villainy is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

Away with me all you, whose souls abhor  
Th' uncleanly favour of a slaughter-house,  
For I am stifled with the smell of sin.

*Bigot.* Away tow'rd *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.

*Pemb.* There, tell the King, he may enquire us out.  
[*Exeunt Lords.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Faulc.* Here's a good world. Knew you of this fair  
work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou did'st this deed of death  
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert*.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, Sir.

*Faulc.* Ha! I'll tell thee what,  
Thou'rt damn'd so black——nay, nothing is so black;  
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince *Lucifer*.  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hub.* Upon my soul——

*Faulc.* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And if thou want'it a cord, the smallest thread,  
That ever spider twisted from her womb,  
Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam  
To hang thee on: or wouldst thou drown thyself,  
Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me!  
 I left him well.

*Faulc.* Go, bear him in thine arms.  
 I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way  
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.  
 How easy dost thou take all *England* up!  
 From forth this morsel of dead Royalty,  
 The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm  
 Is fled to heav'n; and *England* now is left  
 To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth  
 The un-owed interest of proud-swelling State.  
 Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majesty,  
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest;  
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.  
 Now Pow'rs from home and discontents at home  
 Meet in one line: and vast confusion waits  
 (As doth a Raven on a sick, fall'n beast)  
 The imminent Decay of wrested Pomp.<sup>3</sup>  
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can  
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,  
 And follow me with speed; I'll to the King;  
 A thousand businessses are brief at hand,  
 And heav'n itself doth frown upon the Land. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> *The imminent decay of wrested pomp.] Wrested pomp is greatness obtained by violence.*



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Court of ENGLAND.**Enter King John, Pandulpho, and Attendants.*

K. JOHN.

**T**HUS I have yielded up into your hand  
The circle of my Glory. [*Giving the Crown.*

*Pand.* Take again  
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,  
Your sovereign Greatness and Authority.

*K. John.* Now keep your holy word; go meet the  
*French,*

And from his Holiness use all your power  
To stop their Marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.  
Our discontented Counties do revolt;  
Our people quarrel with obedience;  
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,  
To stranger blood, to foreign Royalty;  
This inundation of mitemper'd humour  
Rests by you only to be qualify'd.  
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,  
That present medicine must be ministred,  
Or Overthrow incurable insues.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:  
But since you are a gentle convertite,  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war;  
And make fair weather in your blust'ring Land.  
On this *Ascension-Day*, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,  
Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

*K. John.* Is this *Ascension-day*? did not the Prophet  
Say, that before *Ascension-day* at noon

My Crown I should give off? even so I have:  
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;  
But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter Faulconbridge.*

*Faulc.* All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out  
But *Dover-Castle*: *London* hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the *Dauphin* and his Powers.  
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my Lords return to me again,  
After they heard, young *Arthur* was alive?

*Faulc.* They found him dead, and cast into the streets,  
An empty casket, where the jewel, life,  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

*K. John.* That villain *Hubert* told me, he did live.

*Faulc.* So on my soul he did, for aught he knew:  
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:  
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the Great,  
Grow great by your example; and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
Away, and glister like the God of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field;  
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.  
What, shall they seek the Lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
Oh, let it not be said! Forage, and run <sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Forage, and run*] To *forage* is here used in its original sense, for to range abroad.

To meet displeasure farther from the doors ;  
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

*K. John.* The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,  
And I have made a happy peace with him ;  
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the Powers  
Led by the *Dauphin*.

*Faulc.* Oh inglorious league !  
Shall we, upon the footing of our Land,  
Send fair-play-orders, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd, filken, Wanton brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike foil,  
Mocking the air with Colours idly spread, <sup>5</sup>  
And find no check ? let us, my Liege, to arms :  
Perchance, the Cardinal can't make your peace ;  
Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
They saw, we had a purpose of defence.

*K. John.* Have thou the ord'ring of this present time.

*Faulc.* Away then, with good courage ; yet, I know, <sup>6</sup>  
Our Party may well meet a prouder foe. [ *Exeunt.*

<sup>5</sup> *Mocking the air with colours]*  
He has the same image in *Mac-*  
*beth.*

*Where the Norwegian colours*  
*flout the sky,*  
*And fan our people cold.*

<sup>6</sup> *Away then, with good cou-*  
*rage ; yet, I know,*

*Our party may well meet a*  
*prouder foe.] Let us then*  
*away with courage ; yet I so well*  
*know the faintness of our party,*  
*that I think it may easily happen*  
*that they shall encounter enemies*  
*who have more spirit than them-*  
*selves.*



## S C E N E II.

*Changes to the Dauphin's Camp, at St. Edmonsbury.*<sup>7</sup>

*Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.*

*Lewis.* **M**Y Lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,  
And keep it safe for our remembrance:  
Return the precedent to these Lords again,  
That having our fair order written down,  
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
May know wherefore we took the Sacrament;  
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we swear  
A voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith  
To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,  
I am not glad that such a Sore of time  
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt;  
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound,  
By making many. Oh, it grieves my soul,  
That I must draw this metal from my side  
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there,  
Where honourable rescue, and defence,  
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.  
But such is the infection of the time,

<sup>7</sup> — *at St. Edmondsbury.*] I have ventur'd to fix the Place of the Scene here, which is specified by none of the Editors, on the following Authorities. In the preceding Act, where *Salisbury* has fixed to go over to the *Dauphin*, he says;

*Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmondsbury.*

And Count *Melun*, in this last Act, says;

— *and many more with me,*

*Upon the Altar at St. Edmondsbury;*

*Even on that Altar, where we swore to you*

*Dear Amity, and everlasting Love.*

And it appears likewise from the *Troublesom Reign* of King *John*, in two Parts, (the first rough Model of this Play) that the Interchange of Vows betwixt the *Dauphin* and the *English* Barons was at *St. Edmondsbury*. THEOBALD.

That,

That, for the health and phyfick of our Right,  
 We cannot deal but with the very hand  
 Of stern injustice, and confus'd wrong.  
 And is't not pity, oh my griev'd friends!  
 That we, the fons and children of this Ile,  
 Were born to fee fo sad an hour as this,  
 Wherein we step after a ftranger March  
 Upon her gentle bofom, and fill up  
 Her enemies ranks? I muft withdraw and weep  
 Upon the Spot of this enforced caufe  
 To grace the gentry of a Land remote,  
 And follow unacquainted Colours here?  
 What, here?—O nation, that thou couldft remove!  
 That *Neptune's* arms, who clippeth thee about,  
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyfelf,  
 And grapple thee unto a Pagan fhore!  
 Where thefe two chriitian armies might combine  
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
 And not to fpend it fo un-neighbourly.

*Lewis.* A noble temper doft thou fhew in this;  
 And great affection, wrefling in thy bofom,  
 Doth make an earthquake of Nobility.  
 Oh, what a noble combat haft thou fought,  
 Between compulfion, and a brave refpect! \*  
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
 That filverly doth progrefs on thy cheeks.  
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
 Being an ordinary inundation:  
 But this effufion of fuch manly drops,  
 This fhew'r, blown up by tempeft of the foul,  
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,  
 Than had I feen the vaulty top of heav'n

\* *Between compulfion, and a brave refpect!*] This compulfion was the neceffity of a reformation in the ftate; which, according to *Salisbury's* opinion, (who, in his fpeech preceding, calls it an *enforced caufe*) could only be procured by foreign arms: And the *brave refpect* was the love of his country. Yet the *Oxford* Editor, for *compulfion*, reads *com<sup>+</sup>affion*. WARBURTON.

Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.  
 Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,  
 And with a great heart heave away this storm.  
 Commend these waters to those baby-eyes,  
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd;  
 Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,  
 Full-warm of blood, of mirth, of gossipping.  
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
 Into the purse of rich prosperity,  
 As *Lewis* himself; so, Nobles, shall you all,  
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Pandulpho.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake! <sup>9</sup>  
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
 To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,  
 And on our actions set the name of Right  
 With holy breath.

*Pand.* Hail, noble Prince of *France*!  
 The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd  
 Himself to *Rome*; his spirit is come in,  
 That so stood out against the holy Church,  
 The great Metropolis and See of *Rome*.  
 Therefore thy threatening Colours now wind up,  
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war;  
 That, like a Lion foster'd up at hand,  
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace:  
 And be no further harmful than in shew.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *an angel spake!* ] vance and concluding that he  
 Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. comes to animate and authorise  
*Warburton* read here, *an angel* him with the power of the church,  
*speaks*. I think unnecessarily. he cries out, *at the sight of this*  
 The *Dauphin* does not yet hear *holy man, I am encouraged as by*  
 the legate indeed, nor pretend to the voice of an angel.



*Lewis.* Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back:  
 I am too high-born to be property'd,  
 To be a secondary at controul;  
 Or useful serving-man, and instrument,  
 To any sovereign State throughout the world.  
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war,  
 Between this chafis'd Kingdom and myself;  
 And brought in matter, that should feed this fire.  
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,  
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
 You taught me how to know the face of Right,  
 Acquainted me with int'rest to this Land;  
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart:  
 And come ye now, to tell me *John* hath made  
 His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?  
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
 After young *Arthur*, claim this Land for mine:  
 And now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,  
 Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome*?  
 Am I *Rome's* slave? what penny hath *Rome* borne,  
 What men provided, what munition sent,  
 To under-prop this action? is't not I,  
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,  
 And such as to my Claim are liable,  
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?  
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
*Vive le Roy!* as I have bank'd their towns?  
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
 To win this easy match, play'd for a Crown?  
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded Set?  
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.

*Lewis.* Outside or inside, I will not return,  
 Till my attempt so much be glorify'd,  
 As to my ample hope was promised,  
 Before I drew this gallant head of war;  
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
 To outlook Conquest, and to win Renown

Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

S C E N E IV.

*Enter* Faulconbridge.

*Faulc.* According to the fair Play of the world,  
Let me have audience. I am sent to speak,  
My holy lord of *Milain*, from the King :  
I come to learn how you have dealt for him :  
And as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pand.* The *Dauphin* is too wilful-opposite,  
And will not temporize with my entreaties :  
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

*Faulc.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
The Youth says well. Now hear our *English* King ;  
For thus his Royalty doth speak in me :  
He is prepar'd ; and reason too, he should.  
This apish and unmannerly approach,  
This harness'd mask, and unadvised revel,  
This unhair'd sawciness and boyish troops,  
The King doth smile at ; and is well prepar'd  
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
From out the circle of his Territories.  
That hand which had the strength, ev'n at your door,  
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch ;

\* *This unheard Sawciness and boyish Troops,* ] Thus the printed Copies in general ; but *unbeard* is an Epithet of very little Force, or Meaning here ; besides, let us observe how 'tis coupled. *Faulconbridge* is sneering at the *Dauphin's* Invasion, as an unadvis'd Enterprize, favouring of Youth and Indiscretion ;

the Result of Childishness, and unthinking Rashness : and he seems altogether to dwell on this Character of it, by calling his Preparation *boyish Troops, dwarfish War, pigmy Arms, &c.* which, according to my Emendation, sort very well with *unhair'd*, i. e. *unbearded* Sawciness.

THEOBALD.

To

To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ;  
 To crouch in litter of your stable-planks,  
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks ;  
 To herd with swine ; to seek sweet safety out,  
 In vaults and prisons ; and to thrill, and shake,  
 Ev'n at the crying of our nation's Crow,  
 Thinking his voice an armed *English* man ;  
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,  
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?  
 No ; know, the gallant Monarch is in arms,  
 And like an Eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs,  
 To fouse annoiance that comes near his nest.  
 And you degen'rate, you ingrate Revolts,  
 You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb  
 Of your dear mother *England*, blush for shame.  
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,  
 Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums ;  
 Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,  
 Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle Hearts  
 To fierce and bloody Inclination.

*Lewis.* There end thy Brave, and turn thy face in  
 peace ;

We grant, thou canst out-scold us ; fare thee well :  
 We hold our time too precious to be spent  
 With such a babler.

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.

*Faul.* No, I will speak.

*Lewis.* We will attend to neither :

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war  
 Plead for our int'rest, and our being here.

*Faulc.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry  
 out ;

And so shall you, being beaten ; do but start  
 An Echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
 And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,  
 That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.  
 Sound but another, and another shall,  
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,

And



And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand  
 (Not trusting to this halting Legate here,  
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport, than need)  
 Is warlike *John*; and in his forehead sits  
 A bare-ribb'd death; whose office is this day  
 To feast upon whole thousands of the *French*.

*Lewis*. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

*Faulc*. And thou shalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not  
 doubt. [*Exeunt*.

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to a Field of Battle.*

*Alarms. Enter King John and Hubert.*

*K. John*. **H**OW goes the day with us? oh, tell me,  
*Hubert*.

*Hub*. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majesty?

*K. John*. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
 Lies heavy on me. Oh, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes*. My Lord, your valiant kinsman, *Faulcon-*  
*bridge*,

Desires your Majesty to leave the field;  
 And send him word by me which way you go.

*K. John*. Tell him, tow'rd *Swinstead*, to the Ab-  
 bey there.

*Mes*. Be of good Comfort: for the great Supply,  
 That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,  
 Are wreck'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.  
 This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now.  
 The *French* fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John*. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,  
 And will not let me welcome this good news.

Set on tow'rd *Swinstead*; to my Litter strait;

Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. *Exeunt*.

S C E N E

## S C E N E VI.

*Changes to the French Camp.*

*Enter Salisbury, Pembroke and Bigot.*

*Sal.* I Did not think the King so stor'd with friends.

*Pemb.* Up once again; put spirit in the  
*French:*

If they miscarry, we miscarry too:

*Sal.* That mis-begotten devil, *Faulconbridge*,  
In spight of spight, alone upholds the day.

*Pemb.* They say, King *John*, fore sick, hath left  
the field.

*Enter Melun, wounded.*

*Melun.* Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.

*Sal.* When we were happy, we had other names.

*Pemb.* It is the Count *Melun*.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Melun.* Fly, noble *English*, you are bought and sold;  
<sup>a</sup> Unthread the rude eye of Rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet:  
For if the *French* be lords of this loud day,  
He means to recompense the pains you take,  
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many more with me,

<sup>a</sup> Unthread *the rude Eye of Rebellion.* ] Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, how poor is the Metaphor of *unthreading* the *Eye* of a *Needle*? And, besides, as there is no Mention made of a *Needle*, how remote and obscure is the Allusion without it? The Text, as

I have restor'd it, is easy and natural; and it is the Mode of Expression, which our Author is every where fond of, to *tread* and *untread*, the *Way*, *Path*, *Steps*, &c. THEOBALD.

The metaphor is certainly harsh, but I do not think the passage corrupted.

Upon the altar at *St. Edmondsbury* ;  
 Ev'n on that altar, where we swore to you  
 Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible ! may this be true !

*Melun.* Have I not hideous death within my view ?  
 Retaining but a quantity of life,  
 Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax  
 Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire ?  
 What in the world should make me now deceive,  
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?  
 Why should I then be false, since it is true,  
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?  
 I say again, if *Lewis* do win the day,  
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours  
 Behold another day break in the east.  
 But ev'n this night, whose black contagious breath  
 Already smoaks about the burning crest  
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,  
 Ev'n this ill night, your breathing shall expire ;  
 Paying the fine of <sup>3</sup> rated treachery,  
 Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
 If *Lewis* by your assistance win the day.  
 Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King ;  
 The love of him, and this respect besides,  
 (For that my grandsire was an *Englishman*)  
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence-  
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field ;  
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
 In peace ; and part this body and my soul,  
 With contemplation, and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul  
 But I do love the favour and the form

<sup>3</sup> *Rated treachery.* ] It were easy to change *rated* to *hated* for an easier meaning, but *rated* suits better with *fine*. The *Dauphin* has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine* which your lives must pay.



Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;  
 And, like a bated and retired flood,  
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
 Stoop low within those bounds, we have o'er-look'd;  
 And calmly run on in obedience  
 Ev'n to our ocean, to our great King *John*.  
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,  
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
 Pight in thine eye. Away, my friends; new flight;  
 And <sup>1</sup> happy newness, that intends old right?  
 [*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to a different part of the French Camp.*

*Enter Lewis, and his Train.*

*Lewis.* **T**HE sun of heav'n, methought, was loth  
 to set,  
 But staid, and made the western welkin blush,  
 When th' *English* measur'd backward their own ground  
 In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,  
 When with a volley of our needless shot,  
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;  
 And wound our <sup>2</sup> tatter'd colours clearly up,  
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Where is my prince, the *Dauphin*?

*Lewis.* Here. What news?

*Mes.* The count *Melun* is slain; the *English* lords  
 By his persuasion are again fall'n off;  
 And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,

<sup>1</sup> —*happy newness, &c.*] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient right-ful government.

<sup>2</sup> For *tatter'd*, the folio reads *tottering*.

Are cast away, and sunk on *Godwin* sands.

*Lewis.* Ah foul, shrewd, news! Beshrew thy very heart,

I did not think to be so sad to night.

As this hath made me. Who was he, that said,

King *Jobn* did fly, an hour or two before

The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

*Mef.* Who ever ipoke it, it is true, my lord.

*Lewis.* Well; keep good quarter, and good care to night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,

To try the fair adventure of to morrow. [Exeunt.]

### S C E N E VIII.

*An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter Faulconbridge, and Hubert severally.*

*Hub.* WHO'S there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

*Faulc.* A friend. What art thou?

*Hub.* Of the part of *England*.

*Faulc.* And whither dost thou go?

*Hub.* What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affairs,

As well as thou of mine?

*Faulc.* Hubert, I think.

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought.

I will upon all hazards well believe

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.

Who art thou?

*Faulc.* Who thou wilt; and, if thou please,

Thou may'st be friend me so much, as to think,

I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! <sup>3</sup> thou and eyeless night

<sup>3</sup> ——— [thou and endless night] We should read, *eyeless*. So *Pindar* calls the Moon, the *eye of night*.

Have done me shame. Brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Faulc.* Come, come; *Sans compliment*, what news  
abroad?

*Hub.* Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,  
To find you out.

*Faulc.* Brief then: and what's the news?

*Hub.* O my sweet Sir, news fitted to the night;  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*Faulc.* Shew me the very wound of this ill news,  
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

*Hub.* The King, I fear, is poison'd by a Monk.  
I left him almost speechless, and brake out  
T' acquaint you with this evil; that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

*Faulc.* How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out; the King  
Yet speaks; and, peradventure, may recover.

*Faulc.* Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

*Hub.* Why, know you not? the lords are all come  
back,

And brought Prince *Henry* in their company;  
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his Majesty.

*Faulc.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!  
And tempt us not to bear above our power  
I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my pow'rs this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;  
These *Lincoln*-washes have devoured them;  
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.  
Away, before. Conduct me to the King;  
I doubt, he will be dead, or e'er I come. [Exeunt.]



## S C E N E IX.

*Changes to the Orchard in Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury and Bigot.*

*Henry.* **I**T is too late; the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,  
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Fertel the ending of mortality.

*Enter Pembroke.*

*Pemb.* His highness yet doth speak, and holds  
belief,

That, being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison, which assaileth him.

*Henry.* Let him be brought into the orchard here.  
Doth he still rage?

*Pemb.* He is more patient,  
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

*Henry.* O vanity of sickness! fierce extreams  
In their continuance will not feel themselves.  
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them insensible; his siege is now,  
Against the mind; the which he pricks and wounds  
With many legions of strange fantasies;  
Which \* in their throng and press to that last hold,  
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should  
sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swain,  
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death;  
And, from the organ pipe of frailty, sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*Sal.* Be of good-comfort, Prince, for you are born  
To set a form upon that indigest,  
Which he hath left so snapeless and so rude.

\* —in their throng and press—] In their tumult and hurry of  
resorting to the last tenable part.

*King*

*King John brought in.*

*K. John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room ;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.  
I am a scribled form drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

*Henry.* How fares your Majesty ?

*K. John.* Poison'd. Ill fare ! dead, forsook, cast off ;  
And none of you will bid the winter come  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom : nor intreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,  
I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,  
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

*Henry.* Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,  
That might relieve you !

*K. John.* The salt of them is hot.  
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Faulconbridge.*

*Faulc.* Oh ! I am scalded with my violent motion,  
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

*K. John.* Oh ! cousin, thou art come to set mine  
eye.

The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt ;  
And all the shrowds, wherewith my life should fail,

Are

Are turn'd to one thread, one little hair ;  
 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
 Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;  
 And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,  
 And module of confounded royalty.

*Faulc.* The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,  
 Where, heav'n he knows, how we shall answer him,  
 For, in a night, the best part of my power,  
 As I upon advantage did remove,  
 Were in the washes, all unwarily,  
 Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*]

*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear:  
 My Liege! my Lord! — but now a King —  
 now thus.

*Henry.* Ev'n so must I run on, and ev'n so stop.  
 What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
 When this was now a King, and now is clay?

*Faulc.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,  
 To do the office for thee of revenge,  
 And then my soul shall wait on thee to heav'n,  
 As it on earth hath been thy servant still.  
 Now, now, you stars, that move in your bright  
 spheres,

Where be your pow'rs? shew now your mended faiths,  
 And instantly return with me again,  
 To push destruction and perpetual shame  
 Out of the weak door of our fainting land:  
 Strait let us seek, or strait we shall be sought;  
 The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.

*Sal.* It seems you know not then so much as we:  
 The Cardinal *Pandolph* is within at rest,  
 Who half an hour since came from the *Dauphin*;  
 And brings from him such offers of our peace,  
 As we with honour and respect may take,  
 With purpose presently to leave this war.

*Faulc.* He will the rather do it, when he sees  
 Ourselves well sinew'd to our defence.

*Sal.*



*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
 For many Carriages he hath dispatch'd  
 To the sea-side, and put his Cause and Quarrel  
 To the disposing of the Cardinal,  
 With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
 If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
 To consummate this business happily.

*Faulc.* Let it be so; and you, my noble Prince,  
 With other Princes that may best be spar'd,  
 Shall wait upon your father's Funeral.

*Henry.* At *Worcester* must his body be inter'd.  
 For so he will'd it.

*Faulc.* Thither shall it then.  
 And happily may your sweet self put on  
 The lineal State and Glory of the Land!  
 To whom, with all Submission on my knee,  
 I do bequeath my faithful services,  
 And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,  
 To rest without a Spot for evermore.

*Henry.* I have a kind soul, that would give you  
 thanks,

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

*Faulc.* Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
 Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.  
 This *England* never did, nor never shall,  
 Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,  
 But when it first did help to wound itself.  
 Now these her Princes are come home again,  
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
 And we shall shock them!—Nought shall make us rue,  
 If *England* to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt omnes.

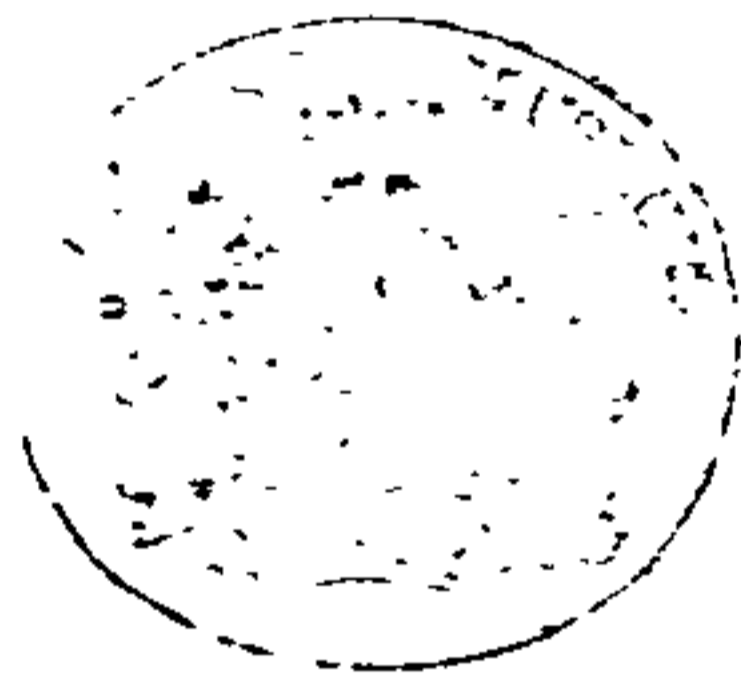
THE tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmost power of *Shakespeare*, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The Lady's grief is very affecting, and the character of the *Bastard* contains that mixture of greatness and lenity which this authour delighted to exhibit.

There

There is extant another play of *King John*, published with *Shakespeare's* name, so different from this, and I think from all his other works, that there is rea-

son to think his name was prefixed only to recommend it to sale. No man writes upon the same subject twice, without concurring in many places with himself.

The END of the THIRD VOLUME.



Shakespeare, William. The plays of William Shakespeare, in eight volumes, with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators; to which are added notes by Sam. Johnson. Vol. 3, printed for J. and R. Tonson, C. Corbet, H. Woodfall, J. Rivington, R. Baldwin, L. Hawes, Clark and Collins, W. Johnston, T. Caslon, T. Lownds, and the Executors of B. Dodd, M,DCC,LXV. [1765]. Eighteenth Century Collections Online, <http://tinyurl.galegroup.com/tinyurl/BQM3dX>. Accessed 23 July 2019.