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THE
WORKS

OF

Mr. William Shakespear;

IN

SIX VOLUMES.

ADORN'D with CUTS.

Revis'd and Corrected, with an Account of
the Life and Writings of the Author.

By *M. MOWE*, Esq;

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn*
Gate, next *Grays-Inn Lane*. MDCCIX.

T H E
W O R K S

O F

Mr. William Shakespear.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

C O N T A I N I N G,

The TEMPEST.

The TWO GENTLEMEN
of VERONA.

The MERRY WIVES
of WINDSOR.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

COMEDY of ERRORS.

MUCH ADO about
NOTHING.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at *Grays-Inn*
Gate. MDCCIX.



T O H I S
G R A C E,
T H E
Duke of *Somerset.*

My LORD,

IF the Application of too great a Part of my Time to the unprofitable Love and Study of Poetry, has been an Imputation, perhaps, justly enough charg'd upon me; I am bound, by the first Principles of Duty and Gratitude, to own, that it is by Your Grace's immediate Goodness that I have
A at

DEDICATION.

at length an Opportunity of turning my Thoughts a better and more useful Way. The Honour of Your Grace's Protection and Favour, has something in it which distinguishes it self from that of other Great Men; the Benefit of it is extensive, and to have a share in Your Grace's good Opinion, is to be entitled, at least, to some Esteem and Regard from Your Grace's illustrious Friends, that is, from those who fill up the first and best Rank of Mankind. Whatever I am or can be, (if I am ever to be any thing) is all Your Grace's. It is an Acknowledgment that I make, with as much Satisfaction as Pride; and I don't know whether the Obligation I lye under, or the Benefit I receive from it, be capable of giving me the greater Pleasure. Some Dependances are indeed a Pain, tho' they bring considerable Advantages along with them; but where there is a gracious Temper, an easie Condescension, and a Readiness to do Good equal to the Magnificence of the Giver, the Value of that Gift must certainly be very much enhanc'd. 'Tis my particular Happiness, that Your Grace is the best Benefactor I could have; for as I am capable
of

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of making no Return, Your Grace never thinks of receiving one. I have indeed one thing still to beg, That as Your Grace receiv'd me into Your favourable Opinion, without any Pretension that could be made on my side, I may have the Honour to continue there, by my first Title, Your Grace's meer Goodness.

Tho' it be high time to disclaim those Studies, with which I have amus'd my self and other People; yet I could not take leave of an Art I have long lov'd, without commending the best of our Poets to the Protection of the best Patron. I have sometimes had the Honour to hear Your Grace express the particular Pleasure you have taken in that Greatness of Thought, those natural Images, those Passions finely touch'd, and that beautiful Expression which is every where to be met with in *Shakespear*. And that he may still have the Honour to entertain Your Grace, I have taken some Care to redeem him from the Injuries of former Impressions. I must not pretend to have restor'd this Work to the Exaetness of the Author's Original Manuscripts: Those are lost, or, at least, are gone beyond any Inquiry I

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could make ; so that there was nothing left, but to compare the several Editions, and give the true Reading as well as I could from thence. This I have endeavour'd to do pretty carefully, and render'd very many Places Intelligible, that were not so before. In some of the Editions, especially the last, there were many Lines, (and in *Hamlet* one whole Scene) left out together ; these are now all supply'd. I fear Your Grace will still find some Faults, but I hope they are mostly litteral, and the Errors of the Press. Such as it is, it is the best Present of *Englisk* Poetry I am capable of making Your Grace. And I believe I shall be thought no unjust Disposer of this, the Author's Estate in Wit, by humbly Offering it where he would have been proud to have Bequeath'd it.

The Present Age is indeed an unfortunate one for *Dramatick Poetry* ; she has been persecuted by Fanaticism, forsaken by her Friends, and oppress'd even by Musick, her Sister and confederate Art, that was formerly employ'd in her Defence and Support. In such perillous Times, I know no Protection for *Shakespear*, more Safe nor more Honourable than Your Grace's: 'Tis the best
Security

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Security a Poet can ask for, to be shelter'd under that Great Name which presides over One of the most Famous Universities of *Europe*. To do publick Benefits, is indeed an Honour Natural and Hereditary to Your Grace's illustrious Family; 'tis to that Noble Stock we owe our *Edward* the Sixth; a Prince of the greatest Hopes which that or any other Age ever produc'd: A Prince, whose uncommon Proficiency in Learning made him the Wonder of his own Time; whose Care for his People will distinguish him among the best of our Kings, and whose Piety and Zeal for the true Religion, will preserve his Name Dear and Sacred to our Church for ever. But if we look back so high as the Reformation, 'twill be impossible not to remember the Share Your Grace's Noble Ancestor had in that good Work: He was the Defence and Ornament of it in his Life, and the Martyr of it in his Death. Since it is most certain, that those wicked and ambitious Men, who design'd the Subversion of Church and State, and of whom the Chief dy'd a profest Papist, could not propose to have brought about those fatal Designs, 'till they had first remov'd the Duke of *Somerſet*. I

DEDICATION.

I need not tell the World how well Your Grace has follow'd the Examples of Honour and Virtue in your own Family. The Establish'd Church, the Crown and Your Country, have receiv'd many Eminent Testimonies of Your unalterable Zeal for their Service, and unshaken Resolution in their Defence. There was a Time, somewhat above twenty Years ago, when the pernicious Councils of some Men put the Crown upon taking such Measures as might have been fatal in the last Degree to both Our Religious and Civil Liberties; when they had the Hardiness not only to avow a Religion equally destructive to the Church and State, but did even presume to bring in a publick Minister from the Bishop of *Rome*, as it were in Defiance of Our Constitution, and in Triumph over Our Laws: It was then, I say, that they thought it highly necessary to their Purpose, that a Man of the first Quality and Figure in *England*, should countenance so bold and unexampled an Undertaking. They pitch'd upon one, 'tis true, whose known Love of his Country might in a good measure have taken off the Odiousness of that Action,

and

DEDICATION.

and even allay'd the Apprehensions of
Danger, which on such an Occasion Peo-
ple naturally had. It must be own'd, that
they had thought prudently for themselves;
but they were highly mistaken in the Man
they had chosen, and found him to be
above all Temptation; such a one, whom
neither the Respect he bore to the Person
of the Prince, (which was very great) nor
the Menaces of an insolent Faction, could
prevail upon, for any Regards, to do Vio-
lence to his Country, or engage in any
thing which might be an Offence to his
Honour and Conscience.

It is with Pleasure, my Lord, that we
compare the troublesome Condition of those
past Times, with the Security of these pre-
sent. And I cannot but Congratulate Your
Grace upon the Prosperity and Success of
Her Majesty's Counsels, in the great Jun-
cture of Affairs which now draws the Eyes
and Expectations of all *Europe*. Never, cer-
tainly, was there a fairer Prospect of Hap-
piness than that which now rises to our
View. There appears to be a general Dis-
position for Unanimity and good Agree-
ment at Home, as for Peace Abroad. These
are

DEDICATION.

are the great Rewards given to the Piety of the Best of Queens: And it seems a Blessing peculiarly reserv'd for Her, to save, not only *Europe* in General, but even *France*, her Enemy, from the last Ruin. That Your Grace may long enjoy the Happiness of that Peace, which in Your several high Stations, either as a Patriot to Your Country, or a faithful Councillor to the Queen, You have so largely contributed to, is the most humble and hearty Wish of, my Lord,

Your GRACE's

Most Oblig'd,

Most Devoted, and

Obedient Humble Servant,

N. ROWE.



SOME
ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE, &c.
OF

Mr. William Shakespear.



IT seems to be a kind of Respect due to the Memory of Excellent Men, especially of those whom their Wit and Learning have made Famous, to deliver some Account of themselves, as well as their Works, to Posterity. For this Reason, how fond do we see some People of discovering any little Personal Story of the great Men of Antiquity, their Families, the common Accidents of their Lives, and even their Shape, Make and Features have
VOL. I. 2 been

been the Subject of critical Enquiries. How trifling soever this Curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very Natural; and we are hardly satisfy'd with an Account of any remarkable Person, 'till we have heard him describ'd even to the very Cloaths he wears. As for what relates to Men of Letters, the knowledge of an Author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his Book; And tho' the Works of Mr. *Shakespear* may seem to many not to want a Comment, yet I fancy some little Account of the Man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the Son of Mr. *John Shakespear*, and was Born at *Stratford upon Avon*, in *Warwickshire*, in *April 1564*. His Family, as appears by the Register and Publick Writings relating to that Town, were of good Figure and Fashion there, and are mention'd as Gentlemen. His Father, who was a considerable Dealer in Wool, had so large a Family, ten Children in all, that tho' he was his eldest Son, he could give him no better Education than his own Employment. He had bred him, 'tis true, for some time at a Free-School, where 'tis probable he acquir'd that little *Latin* he was Master of: But the narrowness of his Circumstances, and the want of his assistance at Home,

Home, forc'd his Father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further Proficiency in that Language. It is without Controversie, that he had no knowledge of the Writings of the Antient Poets, not only from this Reason, but from his Works themselves, where we find no traces of any thing that looks like an Imitation of 'em; the Delicacy of his Taste, and the natural Bent of his own Great *Genius*, equal, if not superior to some of the best of theirs, would certainly have led him to Read and Study 'em with so much Pleasure, that some of their fine Images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mix'd with his own Writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an Argument of his never having read 'em. Whether his Ignorance of the Antients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a Dispute: For tho' the knowledge of 'em might have made him more Correct, yet it is not improbable but that the Regularity and Deference for them, which would have attended that Correctness, might have restrain'd some of that Fire, Impetuosity, and even beautiful Extravagance which we admire in *Shakespear*: And I believe we are better pleas'd with those Thoughts, altogether New and Uncommon,

which his own Imagination supply'd him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful Passages out of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a Master of the *English* Language to deliver 'em. Some *Latin* without question he did know, and one may see up and down in his Plays how far his Reading that way went: In *Love's Labour lost*, the Pedant comes out with a Verse of *Mantuan*; and in *Titus Andronicus*, one of the *Gothick* Princes, upon reading

*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu——*

says, 'Tis a Verse in *Horace*, but he remembers it out of his *Grammar*: Which, I suppose, was the Author's Case. Whatever *Latin* he had, 'tis certain he understood *French*, as may be observ'd from many Words and Sentences scatter'd up and down his Plays in that Language; and especially from one Scene in *Henry* the Fifth written wholly in it. Upon his leaving School, he seems to have given intirely into that way of Living which his Father propos'd to him; and in order to settle in the World after a Family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was
yet

yet very Young. His Wife was the Daughter of one *Hathaway*, said to have been a substantial Yeoman in the Neighbourhood of *Stratford*. In this kind of Settlement he continu'd for some time, 'till an Extravagance that he was guilty of, forc'd him both out of his Country and that way of Living which he had taken up; and tho' it seem'd at first to be a Blemish upon his good Manners, and a Misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily prov'd the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *Geni-
us*'s that ever was known in Dramatick Poetry. He had, by a Misfortune common enough to young Fellows, fallen into ill Company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of Deer-stealing, engag'd him with them more than once in robbing a Park that belong'd to Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Cherlecot*, near *Stratford*. For this he was prosecuted by that Gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill Usage, he made a Ballad upon him. And tho' this, probably the first Essay of his Poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the Prosecution against him to that degree, that he was oblig'd to leave his Business and Family in *Warwickshire*, for some time, and shelter himself in *London*.

It is at this Time, and upon this Accident, that he is said to have made his first Acquaintance in the Play-house. He was receiv'd into the Company then in being, at first in a very mean Rank; But his admirable Wit, and the natural Turn of it to the Stage, soon distinguish'd him, if not as an extraordinary Actor, yet as an excellent Writer. His Name is Printed, as the Custom was in those Times, amongst those of the other Players, before some old Plays, but without any particular Account of what sort of Parts he us'd to play; and tho' I have inquir'd, I could never meet with any further Account of him this way, than that the top of his Performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleas'd, to have learn'd from some certain Authority, which was the first Play he wrote; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any Man, curious in Things of this Kind, to see and know what was the first Essay of a Fancy like *Shakespear's*. Perhaps we are not to look for his Beginnings, like those of other Authors, among their least perfect Writings; Art had so little, and Nature so large a Share in what he did, that, for ought I know, the Performances of his Youth, as they

they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of Imagination in 'em, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his Fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be Independent on the Rule and Government of Judgment ; but that what he thought, was commonly so Great, so justly and rightly Conceived in it self, that it wanted little or no Correction, and was immediately approv'd by an impartial Judgment at the first sight. Mr. *Dryden* seems to think that *Pericles* is one of his first Plays ; but there is no judgment to be form'd on that, since there is good Reason to believe that the greatest part of that Play was not written by him ; tho' it is own'd, some part of it certainly was, particularly the last Act. But tho' the order of Time in which the several Pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are Passages in some few of them which seem to fix their Dates. So the *Chorus* in the beginning of the fifth Act of *Henry V.* by a Compliment very handsomly turn'd to the Earl of *Essex*, shews the Play to have been written when that Lord was General for the Queen in *Ireland* : And his Elogy upon Q. *Elizabeth*, and her Successor K. *James*, in the latter end of his *Henry VIII.* is a Proof of that Play's being written after the Accession

of the latter of those two Princes to the Crown of *England*. Whatever the particular Times of his Writing were, the People of his Age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of Diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleas'd to see a *Genius* arise amongst 'em of so pleasurable, so rich a Vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite Entertainments. Besides the advantages of his Wit, he was in himself a good-natur'd Man, of great sweetness in his Manners, and a most agreeable Companion; so that it is no wonder if with so many good Qualities he made himself acquainted with the best Conversations of those Times. Queen *Elizabeth* had several of his Plays Acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious Marks of her Favour: It is that Maiden Princess plainly, whom he intends by

— *A fair Vestal, Throned by the West.*

Midsummer Night's Dream,
Vol. 2. p. 480.

And that whole Passage is a Compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomly apply'd to her. She was so well pleas'd with that admirable Character of *Falstaff*, in the two Parts of *Henry* the Fourth, that she commanded

manded him to continue it for one Play more, and to shew him in Love. This is said to be the Occasion of his Writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obey'd, the Play it self is an admirable Proof. Upon this Occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this Part of *Falstaff* is said to have been written originally under the Name of *Oldcastle*; some of that Family being then remaining, the Queen was pleas'd to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of *Falstaff*. The present Offence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the Author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second Choice, since it is certain that Sir *John Falstaff*, who was a Knight of the Garter, and a Lieutenant-General, was a Name of distinguish'd Merit in the Wars in *France* in *Henry* the Fifth's and *Henry* the Sixth's Times. What Grace soever the Queen confer'd upon him, it was not to her only he ow'd the Fortune which the Reputation of his Wit made. He had the Honour to meet with many great and uncommon Marks of Favour and Friendship from the Earl of *Southampton*, famous in the Histories of that Time for his Friendship to the unfortunate Earl of *Essex*. It was to that Noble Lord that he Dedicated his *Venus* and *Adonis*,
the

the only Piece of his Poetry which he ever publish'd himself, tho' many of his Plays were surrepticiously and lamely Printed in his Lifetime. There is one Instance so singular in the Magnificence of this Patron of *Shakespeare's*, that if I had not been assur'd that the Story was handed down by Sir *William D'Avenant*, who was probably very well acquainted with his Affairs, I should not have ventur'd to have inserted, that my Lord *Southampton*, at one time, gave him a thousand Pounds, to enable him to go through with a Purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A Bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse Generosity the present Age has shewn to *French Dancers* and *Italian Eunuchs*.

What particular Habitude or Friendships he contracted with private Men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true Taste of Merit, and could distinguish Men, had generally a just Value and Esteem for him. His exceeding Candor and good Nature must certainly have inclin'd all the gentler Part of the World to love him, as the power of his Wit oblig'd the Men of the most delicate Knowledge and polite Learning to admire him. Amongst these was the incomparable Mr. *Edmond Spencer*, who speaks
of

of him in his *Tears of the Muses*, not only with the Praises due to a good Poet, but even lamenting his Absence with the tenderneſs of a Friend. The Paſſage is in *Thalia's Complaint* for the Decay of Dramatick Poetry, and the Contempt the Stage then lay under, amongſt his *Miscellaneous Works*, p. 147.

*And he the Man, whom Nature's ſelf had made
To mock her ſelf, and Truth to imitate
With kindly Counter under mimick Shade,
Our pleaſant Willy, ah ! is dead of late:
With whom all Joy and jolly Merriment
Is alſo deaded, and in Dolour drent.*

*Instead thereof, ſcoffing Scurrility
And ſcorning Folly with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in Rhimes of ſhameleſs Ribaudry,
Without Regard or due Decorum kept;
Each idle Wit at will preſumes to make,
And doth the Learned's Task upon him take.*

*But that ſame gentle Spirit, from whoſe Pen
Large Streams of Honey and ſweet Nectar flow,
Scorning the Boldneſs of ſuch baſe-born Men,
Which dare their Follies forth ſo raſhly throw;
Doth rather chooſe to ſit in idle Cell,
Than ſo himſelf to Mockery to ſell.*

I know some People have been of Opinion, that *Shakespear* is not meant by *Willy* in the first *Stanza* of these Verses, because *Spencer's* Death happen'd twenty Years before *Shakespear's*. But, besides that the Character is not applicable to any Man of that time but himself, it is plain by the last *Stanza* that Mr. *Spencer* does not mean that he was then really Dead, but only that he had with-drawn himself from the Publick, or at least with-held his Hand from Writing, out of a disgust he had taken at the then ill taste of the Town, and the mean Condition of the Stage. Mr. *Dryden* was always of Opinion these Verses were meant of *Shakespear*; and 'tis highly probable they were so, since he was three and thirty Years old at *Spencer's* Death; and his Reputation in Poetry must have been great enough before that Time to have deserv'd what is here said of him. His Acquaintance with *Ben Johnson* began with a remarkable piece of Humanity and good Nature; Mr. *Johnson*, who was at that Time altogether unknown to the World, had offer'd one of his Plays to the Players, in order to have it Acted; and the Persons into whose Hands it was put, after having turn'd it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natur'd Answer, that

that it would be of no service to their Company, when *Shakespeare* luckily cast his Eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. *Johnson* and his Writings to the Publick. After this they were profess'd Friends; tho' I don't know whether the other ever made him an equal return of Gentleness and Sincerity. *Ben* was naturally Proud and Insolent, and in the Days of his Reputation did so far take upon him the Supremacy in Wit, that he could not but look with an evil Eye upon any one that seem'd to stand in Competition with him. And if at times he has affected to commend him, it has always been with some Reserve, insinuating his Uncorrectness, a careless manner of Writing, and want of Judgment; the Praise of seldom altering or blotting out what he writ, which was given him by the Players who were the first Publishers of his Works after his Death, was what *Johnson* could not bear; he thought it impossible, perhaps, for another Man to strike out the greatest Thoughts in the finest Expression, and to reach those Excellencies of Poetry with the Ease of a first Imagination, which himself with infinite Labour and Study could but hardly attain to. *Johnson* was certainly

tainly a very good Scholar, and in that had the advantage of *Shakespear*; tho' at the same time I believe it must be allow'd, that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a Balance for what Books had given the former; and the Judgment of a great Man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a Conversation between Sir *John Suckling*, Sir *William D'Avenant*, *Endymion Porter*, Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton*, and *Ben Johnson*; Sir *John Suckling*, who was a profess'd Admirer of *Shakespear*, had undertaken his Defence against *Ben Johnson* with some warmth; Mr. *Hales*, who had sat still for some time, hearing *Ben* frequently reproaching him with the want of Learning, and Ignorance of the Antients, told him at last, *That if Mr. Shakespear had not read the Antients, he had likewise not stollen any thing from 'em; (a Fault the other made no Conscience of) and that if he would produce any one Topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same Subject at least as well written by Shakespear.* *Johnson* did indeed take a large liberty, even to the transcribing and translating of whole Scenes together; and sometimes, with all Deference to so great a Name as his, not altogether for the advantage of the

Authors

Authors of whom he borrow'd, And if *Augustus* and *Virgil* were really what he has made 'em in a Scene of his *Poetaster*; they are as odd an Emperor and a Poet as ever met. *Shakespear*, on the other Hand, was beholding to no body farther than the Foundation of the Tale, the Incidents were often his own, and the Writing intirely so. There is one Play of his, indeed, *The Comedy of Errors*, in a great measure taken from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*. How that happen'd, I cannot easily Divine, since, as I hinted before, I do not take him to have been Master of *Latin* enough to read it in the Original, and I know of no Translation of *Plautus* so Old as his Time.

As I have not propos'd to my self to enter into a Large and Compleat Criticism upon Mr. *Shakespear's* Works, so I suppose it will neither be expected that I should take notice of the severe Remarks that have been formerly made upon him by Mr. *Rhymer*. I must confess, I can't very well see what could be the Reason of his animadverting with so much Sharpness, upon the Faults of a Man Excellent on most Occasions, and whom all the World ever was and will be inclin'd to have an Esteem and Veneration for. If it was to shew his own
Know-

Knowledge in the Art of Poetry, besides that there is a Vanity in making that only his Design, I question if there be not many Imperfections as well in those Schemes and Precepts he has given for the Direction of others, as well as in that Sample of Tragedy which he has written to shew the Excellency of his own *Genius*. If he had a Pique against the Man, and wrote on purpose to ruin a Reputation so well establish'd, he has had the Mortification to fail altogether in his Attempt, and to see the World at least as fond of *Shakespear* as of his Critique. But I won't believe a Gentleman, and a good-natur'd Man, capable of the last Intention. Whatever may have been his Meaning, finding fault is certainly the easiest Task of Knowledge, and commonly those Men of good Judgment, who are likewise of good and gentle Dispositions, abandon this ungrateful Province to the Tyranny of Pedants. If one would enter into the Beauties of *Shakespear*, there is a much larger, as well as a more delightful Field; but as I won't prescribe to the Tastes of other People, so I will only take the liberty, with all due Submission to the Judgment of others, to observe some of those Things I have been pleas'd with in looking him over.

His Plays are properly to be distinguish'd only into Comedies and Tragedies. Those which are called Histories, and even some of his Comedies, are really Tragedies, with a run or mixture of Comedy amongst 'em. That way of Trage-Comedy was the common Mistake of that Age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the *English* Taste, that tho' the severer Critiques among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our Audiences seem to be better pleas'd with it than with an exact Tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windsor, The Comedy of Errors,* and *The Taming of the Shrew,* are all pure Comedy; the rest, however they are call'd, have something of both Kinds. 'Tis not very easie to determine which way of Writing he was most Excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of Entertainment in his Comical Humours; and tho' they did not then strike at all Ranks of People, as the Satyr of the present Age has taken the Liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguish'd Variety in those Characters which he thought fit to meddle with. *Falstaff* is allow'd by every body to be a Master-piece; the Character is always well-sustain'd, tho' drawn out into the length of three Plays; and even the Account of his Death, given by his Old

Landlady Mrs. *Quickly*, in the first Act of *Henry V.* tho' it be extremely Natural, is yet as diverting as any Part of his Life. If there be any Fault in the Draught he has made of this lewd old Fellow, it is, that tho' he has made him a Thief, Lying, Cowardly, Vain-glorious, and in short every way Vicious, yet he has given him so much Wit as to make him almost too agreeable; and I don't know whether some People have not, in remembrance of the Diversion he had formerly afforded 'em, been sorry to see his Friend *Hal* use him so scurvily, when he comes to the Crown in the End of the Second Part of *Henry* the Fourth. Amongst other Extravagances, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he has made him a Dear-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his *Warwickshire* Prosecutor, under the Name of Justice *Shallow*; he has given him very near the same Coat of Arms which *Dugdale*, in his Antiquities of that County, describes for a Family there, and makes the *Welsh* Parson descant very pleasantly upon 'em. That whole Play is admirable; the Humours are various and well oppos'd; the main Design, which is to cure *Ford* of his unreasonable Jealousie, is extremely

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ly well conducted. *Falstaff's Billet-doux*, and *Master Slender's*

Ab! Sweet Ann Page!

are very good Expressions of Love in their Way. In *Twelfth-Night* there is something singularly Ridiculous and Pleasant in the fantastical Steward *Malvolio*. The Parasite and the Vain-glorious in *Parolles*, in *All's Well that ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that Kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*: *Petruchio*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon Piece of Humour. The Conversation of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, in *Much ado about Nothing*, and of *Rosalind* in *As you like it*, have much Wit and Sprightliness all along. His Clowns, without which Character there was hardly any Play writ in that Time, are all very entertaining: And, I believe, *Thersites* in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, and *Apemantus* in *Timon*, will be allow'd to be Master-Pieces of ill Nature, and satyrical Snarling. To these I might add, that incomparable Character of *Shylock* the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice*; but tho' we have seen that Play Receiv'd and Acted as a Comedy, and the Part of the Jew perform'd by an Excellent Comedian, yet I cannot but think it

was design'd Tragically by the Author. There appears in it such a deadly Spirit of Revenge, such a savage Fierceness and Fellness, and such a bloody designation of Cruelty and Mischief, as cannot agree either with the Stile or Characters of Comedy. The Play it self, take it all together, seems to me to be one of the most finish'd of any of *Shakespear's*. The Tale indeed, in that Part relating to the Caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of Bond given by *Antonio*, is a little too much remov'd from the Rules of Probability: But taking the Fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the Friendship of *Antonio* to *Bassanio* very Great, Generous and Tender. The whole fourth Act, supposing, as I said, the Fact to be probable, is extremely Fine. But there are two Passages that deserve a particular Notice. The first is, what *Portia* says in praise of Mercy, *pag. 577*; and the other on the Power of Musick, *pag. 587*. The Melancholy of *Jacquess*, in *As you like it*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if what *Horace* says

Difficile est proprie communia Dicere,

It will be a hard Task for any one to go beyond

yond him in the Description of the several Degrees and Ages of Man's Life, tho' the Thought be old, and common enough.

— *All the World's a Stage,
And all the Men and Women meerly Players;
They have their Exits and their Entrances,
And one Man in his time plays many Parts,
His Acts being seven Ages. At first the Infant
Mewling and puking in the Nurse's Arms:
And then, the whining School-boy with his Satchel,
And shining Morning-face, creeping like Snail
Unwillingly to School. And then the Lover
Sighing like Furnace, with a woful Ballad
Made to his Mistress' Eye-brow. Then a Soldier
Full of strange Oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in Honour, sudden and quick in Quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Ev'n in the Cannon's Mouth. And then the Justice
In fair round Belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With Eyes severe, and Beard of formal Cut,
Full of wise Saws and modern Instances;
And so he plays his Part. The sixth Age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With Spectacles on Nose, and Pouch on Side;
His youthful Hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk Shank; and his big manly Voice
Turning again tow'rd childish treble Pipes,*

*And Whistles in his Sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful History,
Is second Childishness and meer Oblivion,
Sans Teeth, sans Eyes, sans Taste, sans ev'ry thing.*
p. 625.

His Images are indeed ev'ry where so lively, that the Thing he would represent stands full before you, and you possess ev'ry Part of it, I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw; 'tis an Image of Patience. Speaking of a Maid in Love, he says,

— *She never told her Love,
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud
Feed on her Damask Cheek: She pin'd in Thought,
And sate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief.*

What an Image is here given! and what a Task would it have been for the greatest Masters of *Greece* and *Rome* to have express'd the Passions design'd by this Sketch of Statuary? The Stile of his Comedy is, in general, Natural to the Characters, and easie in it self; and the Wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into Dogrel Rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*,
and

and a Passage or two in some other Plays. As for his Jingling sometimes, and playing upon Words, it was the common Vice of the Age he liv'd in: And if we find it in the Pulpit, made use of as an Ornament to the Sermons of some of the Gravest Divines of those Times; perhaps it may not be thought too light for the Stage.

But certainly the greatness of this Author's Genius do's no where so much appear, as where he gives his Imagination an entire Loose, and raises his Fancy to a flight above Mankind and the Limits of the visible World. Such are his Attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be plac'd the first by the former Publishers of his Works, can never have been the first written by him: It seems to me as perfect in its Kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the Unities are kept here with an Exactness uncommon to the Liberties of his Writing: Tho' that was what, I suppose, he valu'd himself least upon, since his Excellencies were all of another Kind. I am very sensible that he do's, in this Play, depart too much from that likeness to Truth which ought to be observ'd in these sort of Writings; yet

he do's it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more Faith for his sake, than Reason does well allow of. His Magick has something in it very Solemn and very Poetical: And that extravagant Character of *Caliban* is mighty well sustain'd, shews a wonderful Invention in the Author, who could strike out such a particular wild Image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon Grotesques that was ever seen. The Observation, which I have been inform'd * three very great Men concurr'd in making upon this Part, was extremely just. *That Shakespear had not only found out a new Character in his Caliban, but had also devis'd and adapted a new manner of Language for that Character.* Among the particular Beauties of this Piece, I think one may be allow'd to point out the Tale of *Prospero* in the First Act; his Speech to *Ferdinand* in the Fourth, upon the breaking up the Masque of *Juno* and *Ceres*; and that in the Fifth, where he dissolves his Charms, and resolves to break his Magick Rod. This Play has been alter'd by Sir *William D'Avenant* and Mr. *Dryden*; and tho' I won't Arraign the Judgment of those two great Men, yet I think I may be allow'd to say, that there are some things

* *Ld. Falkland, Ld. C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.*

things left out by them, that might, and even ought to have been kept in. Mr. *Dryden* was an Admirer of our Author, and, indeed, he owed him a great deal, as those who have read them both may very easily observe. And, I think, in Justice to 'em both, I should not on this Occasion omit what Mr. *Dryden* has said of him.

*Shakespear, who, taught by none, did first impart
To Fletcher Wit, to lab'ring Johnson Art.
He, Monarch-like, gave those his Subjects Law,
And is that Nature which they Paint and Draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did
grow,
Whilst Johnson crept and gather'd all below:
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest,
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other Men, [Pen.
'Tis with the Drops which fell from Shakespear's
The * Storm which vanish'd on the neighb'ring
Shoar,
Was taught by Shakespear's Tempest first to roar.
That Innocence and Beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
But Shakespear's Magick could not copied be,
Within that Circle none durst walk but he.*

I

* Alluding to the Sea-Voyage of Fletcher.

*I must confess 't was bold, nor would you now
That Liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick supernatural things;
But Shakespear's Pow'r is Sacred as a King's.*

Prologue to *The Tempest*, as it
is alter'd by Mr. *Dryden*.

It is the same Magick that raises the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with Thoughts and Language so proper to the Parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the Talent of this Writer. But of the two last of these Plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the Tragedies of Mr. *Shakespear*. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those Rules which are establish'd by *Aristotle*, and taken from the Model of the *Grecian* Stage, it would be no very hard Task to find a great many Faults: But as *Shakespear* liv'd under a kind of mere Light of Nature, and had never been made acquainted with the Regularity of those written Precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a Law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a Man that liv'd in a State of almost universal License and Ignorance: There was no establish'd Judge, but every one took the liberty to Write according to the Dictates of his own Fancy.

When

When one considers, that there is not one Play before him of a Reputation good enough to entitle it to an Appearance on the present Stage, it cannot but be a Matter of great Wonder that he should advance Dramatick Poetry so far as he did. The Fable is what is generally plac'd the first, among those that are reckon'd the constituent Parts of a Tragick or Heroick Poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most Difficult or Beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the Contrivance and Course of the whole; and with the Fable ought to be consider'd, the fit Disposition, Order and Conduct of its several Parts. As it is not in this Province of the *Drama* that the Strength and Mastery of *Shakespear* lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natur'd Trouble to point out the several Faults he was guilty of in it. His Tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from true History, or Novels and Romances: And he commonly made use of 'em in that Order, with those Incidents, and that extent of Time in which he found 'em in the Authors from whence he borrow'd them. So *The Winter's Tale*, which is taken from an old Book, call'd, *The Delectable History of Dorastus and Faunia*, contains the space of sixteen or seventeen Years, and the Scene

is

is sometimes laid in *Bohemia*, and sometimes in *Sicily*, according to the original Order of the Story. Almost all his Historical Plays comprehend a great length of Time, and very different and distinct Places: And in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the Scene travels over the greatest Part of the *Roman* Empire. But in Recompence for his Carelessness in this Point, when he comes to another Part of the *Drama*, *The Manners of his Characters, in Acting or Speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shown by the Poet*, he may be generally justify'd, and in very many places greatly commended. For those Plays which he has taken from the *English* or *Roman* History, let any Man compare 'em, and he will find the Character as exact in the Poet as the Historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one Action for a Subject, that the Title very often tells you, 'tis *The Life of King John, King Richard, &c.* What can be more agreeable to the Idea our Historians give of *Henry* the Sixth, than the Picture *Shakespeare* has drawn of him! His Manners are every where exactly the same with the Story; one finds him still describ'd with Simplicity, passive Sanctity, want of Courage, weakness of Mind, and easie Submission to the Govern-

nance

nance of an imperious Wife, or prevailing Faction: Tho' at the same time the Poet do's Justice to his good Qualities, and moves the Pity of his Audience for him, by showing him Pious, Disinterested, a Contemner of the Things of this World, and wholly resign'd to the severest Dispensations of God's Providence. There is a short Scene in the Second Part of *Henry VI. Vol. III. pag. 1504.* which I cannot but think admirable in its Kind. Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had murder'd the Duke of *Gloucester*, is shewn in the last Agonies on his Death-Bed, with the good King praying over him. There is so much Terror in one, so much Tenderness and moving Piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of Fear or Pity. In his *Henry VIII.* that Prince is drawn with that Greatness of Mind, and all those good Qualities which are attributed to him in any Account of his Reign. If his Faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the Shades in this Picture do not bear a just Proportion to the Lights, it is not that the Artist wanted either Colours or Skill in the Disposition of 'em; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen *Elizabeth*, since it could have been no very great Respect to the Memory

mory of his Mistress, to have expos'd some certain Parts of her Father's Life upon the Stage. He has dealt much more freely with the Minister of that Great King, and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the Character of Cardinal *Wolfey*. He has shewn him Tyrannical, Cruel, and Insolent in his Prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful Address, he makes his Fall and Ruin the Subject of general Compassion. The whole Man, with his Vices and Virtues, is finely and exactly describ'd in the second Scene of the fourth Act. The Distresses likewise of Queen *Katherine*, in this Play, are very movingly touch'd; and tho' the Art of the Poet has skreen'd King *Henry* from any gross Imputation of Injustice, yet one is inclin'd to wish, the Queen had met with a Fortune more worthy of her Birth and Virtue. Nor are the Manners, proper to the Persons represented, less justly observ'd, in those Characters taken from the *Roman* History; and of this, the Fierceness and Impatience of *Coriolanus*, his Courage and Disdain of the common People, the Virtue and Philosophical Temper of *Brutus*, and the irregular Greatness of Mind in *M. Antony*, are beautiful Proofs. For the two last especially, you find 'em exactly as they are describ'd by

Plutarch,

Plutarch, from whom certainly *Shakespear* copy'd 'em. He has indeed follow'd his Original pretty close, and taken in several little Incidents that might have been spar'd in a Play. But, as I hinted before, his Design seems most commonly rather to describe those great Men in the several Fortunes and Accidents of their Lives, than to take any single great Action, and form his Work simply upon that. However, there are some of his Pieces, where the Fable is founded upon one Action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The Design in *Romeo and Juliet*, is plainly the Punishment of their two Families, for the unreasonable Feuds and Animosities that had been so long kept up between 'em, and occasion'd the Effusion of so much Blood. In the management of this Story, he has shewn something wonderfully Tender and Passionate in the Love-part, and very Pitiful in the Distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same Tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*. In each of 'em a young Prince is engag'd to Revenge the Death of his Father, their Mothers are equally Guilty, are both concern'd in the Murder of their Husbands, and are afterwards married to the Murderers. There is in the first

Part

Part of the *Greek* Trajedy, something very moving in the Grief of *Electra*; but as Mr. *D'Acier* has observ'd, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the Manners he has given that Princess and *Orestes* in the latter Part. *Orestes* embrues his Hands in the Blood of his own Mother; and that barbarous Action is perform'd, tho' not immediately upon the Stage, yet so near, that the Audience hear *Clytemnestra* crying out to *Ægbystus* for Help, and to her Son for Mercy: While *Electra*, her Daughter, and a Princess, both of them Characters that ought to have appear'd with more Decency, stands upon the Stage and encourages her Brother in the Parricide. What Horror does this not raise! *Clytemnestra* was a wicked Woman, and had deserv'd to Die; nay, in the truth of the Story, she was kill'd by her own Son; but to represent an Action of this Kind on the Stage, is certainly an Offence against those Rules of Manners proper to the Persons that ought to be observ'd there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the Conduct of *Shakespear*. *Hamlet* is represented with the same Piety towards his Father, and Resolution to Revenge his Death, as *Orestes*; he has the same Abhorrence for his Mother's Guilt, which, to pro-

vokt

voked him the more, is heighten'd by Incest: But 'tis with wonderful Art and Justness of Judgment, that the Poet restrains him from doing Violence to his Mother. To prevent any thing of that Kind, he makes his Father's Ghost forbid that part of his Vengeance.

*But howsoever thou pursu'st this Act,
Taint not thy Mind; nor let thy Soul contrive
Against thy Mother ought; leave her to Heav'n,
And to those Thorns that in her Bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.* Vol. V. p. 2386.

This is to distinguish rightly between *Horror* and *Terror*. The latter is a proper Passion of Tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no Dramatick Writer ever succeeded better in raising *Terror* in the Minds of an Audience than *Shakespear* has done. The whole Tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the Scene where the King is murder'd, in the second Act, as well as this Play, is a noble Proof of that manly Spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was, in giving the strongest Motions to our Souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the Advantage with which we have seen

this Master-piece of *Shakespear* distinguish it self upon the Stage, by Mr. *Betterton's* fine Performance of that Part. A Man, who tho' he had no other good Qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the Esteem of all Men of Letters, by this only Excellency. No Man is better acquainted with *Shakespear's* manner of Expression, and indeed he has study'd him so well, and is so much a Master of him, that whatever Part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the Author had exactly conceiv'd it as he plays it. I must own a particular Obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the Passages relating to his Life, which I have here transmitted to the Publick; his Veneration for the Memory of *Shakespear* having engag'd him to make a Journey into *Warwickshire*, on purpose to gather up what Remains he could of a Name for which he had so great a Value. Since I had at first resolv'd not to enter into any Critical Controversie, I won't pretend to enquire into the Justness of Mr. *Rhymer's* Remarks on *Othello*; he has certainly pointed out some Faults very judiciously; and indeed they are such as most People will agree, with him, to be Faults: But I wish he would likewise have observ'd some of the

"Beauties

Beauties too; as I think it became an Exact and Equal Critique to do. It seems strange that he should allow nothing Good in the whole: If the Fable and Incidents are not to his Taste, yet the Thoughts are almost every where very Noble, and the Diction manly and proper. These last, indeed, are Parts of *Shakespear's* Praise, which it would be very hard to Dispute with him. His Sentiments and Images of Things are Great and Natural; and his Expression (tho' perhaps in some Instances a little Irregular) just, and rais'd in Proportion to his Subject and Occasion. It would be even endless to mention the particular Instances that might be given of this Kind: But his Book is in the Possession of the Publick, and 'twill be hard to dip into any Part of it, without finding what I have said of him made good.

The latter Part of his Life was spent, as all Men of good Sense will wish theirs may be, in Ease, Retirement, and the Conversation of his Friends. He had the good Fortune to gather an Estate equal to his Occasion, and, in that, to his Wish; and is said to have spent some Years before his Death at his native *Stratford*. His pleasurable Wit, and good Nature, engag'd him in the Acquain-
c 2 tance,

tance, and entitl'd him to the Friendship of the Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a Story almost I'll remember'd in that Country, that he had a particular Intimacy with Mr. *Combe*, an old Gentleman not'd thereabouts for his Wealth and Ufury: It happen'd, that in a pleasant Conversation amongst their common Friends, Mr. *Combe* told *Shakespear* in a laughing manner, that he fancy'd, he intended to write his Epitaph, if he happen'd to out-live him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desir'd it might be done immediately: Upon which *Shakespear* gave him these four Verses.

*Ten in the Hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a Hundred to Ten, his Soul is not sav'd:
If any Man ask, Who lies in this Tomb?
Oh! ho! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.*

But the Sharpness of the Satyr is said to have stung the Man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He Dy'd in the 53d Year of his Age, and was bury'd on the North side of the Chancel, in the Great Church at *Stratford*, where



*Judicio Pylum, Genio Socratem,
Arte Maronem
Terra tegit, Populus mæret,
Olympus habet.*

a Monument, as engr: 'd in the Plate, is plac'd in the Wall. On his Grave-Stone underneath is,

*Good Friend, for Jesus sake, forbear
To dig the Dust inclosed here.
Blest be the Man that spares these Stones,
And Curst be he that moves my Bones.*

He had three Daughters, of which two liv'd to be marry'd; *Judith*, the Elder, to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*, by whom she had three Sons, who all dy'd without Children; and *Susannah*, who was his Favourite, to Dr. *John Hall*, a Physician of good Reputation in that Country. She left one Child only, a Daughter, who was marry'd first to *Thomas Nash*, Esq; and afterwards to Sir *John Bernard* of *Abbingdon*, but dy'd likewise without Issue.

This is what I could learn of any Note, either relating to himself or Family: The Character of the Man is best seen in his Writings. But since *Ben Johnson* has made a sort of an Essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, tho', as I have before hinted, he was not very Cordial in his Friendship, I will venture to give it in his Words.

“ I remember the Players have often men-
 “ tion’d it as an Honour to *Shakespear*, that in
 “ Writing (whatsoever he penn’d) he never
 “ blotted out a Line. My Answer hath been,
 “ *Would he had blotted a thousand*, which
 “ they thought a malevolent Speech. I had
 “ not told Posterity this, but for their Igno-
 “ rance, who chose that Circumstance to com-
 “ mend their Friend by, wherein he most
 “ faulted. And to justifie mine own Candor,
 “ (for I lov’d the Man, and do honour his
 “ Memory, on this side Idolatry, as much as
 “ any.) He was, indeed, Honest, and of an
 “ open and free Nature, had an Excellent
 “ Fancy, brave Notions, and gentle Expressi-
 “ ons; wherein he flow’d with that Facility,
 “ that sometimes it was necessary he should be
 “ stopp’d: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as *Augustus* said
 “ of *Haterius*. His Wit was in his own Pow-
 “ er, would the Rule of it had been so too.
 “ Many times he fell into those things could
 “ not escape Laughter; as when he said in the
 “ Person of *Cæsar*, one speaking to him,

“ *Cæsar thou dost me Wrong,*

“ He reply’d:

“ *Cæsar did never Wrong, but with just Cause.*

“ and

“ and such like, which were ridiculous. . . . But
“ he redeem'd his Vices with his Virtues :
“ There was ever more in him to be Prais'd
“ than to be Pardon'd.

As for the Passage which he mentions out of *Shakespeare*, there is somewhat like it in *Julius Cæsar*, Vol. V. p. 2260. but without the Absurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any Edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr. *Johnson*. Besides his Plays in this Edition, there are two or three ascrib'd to him by Mr. *Langbain*, which I have never seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise, *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*; in Stanza's, which have been printed in a late Collection of Poems. As to the Character given of him by *Ben Johnson*, there is a good deal true in it: But I believe it may be as well express'd by what *Horace* says of the first *Romans*, who wrote Tragedy upon the *Greek* Models, (or indeed translated 'em) in his Epistle to *Augustus*.

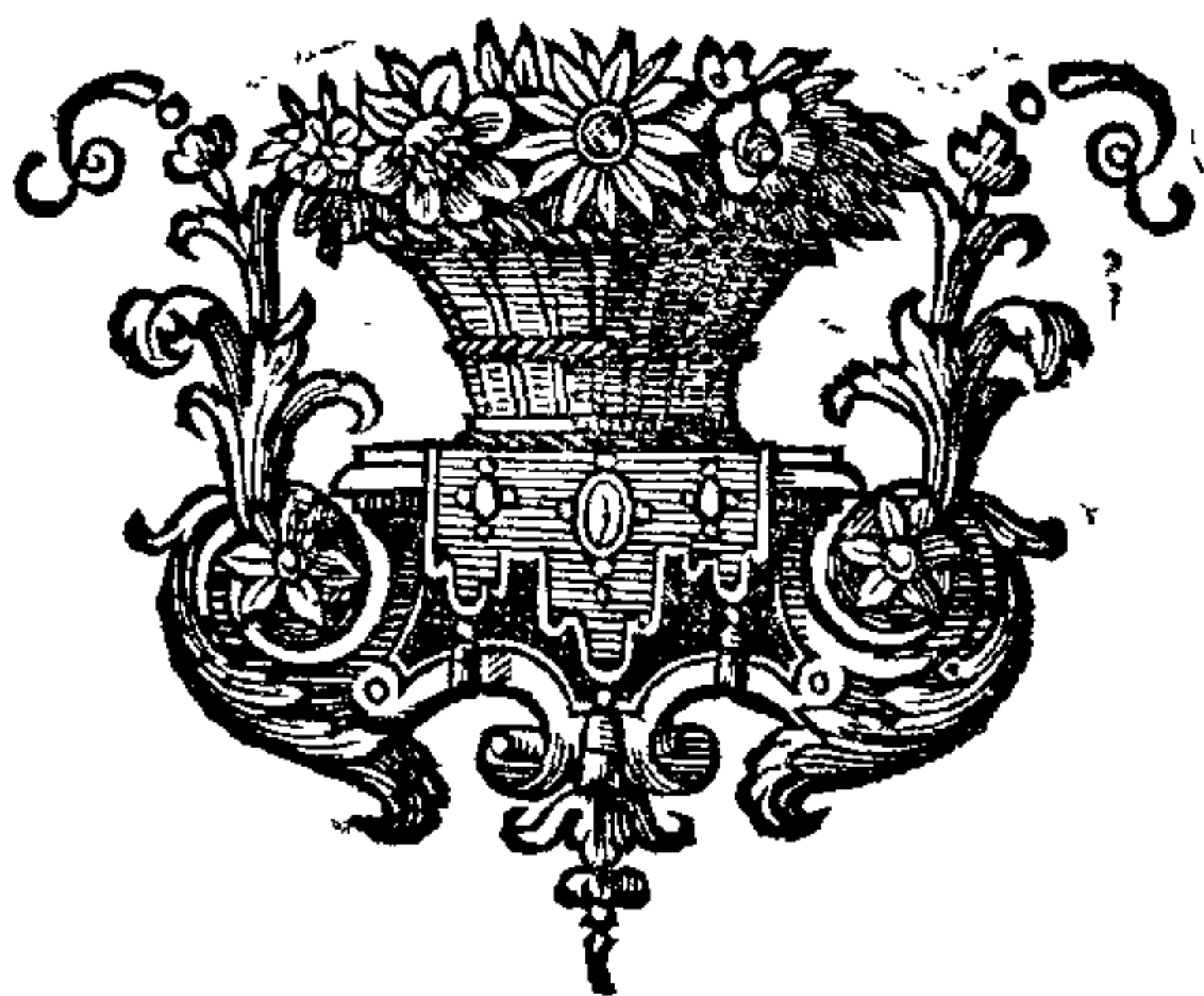
— *Naturâ sublimis & Acer*
Nam spirat Tragicum satis & feliciter Audet,
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitq; Lituram.

There is a Book of Poems, publish'd in 1640, under the Name of Mr. *William Shakespear*, but as I have but very lately seen it, without an Opportunity of making any Judgment upon it, I won't pretend to determine, whether it be his or no.





T H E
T E M P E S T .
A
C O M E D Y .



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

- A** Lonso, *King of Naples.*
Sebastian, *his Brother.*
Prospero, *the right Duke of Millan.*
Antonio, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Mil-
lan.*
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of Naples.*
Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor.*
Adrian, and Francisco, *Lords.*
Caliban, *a Salvage, and deformed Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jester.*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship, Boat-Swain, and Marriners.
Miranda, *Daughter to Prospero.*
Ariel, *an aiery Spirit.*
Iris. }
Ceres. }
Juno: } *Spirits.*
Nymphs. }
Reapers. }

SCENE, *an uninhabited Island.*

T H E



T H E
T E M P E S T .

A C T I S C E N E I .

A tempestuous Noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswain.

M A S T E R .



Boatswain.

Boats. Here Master: What cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to th' Mariners: Fall too't, yarely, or we run our selves a-ground, bestir, bestir. *[Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Hey my Hearts, cheerly my Hearts; yare, yare; take in the Top-sail; tend to th' Master's Whistle; Blow 'till thou burst thy Wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswain have care: Where's the Master?
Play the Men.

Boats. I pray now keep below.

Ant. Where is the Master, Boson?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our Labour; Keep your Cabins; you do assist the Storm.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boats. When the Sea is; hence. What care these Roarers for the Name of King? To Cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than my self. You are a Counsellor; if you can command these Elements to Silence, and work the Peace of the present, we will not hand a Rope more; use your Authority: If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make your self ready in your Cabin for the Mischance of the Hour, if it so hap. Cheerly good Hearts: Out of our way, I say. [Exit]

Gonz. I have great Comfort from this Fellow; methinks he hath no drowning Mark upon him; his Complexion is perfect Gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the Rope of his Destiny our Cable, for our own do but little Advantage: If he be not born to be hang'd, our Case is miserable. [Exit]

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the Top-Mast: Yare, lower, lower, bring her to try with Main-course. A Plague———

A cry within. *Enter Sebastian, Anthonio and Gonzalo.* upon this Howling: They are louder than the Weather, or our Office. Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a Mind to sink?

Sebas. A pox o' your Throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable Dog.

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang Cur, hang, you Whoreson insolent Noise maker; we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger than a Nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched Wench.

Boats. Lay her a hold, a hold; set her two Courses off to Sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost, to Prayers, to Prayers, all lost.

Boats. What must our Mouths be cold?

Gon. The King and Prince are at Prayers, let's assist them for our Case is theirs. *Sebas.*

Sebas. I'm out of Patience.

Ant. We are meerly cheated of our Lives by Drunkards, This wide-chopt Rascal——would thou might'st lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet, Though every Drop of Water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him. [*A confused Noise within.* Mercy on us.

We split, we split: Farewel my Wife and Children, Farewel Brother: We split, we split, we split.

Ant. Let's all sink with the King.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand Furlongs of Sea for an Acre of barren Ground: Long Heath, brown Furze, any thing; the Wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry Death. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my dearest Father) you have Put the wild Waters in this Roar, allay them: The Sky it seems would pour down stinking Pitch, But that the Sea, mounting to the Welkins Cheek, Dashes the Fire out. Oh! I have suffered With those that I saw suffer: A brave Vessel (Who had, no doubt, some noble Creature in her) Dash'd all to Pieces. Oh! the Cry did knock Against my very Heart: Poor Souls, they perish'd. Had I been any God of Power, I would Have sunk the Sea within the Earth, or e'er It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and The fraughting Souls within her.

Pro. Be collected; No more Amazement; tell your piteous Heart, There's no harm done.

Mira. O wo, the Day.

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in Care of thee (Of thee my dear one, thee my Daughter) who Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am; nor that I am more better

Than *Prospero*, Master of a full poor Cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my Thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis true,
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy Hand,
And pluck my magick Garment from me: So!
Lye there my Art. Wipe thou thine Eyes, have Comfort,
The direful Spectacle of the Wrack, which touch'd
The very Virtue of Compassion in thee,
I have with such Compassion in mine Art
So safely order'd, that there is no Soul lost,
No not so much Perdition as an Hair
Betide to any Creature in the Vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink:
Sit down, for thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
And left me to the bootless Inquisition;
Concluding, Stay; not yet.

Pro. The Hour's now come,
The very Minute bids thee ope thine Ear,
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this Cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three Years old,

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other House, or Person?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy Remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a Dream, than an Assurance
That my Remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five Women once that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: But how is it
That this lives in thy Mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and Abyssme of Time?
If thou remembrest ought e'er thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not,

Pro. Twelve Year since, *Miranda*, twelve Year since

Thy Father was the Duke of *Millan*, and
A Prince of Power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Pro. Thy Mother was a piece of Virtue, and
She said thou wast my Daughter, and thy Father
Was Duke of *Millan*, and his only Heir,
And Princess; no worse issu'd,

Mira. O the Heav'ns,
What foul Play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

Pro. Both, both, my Girl:
By foul Play (as thou sayest) were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly help hither,

Mira. O my Heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my Remembrance. Please you, farther.

Pro. My Brother and thy Uncle, call'd *Anthony*;
I pray thee mark me, that a Brother should
Be so perfidious! He, whom next thy self
Of all the World I lov'd, and to him put
The Manage of my State; as at that time
Through all the Signories it was the first,
And *Prospero* the prime Duke, being so reputed
In Dignity; and for the Liberal Arts,
Without a Parallel; those being all my Study;
The Government I cast upon my Brother,
And to my State grew Stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret Studies. Thy false Uncle,
(Dost thou attend)?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant Suits,
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping; new created
The Creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the Key
Of Officer and Office, set all Hearts o'th' State
To what Tune pleas'd his Ear, that now he was
The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunk,
And suckt my Verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee mark me:

I thus neglecting worldly Ends, all dedicated
 To Closeness, and the bettering of my Mind
 With that which but by being retired
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate; in my false Brother
 Awak'd an evil Nature, and my Trust,
 Like a good Parent, did beget of him
 A Falshood in its contrary, as great
 As my Trust was; which had indeed no Limit,
 A Confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
 Not only with what my Revenue yielded,
 But what my Power might else exact; like one
 Who having into Truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a Sinner of his Memory
 To credit his own Lie, he did believe
 He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
 And executing th' outward Face of Royalty
 With all Prerogative. Hence his Ambition growing;
 Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your Tale, Sir, would cure Deafness.

Pro. To have no Screen between this Part he plaid,
 And him he plaid it for; he needs will be
 Absolute *Millan*; me, poor Man, my Library
 Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal Royalties
 He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
 (So dry he was for Sway) wi' th' King of *Naples*
 To give him annual Tribute, do him Homage,
 Subject his Coronet to his Crown, and bend
 The Dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poor *Millan*!)
 To much ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the Heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his Condition, and th' Event, then tell me
 If this might be a Brother.

Mira. I should sin,
 To think but nobly of my Grand-mother;
 Good Wombs have born bad Sons.

Pro. Now the Condition:
 This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
 To me inveterate, hearkens my Brother's Suit;
 Which was, That he in lieu o'th' Premises,
 Of Homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine

Out of the Dukedom, and confer fair *Millan*,
 With all the Honours, on my Brother. Whereon
 A treacherous Army levy'd, one Mid-night
 Fated to th' Purpose, did *Antonio* open
 The Gates of *Millan*, and i' th' dead of Darkness
 The Minister for th' Purpose hurry'd thence
 Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack for pity!

I not remembering how I cry'd out then
 Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
 That wrings mine Eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
 And then I'll bring thee to the present Business
 Which now's upon's, without the which this Story
 Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
 That Hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, Wench;
 My Tale provokes that Question. Dear, they durst not;
 So dear the Love my People bore me: Nor set
 A Mark so bloody on the Business; but
 With Colours fairer painted their foul Ends.
 In few; they hurry'd us aboard a Bark,
 Bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd
 A rotten Carcass of a Boat, not rigg'd,
 Nor Tackle, nor Sail, nor Mast; the very Rats
 Instinctively had quit it: There they hoist us
 To cry to th' Sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
 To th' Winds, whose Pity fighting back again
 Did us but loving Wrong.

Mira. Alack! what Trouble
 Was I then to you?

Pro. O! a Cherubim
 Thou wast that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,
 Infused with a Fortitude from Heav'n,
 When I have deck'd the Sea with Drops full salt,
 Under my Burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
 An undergoing Stomach, to bear up
 Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we a-shore?

Pro. By Providence divine;

Some Food we had, and some fresh Water, that
 A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*,
 Out of his Charity (who being then appointed
 Master of this Design) did give us, with
 Rich Garments, Linnens, Stuffs, and Necessaries
 Which since have steeded much. So of his Gentleness,
 Knowing I lov'd my Books, he furnish'd me
 From mine own Library, with Volumes, that
 I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
 But ever see that Man.

Pro. Now I arise,
 Sit still, and hear the last of our Sea-sorrow.
 Here in this Island we arriv'd, and here
 Have I, thy School-master, made thee more profit
 Than other Princes can, that have more Time
 For vainer Hours, and Tutors, not so careful.

Mira. Heav'ns thank you for't. And now I pray you, Sir,
 (For still 'tis beating in my Mind) your Reason
 For raising this Sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
 By Accident most strange, bountiful *Fortune*
 (Now my dear Lady) hath mine Enemies
 Brought to this Shore: And by my Prescience
 I find, my *Zenith* doth depend upon
 A most auspicious Star, whose Influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my Fortunes
 Will ever after droop: Here cease more Questions,
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good Dulness,
 And give it way; I know thou canst not chuse.
 Come away, Servant, come; I am ready now,
 Approach, my *Ariel*. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great Master, grave Sir, hail! I come
 To answer thy best Pleasure. Be it to fly;
 To swim, to dive into the Fire; to ride
 On the curl'd Clouds: To thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his Quality.

Pro. Hast, thou, Spirit,
 Perform'd to point the Tempest that I bad thee?

Ari. To every Article.

I boarded the King's Ship; Now on the Beak,
 Now in the Wasse, the Deck, in every Cabin,
 I flam'd Amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
 And burn in many Places; on the Top-mast,
 The Yards and Bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meet, and join. *Jove's* Lightning, the Precursors
 O'th' dreadful Thunder-claps more momentary
 And Sight out-running were not; the Fire and Cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
 Seem to besiege, and make his bold Waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My brave Spirit.

Who was so firm, so constant, that this Coyl
 Would not infect his Reason?

Ari. Not a Soul

But felt a Feaver of the mad, and plaid
 Some Tricks of Desperation: All but Mariners
 Plung'd in the foaming Brine, and quit the Vessel,
 Then all a-fire with me: The King's Son *Ferdinand*
 With Hair up-staring (then like Reeds, not Hair)
 Was the first Man that leapt; cry'd Hell is empty, and
 All the Devils are here.

Pro. Why that's my Spirit:

But was not this nigh Shore?

Ari. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, safe?

Ari. Not a Hair perished:

On their sustaining Garments not a Blemish,
 But fresher than before. And as thou badst me,
 In Troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the Isle:
 The King's Son have I landed by himself,
 Whom I left cooling of the Air with Sighs,
 In an odd Angle of the Isle, and sitting,
 His Arms in this sad Knot.

Pro. Of the King's Ship,

The Mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
 And all the rest o'th' Fleet?

Ari. Safely in Harbour,

Is the King's Ship; in the deep Nook, where once
 Thou call'dst me up at Midnight, to fetch Dew
 From the still-vest *Bermoothes*, there she's hid:

The Mariners all under Hatches stowed,
 Who, with a Charm join'd to their suffered Labour,
 I have left asleep; and for the rest o'th' Fleet
 (Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
 And are upon the *Mediterranean* Flote,
 Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
 Supposing that they saw the King's Ship wrackt,
 And his great Person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy Charge
 Exactly is perform'd; but there's more Work:
 What is the Time o'th' Day?

Ari. Past the mid Season.

Pro. At least two Glasse: The time 'twixt six and now
 Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more Toil? Since thou dost give me Pains,
 Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moodie?
 What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My Liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? No more.

Ari. I prethee
 Remember I have done thee worthy Service,
 Told thee no Lies, made thee no Mistakings, serv'd
 Without or Grudge, or Grumblings; thou didst promise
 To bate me a full Year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
 From what a Torment I did free thee? *Ari.* No,

Pro. Thou dost; and thinkest it much to tread the
 Ooze of the salt Deep;
 To run upon the sharp Wind of the North,
 To do me Business in the Veins o'th' Earth
 When it is bak'd with Frost.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: Hast thou forgot
 The foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
 Was grown into a Hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so: I must

Once in a Month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For Mischiefs manifold, and Sorceries too terrible
To enter human Hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd: For one thing she did
They would not take her Life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd Hag was hither brought with Child,
And here was left by th' Sailors; thou my Slave,
As thou report'st thy self, wast then her Servant.
And, for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd Commands,
Refusing her grand Hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most unmittigable Rage,
Into a cloven Pyne; within which Rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen Years; within which Space she dy'd,
And left thee there: Where thou didst vent thy Groans
As fast as Mill Wheels strike. Then was this Island
(Save for the Son that she did litter here
A frekel'd Whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human Shape.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her Son.

Pro. Dull Thing, I say so: He, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keep in Service. Thou best know'st
What Torment I did find thee in; thy Groans
Did make Wolves howl, and penetrate the Breasts
Of ever-angry Bears; it was a Torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: It was mine Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oak
And peg thee in his knotty Entrails, 'till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve Winters.

Ari. Pardon, Master.

I will be correspondent to Command,
And do my Spriting gently.

Pro. Do so: And after two Days
I will discharge thee.

Ari.

Ari. That's my noble Master:
What shall I do? Say what? What shall I do?

Pro. Go make thy self like to a Nymph o'th' Sea.
Be subject to no Sight but thine, and mine: Invisible
To every Eye-ball else. Go take this Shape,
And hither come in't: Go, hence
With Diligence. [Exit]

Pro. Awake, dear Heart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.

Mira. The Strangeness of your Story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
We'll visit *Caliban*, my Slave, who never
Yields us kind Answer.

Mira. 'Tis a Villain, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot miss him: He does make our Fire,
Fetch in our Wood, and serves Offices
That profit us. What ho! Slave! *Caliban!*
Thou Earth thou! speak.

Cal. (*within.*) There's Wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say, there's other Business for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when?

Enter Ariel like a Water-Nymph.

Fine Apparition: My quaint *Ariel*,
Heark in thine Ear.

Ari. My Lord, it shall be done. [Exit]

Pro. Thou poisonous Slave, got by the Devil himself
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked Dew, as e'er my Mother brush'd
With Ravens Feather from unwholsome Fen,
Drop on you both: A South-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er.

Pro. For this, be sure, to Night thou shalt have Cramps
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy Breath up, Urchins
Shall for that waste of Night, that they may work
All Exercise on thee: Thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as Hony-comb, each Pinch more stinging
Than Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my Dinner;

This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother,
 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first
 Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; Would'st give me
 Water with Berries in't; And teach me how
 To name the bigger Light, and how the less,
 That burn by Day and Night: And then I lov'd thee,
 And shewed thee all the Qualities o' the Isle,
 The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren Place and fertile:
 Curs'd be I that I did so! All the Charms
 Of *Sycorax*; Toads, Beetles, Bats light on you!
 For I am all the Subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own King: And here you sty me
 In this hard Rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest of the Island.

Pro. Thou most lying Slave,
 Whom Stripes may move, not Kindness; I have us'd thee
 (Filth as thou art) with human Care, and lodg'd
 In mine own Cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate
 The Honour of my Child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had been done!
 Thou didst prevent me, I had peopl'd else
 This Isle with *Calibans*.

Mira. Abhorred Slave,
 Which any Print of Goodness will not take,
 Being capable of all Ill: I pitied thee,
 Took Pains to make thee speak, taught thee each Hour
 One thing or other: When thou didst not, Savage,
 Know thine own Meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
 A thing most bruitish, I endow'd thy Purposes
 With Words that made them known. But thy vile Race
 (Tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good Natures
 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
 Deservedly confin'd into this Rock, who hadst
 Deserv'd more than a Prison.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my Profit on't
 Is, I know how to curse: The Red-plague rid you
 For learning me your Language.

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
 Fetch us in Fewel, and be quick, thou wer't best
 To answer other Business: Shrug'st thou, Malice?
 If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly

What

What I command, I'll rack thee with old Cramps;
Fill all thy Bones with Aches, make thee roar,
The Beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.

I must obey, his Art is of such Pow'r,
It would control my Dam's God *Setebos*;
And make a Vassal of him.

Pro. So Slave, hence.

[*Exit Caliban*]

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

A R I E L's S O N G.

Come unto these yellow Sands,

And then take Hands:

Curs'd when you have, and kist,

The wild Waves whist;

Foot it featly here and there, and sweet Sprights bear
The Burthen. [Burthen dispersed]

Hark, hark, bough-wawgh: The Watch-Dogs bark,
Bough-wawgh.

Ari. *Hark, hark, I hear the Strain of strutting Chanticleer*
Cry Cock-adoodle-do

Fer. Where should this Musick be? I'th'Air, or th'Earth
It sounds no more: And sure it waits upon
Some God o'th' Island, sitting on a Bank,
Weeping against the King my Father's Wrack.
This Musick crept by me upon the Waters,
Allaying both their Fury, and my Passion
With its sweet Air: Thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather; but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

A R I E L's S O N G.

Full Fathom five thy Father lies

Of his Bones are Coral made:

Those are Pearls that were his Eyes,

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a Sea-change,

Into something rich, and strange.

Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his Knell.

[Burthen: Ding-dong]

Hark now I hear them, ding-dong Bell.

Fer. The Ditty does remember my drown'd Father;
This is no mortal Business, nor no Sound
That the Earth owes: I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed Curtains of thine Eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond.

Mira. What is't, a Spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave Form. But 'tis a Spirit.

Pro. No Wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath such Senses
As we have; such. This Gallant which thou see'st
Was in the Wreck: And but he's something stain'd
With Grief (that's Beauty's Canker) thou might'st call him
A goodly Person. He hath lost his Fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see,
As my Soul prompts it: Spirit, fine Spirit, I'll free thee
Within two Days for this.

Fer. Most sure the Goddess
On whom these Ayres attend. Vouchsafe my Pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this Island,
And that you will some good Instruction give
How I may bear me here: My prime Request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you Wonder,
If you be made, or no?

Mira. No Wonder, Sir,
But certainly a Maid.

Fer. My Language! Heav'ns!
I am the best of them that speak this Speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of *Naples*. He does hear me;
And that he does, I weep: My self am *Naples*,
Who, with mine Eyes (never since at Ebb) beheld
The King my Father wrackt.

Mira. Alack, for Mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, and all his Lords, the Duke of *Millan*

And his brave Son, being twain.

Pro. The Duke of *Millan*

And his more braver Daughter could controll thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first Sight
They have chang'd Eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
I'll set thee free for this. A Word, good Sir,
I fear you have done your self some Wrong: A Word.

Mira. Why speaks my Father so ungently? This
Is the third Man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: Pity move my Father
To be inclin'd my way.

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your Affection not gone forth; I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft Sir, one Word more.

They are both in eithers Pow'r: But this swift Business
I must uneasie make, lest too light winning
Make the Prize light. One Word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me; thou dost here usurp
The Name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy self
Upon this Island, as a Spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a Man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple.
If the ill Spirit have so fair an House,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

Speak not you for him: He's a Traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy Neck and Feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy Food shall be
The fresh-brook Muscles, wither'd Roots, and Husks
Wherein the Acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,

I will resist such Entertainment, 'till
Mine Enemy has more Pow'r.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving*

Mira. O dear Father,
Make not too rash a Trial of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What I say,

My Foot my Tutor? Put thy Sword up, Traitor,
Who mak'st a Shew, but dar'st not strike; thy Conscience

Is possess'd with Guilt: Come from thy Ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this Stick,
And make thy Weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, Father.

Pro. Hence: Hang not on my Garments.

Mira. Sir, have Pity;
I'll be his Surety.

Pro. Silence: One Word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An Advocate for an Impostor? Hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such Shapes as he,
(Having seen but him and *Caliban*) foolish Wench,
To th' most of Men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My Affections
Are then most humble: I have no Ambition
To see a goodlier Man.

Pro. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their Infancy again,
And have no Vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a Dream, are all bound up.
My Father's loss, the Weakness which I feel,
The Wrack of all my Friends, and this Man's Threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my Prison once a Day
Behold this Maid: All Corners else o' th' Earth
Let Liberty make use of; Space enough
Have I, in such a Prison.

Pro. It works: Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*: Follow me.
Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of Comfort,
My Father's of a better Nature, Sir,
Than he appears by Speech: This is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As Mountain Winds; but then exactly do
All Points of my Command.

Ari. To th' Syllable.

Pro. Come follow: Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, *and others.*

Gonz. **B**Eseech you Sir, be merry: You have Cause,
(So have we all) of Joy; for our Escape
Is much beyond our Loss; our Hint of Wo
Is common, every Day, some Sailor's Wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Have just our Theam of Wo: But for the Miracle,
(I mean our Preservation) few in Millions
Can speak like us; Then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our Sorrow with our Comfort.

Alon. Prethee Peace.

Seb. He receives Comfort like cold Porridge.

Ant. The Visitor will not give o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the Watch of his Wit,
By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. On: Tell.

Gon. When every Grief is entertain'd
That's offer'd; comes to the Entertainer——

Seb. A Dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have spoken true
than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a Spend-thrift is he of his Tongue?

Alon. I prethee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of he, or *Adrian*, for a good Wager,
First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cock.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The Wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A Match.

Adr. Though this Island seem to be desert——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: You're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.——

Seb. Yet.

Adr. Yet——

Ant. He could not mis's't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate Temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate Wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The Air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a Fen,

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to Life.

Ant. True, save Means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the Grass looks?
How green?

Ant. The Ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an Eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No: He doth but mistake the Truth totally.

Gon. But the Rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond Credit——

Seb. As many voucht Rarities are.

Gon. That our Garments, being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their Freshness and Glosses, being rather new dy'd than stain'd with salt Water.

Ant. If but one of his Pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his Report.

Gon. Methinks our Garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Affrick*, at the Marriage of the King's fair Daughter *Claribel*, to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet Marriage, and we prosper well in our Return.

Adri. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not since Widow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow? a Pox o'that: How came that Widow in? Widow *Dido*!

Seb. What if he had said Widower *Aeneas*, too?

Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, said you? You make me study that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage*.

Gon. I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His Word is more than the miraculous Harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the Wall, and Houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easie next?

Seb. I think he will carry this Island home in his Pocket and give it his Son for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the Kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our Garments seem no as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the Marriage of your Daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, Widow *Dido*.

Ant. O, Widow *Dido*? Ay, Widow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not my Doublet, Sir, as fresh as the first Day wore it? I mean in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your Daughter's Marriage.

Alon. You cram these Words into mine Ears against The Stomach of my Sense. Would I had never Married my Daughter there! For coming thence My Son is lost, and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from *Italy* removed, I ne'er again shall see her: O thou mine Heir Of *Naples* and of *Millan*, what strange Fish Hath made his Meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the Surges under him,
And ride upon their Backs; he trod the Water,
Whose Enmity he flung aside; and breasted
The Surge most swollen that met him: His bold Head
'Bove the contentious Waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good Arms in lusty Strokes
To th' Shore; that o'er his wave-worn Basis bow'd

As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank your self for this great Loss,
That would not bless our *Europe* with your Daughter,
But rather lose her to an *Affrican*;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your Eye,
Who hath Cause to wet the Grief on't.

Alon. Prethee Peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us: And the fair Soul her self
Weigh'd between Loathness and Obedience, at
Which End o'th' Beam should bow. We have lost your Son
I fear for ever: *Millan* and *Naples* have
More Widows in them of this business making,
Than we bring Men to comfort them:
The Fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o'th' Loss.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,
The Truth you speak doth lack some Gentleness
And Time to speak it in: You rub the Sore
When you should bring the Plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul Weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul Weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the Plantation of this Isle, my Lord.

Ant. He'd sow't with Nettle-feed.

Seb. Or Docks, or Mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would, by contraries,
Execute all things: For no kind of Traffick
Would I admit; no Name of Magistrate;
Letters should not be known; Riches, Poverty,
And use of Service, none; Contract, Succession,
Born, Bound of Land, Tith, Vineyard none;
No use of Metal, Corn, or Wine, or Oyl;
No Occupation, all Men idle, all,

And Women too; but innocent and pure:
No Sovereignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce
Without Sweat or Endeavour. Treason, Felony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or need of any Engine
Would I not have; but Nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all Foyzon, all Abundance
To feed my innocent People.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his Subjects?

Ant. None, Man; all idle; Whores and Knaves.

Gon. I would with such Perfection govern, Sir,
T' excell the Golden Age.

Seb. Save his Majesty.

Ant. Long live *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Prethee no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness, and did it to minister Occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: So you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a Blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of a brave Metal; you would lift the Moon out of her Sphere, if she would continue it five Weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel playing solemn Musick.

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my Lord be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my Discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy.

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine Eyes would with themselves, shut up my Thoughts: I find they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, Sir,

Do not omit the heavy Offer of it;

It seldom visits Sorrow; when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant. We two, my Lord, will guard your Person,
While you take your Rest, and watch your Safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

[*All sleep but Seb. and Ant.*

Seb. What a strange Drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the Quality o'th' Climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our Eye-lids sink? I find
Not my self dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my Spirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by Consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebastian*—— O, what might——no more.
And yet, methinks I see it in thy Face,
What thou shouldst be: The Occasion speaks thee, and
My strong Imagination sees a Crown
Dropping upon thy Head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely

It is a sleepy Language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy Sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange Repose, to be asleep
With Eyes wide open: Standing, speaking, moving;
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'st thy Fortune sleep; die rather: Wink'st
Whilst thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's Meaning in thy Snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my Custom. You
Must be so too, if you heed me; which to do,
Trebbles thee o'er.

Seb. Well: I am standing Water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: To ebb,
Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the Purpose cherish,

Whilst

Whilst thus you mock it; how in stripping it
 You more invest it: Ebbing Men, indeed,
 Most often do so, near the Bottom, run,
 By their own Fear or Sloth.

Seb. Prethee say on,
 The setting of thine Eye and Cheek proclaim
 A Matter from thee; and a Birth, indeed,
 Which throws thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus Sir:
 Although this Lord of weak Remembrance; this
 Who shall be of as little Memory
 When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded
 (For he's a Spirit of Persuasion, only
 Professes to persuade) the King his Son's alive;
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
 As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no Hope
 That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no Hope,
 What great Hope have you? No Hope that way, is
 Another way so high an Hope, that even
 Ambition cannot pierce a Wink beyond,
 But doubt Discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
 That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me who's the next Heir of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribel*.

Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; she that dwells
 Ten Leagues beyond Man's Life; she that from *Naples*
 Can have no Note, unless the Sun were Post,
 The Man i' th' Moon's too slow, 'till new-born Chins
 Be rough, and razorable; she from whom
 We all were Sea-swallow'd, tho' some cast again,
 And by that Destiny to perform an Act;
 Whereof, what's past in Prologue, what to come
 In yours, and my Discharge—

Seb. What Stuff is this? How say you?
 'Tis true, my Brother's Daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
 So is she Heir of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
 There is some Space.

Ant. A Space whose ev'ry Cubit
Seems to cry out, How shall that *Claribel*
Measure us back by *Naples*? keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were Death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Than now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleeps; Lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily
As this *Gonzalo*; I my self could make
A Cough of as deep Chat; O, that you bore
The Mind that I do; what a Sleep were this
For your Advancement? Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your Content
Tender your own good Fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True:
And look how well my Garments fit upon me,
Much feater than before. My Brother's Servants
Were then my Fellows, now they are my Men.

Seb. But for your Conscience.

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lyes that? If 'twere a Kybe
'Twould put me to my Slipper: But I feel not
This Deity in my Bosom. Twenty Consciences
That stand 'twixt me and *Millan*, candied be they,
And melt e'er they molest. Here lyes your Brother,
No better than the Earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient Steel, three Inches of it,
Can lay to Bed for ever: Whilst you doing thus,
To the perpetual Wink for ay might put
This ancient Morfel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our Course. For all the rest
They'll take Suggestion, as a Cat laps Milk;
They'll tell the Clock, to any Business that
We say befits the Hour.

Seb. Thy Case, dear Friend,
Shall be my President: As thou got'st *Millan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy Sword, one Stroke
Shall free thee from the Tribute which thou payest,

And

And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I rear my Hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one Word.

Enter Ariel with Musick and Song.

Ari. My Master through his Art foresees the Danger
That you, his Friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his Project dies) to keep them living.

[*Sings in Gonzalo's Ear*

*While you here do Snoaring lye,
Open-ey'd Conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of Life you keep a Care,
Shake off Slumber, and beware.
Awake, awake,*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King. [*They wake*

Alon. Why how now ho? awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghast'y Looking?

Gon. What's the Matter?

Seb. Whilst we stood here securing your Repose,
Even now we heard a hollow Burst of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lions; did't not wake you?
It strook mine Ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a Din to fright a Monster's Ear;
To make an Earthquake: Sure it was the Roar
Of a whole Herd of Lions.

Alon. Heard you this, *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Upon mine Honour, Sir, I heard a Humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me!
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd, as mine Eyes open'd,
I saw their Weapons drawn: There was a Noife,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our Guard;
Or that we quit this Place; let's draw our Weapons.

Alon. Lead off this Ground, and let's make further Search
For my poor Son.

Gon. Heav'ns keep him from these Beasts:
For he is sure i' th' Island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. *Prospero*, my Lord, shall know what I have done.
So, King, go safely on to seek thy Son. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Caliban with a Burden of Wood; a Noise of Thunder heard.

Cal. All the Infections that the Sun sucks up
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By Inch-meal a Disease: His Spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with Urchin shews, pitch me i' th' Mire,
Nor lead me, like a Fire-brand, in the Dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my Bare-foot-way, and mount
Their pricks at my Foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with cloven Tongues
Do hiss me into Madness. Lo! now! lo! [*Enter Trinculo.*
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing Wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not mind me.

Tri. Here's neither Bush nor Shrub to bear off any Wea-
ther at all, and another Storm brewing; I hear it sing i' th'
Wind: Yond same black Cloud, yond huge one, looks like
a foul Bumbard that would shed his Liquor. If it should
Thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my
Head: Yond same Cloud cannot chuse but fall by Pailfuls.
What have we here, a Man or a Fish? dead or alive? A
Fish; he smells like a Fish: A very ancient and fish-like
Smell. A kind of, not of the newest *Poor John*: A strange
Fish; were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but
this Fish painted, not an Holy-day-fool there but would
give a piece of Silver; there would this Monster make a Man;
any strange Beast there makes a Man: When they will not give
a Doit to relieve a lame Beggar, they will lay out ten to see
a dead *Indian*. Leg'd like a Man! and his Fins like Arms!
warm o' my troth: I do now let loose my Opinion, hold
it no longer; this is no Fish, but an Islander, that hath
lately suffer'd by a Thunderbolt: Alas! the Storm is come
again.

again. My best way is to creep under his Gaberdine: There is no other Shelter hereabout; Misery acquaints a Man with strange Bedfellows: I will here shrowd 'till the Dregs of the Storm be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. *I shall no more to Sea, to Sea, here shall I die a-shore.*
This is a very scurvy Tune to sing at a Man's Funeral: Well, here's my Comfort. [Drinks]

Sings. *The Master, the Swabber, the Boatswain and I,
The Gunner, and his Mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a Tongue with a Tang,
Would cry to a Sailor go hang:
She lov'd not the Savour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Taylor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch.
Then to Sea, Boys, and let her go hang.*

That is a scurvy Tune too:

But here's my Comfort. [Drinks]

Cal. Do not Torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the Matter?

Have we Devils here?

Do you put Tricks upon's with Salvages, and Men of *Inde* ha? I have not scap'd drowning to be afraid now of your four Legs; for it hath been said, as proper a Man as ever went on four Legs cannot make him give Ground; and it shall be said so again, while *Stephano* breathes at Nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with four Legs; who has got, as I take it, an Ague: Where the Devil should he learn our Language? I will give him some Relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Present for any Emperor that ever trod on Neats-Leather.

Cal. Do not Torment me, prethee: I'll bring my Wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his Fit now; and does not talk after the *Wif* fest: He shall taste of my Bottle. If he have never drunk Wine afore, it will go near to remove his Fit: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for

for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little Hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy Trembling: Now *Prosper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your Mouth; here is that which will give Language to you, *Cat*; open your Mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: You cannot tell who's your Friend; open your Chaps again.

Tri. I should know that Voice:
It should be,—

But he is drown'd; and these are Devils; O! defend me!

Ste. Four Legs, and two Voices; a most delicate Monster: His forward Voice now is to speak of his Friend; his backward Voice is to utter foul Speeches, and to detract. If all the Wine in my Bottle will recover him, I will help his Ague: Come! *Amen*, I will pour some in thy other Mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other Mouth call me? Mercy! Mercy! This is a Devil, and no Monster: I will leave him; I have no long Spoon.

Tri. Stephano: If thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good Friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beest *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser Legs: If any be *Trinculo's* Legs, these are they. Thou art very *Trinculo* indeed: How cam'st thou to be the Siege of this Moon-calf? Can he vent *Trinculo's*!

Tri. I took him to be kill'd with a Thunder-stroke; but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano*? I hope now thou art not drown'd: Is the Storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead Moon-calf's Gaberdine, for fear of the Storm: And art thou living, *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* scap'd?

Ste. Prethee do not turn me about, my Stomack is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not Sprights: That's a brave God, and bears Celestial Liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou scape?

How

How cam'st thou hither?

Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a Butt of Sack, which the Sailors heav'd o'er-board by this Bottle! which I made of the Bark of a Tree, with mine own Hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that Bottle, to be thy true Subject for the Liquor is not earthly:

Ste. Here: Swear then how thou escap'dst.

Tri. Swom a-shore, Man, like a Duck; I can swim like a Duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the Book.

Though thou canst swim like a Duck, thou art made like a Goose.

Tri. O *Stephano*, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole Butt, Man; my Cellar is in a Rock by th' Sea-side, where my Wine is hid:

How now, Moon-calf, how does thine Ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from Heav'n?

Ste. Out o' th' Moon, I do assure thee. I was the Man in th' Moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee: My Mistress shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come swear to that; kiss the Book: I will furnish it anon with the new Contents: Swear.

Tri. By this good Light, this is a very shallow Monster I afraid of him? a very shallow Monster:

The Man i' th' Moon?

A most poor credulous Monster:

Well drawn, Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile Inch o' th' Isle; and I will kiss thy Foot: I prethee be my God.

Tri. By this Light, a most perfidious and drunken Monster; when's God's asleep he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy Foot. I'll swear my self thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then: Down, and swear.

Tri. I shall laugh my self to Death at this Puppy-headed Monster: A most scurvy Monster: I could find in my Heart to beat him.

Ste. Come, kiss.

Tri. But that the poor Monster's in drink:
An abominable Monster.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs; I'll pluck thee Berries; I'll fish for thee, and get thee Wood enough.
A plague upon the Tyrant that I serve;
I'll bear him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous Man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a Wonder of a poor Drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow, and I with my long Nails will dig thee Pig-nuts; show thee a Jay's Nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet; I'll bring thee to clustring Filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our Company else being drown'd, we will inherit here; here, bear my Bottle; Fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Caliban sings drunkenly.

Farewel, Master; farewel, farewel.

Tri. A howling Monster; a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more Dams I'll make for Fish,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor scrape Trenchering, nor wash Dish.
Ban', Ban', Cacalyban
Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedom, hey-day, hey-day Freedom, Freedom, hey-day Freedom.

Ste. O brave Monster, lead the way. [Exeunt.]

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

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a Log.

Fer. T H E R E be some Sports are painful, and their Labour
Delight in them sets off: Some kinds of Baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor Matters
Point to rich Ends; this my mean Task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but
The Mistress which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my Labours Pleasures: O she is

Ten times more gentle, than her Father's crabbed;
 And he's compos'd of Harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them up,
 Upon a fore Injunction; my sweet Mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such Baseness
 Had never like Executor; I forget;
 But these sweet Thoughts do even refresh my Labours,
 Most busie least, when I do it.

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a Distance unseen.

Mira. Alas, now pray you,
 Work not so hard; I would the Lightning had
 Burnt up those Logs that thou art enjoyn'd to pile:
 Pray set it down, and rest you; when this burns
 'Twill weep for having weary'd you; my Father
 Is hard at Study, pray now rest your self,
 He's safe for these three Hours.

Fer. O most dear Mistress,
 The Sun will set before I shall discharge
 What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
 I'll bear your Logs the while. Pray give me that,
 I'll carry it to the Pile.

Fer. No, precious Creature,
 I had rather crack my Sinews, break my Back,
 Than you should such Dishonor undergo,
 While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,
 As well as it does you; and I should do it
 With much more Ease; for my good-will is to it,
 And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor Worm, thou art infected,
 This Visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistress, 'tis fresh Morning with me,
 When you are by at Night. I do beseech you;
 Chiefly that I might set it in my Prayers,
 What is your Name?

Mira. Miranda. O my Father,
 I have broke your Hest to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
 Indeed the Top of Admiration, worth

What's dearest to the World; full many a Lady
 I have ey'd with best Regard, and many a time
 Th' Harmony of their Tongues hath into Bondage
 Brought my too diligent Ear; for several Virtues
 Have I lik'd several Women, never any
 With so full Soul, but some Defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest Grace she ow'd,
 And put it to the Foil. But you, O you,
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created
 Of every Creatures best.

Mira. I do not know
 One of my Sex; no Woman's Face remember,
 Save, from my Glass, mine own; nor have I seen
 More that I may call Men, than you good Friend,
 And my dear Father; how Features are abroad
 I am skilless of; but my Modesty,
 The Jewel in my Dower, I would not wish
 Any Companion in the World but you;
 Nor can Imagination form a Shape,
 Besides your self, to like of; but I prattle
 Something too wildly, and my Father's Precepts
 I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my Condition,
 A Prince, *Miranda*, I do think a King;
 I would not so, and would no more endure
 This wooden Slavery, than to suffer
 The Flesh-flie blow my Mouth. Hear my Soul speak;
 The very instant that I saw you, did
 My Heart fly to your Service, there resides
 To make me Slave to it, and for your sake
 Am I this patient Log-man.

Mira. Do you love me!

Fer. O Heav'n, O Earth, bear Witness to this Sound,
 And crown what I profess with kind Event,
 If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
 What best is boaded me, to Mischief; I,
 Beyond all limit of what else i'th' World,
 Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a Fool
 To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair Encounter

Of two most rare Affections! Heav'ns rain Grace
On that which breeds between 'em.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine Unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seeks to hide it self,
The bigger Bulk it shews. Hence bashful Cunning,
And prompt me plain and holy Innocence.

I am your Wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll dye your Maid: To be your Fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your Servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistrefs, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My Husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a Heart so willing
As Bondage e'er of Freedom; here's my Hand.

Mira. And mine, with my Heart in't; and now farewell
'Till half an Hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoycing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my Book,
For yet e'er Supper-time must I perform
Much Business appertaining.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the Butt is out we will drink
Water, not a Drop before; therefore bear up, and board
'em, Servant Monster; drink to me.

Trin. Servant Monster! the Folly of this Island! they say
there's but five upon this Isle; we are three of them, if the
other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Ste. Drink, Servant Monster, when I bid thee; thy Eyes
are almost set in thy Head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave
Monster indeed if they were set in his Tail.

Ste. My Man-monster hath drown'd his Tongue in Sack;
for my Part the Sea cannot drown me. I swam, e'er I could
recover

recover the Shore, five and thirty Leagues, off and on; by this Light thou shalt be my Lieutenant, Monster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant, if you list, he's no Standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lye like Dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy Life, if thou beest a good Moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy Honour? Let me lick thy Shooe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant Monster, I am in case to justle a Constable; why, thou debosh'd Fish, thou, was there ever Man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sack as I to Day? wilt thou tell me a monstrous Lie, being but half a Fish and half a Monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: Wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to Death, I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keep a good Tongue in your Head; if you prove a Mutineer, the next Tree—the poor Monster's my Subject, and he shall not suffer Indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd once again to hearken to the Suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am Subject to a Tyrant, A Sorcerer, that by his Cunning hath cheated me Of the Island,

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting Monkey thou; I would my valiant Master would destroy thee; I do not lie.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's Tale, By this Hand, I will supplant some of your Teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle,

From me he got it. If thy Greatness will
Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd?

Canst thou bring me to the Party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my Lord, I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a Nail into his Head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pyde Ninny's this? Thou scurvy Patch!
I do beseech thy Greatness give him Blows,
And take his Bottle from him; when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but Brine, for I'll not shew him
Where the quick Freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further Danger:
Interrupt the Monster one Word further, and by this Hand
I'll turn my Mercy out o' Doors, and make a Stock-fish of
thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing;
I'll go no further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he ly'd:

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take you that.

[*Beats him.*]

As you like this, give me the Lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the Lie; out o' your Wits and
Hearing too?

A pox o' your Bottle, this can Sack and Drinking do:
A murrain on your Monster, and the Devil take your
Fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale; prethee stand fur-
ther off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further; come proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a Custom with him
I' th' Afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his Books; or with a Log
Batter his Skull, or paunch him with a Stake,
Or cut his Wezand with thy Knife. Remember

First to possess his Books; for without them
 He's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
 One Spirit to command: They all do hate him
 As rootedly as I. Burn but his Books;
 He has brave Utensils, for so he calls them,
 Which when he has an House, he'll deck withal.
 And that most deeply to consider, is
 The Beauty of his Daughter; he himself
 Calls her a Non-pareil: I never saw a Woman
 But only *Sycorax* my Dam, and she;
 But she as far surpasseth *Sycorax*
 As greatest does the least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Lass?

Cal. Ay, Lord; she will become thy Bed, I warrant,
 And bring thee forth brave Brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this Man: His Daughter and I
 will be King and Queen, save our Graces; and *Trinculo* and
 thy self shall be Vice-Roys.

Dost thou like the Plot, *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy Hand; I am sorry I beat thee:
 But while thou liv'st keep a good Tongue in thy Head.

Cal. Within this half Hour will he be asleep;
 Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine Honour.

Ari. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of Pleasure:
 Let us be jocund. Will you troul the Catch
 You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy Request, Monster, I will do Reason,
 And Reason: Come on, *Trinculo*, let us sing. [Sings.]

*Flout 'em, and cout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
 Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the Tune.

[Ariel plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.]

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the Tune of our Catch, plaid by the Pi-
 cture of No-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a Man, shew thy self in thy Likeness:
 If thou be'st a Devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgive me my Sin.

Ste. He that dies pays all Debts: I defie thee.
Mercy on us.

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the Isle is full of Noises,
Sounds, and sweet Airs, that give Delight, and hurt not,
Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
Will hum about mine Ears; and sometimes Voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long Sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,
The Clouds methought would open, and shew Riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave Kingdom to me,
Where I shall have my Musick for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by:
I remember the Story.

Trin. The Sound is going away;
Let's follow it, and after do our Work.

Ste. Lead, Monster;
We'll follow. I would I could see this Taborer:
He lays it on,

Trin. Wilt come?
I'll follow *Stephano*.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old Bones ake: Here's a Maze trod indeed
Through Forth-rights and Meanders: By your Patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my self attach'd with Weariness
To th' dulling of my Spirits; sit down and rest:
Even here I will put off my Hope, and keep it
No longer for my Flatterer: He is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate Search on Land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of Hope.
Do not, for one Repulse, forego the Purpose
That you resolv'd t' effect.

Seb. The next Advantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to Night;

For, now they are oppress'd with Travel, they
Will not, nor cannot use such Vigilance
As when they are fresh.

*Solemn and strange Musick, and Prospero on the Top invisible.
Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet; and
dance about it with gentle Actions of Salutations, and in-
viting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Seb. I say to Night: No more.

Alon. What Harmony is this? My good Friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musick!

Alon. Give us kind Keepers, Heav'ns; what are these?

Seb. A living Drollery. Now I will believe

That there are Unicorns; that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phœnix Throne, one Phœnix
At this Hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:

And what does else want Credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though Fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such Islanders:
(For certes these are People of the Island)
Who tho' they are of monstrous Shape, yet note
Their Manners are more gentle kind, than of
Our human Generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than Devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,

Such Shapes, such Gesture, and such Sound, expressing,
Although they want the use of Tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb Discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fra. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their Viands behind; for we have Stomachs
Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith Sir, you need not fear. When we were Boys
Who would believe that there were Mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like Bulls, whose Throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of Flesh? or that there were such Men
Whose Heads stood in their Breasts? which now we find
Each Putter out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my Lord, the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariel like a Harpy, claps his
Wings upon the Table, and with a quaint Device the Ban-
quet vanishes.

Ari. You are three Men of Sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to Instruments this lower World,
And what is in't, the never-surfeited Sea
Hath caus'd to belch you up; and on this Island,
Where Man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst Men
Being most unfit to live: I have made you mad;
And even with such like Valour Men hang and drown
Their proper selves: You Fools, I and my Fellows
Are Ministers of Fate; the Elements
Of whom your Swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud Winds, or with bemockt-at Stabs
Kill the still closing Waters, as diminish
One Dowe that's in my Plume: My Fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your Swords are now too massie for your Strength,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
For that's my Business to you, that you three
From *Millan* did supplant good *Prospero*;
Expos'd unto the Sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent Child: For which foul Deed
The Powers delaying, not forgetting, have

Incens'd the Seas and Shores, yea, all the Creatures,
 Against your Peace: Thee of thy Son, *Alonso*,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
 Lingring Perdition, worse than any Death
 Can be at once, shall Step by Step attend
 You and your Ways, whose Wraths to guard you from,
 Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else falls
 Upon your Heads, is nothing but Heart's-sorrow,
 And a clear Life ensuing.

*He vanishes in Thunder: Then, to soft Musick, Enter the
 Shapes again, and dance with Mocks and Mowes, and car-
 rying out the Table.*

Pro. Bravely the Figure of this Harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a Grace it had devouring:
 Of my Instruction hast thou nothing bated
 In what thou hadst to say: So with good Life,
 And Observation strange, my meaner Ministers
 Their several Kinds have done; my high Charms work,
 And these, mine Enemies, are all knit up
 In their Distractions: They now are in my Power;
 And in these Fits I leave them, while I visit
 Young *Ferdinand*, whom they suppose is drown'd,
 And his, and my lov'd Darling.

Gon. I'th' Name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
 in this strange Stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
 Methought the Billows spoke, and told me of it;
 The Winds did sing it to me, and the Thunder,
 That deep and dreadful Organ-pipe, pronounc'd
 The Name of *Prosper*: It did base my Trespas,
 Therefore my Son i'th' Ooze is bedded; and
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er Plummet founded,
 And with him there lye mudded.

[*Exit.*

Seb. But one Fiend at a time,
 I'll fight their Legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy Second.

[*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great Guilt,
 Like Poison giv'n to work a great time after,
 Now 'gins to bite the Spirits. I do beseech you,
 That are of suppler Joints, follow them swiftly,

And

And hinder them from what this Extasie
May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt omnes*]

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

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. **I**F I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your Compensation makes Amends; for I
Have given you here a Third of mine own Life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I render to thy Hand: All thy Vexations
Were but my Trials of thy Love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the Test. Here afore Heav'n
I ratifie this my rich Gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will out-strip all Praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my Gift, and thine own Acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter.
If thou dost break her Virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious Ceremonies may,
With full and holy Rite, be ministred,
No sweet Aspersions shall the Heav'ns let fall
To make this Contract grow; but barren Hate,
Sour-ey'd Disdain, and Discord shall bestrew
The Union of your Bed with Weeds so lothly
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heed,
As *Hymen's* Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet Days, fair Issue, and long Life,
With such Love as 'tis now, the murkiest Den,
The most opportune Place, the strong'st Suggestion,
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
Mine Honour into Lust, to take away
The Edge of that Day's Celebration,
When I shall think or *Phæbus* Steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke;
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own:
What, *Ariel*; my industrious Servant, *Ariel*.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent Master? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner Fellows, your last Service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another Trick; go bring the Rabble,
O'er whom I give thee Power, here, to this Place;
Incite them to quick Motion, for I must
Bestow upon the Eyes of this young Couple
Some Vanity of mine Art; it is my Promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a Twink.

Ari. Before you can say Come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, So, so;
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with Mop and Mow.
Do you love me, Master? No.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*; do not approach
'Till thou do'st hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[*Exit*]

Pro. Look thou be true; do not give Dalliance
Too much the Rein; the strongest Oaths are Straw
To th' Fire i' th' Blood: Be more Abstemious,
Or else good-night your Vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold Virgin-Snow, upon my Heart,
Abates the Ardours of my Liver.

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariel*, bring a Corolary,
Rather than want a Spirit, appear, and pertly. [*Soft Musick*.
No Tongue; all Eyes; be silent.

Enter Iris.

Iris. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, the rich Leas
Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oats, and Pease;
Thy turfy Mountains, where live nibling Sheep,
And flat *Medes* thetch'd with Stover, them to keep;
Thy Banks with pioned, and tulip'd Brims,
Which spongy *April*, at thy Hest betrimms,

To make cold Nymphs chaste Crowns; and thy Broom-grove
 Whose Shadow the dismissed Batchelor loves,
 Being Lafs-lorn; thy pole-clipt Vineyard,
 And thy Sea-marge steril, and rocky hard,
 Where thou thy self do'st Air; the Queen o' th' Sky,
 Whose watry Arch, and Messenger, am I,
 Bids thee leave these, and with her Sov'raign Grace,
 Here on this Grass-plot, in this very Place [*Juno descends*]
 To come, and sport; her Peacocks fly amain:
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail many-colour'd Messenger, that ne'er
 Do'st disobey the Wife of *Jupiter*:
 Who, with thy Saffron Wings, upon my Flowers
 Diffusest Honey Drops, refreshing Showers,
 And with each end of thy blue Bow do'st Crown
 My bosky Acres, and my unshrub'd Down,
 Rich Scarf to my proud Earth; why hath thy Queen
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd Green?

Iris. A Contract of true Love to celebrate,
 And some Donation freely to estate
 On the bless'd Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heav'nly Bow,
 If *Venus* or her Son, as thou do'st know,
 Do now attend the Queen? since they did plot
 The Means, that dusky *Dis*, my Daughter, got:
 Her, and her blind Boy's scandal'd Company,
 I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her Society
 Be not afraid; I met her Deity
 Cutting the Clouds towards *Paphos*, and her Son
 Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
 Some wanton Charm upon this Man and Maid,
 Whose Vows are, that no Bed-right shall be paid
 Till *Hymen's* Torch be lighted; but in vain
Mars's hot Minion is return'd again;
 Her waspish-headed Son has broke his Arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with Sparrows,
 And be a Boy right-out.

Cer. Highest Queen of State,
 Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her Gate.

Ju. How does my bounteous Sister? Go with me
To bless this Twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their Issue. [*They sing.*]

Ju. Honour, Riches, Marriage Blessing,
Long Continuance and encreasing,
Hourly Joys be still upon you,
Juno sings her Blessings on you:
Earth's Increase, and Foyzon plenty,
Barns and Garners never empty,
Vines, with clustring Bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly Burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very End of Harvest:
Scarcity and Want shall shun you,
Ceres Blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestick Vision, and
Harmonious charmingly; may I be bold
To think these Spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I have from all their Confines call'd, to enact
My present Fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd Father, and a Wife,
Makes this Place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, Silence:
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
Or else our Spell is marr'd.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send *Iris* on *Employment.*

Iris. You Nymphs call'd *Nayades* of the winding Brooks,
With your sedg'd Crowns, and ever-harmless Looks,
Leave your crisp Channels, and on this Green-land
Answer your Summons, *Juno* does Command:
Come, temperate Nymphs, and help to celebrate
A Contract of true Love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen, of *August* weary,
Come hither from the Furrow, and be merry;
Make Holy-day; your Rye-straw Hats put on,
And these fresh Nymphs encounter every one
In Country footing.

Enter

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful Dance; towards the End whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which to a strange, hollow and confused Noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foul Conspiracy
Of the Beast *Caliban*, and his Confederates,
Against my Life; the Minute of their Plot
Is almost come. Well done, avoid; no more.

Fer. This is strange; your Father's in some Passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never 'till this Day
Saw I him touch'd with Anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my Son, in a mov'd sort;
As if you were dismay'd; be chearful, Sir,
Our Revels now are ended: These our Actors,
As I foretold you, were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Air, into thin Air;
And like the baseless Fabrick of their Vision,
The Cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
The solemn Temples, the great Globe it self,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a Rack behind; we are such Stuff
As Dreams are made on, and our little Life
Is rounded with a Sleep. Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my Weakness, my old Brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my Infirmary;
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose; a Turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating Mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish you Peace. [Exit.

Pro. Come with a Thought; I thank thee, *Ariel*: Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy Thoughts I cleave to; what's thy Pleasure?

Pro. Spirit, we must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ari. Ay, my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these *Varlets*?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of Valour, that they smote the Air
For breathing in their Faces; beat the Ground
For kissing of their Feet; yet always bending
Towards their Project: Then I beat my Tabor,
At which, like unbackt Colts, they prickt their Ears,
Advanc'd their Eye-lids, lifted up their Noses,
As they smelt Musick; so I charm'd their Ears,
That, Calf-like, they my Lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd Briars, sharp Furzes, pricking Goss and Thorns,
Which enter'd their frail Shins: At last I left them
I' th' filthy mantled Pool beyond your Cell,
There dancing up to th' Chins, that the foul Lake
O'er-stunk their Feet.

Pro. This was well done, my Bird;
Thy Shape invifible retain thou ftill;
The Trumpry in my Houfe, go bring it hither,
For ftale to catch thefe Thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

[*Exit.*]

Pro. A Devil, a born Devil, on whose Nature
Nurture can never ftick; on whom my Pains,
Humanly taken, all, all loft, quite loft;
And as, with Age, his Body uglier grows,
So his Mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: Come, hang them on this' Line.

*Enter Ariel loaden with gliftering Apparel, &c. Enter
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blind Mole may not
hear a Foot fall; we now are near his Cell.

Ste. Monster, your *Fairy*, which you fay is a harmlefs *Fairy*,
Has done little better than plaid the *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all Horfe-pifs, at which
My Nofe is in great Indignation.

Ste. So is mine: Do you hear, Monster? If I fhould
Take a Difpleafure againft you; look you——

Trin. Thou wert but a loft Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy Favour ftill:
Be patient, for the Prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this Mifchance; therefore fpeak softly;
All's hufht as Midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lofe our Bottles in the Pool.

Ste. There is not only Disgrace, and Dishonour in that Monster, but an infinite Loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting:
Yet this is your harmless *Fairy*, Monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my Bottle,
Tho' I be o'er Ears for my Labour.

Cal. Prethee, my King, be quiet: Seest thou here
This is the Mouth o' th' Cell; no Noise, and enter;
Do that good Mischief which may make this Island
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy Foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy Hand;
I do begin to have bloody Thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*! O Peer! O worthy *Stephano*!
Look what a Wardrobe here is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone, thou Fool, it is but Trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, Monster; we know what belongs to a Frippery, O King *Stephano*.

Ste. Put off that Gown, *Trinculo*, by this Hand I'll have that Gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.

Cal. The Dropsie drown this Fool; what do you mean
To doat thus on such Luggage? Let's alone,
And do the Murder first: If he awake,
From Toe to Crown he'll fill our Skins with Pinches;
Make us strange Stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, Monster. Mistress Line, is not this my Jerkin? Now is the Jerkin under the Line: Now Jerkin you are like to lose your Hair, and prove a bald Jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by Line and Level, and 't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that Jest, here's a Garment for't; Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am King of this Country: Steal by Line and Level, is an excellent Pass of Pates; there's another Garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come put some Lime upon your Fingers and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't; we shall lose our Time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes,
With Foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your Fingers; help to bear this away, where my Hoghead of Wine is, or I'll turn you out of my Kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A Noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of Hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountain, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury; there Tyrant, there; hark, hark; Go, charge my Goblins that they grind their Joints With dry Convulsions, shorten up their Sinews With aged Cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them, Than Pard, or Cat o' Mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this Hour Lye at my Mercy all mine Enemies: Shortly shall all my Labours end, and thou Shalt have the Air at Freedom; for a little Follow, and do me Service.

[*Exeunt*]

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

Enter Prospero in his Magick Robes, and Ariel.

Pro. **N**OW does my Project gather to a head: My Charms crack not; my Spirits obey, and Time Goes upright with his Carriage: How's the Day?

Ari. On the sixth Hour, at which time, my Lord, You said our Work should cease.

Pro. I did say so When first I rais'd the Tempest; say, my Spirit, How fares the King and's Followers?

Ari. Confin'd together In the same Fashion as you gave in charge, Just as you left them, all Prisoners, Sir, In the Lime-grove which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot budge 'till you release. The King,

His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
 And the remainder mourning over them,
 Brim-full of Sorrow and Dismay; but chiefly
 Him that you term'd, Sir, the good o'd Lord *Gonzalo*.
 His Tears run down his Beard, like Winter Drops
 From Eaves of Reeds; your Charm so strongly works 'em,
 That if you now beheld them, your Affections
 Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, Spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but Air, a Touch, a Feeling
 Of their Afflictions, and shall not my self,
 One of their Kind, that relish all as sharply
 Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
 Tho' with their high Wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
 Yet, with my nobler Reason, against my Fury,
 Do I take part; the rarer Action is
 In Virtue than in Vengeance; they being penitent,
 The sole Drift of my Purpose doth extend
 Not a Frown further: Go release them, *Ariel*;
 My Charms I'll break, their Senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elves of Hills, Brooks, standing Lakes and Groves,
 And ye that on the Sands with printless Foot
 Do Chase the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
 When he comes back; you Demy-puppets that
 By Moon-shine do the green four Ringlets make,
 Whereof the Ewe not bites; and you whose Pastime
 Is to make Midnight Mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn Curfew, by whose Aid,
 Weak Masters tho' ye be, I have be-dimn'd
 The Noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous Winds,
 And 'twixt the green Sea and the azur'd Vault
 Set roaring War: To the dread rattling Thunder
 Have I given Fire, and risted *Jove's* stout Oak
 With his own Bolt: The strong'd bas'd Promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the Spurs pluckt up
 The Pine and Cedar: Graves at my Command
 Have wak'd their Sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth

By my so potent Art. But this rough Magick
 I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
 Some heav'nly Musick, which even now I do,
 To work mine end upon their Senses, that
 This airy Charm is for, I'll break my Staff,
 Bury it certain Fadoms in the Earth,
 And deeper than did ever Plummet sound
 I'll drown my Book.

[*Solemn Musick.*

Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantick Gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the Circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks:

A solemn Air, and the best Comforter
 To an unsetled Fancy, cure thy Brains,
 Now useles, boil within thy Skull; there stand,
 For you are spell-stopr.
 Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable Man,
 Mine Eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
 Fall fellowly Drops: The Charm dissolves apace,
 And as the Morning steals upon the Night,
 Melting the Darkness, so their rising Senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant Fumes that mantle
 Their clearer Reason. O good *Gonzalo*,
 My true Preserver, and a loyal Sir
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy Graces
 Home both in Word and Deed. Most cruelly
 Didst thou, *Alonso*, use me, and my Daughter:
 Thy Brother was a Furtherer in the Act;
 Thou art pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*. Flesh and Blood,
 You, Brother mine, that entertain'd Ambition,
 Expell'd Remorse and Nature, who with *Sebastian*,
 Whose inward Pinches therefore are most strong,
 Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art. Their Understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching Tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable Shore,
 That now lyes foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me; *Ariel*,
 Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell;

I will discase me, and my self present,
As I was sometime *Millan*: Quickly, Spirit;
Thou shalt e'er long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.
Where the Bee sucks, there suck I;
In a Cowslip's Bell I lye:
There I crouch when Owls do cry.
On the Bat's Back I do fly
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*; I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have Freedom. So, so, so.
To the King's Ship, invisible as thou art;
There shalt thou find the Mariners asleep
Under the Hatches; the Master and the Boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this Place,
And presently, I prethee.

Ari. I drink the Air before me, and return
Or e'er your Pulse twice beat, [Exit,

Gon. All Torment, Trouble, Wonder and Amazement
Inhabits here; some heav'nly Power guide us
Out of this fearful Country.

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Millan*, *Prospero*;
For more Assurance that a living Prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy Body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty Welcome.

Alon. Where thou beest he or no,
Or some enchanted Trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy Pulse
Beats as of Flesh and Blood, and since I saw thee
Th' Affliction of my Mind amends, with which
I fear a Madnes held me; this must crave,
And if this be at all, a most strange Story:
Thy Dukedom I resign, and do intreat
Thou pardon me my Wrongs: But how should *Prospero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble Friend,

Let me embrace thine Age, whose Honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some Subtilties o' th' Isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: Welcome, my Friends all;
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness Frown upon you,
And justifie you Traitors; at this time
I will tell no Tales.

Seb. The Devil speaks in him.

Pro. No!

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call Brother
Would even infect my Mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest Faults; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest *Prospero*,
Give us Particulars of thy Preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who three Hours since
Were wrackt upon this Shore? where I have lost,
(How sharp the Point of this Remembrance is!)
My dear Son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am wo for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the Loss, and Patience
Says, it is past her Cure.

Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her Help, of whose soft Grace,
For the like Loss, I have her soveraign Aid,
And rest my self content.

Alon. You the like Loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and insupportable
To make the dear Loss, have I Means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my Daughter.

Alon. A Daughter?

Oh Heavens! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there; that they were, I wish
My self were mudded in that Oozy Bed
Where my Son lyes. When did you lose your Daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceive these Lords
 At this Encounter do so much admire,
 That they devour their Reason, and scarce think
 Their Eyes do Offices of Truth, their Words
 Are natural Breath; but howsoever you have
 Been jostled from your Senses, know for certain
 That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
 Which was thrust forth of *Millan*; who most strangely
 Upon this Shore, where you were wrackt, was landed
 To be the Lord on't. No more yet of this;
 For 'tis a Chronicle of Day by Day,
 Not a Relation for a Breakfast, nor
 Befitting this first Meeting. Welcome, Sir;
 This Cell's my Court; here have I few Attendants,
 And Subjects none abroad; pray you look in;
 My Dukedom since you have given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing,
 At least, bring forth a Wonder, to content ye,
 As much as me my Dukedom.

*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing
 at Chess.*

Mira. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest Love,
 I would not for the World.

Mira. Yes, for a score of Kingdoms you should wrangle,
 And I would call it fair Play,

Alon. If this prove
 A Vision of the Island, one dear Son
 Shall I twice lose,

Seb. A most high Miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten, they are merciful;
 I have curs'd them without Cause.

Alon. Now all the Blessings
 Of a glad Father compass thee about;
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O Wonder!

How many goodly Creatures are there here?
 How beauteous Mankind is! O brave new World,
 That has such People in't,

Pro. 'Tis new to thee,

Alon. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st Acquaintance cannot be three Hours;
Is she the Goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is Mortal;
But by Immortal Providence she's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my Father
For his Advice; nor thought I had one: She
Is Daughter to this famous Duke of *Millan*,
Of whom so often I have heard Renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second Life; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers;
But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must ask my Child Forgiveness?

Pro. There, Sir, stop;
Let us not burthen our Remembrances with
An Heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke e'er this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this Couple drop a blessed Crown:
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the Way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say *Amen, Gonzalo.*

Gon. Was *Millan* thrust from *Millan*, that his Issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O rejoyce
Beyond a common Joy, and set it down
With Gold on lasting Pillars: In one Voyage
Did *Claribel* her Husband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand*, her Brother, found a Wife,
Where he himself was lost; *Prospero*, his Dukedom,
In a poor Isle; and all of us, our selves,
When no Man was his own.

Alon. Give me your Hands:
Let Grief and Sorrow still embrace his Hearts,
That doth not wish you Joy.

Gon. Be it so, *Amen.*

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look Sir, look, here is more of us!
prophecy'd, if a Gallows were on Land

This Fellow could not drown: Now, Blasphemy,
That swear'st Grace o'er-board, not an Oath on Shore.
Hast thou no Mouth by Land?

What is the News?

Boats. The best News is, that we have safe found
Our King and Company; the next, our Ship,
Which but three Glasses since we gave out split,
Is tite, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.

Ari. Sir, all this Service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey Spirit.

Alon. These are not natural Events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger: Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you: We were dead of sleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under Hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several Noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling Chains,
And more diversity of Sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at Liberty;
Where we, in all our Trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant Ship; our Master
Capring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,
Even in a Dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my Diligence; thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a Maze as e'er Men trod,
And there is in this Business more than Nature
Was ever Conduct of; some Oracle
Must rectifie our Knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infect your Mind with beating on
The strangeness of this Business; at pickt Leisure,
Which shall be shortly single, I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd Accidents; 'till when, be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, Spirit;
Set *Caliban* and his Companions free:
Untie the Spell. How fares my gracious Sir?

There are yet missing of your Company
Some few odd Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stollen Apparel.

Ste. Every Man shift for all the rest, and let
No Man take care for himself; for all is
But Fortune: *Coragio*, Bully-Monster, *Coragio*.

Trin. If these be true Spies which I wear in my Head,
Here's a goodly Sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave Spirits indeed!
How fine my Master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my Lord *Antonio*!
Will Mony buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the Badges of these Men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This mishapen Knave,
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controul the Moon, make Flows and Ebbs,
And deal in her Command without her Power:
These three have robb'd me, and this Demy-Devil,
For he's a Bastard one, had plotted with them
To take my Life; two of these Fellows you
Must know and own, this thing of Darknes I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to Death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunk now:
Where had he Wine?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling-ripe; where should they
Find this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I fear me will never out of my Bones;
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not; I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o' th' Isle, Sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
As in his Shape: Go, Sirrah, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions; as you look
To have my Pardon, trim it handsomly.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for Grace. What a thrice double Afs
Was I to take this Drunkard for a God?
And worship this dull Fool?

Pro. Go to, away.

Alon. Hence, and bestow your Luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highness and your Train
To my poor Cell; where you shall take your Rest
For this one Night, which, Part of it, I'll waste
With such Discourse, as I not doubt shall make it
Go quick away; the Story of my Life,
And the particular Accidents gone by
Since I came to this Isle: And in the Morn
I'll bring you to your Ship; and so to *Naples*.
Where I have hope to see the Nuptials
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Millan*, where
Every third Thought shall be my Grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the Story of your Life, which must
Take the Ear strangely.

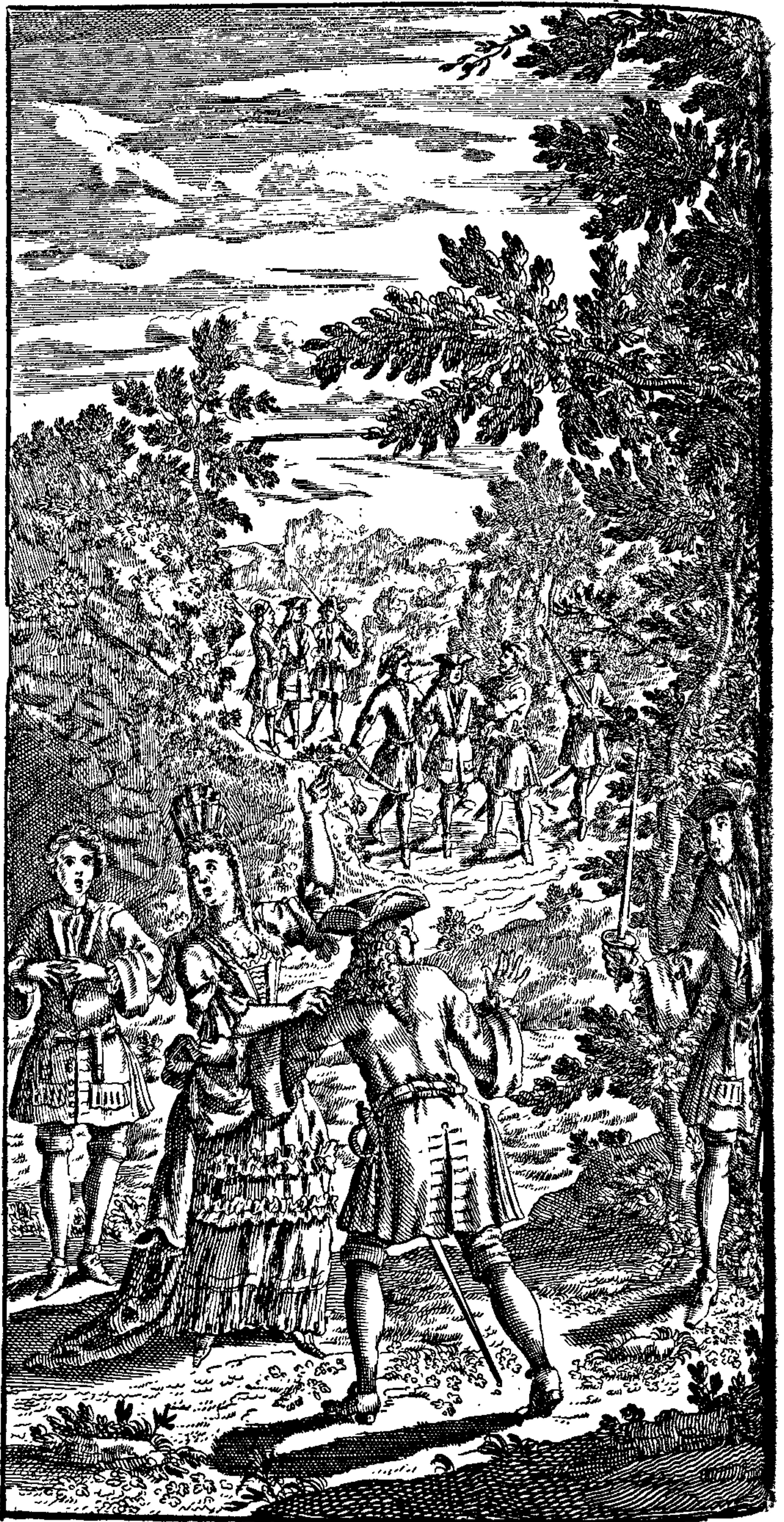
Pro. I'll deliver all,
And promise you calm Seas, auspicious Gales,
And Sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royal Fleet far off: My *Ariel*, Chick,
That is thy Charge; then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well. Please you draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPIL O G U E,

Spoken by *Prospero*.

NO W, now my Charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what Strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: Now 'tis true
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the Deceiver, dwell
In this bare Island by your Spell;
But release me from my Bands,
With the help of your good Hands.
Gentle Breath of yours, my Sails
Must fill, or else my Project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, Arts to enchant;
And my ending is Despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by Prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it self, and frees all Faults.
As you from Crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.



THE TWO
GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the Year 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE, *Father to Silvia.*

Valentine, }
Protheus, } *the two Gentlemen.*

Anthonio, *Father to Protheus.*

Thurio, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*

Eglamore, *Agent for Silvia in her Escape.*

Host, *where Julia lodges.*

Out-laws *with Valentine.*

Speed, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*

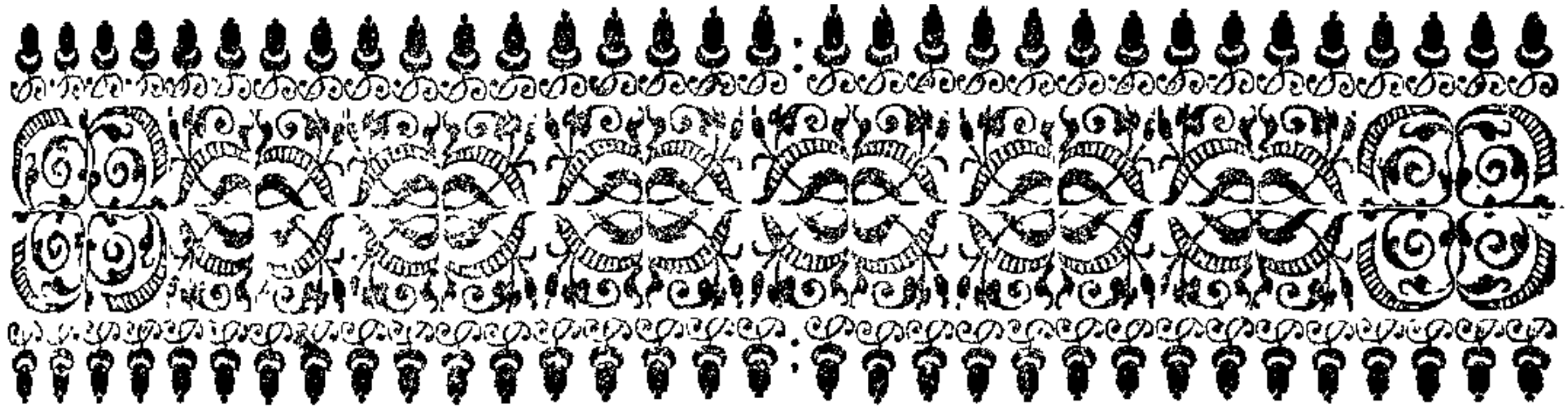
Launce, *the like to Protheus.*

Panthion, *Servant to Anthonio.*

Julia, *beloved of Protheus.*

Silvia, *beloved of Valentine.*

Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*



THE TWO
GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

VALENTINE.



EASE to persuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping Youth have ever homely Wits;
Wer't not Affection chains thy tender Days,
To the sweet Glances of thy honour'd Love,
I rather would intreat thy Company,
To see the Wonders of the World abroad,

Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy Youth with shapeless Idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine*, adieu;
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou haply seest
Some rare Note-worthy Object in thy Travel:
Wish me Partaker in thy Happiness
When thou dost meet good Hap; and in thy Danger,
If ever Danger do environ thee,

Commend thy Grievance to my holy Prayers;
For I will be thy Bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a Love-book pray for my Success?

Pro. Upon some Book I love I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow Story of deep Love,
How young *Leander* cross'd the *Hellepont*.

Pro. That's a deep Story of a deeper Love;
For he was more than over Shoes in Love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over Boots in Love,
And yet you never swom the *Hellepont*.

Pro. Over the Boots? Nay, give me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in Love where Scorn is bought with Groe
Coy Looks, with heart-fore Sighs; one fading Moment's Mir
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious Nights,
If haply won, perhaps an hapless Gain:
If lost, why then a grievous Labour won;
However, but a Folly bought with Wit,
Or else a Wit by Folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your Circumstance, you call me Fool.

Val. So, by your Circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis Love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your Master; for he masters you.
And he that is so yoked by a Fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for Wise.

Pro. Yet Writers say, as in the sweetest Bud
The eating Canker dwells; so eating Love
Inhabits in the finest Wits of all.

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker, e'er it blow;
Even so by Love the young and tender Wit
Is turn'd to Folly, blasting in the Bud,
Losing his Verdure even in the Prime,
And all the fair Effects of future Hopes.
But wherefore waste I Time to counsel thee,
That art a Votary to fond Desire?

Once more adieu: My Father at the Road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let us take our Leave.

At *Millan* let me hear from thee by Letters
Of thy Success in Love; and what News else
Betideth here in Absence of thy Friend:
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All Happiness bechance to thee in *Millan*.

Val. As much to you at home; and so farewell. [Exit.

Pro. He after Honours hunts, I after Love;
He leaves his Friends, to dignifie them more;
I love my self, my Friends, and all for Love.
Thou *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my Studies, lose my Time,
War with good Counsel, set the World at nought;
Made Wit, with Musing, weak; Heart sick, with Thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir *Prothens*, save you; saw you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for *Millan*.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have plaid the Sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a Sheep doth very often stray,
And if the Shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my Master is a Shepherd then,
and I a Sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my Horns are his Horns, whether I
wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly Answer, and fitting well a Sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a Sheep.

Pro. True; and thy Master a Shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a Circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The Shepherd seeks the Sheep, and not the Sheep
the Shepherd; but I seek my Master, and my Master seeks
not me; therefore I am no Sheep.

Pro. The Sheep for Fodder follow the Shepherd, the
Shepherd for Food follows not the Sheep; thou for Wages
followest thy Master, thy Master for Wages follows not
thee; therefore thou art a Sheep.

Speed. Such another Proof will make me cry *Baa*.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my Letter to *Julia*?

Speed. Ay, Sir; I, a lost-Mutton, gave your Letter to
her, a lac'd-Mutton; and she, a lac'd-Mutton, gave me, a
lost-Mutton, nothing for my Labour.

Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of Mut-
tons.

Speed. If the Ground be over-charg'd, you were best stick
her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound
you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, less than a Pound shall serve me for car-
rying your Letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the Pound, a Pin-fold.

Speed. From a Pound to a Pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a Letter to your Lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. Ay.

Pro. Nod-I; why, that's Noddy.

Speed. You mistook, Sir, I said she did nod:
And you ask me if she did nod, and I said, Ay.

Pro. And that set together, is Noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the Pains to set it together,
take it for your Pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the Letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the Letter very orderly,
Having nothing but the Word Noddy for my Pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick Wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow Purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the Matter in brief; what said
she?

Speed. Open your Purse, that the Mony and the Matter
may be both deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your Pains; what said she?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No, not so much as a Ducket for delivering your Letter,
And being so hard to me that brought your Mind,
I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling her Mind.

Give her no Token but Stones; for she's as hard as Steel.

Pro. What said she, nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as take this for thy Pains:
To testifie your Bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me:

In requital whereof, henceforth carry your Letter your self: And so, Sir, I'll commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier Death on Shore.

I must go send some better Messenger:

I fear my *Julia* would not deign my Lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless Post.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E . II.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in Love?

Luc. Ay, Madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair Resort of Gentlemen,
That every Day with Parle encounter me,
In thy Opinion which is worthiest Love?

Luc. Please you repeat their Names, I'll shew my Mind,
According to my shallow simple Skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir *Eglamour*?

Luc. As of a Knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine,

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Luc. Well of his Wealth; but of himself so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what Folly reigns in us.

Jul. How now? what means this Passion at his Name?

Luc. Pardon, dear Madam; 'tis a passing Shame,
That I, unworthy Body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely Gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your Reason?

Luc. I have no other but a Woman's Reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my Love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your Love not cast away.

Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his Love but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not shew their Love.

Luc. Oh, they love least that let Men know their Love.

Jul. I would I knew his Mind.

Luc. Peruse this Paper, Madam.

Jul. To *Julia*; say, from whom?

Luc. That the Contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir *Valentine's* Page; and sent, I think, from *Protheus*.
He would have given it you, but I being in the Way,
Did in your Name receive it; pardon the Fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my Modesty, a goodly Broker;
Dare you presume to harbour wanton Lines?
To whisper and conspire against my Youth?
Now trust me, 'tis an Office of great Worth,
And you an Officer fit for the Place.
There; take the Paper; see it be return'd,
Or else return no more into my Sight.

Luc. To plead for Love deserves more Fee than Hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate.

[*Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had o'er-look'd the Letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a Fault, for which I chid her.
What Fool is she that knows I am a Maid,
And would not force the Letter to my View?
Since Maids, in Modesty, say No to that
Which they would have the Profferer construe, Ay,
Fie, fie; how way-ward is this foolish Love,
That, like a testy Babe, will scratch the Nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the Rod?
How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here?
How angerly I taught my Brow to frown,
When inward Joy enforc'd my Heart to smile?
My Penance is, to call *Lucetta* back,
And ask Remission for my Folly past.
What ho! *Lucetta!*

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your Ladyship?

Jul. Is't near Dinner-time?

Luc.

Luc. I would it were,
That you might kill your Stomach on your Meat,
And not upon your Maid.

Jul. What is't that you
Took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a Paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that Paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lye for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Unless it have a false Interpreter.

Jul. Some Love of yours hath writ to you in Rime.

Luc. That I might sing it, Madam, to a Tune;
Give a Note; your Ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such Toys as may be possible;
Best sing it to the Tune of *Light O Love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a Tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some Burthen then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your Song:
How now Minion?

Luc. Keep Tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this Tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, Madam, 'tis too sharp.

Jul. You, Minion, are too sawcy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the Concord with too harsh a Descant:
There wanteth but a Mean to fill your Song.

Jul. The Mean is drown'd with your unruly Base.

Luc. Indeed I bid the base for *Protheus*.

Jul. This Babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a Coil with Protestation!

Go, get you gone; and let the Papers lye:
You would be fingring them to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another Letter.

[Exit.

Jul.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
 Oh hateful Hands, to tear such loving Words;
 Injurious Wasps, to feed on such sweet Honey,
 And kill the Bees that yield it with your Stings!
 I'll kiss each several Paper for amends:
 Look, here is writ, kind *Julia*; unkind *Julia*!
 As in revenge of thy Ingratitude,
 I throw thy Name against the bruising Stones,
 Trampling contemptuously on thy Disdain.
 And here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*.
 Poor wounded Name; my Bosom, as a Bed,
 Shall lodge thee 'till thy Wound be thoroughly heal'd;
 And thus I search it with a sovereign Kiss.
 But twice or thrice was *Protheus* written down:
 Be calm, good Wind, blow not a Word away,
 'Till I have found each Letter in the Letter,
 Except mine own Name: That some Whirl-wind bear
 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging Rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
 Lo, here in one Line is his Name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, passionate Protheus:
To the sweet Julia: That I'll tear away;
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining Names:
 Thus will I fold them one upon another:
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, Dinner is ready, and your Father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these Papers lye, like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
 Yet here they shall not lye for catching cold.

Jul. I see you have a Month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, Madam, you may say what Sights you see:
 I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, wilt please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Enter Anthonio *and* Panthion.

Ant. Tell me, *Panthion*, what sad Talk was that
Wherewith my Brother held you in the Cloyster?

Pant. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your Lordship
Would suffer him to spend his Youth at home,
While other Men of slender Reputation
Put forth their Sons to seek Preferment out:
Some to the Wars, to try their Fortune there;
Some to discover Islands far away;
Some to the studious Universities,
For any, or for all these Exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, your Son, was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great Impeachment to his Age,
In having known no Travel in his Youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this Month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of Time;
And how he cannot be a perfect Man,
Not being try'd, nor tutor'd in the World:
Experience is by Industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift Course of time;
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think your Lordship is not ignorant,
How his Companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperor in his Royal Court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your Lordship sent him thither;
There shall he practise Tilts and Turnaments;
Hear sweet Discourse, converse with Noblemen,
And be in Eye of every Exercise
Worthy his Youth, and Nobleness of Birth.

Ant. I like thy Counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The Execution of it shall make known;

Even with the speediest Expedition
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's Court.

Pant. To Morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other Gentlemen of good Esteem,
Are journeying to salute the Emperor,
And to commend their Service to his Will.

Ant. Good Company: With them shall *Protheus* go.
And in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet Love, sweet Lines, sweet Life;
Here is her Hand, the Agent of her Heart;
Here is her Oath for Love, her Honour's Pawn.
O that our Fathers would applaud our Loves,
To seal our Happiness with their Consents.
Oh heav'nly *Julia*!

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a Word or two
Of Commendation sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a Friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter; let me see what News.

Pro. There is no News, my Lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, Partner of his Fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his Wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordship's Will,
And not depending on his friendly Wish.

Ant. My Will is something sorted with his Wish:
Mufe not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an End. |
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentino* in the Emp'ror's Court:
What Maintenance he from his Friends receives,
Like Exhibition thou shalt have from me:
To Morrow be in readiness to go.
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you deliberate a Day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of Stay; to Morrow thou must go.
Come on, *Panthion*; you shall be employ'd

To hasten on his Expedition. [Exe. Ant. and Pant.]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the Fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my Father *Julia's* Letter,
Lest he should take Exceptions to my Love;
And with the vantage of mine own Excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my Love.
Oh, how this Spring of Love resembleth
The uncertain Glory of an *April* Day,
Which now shews all the Beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a Cloud takes all away.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, your Father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is: My Heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers no. [Exeunt.]

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

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. SIR, your Glove.

Val. Not mine; my Gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha? let me see: Ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament that decks a Thing divine.

Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia*!

Speed. Madam *Silvia*! Madam *Silvia*!

Val. How now Sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why Sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your Worship, Sir, or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to Sir, tell me, do you know Madam *Silvia*?

Speed. She that your Worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in Love?

Speed. Marry, by these special Marks: First, you have
learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your Arms like a Male-
content, to relish a Love-Song like a *Robin-red-breast*, to
walk

walk alone like one that had the Pestilence, to sigh like a School-boy that had lost his *A, B, C*, to weep like a young Wench that had lost her Grandam, to fast like one that takes Diet, to watch like one that fears robbing, to speak puling like a Beggar at *Hollowmas*: You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a Cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the Lions; when you fasted, it was presently after Dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of Mony: And now you are metamorphos'd with a Mistress, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my Master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were so simple, none else would: But you are so without these Follies, that these Follies are within you, and shine through you like the Water in an Urinal; that not an Eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment on your Malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at Supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? Even she I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not so fair, Boy, as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough,

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her Beauty is exquisite,
But her Favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all Count.

Val. How painted? and how out of Count?

Speed. Marry Sir, so painted to make her fair, that no Man counts of her Beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her Beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed.

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O that you had mine Eyes,
or your own Eyes had the Lights they were wont to have,
when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present Folly, and her passing Deformity:
For he, being in Love, could not see to garter his
Hose; and you, being in Love, cannot see to put on your
Hose.

Val. Belike, Boy, then you are in Love; for last Morn-
ing you could not see to wipe my Shoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in Love with my Bed; I thank
you, you swing'd me for my Love, which makes me the
bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In Conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your Affection would
cease.

Val. Last Night she enjoin'd me
To write some Lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, Boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent Motion! Oh exceeding Puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and Mistrefs, a thousand Good-morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye Good-ev'n; here's a million of Manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and Servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her Interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you have injoin'd me, I have writ your Letter
Unto the secret, nameless Friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my Duty to your Ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle Servant, 'tis very Clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, Madam, it came hardly off:

For

For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much Pains?

Val. No, Madam, so it steed you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet—

Sil. A pretty Period; well, I guess the Sequel;
And yet I will not name it, and yet I care not,
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aside.*]

Val. What means your Ladyship?
Do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the Lines are very quaintly writ;
But, since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, Ay? you writ them, Sir, at my Request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your Ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over;
And if it please you, so; if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, Madam, what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your Labour;
And so Good-morrow, Servant. [*Exit.*]

Speed. Oh Jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a Nose on a Man's Face, or a Weathercock on a Steeple;
My Master sues to her, and she hath taught her Tutor,
He being her Pupil, to become her Tutor:
Oh excellent Device! was there ever heard a better?
That my Master being Scribe,
To himself should write the Letter?

Val. How now, Sir?

What are you reasoning with your self?

Speed. Nay, I was riming; 'tis you that have the Reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a Spokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your self; why, she woos you by a Figure.

Val. What Figure?

Speed.

Speed. By a Letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,

When she hath made you write to your self?

Why, do you not perceive the Jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, Sir:

But did you perceive her Earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry Word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her Friend.

Speed. And that Letter hath she deliver'd, and there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her, and she in Modesty,
Or else for want of idle Time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some Messenger that might her Mind discover,
Herself hath taught her Love himself to write unto her Lover.
All this I speak in Print; for in Print I found it.

Why muse you, Sir? 'tis Dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd,

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir; though the *Cameleon* Love
can feed on the Air, I am one that am nourish'd by my Victu-
als; and would fain have Meat: Oh be not like your Mi-
stres; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Have Patience, gentle *Julia*.

Jul. I must, where is no Remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:

Keep this Remembrance for thy *Julia's* sake. [*Giving a Ring.*]

Pro. Why then we'll make Exchange;

Here, take you this.

Jul. And seal this Bargain with a holy Kiss.

Pro. Here is my Hand for my true Constancy:

And when that Hour o'er-slips me in the Day,

Wherein I sigh not, *Julia*, for thy sake,

The

The next ensuing Hour some foul Mischance
 Torment me, for my Love's Forgetfulness.
 My Father stays my coming; answer not:
 The Tide is now; nay, not thy Tide of Tears;
 That Tide will stay me longer than I should: [*Exit Julia.*
Julia, farewell. What! gone without a Word?
 Ay, so true Love should do; it cannot speak;
 For Truth hath better Deeds than Words to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come;

Alas! this Parting strikes poor Lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Launce.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this Hour e'er I have done weeping; all the Kind of the *Launces* have this very Fault: I have receiv'd my Proportion, like the prodigious Son, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's Court. I think *Crab*, my Dog, be the sowrest natur'd Dog that lives: My Mother weeping, my Father wailing, my Sister crying, our Maid howling, our Cat wringing her Hands, and all our House in great Perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted Cur shed one Tear: He is a Stone, a very Pibble-stone, and has no more Pity in him than a Dog: A *Few* would have wept to have seen our Parting; why, my Grandam, having no Eyes, look you, wept her self blind at my Parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This Shoe is my Father; no, this left Shoe is my Father; no, no, this left Shoe is my Mother; nay, that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser Sole; this Shoe with the Hole in it is my Mother, and this my Father; a Vengeance on't, there 'tis: Now, Sir, this Staff is my Sister; for look you, she is as white as a Lilly, and as small as a Wand; this Hat is *Nan*, our Maid; I am the Dog; no, the Dog is himself, and I am the Dog: Oh, the Dog is me, and I am my self; ay, so, so: Now come I to my Father; Father, your Blessing: Now should not the Shoe speak a Word for weeping; now should I kiss my Father; well, he weeps on: Now come I to my Mother; oh that she could speak now like a *Would-woman*; well, I kiss her;
 why

why the re 'tis; here's my Mother's Breath up and down: Now come I to my Sister; mark what Moan she makes: Now the Dog all this while sheds not a Tear, nor speaks a Word; but see how I lay the Dust with my Tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. *Launce*, away, away, aboard; thy Master is shipp'd and thou art to post after with Oars: What's the Matter? why weep'st thou, Man? away Afs, you will lose the Tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the Tide were lost, for it is the unkindest Tide that ever any Man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindest Tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my Dog.

Pant. But, Man, I mean, thou'lt lose the Flood; and in losing the Flood, lose thy Voyage; and in losing thy Voyage, lose thy Master; and in losing thy Master, lose thy Service; and in losing thy Service,—Why dost thou stop my Mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy Tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my Tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Pant. In thy Tail.

Laun. Lose the Tide, and the Voyage, and the Master, and the Service, and the Tide; why, Man, if the River were dry, I am able to fill it with my Tears; if the Wind were down, I could drive the Boat with my Sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, Man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio and Speed.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistress.

Speed. Master, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. Ay Boy, it's for Love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do Counterfeits:

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What Instance of the contrary?

Val. Your Folly.

Thu. And how quote you my Folly?

Val. I quote it in your Jerkin.

Thu. My Jerkin is a Doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your Folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*? do you change Colour?

Val. Give him leave, Madam; he is a kind of *Camelion*.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your Blood, than live in your Air.

Val. You have said, Sir.

Thu. Ay Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end e'er you begin.

Sil. A fine Volly of Words, Gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the Giver.

Sil. Who is that, Servant?

Val. Your self, sweet Lady, for you gave the Fire: Sir *Thurio* borrows his Wit from your Ladyship's Looks, And spends what he borrows kindly in your Company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend Word for Word with me, I shall make your Wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir, you have an Exchequer of Words, And, I think, no other Treasure to give your Followers: For it appears, by their bare Liveries, That they live by your bare Words.

Sil. No more, Gentlemen, no more: Here comes my Father.

Enter the Duke:

Duke. Now, Daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset. Sir *Valentine*, your Father is in good Health:

What

What say you to a Letter from your Friends
Of much good News?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankful
To any Messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Antonio*, your Countryman?

Val. Ay, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman
To be of Worth, and worthy Estimation,
And not without Desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a Son?

Val. Ay, my good Lord, a Son that well deserves
The Honour and Regard of such a Father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my self, for from our Infancy
We have convers't, and spent our Hours together:
And tho' my self have been an idle Truant,
Omitting the sweet Benefit of Time,
To clothe mine Age with Angel-like Perfection;
Yet hath Sir *Prothens*, for that's his Name,
Made Use and fair Advantage of his Days:
His Years but young, but his Experience old;
His Head unmellow'd, but his Judgment ripe;
And in a Word, for far behind his Worth
Come all the Praises that I now bestow,
He is compleat in Feature and in Mind,
With all good Grace to grace a Gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, Sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an Empress' Love,
As meet to be an Emperor's Counsellor:
Well, Sir, this Gentleman is come to me,
With Commendation from great Potentates;
And here he means to spend his Time a while.
I think 'tis no welcome News to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his Worth:

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir *Thurio*;

For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:

I will send him hither to you presently. [Exit Duke.]

Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistress
Did hold his Eyes lockt in her Chrystal Looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them

Upon some other Pawn for Fealty.

Val. Nay sure, I think she holds them Prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and being blind,
How could he see his Way to seek out you?

Val. Why Lady, Love hath twenty Pair of Eyes.

Thu. They say that Love hath not an Eye at all.

Val. To see such Lovers, *Thurio*, as your self:
Upon a homely Object Love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the Gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus*: Mistress, I beseech you
Confirm this Welcome with some special Favour.

Sil. His Worth is Warrant for his Welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: Sweet Lady, entertain him
To be my Fellow-servant to your Ladyship.

Sil. Too low a Mistress for so high a Servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady; but too mean a Servant
To have a Look of such a worthy Mistress.

Val. Leave off Discourse of Disability:
Sweet Lady entertain him for your Servant.

Pro. My Duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And Duty never yet did want his Meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless Mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but your self.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Thu. Madam, my Lord, your Father, would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his Pleasure: Come, Sir *Thurio*,
Go with me. Once more, new Servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home Affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your Ladyship.

[*Ex. Sil. and Thu.*]

Val. Now tell me how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your Friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in Health.

Val. How does your Lady? and how thrives your Love?

Pro. My Tales of Love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a Love-discourse.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that Life is alter'd now;
I have done Penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious Thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter Fasts, with penitential Groans,
With nightly Tears and daily heart-fore Sighs:
For in revenge of my Contempt of Love,
Love hath chac'd Sleep from my enthralled Eyes,
And made them Watchers of mine own Heart's Sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Love's a mighty Lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confess
There is no Wo to his Correction;
Nor to his Service, no such Joy on Earth.
Now no Discourse, except it be of Love;
Now can I break my Fast, dine, sup and sleep
Upon the very naked Name of Love.

Pro. Enough: I read your Fortune in your Eye.
Was this the Idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heav'nly Saint?

Pro. No; but she is an-earthly Paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for Love delights in Praise.

Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter Pills,
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the Truth by her: If not divine,
Yet let her be a Principality,
Sovereign to all the Creatures on the Earth.

Pro. Except my Mistrefs.

Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Love.

Pro. Have I not Reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignify'd with this high Honour,
To bear my Lady's Train, lest the base Earth
Should from her Vesture chance to steal a Kiss;
And of so great a Favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the Summer-swelling Flower,
And make rough Winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what Bragadism is this?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus*; all I can is nothing,
To her, whose Worth makes other Worthies nothing:
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the World: Why, Man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a Jewel,
As twenty Seas, if all their Sand were Pearl,
The Water Nectar, and the Rock pure Gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me doat upon my Love.
My foolish Rival, that her Father likes,
Only for his Possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after;
For Love, thou know'st, is full of Jealousie.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betrothed; nay more, our Marriage Hour,
With all the cunning manner of our Flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her Window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the Means
Plotted and 'greed on for my Happiness.
Good *Protheus* go with me to my Chamber,
In these Affairs to aid me with thy Counsel,

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the Road, to disembark
Some Necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

[*Exit Val.*]

Even as one Heat another Heat expels,
Or as one Nail by Strength drives out another;
So the Remembrance of my former Love
Is by a newer Object quite forgotten:
Is it mine then, or *Valentino's* Praise?
Her true Perfection, or my false Transgression,
That makes me reasonless, to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is *Julia*, that I love;
That I did love; for now my Love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen Image 'gainst a Fire,
Bears no Impression of the thing it was:
Methinks my Zeal to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O! but I love his Lady too too much;
And that's the Reason I love him so little.
How shall I doat on her with more Advice,

That

That thus without Advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her Picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazled so my Reason's Light:
But when I look on her Perfections,
There is no Reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring Love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my Skill.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. *Launce*, by mine Honesty welcome to *Padua*.

Laun. Forswear not thy self, sweet Youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a Man is never undone 'till he is hang'd, nor never welcome a to Place, 'till some certain Shot be paid, and the Hostess say Welcome.

Speed. Come on, you Mad-cap; I'll to the Ale-house with you presently, where, for one Shot of five Pence, thou shalt have five thousand Welcomes. But, Sirrah, how did thy Master part with Madam *Julia*?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in Jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a Fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the Matter with them?

Laun. Marry thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an Ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a Block art thou, that thou canst not?
My Staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: Look thee, I'll but lean, and my Staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under, and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a Match?

Laun. Ask my Dog: If he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his Tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The Conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a Secret from me, but by a Parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so: But, *Launce*, how say'st thou, that my Master is become a notable Lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable Lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson Ass, thou mistak'st me.

Laun. Why Fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy Master.

Speed. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himself in Love: If thou wilt go with me to the Alehouse, so; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the Name of a *Christian*.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much Charity in thee as to go the Ale-house with a *Christian*: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy Service. [*Exeunt*,

S C E N E VI.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leave my *Julia*; shall I be forsworn?
 To love fair *Silvia*; shall I be forsworn?
 To wrong my Friend, I shall be much forsworn:
 And ev'n that Pow'r which gave me first my Oath,
 Provokes me to this threefold Perjury.
 Love bad me swear, and Love bids me forswear:
 O sweet suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
 Teach me, thy tempted Subject, to excuse it.
 At first I did adore a twinkling Star,
 But now I worship a celestial Sun:
 Unheedful Vows may heedfully be broken;
 And he wants Wit that wants resolved Will,
 To learn his Wit t' exchange the bad for better:
 Fie, fie, unreverend Tongue, to call her bad,
 Whose Sov'raignty so oft thou hast preferr'd,

With

With twenty thousand Soul-confirming Oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
 But there I leave to love where I should love:
Julia I lose, and *Valentine* I lose:
 If I keep them, I needs must lose my self:
 If I lose them, thus find I but their Loss,
 For *Valentine*, my self, for *Julia*, *Silvia*:
 I to my self am dearer than a Friend;
 For Love is still most precious in it self:
 And *Silvia*, witness Heav'n that made her Fair,
 Shews *Julia* but a swarthy *Ethiope*.
 I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
 Remembring that my Love to her is dead:
 And *Valentine* I'll hold an Enemy,
 Aiming at *Silvia* as a sweeter Friend:
 I cannot now prove constant to my self,
 Without some Treachery us'd to *Valentine*:
 This Night he meaneth, with a corded Ladder,
 To climb celestial *Silvia*'s Chamber-Window,
 My self in Council his Competitor:
 Now presently I'll give her Father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended Flight;
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish *Valentine*;
 For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his Daughter.
 But *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some fly Trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull Proceeding.
 Love lend me Wings, to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me Wit to plot his Drift.

[Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter *Julia* and *Lucetta*.

Jul. Counsel, *Lucetta*; gentle Girl, assist me,
 And even in kind Love I do conjure thee,
 Who art the Table wherein all my Thoughts
 Are visibly Character'd and Engrav'd,
 To lesson me, and tell me some good Mean,
 How with my Honour I may undertake
 A Journey to my loving *Prothens*.

Luc. Alas, the Way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true devoted Pilgrim is not weary

To measure Kingdoms with his feeble Steps,
 Much less shall she, that hath Love's Wings to fly;
 And when the Flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine Perfection as *Sir Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear 'till *Protheus* make Return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his Looks are my Soul's Food?
 Pity the Dearth that I have pined in,
 By longing for that Food so long a time:
 Didst thou but know the inly Touch of Love,
 Thou would'st as soon go kindle Fire with Snow,
 As seek to quench the Fire of Love with Words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your Love's hot Fire,
 But qualifie the Fire's extream Rage,
 Lest it should burn above the Bounds of Reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns:
 The Current that with gentle Murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
 But when his fair Course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet Musick with th' enamel'd Stones,
 Giving a gentle Kiss to every Sedge
 He overtaketh in his Pilgrimage:
 And so by many winding Nooks he strays,
 With willing Sport, to the wild Ocean.
 Then let me go, and hinder not my Course;
 I'll be as patient as a gentle Stream,
 And make a Pastime of each weary Step,
 'Till the last Step have brought me to my Love;
 And there I'll rest, as, after much Turmoil,
 A blessed Soul doth in *Elizium*.

Luc. But in what Habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a Woman; for I would prevent
 The loose Encounters of lascivious Men:
 Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such Weeds
 As may beseem some well-reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladyship must cut your Hair.

Jul. No, Girl; I'll knit it up in silken Strings,
 With twenty odd-conceited true-love Knots:
 To be fantastick, may become a Youth
 Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What Fashion, Madam, shall I make your Breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as tell me, good my Lord,

What

What compass will you wear your Farthingale?

Why, even what Fashion thou best likes, *Lucetta*.

Luc. You must needs have them with a Cod-piece, Madam.

Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta*, that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round Hose, Madam, now's not worth a Pin,
Unless you have a Cod-piece to stick Pins on.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, Wench, how will the World repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a Journey?
I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on Infamy, but go.
If *Protheus* like your Journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:
I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Jul. That is the least, *Lucetta*, of my Fear:
A thousand Oaths, an Ocean of his Tears,
And Instances as infinite of Love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are Servants to deceitful Men.

Jul. Base Men that use them to so base Effect:
But truer Stars did govern *Protheus* Birth;
His Words are Bonds, his Oaths are Oracles,
His Love sincere, his Thoughts immaculate,
His Tears pure Messengers sent from his Heart,
His Heart as far from Fraud as Heav'n from Earth.

Luc. Pray Heav'n he prove so when you come to him.

Jul. Now as thou lov'st me, do him not that Wrong,
To bear a hard Opinion of his Truth;
Only deserve my Love by loving him.
And presently go with me to my Chamber,
To take a Note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing Journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy Dispose,
My Goods, my Lands, my Reputation,
Only in lieu thereof dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not; but to it presently:
I am impatient of my Tarrance.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

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

Enter Duke, Thurio and Protheus.

Duke. SIR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while;
 We have some Secrets to confer about. [*Ex. Thu.*
 Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your Will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I would discover
 The Law of Friendship bids me to conceal;
 But when I call to Mind your gracious Favours
 Done to me, undeserving as I am,
 My Duty pricks me on to utter that,
 Which else no worldly Good should draw from me.
 Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine*, my Friend,
 This Night intends to steal away your Daughter:
 My self am one made privy to the Plot.
 I know you have determin'd to bestow her
 On *Thurio*, whom your gentle Daughter hates:
 And should she thus be stoll'n away from you,
 It would be much Vexation to your Age.
 Thus, for my Duty's sake, I rather chose
 To cross my Friend in his intended Drift,
 Than, by concealing it, heap on your Head
 A pack of Sorrows, which would press you down,
 Being unprepared, to your timeless Grave.

Duke. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest Care;
 Which to requite, command me while I live.
 This Love of theirs my self have often seen,
 Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
 Sir *Valentine* her Company, and my Court:
 But fearing lest my jealous Aim might err,
 And so unworthily disgrace the Man,
 A Rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd;
 I gave him gentle Looks, thereby to find
 That which thy self hast now disclos'd to me.
 And that thou may'st perceive my Fear of this;
 Knowing that tender Youth is soon suggested,
 I nighly lodge her in an upper Tower,

The Key whereof my self have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble Lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her Chamber-Window will ascend,
And with a corded Ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful Lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently:
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my Lord, do it so cunningly,
That my Discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my Friend,
Hath made me Publisher of this Pretence.

Duke. Upon mine Honour, he shall never know
That I had any Light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my Lord; Sir *Valentine* is coming. [*Ex. Pro.*]

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whether away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger
That stays to bear my Letters to my Friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much Import?

Val. The Tenure of them doth but signifie
My Health, and happy being at your Court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some Affairs
That touch me near; wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my Friend, Sir *Thorio*, to my Daughter.

Val. I know it well, my Lord, and sure the Match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the Gentleman
Is full of Virtue, Bounty, Worth and Qualities,
Beseeming such a Wife as your fair Daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me, she is peevish, fullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking Duty,
Neither regarding that she is my Child,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her Father:
And may I say to thee, this Pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my Love from her;
And where I thought the Remnant of mine Age
Should have been cherish'd by her Child-like Duty,

I now am full resolv'd to take a Wife,
 And turn her out to who will take her in:
 Then let her Beauty be her Wedding-Dowre;
 For me and my Possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a Lady in *Verona* here
 Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
 And nought esteems my aged Eloquence:
 Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor,
 For long agoe I have forgot to Court;
 Besides, the Fashion of the Time is chang'd,
 How, and which way I may bestow my self,
 To be regarded in her Sun-bright Eye.

Val. Win her with Gifts, if she respects not Words;
 Dumb Jewels often in their silent kind,
 More than quick Words, do move a Woman's Mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a Present that I sent her.

Val. A Woman sometimes scorns what best contents her;
 Send her another; never give her o'er;
 For Scorn at first makes After-love the more.
 If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
 But rather to beget more Love in you:
 If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
 For why, the Fools are mad if left alone.
 Take no Repulse, whatever she doth say;
 For, Get you gone, she doth not mean away:
 Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their Graces;
 Tho' ne'er so black, say they have Angels Faces.
 That Man that hath a Tongue, I say, is no Man,
 If with his Tongue he cannot win a Woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her Friends
 Unto a youthful Gentleman of worth,
 And kept severely from Resort of Men,
 That no Man hath Access by Day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by Night.

Duke. Ay, but the Doors be lockt, and Keys kept safe,
 That no Man hath Recourse to her by Night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her Window?

Duke. Her Chamber is aloft far from the Ground,
 And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
 Without apparent hazard of his Life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring Hooks,
Would serve to scale another *Hero's* Tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duke. Now as thou art a Gentleman of Blood,
Advise me where I may have such a Ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray Sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very Night; for Love is like a Child
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven a Clock I'll get you such a Ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my Lord, that you may bear it
Under a Cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A Cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good Lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy Cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any Cloak will serve the turn, my Lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a Cloak?
I pray thee let me feel thy Cloak upon me.
What Letter is this same? what's here? to *Silvia*?
And here an Engine fit for my Proceeding?
I'll be so bold to break the Seal for once. [Duke Reads.

*My Thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And Slaves they are to me that send them flying:
Oh, could their Master come, and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where, senseless, they are lying:
My Herald Thoughts in thy pure Bosom rest them,
While I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curse the Grace that with such Grace hath blest them,
Because my self do want my Servants Fortune:
I curse my self, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their Lord would be.*

What's here? *Silvia*, this Night will I infranchise thee:
'Tis so; and here's the Ladder for the Purpose.

Why *Phaëton*, for thou art *Merop's* Son,
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heav'nly Car?
And with thy daring Folly burn the World?
Wilt thou reach Stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base Intruder, over-weening Slave,
 Bestow thy fawning Smiles on equal Mates,
 And think my Patience, more than thy Desert,
 Is Privilege for thy Departure hence:
 Thank me for this, more than for all the Favours
 Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee.
 But if thou linger in my Territories
 Longer than swiftest Expedition
 Will give thee time to leave our Royal Court,
 By Heav'n, my Wrath shall far exceed the Love
 I ever bore my Daughter, or thy self:
 Be gone, I will not hear thy vain Excuse,
 But as thou lov'st thy Life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*]

Val. And why not Death, rather than living Torment?
 To die, is to be banish'd from my self,
 And *Silvia* is my self; banish'd from her
 Is self from self: A deadly Banishment!
 What Light is Light, if *Silvia* be not seen?
 What Joy is Joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
 Unless it be to think that she is by,
 And feed upon the Shadow of Perfection.
 Except I be by *Silvia* in the Night,
 There is no Musick in the Nightingale:
 Unless I look on *Silvia* in the Day,
 There is no Day for me to look upon:
 She is my Essence, and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair Influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I fly not Death to fly his deadly Doom;
 Tarry I here, I but attend on Death;
 But fly I hence, I fly away from Life.

Enter Protheus and Launce.

Pro. Run, Boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. Soa-hough, Soa-hough——

Pro. What see'st thou?

Laun. Him we go to find:

There's not an Hair on's Head but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Lann. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Lann. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Lann. Why, Sir, I'll strike nothing; I pray you.

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend *Valentine*, a Word.

Val. My Ears are stopt, and cannot hear good News,
So much of bad already hath possess't them.

Pro. Then in dumb Silence will I bury mine;
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*:
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworn me:
What is your News?

Lann. Sir, there is a Proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banish'd; oh that's the News,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy Friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this Wo already;
And now Excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, Ay; and she hath offered to the Doom,
Which unrevers'd stands in effectual Force,
A Sea of melting Pearl, which some call Tears:
Those at her Father's churlish Feet she tender'd,
With them upon her Knees, her humble self,
Wringing her Hands, whose Whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for Wo.

But neither bended Knees, pure Hands held up,
Sad Sighs, deep Groans, nor silver-shedding Tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate Sire;

But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her Intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy Repeal was suppliant,
That to close Prison he commanded her,
With many bitter Threats of biding there.

Val. No more, unless the next Word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant Power upon my Life:
If so, I pray thee breathe it in mine Ear,
As ending Anthem of my endless Dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study Help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the Nurse and Breeder of all Good:
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy Love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy Life.
Hope is a Lover's Staff, walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing Thoughts.
Thy Letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white Bosom of thy Love.
The time now serves not to expostulate;
Come, I'll convey thee through the City-gate,
And, e'er I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy Love-affairs:
As thou lov'st *Silvia*, tho' not for thy self,
Regard thy Danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou see'st my Boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-Gate.

Pro. Go Sirrah, find him out: Come *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia*! hapless *Valentine*! [Exeunt.]

Laun. I am but a Fool, look you, and yet I have the
Wit to think my Master is a kind of a Knave: But that's
all one, if he be but one Knave. He lives not now that
knows me to be in love, yet I am in love; but a Teem of
Horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and
yet 'tis a Woman; but what Woman I will not tell my self;
and yet 'tis a Milk-maid; yet 'tis not a Maid, for she hath
had Gossips; yet 'tis a Maid, for she is her Master's Maid,
and serves for Wages: She hath more Qualities than a Wa-
ter-Spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the
Cate-log [Pulling out a Paper] of her Conditions; *Impri-
mis*, She can fetch and carry; why a Horse can do no more,
nay a Horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she
better than a Jade. *Item*, she can milk; look you, a sweet
Virtue in a Maid with clean Hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? What News with your Mastership?

Laun. With my Mastership? Why, it is at Sea.

Speed. Well, your old Vice still; mistake the Word: What News then in your Paper?

Laun. The blackest News that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why Man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as Ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, Jolthead, thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the Son of my Grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate Loiterer, it was the Son of thy Grand-mother; this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come Fool, come, try me in thy Paper.

Laun. There, and *S. Nicholas* be thy Speed.

Speed. *Imprimis*, she can milk.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. *Item*, she brews good Ale.

Laun. And therefore comes the Proverb, *Blessing of your Heart, you brew good Ale.*

Speed. *Item*, she can sowe.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Can she so?*

Speed. *Item*, she can knit.

Laun. What need a Man care for a Stock with a Wench, When she can knit him a Stock?

Speed. *Item*, she can wash and scour.

Laun. A special Virtue, for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. *Item*, she can spin.

Laun. Then may I set the World on Wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. *Item*, she hath many nameless Virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say *Bastard Virtues*, that indeed know not their Fathers, and therefore have no Names.

Speed. Here follow her Vices.

Laun. Close at the Heels of her Virtues.

Speed. *Item*, she is not to be kist fasting, in respect of her Breath.

Laun. Well, that Fault may be mended with a Breakfast:
Read on.

Speed. *Item,* she hath a sweet Mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour Breath.

Speed. *Item,* she doth talk in her Sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her Talk.

Speed. *Item,* she is slow in Words.

Laun. Oh Villain! that set down among her Vices!
To be slow in Words is a Woman's only Virtue:
I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chief Virtue.

Speed. *Item,* she is proud.

Laun. Out with that too:

It was *Eve's* Legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. *Item,* she hath no Teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love Cursts.

Speed. *Item,* she is curst.

Laun. Well, the best is she hath no Teeth to bite.

Speed. *Item,* she will often praise her Liquor.

Laun. If her Liquor be good, she shall; if she will not
I will, for good things should be praised.

Speed. *Item,* she is too liberal.

Laun. Of her Tongue she cannot, for that's writ down
she is slow of; of her Purse she shall not, for that I'll keep
shut; now of another thing she may, and that cannot I
help. Well, proceed.

Speed. *Item,* she hath more Hairs than Wit, and more
Faults than Hairs, and more Wealth than Faults.

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her; she was mine, and not
mine, twice or thrice in that Article. Rehearse that once
more.

Speed. *Item,* she hath more Hair than Wit.

Laun. More Hair than Wit; it may be I'll prove it: The
Cover of the Salt hides the Salt, and therefore it is more
than the Salt; the Hair that covers the Wit is more than the
Wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. And more Faults than Hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous: Oh that that were out.

Speed. And more Wealth than Faults.

Laun. Why that Word makes the Faults gracious:
Well, I'll have her; and if it be a Match, as nothing is
impossible—

Speed. What then?

Lawn. Why then will I tell thee, that thy Master stays for thee at the North-Gate.

Speed. For me?

Lawn. For thee? ay; who art thou? He hath staid for a better Man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Lawn. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? Pox on your Love-Letters.

Lawn. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter: An unmannerly Slave, that will thrust himself into Secrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the Boy's Correction. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that she will love you, Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her Sight.

Thu. Since his Exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my Company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak Impress of Love, is as a Figure Trenched in Ice, which with an Hour's Heat Dissolves to Water, and doth lose his Form. A little time will melt her frozen Thoughts, And worthless *Valentine* shall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir *Protheus*; is your Countryman, According to our Proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good Lord.

Duke. My Daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my Lord, will kill that Grief.

Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not so.

Protheus, the good Conceit I hold of thee, For thou hast shown some sign of good Desert, Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace, Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect

The Match between Sir *Thurio* and my Daughter.

Pro. I do, my Lord.

Duke. And also I do think thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my Will.

Pro. She did, my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the Girl forget
The Love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio*?

Pro. The best way is to slander *Valentine*
With Falshood, Cowardise, and poor Descent:
Three things that Women highly hold in Hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoken in Hate.

Pro. Ay, if his Enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with Circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteems as his Friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my Lord, I shall be loath to do;
'Tis an ill Office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very Friend.

Duke. Where your good Word cannot advantage him,
Your Slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the Office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your Friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my Lord: If I can do it,
By ought that I can speak in his Dispraise,
She shall not long continue Love to him.
But say this wean her Love from *Valentine*,
It follows not that she will love Sir *Thurio*.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her Love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in Worth dispraise Sir *Valentine*.

Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on *Valentine's* Report,
You are already Love's firm Votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your Mind.
Upon this Warrant shall you have Access,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your Friend's sake, will be glad of you;

Where you may temper her, by your Persuasion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my Friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect.

But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not sharp enough;

You must lay Lime, to tangle her Desires

By wailful Sonnets, whose composed Rhimes

Should be full fraught with serviceable Vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the Force of Heav'n-bred Poesie.

Pro. Say, that upon the Altar of her Beauty

You sacrifice your Tears, your Sighs, your Heart:

Write 'till your Ink be dry, and with your Tears

Moist it again, and frame some feeling Line

That may discover such Integrity:

For *Orpheus* Lute was strung with Poets Sinews,

Whose golden Touch could soften Steel and Stones,

Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*

Forfake unfounded Deeps, and dance on Sands:

After your dire-lamenting Elegies,

Visit by Night your Lady's Chamber-Window

With some sweet Consort: To their Instruments

Tune a deploring Dump; the Night's dead Silence

Will well become such sweet complaining Grievance:

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This Discipline shews thou hast been in Love.

Thu. And thy Advice this Night I'll put in practice;

Therefore sweet *Protheus*, my Direction-giver,

Let us into the City presently

To sort some Gentlemen well skill'd in Musick;

I have a Sonnet that will serve the turn

To give the Onset to thy good Advice.

Duke. About it Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace 'till after Supper,

And afterwards determine our Proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it. I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*]

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

S C E N E *a Forest.**Enter certain Out-laws.**1 Out.* FELLOWS, stand fast: I see a Passenger.*2 Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.*Enter Valentine and Speed.**3 Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us that you have about ye: If not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.*Speed.* Sir, we are undone; these are the Villains That all the Travellers do fear so much.*Val.* My Friends.*1 Out.* That's not so, Sir; we are your Enemies.*2 Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.*3 Out.* Ay by my Beard will we; for he is a proper Man.*Val.* Then know that I have little to lose;

A Man I am, cross'd with Adversity;
 My Riches are these poor Habiliments;
 Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
 You take the Sum and Substance that I have.

2 Out. Whither travel you?*Val.* To Verona.*1 Out.* Whence came you?*Val.* From Millan.*3 Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?*Val.* Some sixteen Months, and longer might have staid, If crooked Fortune had not thwarted me.*1 Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?*Val.* I was.*2 Out.* For what Offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
 I kill'd a Man, whose Death I much repent;
 But yet I slew him manfully in Fight,
 Without false Vantage, or base Treachery.

1 Out. Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so, But were you banish'd for so small a Fault?*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a Doom.*2 Out.* Have you the Tongues?

Val. My youthful Travel therein made me happy,
 Or else I often had been miserable.

3. Out.

3 *Out.* By the bare Scalp of *Robin Hood's* fat Friar,
This Fellow were a King for our wild Faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a Word,

Speed. Master, be one of them:

It's an honourable Kind of Thievery.

Val. Peace, Villain.

2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my Fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are Gentlemen,
Such as the Fury of ungovern'd Youth
Thrust from the Company of awful Men:

My self was from *Verona* banished,
For practising to steal away a Lady,
An Heir, and Neice, ally'd unto the Duke.

2 *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my Mood, I stabb'd unto the Heart.

1 *Out.* And I for such like petty Crimes as these.
But to the Purpose; for we cite our Faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless Lives;
And partly seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly Shape, and, by your own Report,
A Linguist, and a Man of such Perfection
As we do in our Quality much want.

2 *Out.* Indeed because you are a banish'd Man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you;
Are you content to be our General?
To make a Virtue of Necessity,
And live as we do in the Wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our Consort?
Say, Ay, and be the Captain of us all:
We'll do thee Homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our Commander and our King.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our Courtesie, thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your Offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no Outrages
On silly Women, or poor Passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base Practises.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our Crews,
And shew thee all the Treasure we have got;
Which, with our selves, all rest at thy Dispose. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already have I been false to *Valentine*,
 'And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*.
 Under the Colour of commending him,
 I have Access my own Love to prefer;
 But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthless Gifts.
 When I protest true Loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my Falshood to my Friend:
 When to her Beauty I commend my Vows,
 She bids me think how I have been forsworn
 In breaking Faith with *Julia*, whom I lov'd.
 And notwithstanding all her sudden Quips,
 The least whereof would quell a Lover's Hope,
 Yet, Spaniel-like, the more she spurns my Love,
 The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
 But here comes *Thurio*: Now must we to her Window,
 And give some Evening Musick to her Ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for you know that Love
 Will creep in Service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own: Now Gentlemen
 Let's turn, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, and Julia in Boys Cloaths.

Host. Now my young Guest; methinks you're allycholly:
 I pray what is it?

Jul. Marry, mine *Host*, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where
 you shall hear Musick, and see the Gentleman that you
 ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be Musick.

Host. Hark, hark.

Jul.

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but Peace, let's hear 'em.

S O N G.

*Who is Silvia? what is she?
That all our Swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she,
The Heav'n such Grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.
Is she kind as she is fair?
For Beauty lives with Kindness.
Love doth to her Eyes repair,
To help him of his Blindness:
And being help'd inhabits there.
Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull Earth dwelling:
To her let us Garlands bring.*

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, Man? the Musick likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the Musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty Youth?

Jul. He plays false, Father.

Host. How, out of tune on the Strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet

So false, that he grieves my very Heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick Ear. (Heart.)

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a flow

Host. I perceive you delight not in Musick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark what fine Change is in the Musick.

Jul. Ay; that Change is the Spight.

Host. You would have them play always but one thing.

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, *Host*, doth this *Sir Protheus*, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this Gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what *Launce*, his Man, told me,
He lov'd her out of all Nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce*?

Host.

Host. Gone to seek his Dog, which to Morrow, by his Master's Command, he must carry for a Present to his Lady.

Jul. Peace, stand aside, the Company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not; I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning Drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint *Gregory's* Well.

Thu. Farewel.

[*Exit Thu. and Music.*]

Enter Silvia above.

Pro. Madam, good Even to your Ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your Musick, Gentlemen:
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, Lady, if you knew his pure Heart's Truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his Voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*?

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle Lady, and your Servant.

Sil. What's your Will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your Wish; my Will is ever this,
That presently you hie you home to Bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal Man,
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy Flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many by thy Vows?
Return, return, and make thy Love amends.
For me, by this pale Queen of Night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy Request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful Suit;
And, by and by, intend to chide my self,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet Love, that I did love a Lady,
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not bury'd.

Sil. Say that she be; yet *Valentine*, thy Friend,
Survives; to whom, thy self art Witness,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy Importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his Grave,
Assure thy self, my Love is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the Earth.

Sil. Go to thy Lady's Grave, and call her thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your Heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my Love,
The Picture that is hanging in your Chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For since the Substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a Shadow;
And to your Shadow will I make true Love.

Jul. If 'twere a Substance you would sure deceive it,
And make it but a Shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your Idol, Sir;
But since your Falshood shall become you well,
To worship Shadows, and adore false Shapes,
Send to me in the Morning, and I'll send it:
And so good Rest.

Pro. As Wretches have o'er Night,
That wait for Execution in the Morn. [*Exeunt Pro. and Sil.*]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my Hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you where lyes Sir *Protheus*?

Host. Marry, at my House:
Trust me, I think 'tis almost Day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest Night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the Hour that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her Mind:
There's some great Matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, Madam.

Enter Silvia above.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your Servant and your Friend;
One that attends your Ladyship's Command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamour*, a thousand times Good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy Lady, to your self:
According to your Ladyship's Impose,

I am thus early come, to know what Service
It is your Pleasure to command me in.

Sil. Oh *Eglamour*, thou art a Gentleman;
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not;
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well-accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good Will
I bear unto the banish'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my Father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very Soul abhor'd.
Thy self hast lov'd, and I have heard thee say,
No Grief did come so near thy Heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true Love dy'd;
Upon whose Grave thou vow'dst pure Chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I hear he makes Abode:
And, for the Ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy Company;
Upon whose Faith and Honour I repose.
Urge not my Father's Anger, *Eglamour*;
But think upon my Grief, a Lady's Grief,
And on the Justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy Match,
Which Heav'n and Fortune still rewards with Plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a Heart
As full of Sorrows as the Sea of Sands,
To bear me Company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your Grievances;
Which, since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give Consent to go along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all Good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This Evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar *Patrick's* Cell;
Where I intend holy Confession.

Egl. I will not fail your Ladyship:
Good Morrow, gentle Lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind *Sir Eglamour*.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Launce.

Laun. **W**HEN a Man's Servant shall play the Cur with him, look you, it goes hard! One that I brought up of a Puppy, one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or Four of his blind Brothers and Sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a Dog. I was sent to deliver him as a Present to Mistress *Silvia*, from my Master; and I came no sooner into the Dining-Chamber, but he steps me to her Trencher, and steals her Capon's-Leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a Cur cannot keep himself in all Companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a Dog indeed, to be, as it were, a Dog at all things. If I had not had more Wit than he, to take a Fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't, sure as I live he had suffer'd for't; you shall judge: He thrusts me himself into the Company of three or four Gentleman-like Dogs, under the Duke's Table; he had not been there, bless the Mark, a pissing while, but all the Chamber smelt him: Out with the Dog, says one; what Cur is that? says another; whip him out, says the third; hang him up, says the Duke: I having been acquainted with the Smell before, knew it was *Crab*, and goes me to the Fellow that whips the Dogs; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the Dog? Ay marry do I, quoth he. You do him the more Wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of; he makes no more ado, but whips me out of the Chamber. How many Masters would do this for his Servant? Nay, I'll be sworn I have fate in the Stocks for Puddings he has stoll'n, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the Pillory for Geese he has kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the Trick you serv'd me when I took my Leave of Madam *Silvia*; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my Leg, and make Water against a Gentlewoman's Farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a Trick?

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. *Sebastian* is thy Name? I like thee well,

And

And will imploy thee in some Service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.

How now, you Whore-Son Pefant,

Where have you been these two Days loitering?

Lann. Marry, Sir, I carry'd Mistress *Silvia* the Dog you bad me.

Pro. And what says she to my little Jewel?

Lann. Marry, she says, your Dog was a Cur, and tells you, currish Thanks is good enough for such a Present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my Dog?

Lann. No indeed she did not:

Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, did'st thou offer her this from me?

Lann. Ay Sir; the other Squirrel was stoll'n from me By the Hangman's Boy in the Market-Place; And then I offer'd her mine own, who is a Dog As big as ten of yours, and therefore the Gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my Dog again, Or ne'er return again into my Sight:

Away, I say; stay'st thou to vex me here?

A Slave, that still an end turns me to Shame. [*Exit Lann.*

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly that I have need of such a Youth,

That can with some Discretion do my Business;

For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish Lowt:

But chiefly for thy Face and thy Behavior,

Which, if my Augury deceive me not,

Witness good bringing up, Fortune and Truth:

Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

Go presently, and take this Ring with thee;

Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*:

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her Tokens: She is dead belike.

Pro. Not so: I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your Lady *Silvia* :
She dreams on him that has forgot her Love ;
You doat on her that cares not for your Love.
'Tis pity Love should be so contrary ;
And thinking on it makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well, give her that Ring, and therewithal
This Letter ; that's her Chamber : Tell my Lady,
I claim the Promise for her heav'nly Picture.
Your Message done, hie home unto my Chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [Exit *Pro.*

Jul. How many Women would do such a Message ?
Alas, poor *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd
A Fox to be the Shepherd of thy Lambs :
Alas, poor Fool, why do I pity him
That with his very Heart despiseth me ?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This Ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good Will ;
And now I am, unhappy Messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain ;
To carry that which I would have refus'd ;
To praise his Faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my Master's true confirmed Love,
But cannot be true Servant to my Master,
Unless I prove false Traitor to my self :
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
As, Heav'n it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

Gentlewoman, good Day ; I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she ?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your Patience
To hear me speak the Message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Jul. From my Master, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh ! he sends you for a Picture ?

Jul. Ay, Madam.

Sil. *Ursula*, bring my Picture there.

Go, give your Master this ; tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing Thoughts forgot,

Would better fit his Chamber than this Shadow.

Ful. Madam, please you peruse this Letter.
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvise'd
Deliver'd you a Paper that I should not;
This is the Letter to your Ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.

Ful. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold;

I will not look upon your Master's Lines,
I know they are stuff with Protestations,
And full of new-found Oaths, which he will break
As easie as I do tear his Paper.

Ful. Madam, he sends your Ladyship this Ring.

Sil. The more Shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his Departure:
Tho' his false Finger hath profan'd the Ring,
Mine shall not do his *Julia* so much Wrong.

Ful. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Ful. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
Poor Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Ful. Almost as well as I do know my self.
To think upon her Woes, I do protest,
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsook her.

Ful. I think she doth; and that's her cause of Sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Ful. She hath been fairer, Madam, than she is;
When she did think my Master lov'd her well,
She, in my Judgment, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her Looking-Glass,
And threw her Sun-expelling Mask away,
The Air hath starv'd the Roses in her Cheeks,
And pinch'd the Lilly-Tincture of her Face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Ful. About my Stature: For at *Penticost*,
When all our Pageants of Delight were plaid,
Our Youth got me to play the Woman's Part,

And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia's* Gown,
Which served me as fit, by all Mens Judgments,
As if the Garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable Part.

Madam, 'twas *Ariadne* passioning
For *Theseus* Perjury, and unjust Flight;
Which I so lively acted with my Tears,
That my poor Mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in Thought felt not her very Sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle Youth.
Alas, poor Lady! desolate and left;
I weep my self to think upon thy Words.
Here Youth, there is a Purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet Mistress sake, because thou lov'st her:
Farewel. [Exit Silvia]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous Gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope my Master's Suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistress Love so much.
Alas! how Love can trifle with it self!
Here is her Picture; let me see; I think,
If I had such a Tire, this Face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers.
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with my self too much.
Her Hair is Auburn, mine is perfect Yellow.
If that be all the Difference in his Love,
I'll get me such a colour'd Perriwig.
Her Eyes are grey as Grass, and so are mine;
Ay, but her Forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in my self,
If this fond Love were not a blinded God?
Come, Shadow, come, and take this Shadow up;
For 'tis thy Rival. O thou senseless Form,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd;
And were there Sense in this Idolatry,
My Substance should be Statue in thy stead.

I'll use thee kindly for thy Mistress sake,
 That us'd me so; or else, by *Jove* I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing Eyes,
 To make my Master out of Love with thee. [Exit.]

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

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. **T**HE Sun begins to gild the Western Sky,
 And now it is about the very Hour
 That *Silvia*, at Friar *Patrick's* Cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail; for Lovers break not Hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time;
 So much they spur their Expedition.
 See where she comes. Lady, a happy Evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. *Amen, Amen:* Go on, good *Eglamour*,
 Out at the Postern by the Abby-wall;
 I fear I am attended by some Spies.

Egl. Fear not; the Forest is not three Leagues off;
 If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Thurio, Protheus and Julia.

Thu. Sir *Protheus*, what says *Silvia* to my Suit?

Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than she was,
 And yet she takes Exceptions at your Person.

Thu. What, that my Leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a Boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But Love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my Face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the Wanton lies; my Face is black.

Pro. But Pearls are fair; and the old Saying is,
 Black Men are Pearls in beauteous Ladies Eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, such Pearls as put out Ladies Eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them. [Aside.

Thu. How likes she my Discourse?

Pro. Ill, when they talk of War,
But well when I discourse of Love and Peace.

Ful. But better indeed when you hold your Peace.

Thu. What says she to my Valour?

Pro. Oh, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Ful. She needs not, when she knows it Cowardise.

Thu. What says she to my Birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Ful. True; from a Gentleman to a Fool.

Thu. Considers she my Possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Ful. That such an Ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by Lease.

Ful. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protheus*? how now, *Thurio*?
Which of you saw Sir *Eglamour* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Not I.

Duke. Saw you my Daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then
She's fled unto the Pefant *Valentine*;
And *Eglamour* is in her Company:
'Tis true; for Friar *Laurence* met them both,
As he, in Penance, wander'd through the Forest:
Him he knew well, and guest that it was she;
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Besides, she did intend Confession
At *Patrick's* Cell this Even, and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her Flight from hence.
Therefore I pray you stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the Rising of the Mountain Foot
That leads toward *Mantua*, whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet Gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit Duke.

Thu. Why this it is to be a peevish Girl.
That flies her Fortune where it follows her:

I'll after, more to be reveng'd on *Eglamour*,
Than for the Love of wrecklels *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* Love,
Than Hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Ful. And I will follow, more to cross that Love,
Than Hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for Love. [Exeunt]

S C E N E III.

Enter Silvia and Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Come, come, be patient;
We must bring you to our Captain.

Sil. A thousand more Mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run us;
But *Moyfes* and *Valerius* follow him.

Go thou with her to the West end of the Wood,
There is our Captain: We'll follow him that's fled.

The Thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our Captain's Cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable Mind,
And will not use a Woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine*! this I endure for thee. [Exeunt]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How Use doth breed a Habit in a Man!
This shadowy Defart, unfrequented Woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled Towns,
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

And to the Nightingale's complaining Notes
Tune my Distresses, and record my Woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my Breast,
Leave not the Mansion so long Tenantless,

Left, growing ruinous, the Building fall,
And leave no Memory of what it was.

Repair me with thy Presence, *Silvia*;

Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy forlorn Swain.

What Holl wing, and what Stir is this to Day?

These are my Mates, that make their Wills their Law, Have

Have some unhappy Passenger in chase.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil Outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine*: Who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this Service have I done for you,
Tho' you respect not ought your Servant doth,
To hazard Life, and rescue you from him
That wou'd have forc'd your Honour and your Love.
Vouchsafe me for my Meed but one fair Look,
A smaller Boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this I am sure you cannot give.

Val. How like a Dream is this? I see and hear:
Love, lend me Patience to forbear a while.

Sil. O miserable unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, e'er I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy Approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your Presence. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry Lion,
I would have been a Breakfast to the Beast,
Rather than have false *Protheus* rescue me.
Oh Heav'n be Judge how I love *Valentine*,
Whose Life's as tender to me as my Soul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjur'd *Protheus*;
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous Action, stood it next to Death,
Would I not undergo for one calm Look?
Oh, 'tis the Curse in Love, and still approv'd,
When Women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over *Julia's* Heart, thy first best Love,
For whose dear Sake thou didst then rend thy Faith
Into a thousand Oaths; and all those Oaths
Descended into Perjury to deceive me.
Thou hast no Faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none: Better have none
Than plural Faith, which is too much by one;
Thou Counterfeit to thy true Friend.

Pro. In Love,
Who respects Friend?

Sil. All Men but *Protheus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle Spirit of moving Words
Can no way change you to a milder Form;
I'll move you like a Soldier, at Arms end,
And love you 'gainst the Nature of Love; force ye.

Sil. Oh Heav'n!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my Desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil Touch,
Thou Friend of an ill Fashion.

Pro. *Valentine!*

Val. Thou common Friend, that's without Faith or Love;
For such is a Friend now: Tho', treacherous Man,
Thou hast beguil'd my Hopes; nought but mine Eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one Friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me:
Who should be trusted now, when ones right Hand
Is perjur'd to the Bosom? *Protheus*,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the World a Stranger for thy sake.
The private Wound is deepest. Oh time, most accurst;
'Mongst all Foes, that a Friend should be the worst!

Pro. My Shame and Guilt confound me:
Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty Sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransom for Offence,
I tender there; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then am I paid;
'And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by Repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of Heav'n nor Earth, for these are pleas'd;
By Penitence th' Eternal's Wrath's appeas'd.
And that my Love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy!

Pro. Look to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy?

Why Wag, how now? what's the Matter? look up; speak.

Jul. O good Sir, my Master charg'd me to deliver a Ring
to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that Ring, Boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: This is it.

Pro. How? Let me see:

Why,

Why, this is the Ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry you mercy, Sir, I have mistook;
This is the Ring you sent to *Silvia*.

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this Ring? At my Depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* her self did give it me.
And *Julia* her self hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, *Julia*?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy Oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her Heart:

How oft hast thou with Perjury cleft the Root?

Oh *Protheus*, let this Habit make thee blush!

Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me

Such an immodest Rayment. If Shame live

In a Disguise of Love,

It is the lesser Blot Modesty finds,

Women to change their Shapes, than Men their Minds.

Pro. Than Men their Minds? 'Tis true, oh Heav'n, were

Man but constant, he were perfect; that one Error

Fills him with Faults, makes him run through all th' Sins:

Inconstancy falls off e'er it begins.

What is in *Silvia*'s Face, but I may spy

More fresh in *Julia*'s with a constant Eye?

Val. Come, come; a Hand from either:

Let me be blest to make this happy Close;

'Twere pity two such Friends should be long Foes.

Pro. Bear Witness, Heav'n, I have my Wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Duke, Thurio and Out-laws.

Out. A Prize, a Prize, a Prize.

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say: It is my Lord the *Duke*.

Your Grace is Welcome to a Man disgrac'd,

Banished *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: And *Silvia*'s mine.

Val. *Thurio*, give back; or else embrace thy Death:

Come not within the measure of my Wrath.

Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again,

Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands,

Take but Possession of her with a Touch;

I'd see thee but to breathe upon my Love.

Thu. Sir

Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I
I hold him but a Fool that will endanger
His Body for a Girl that loves him not:
I claim her not; and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight Conditions.
Now, by the Honour of my Ancestry,
I do applaud thy Spirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an Empress Love:
Know then, I here forget all former Grievs,
Cancel all Grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new State in thy arrival'd Merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace; the Gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your Daughter's sake,
To grant one Boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd Men that I have kept withal,
Are Men endu'd with worthy Qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great Imployment, worthy Lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;
Dispose of them as thou know'st their Deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all Jars
With Triumphs, Mirth, and all Solemnity.

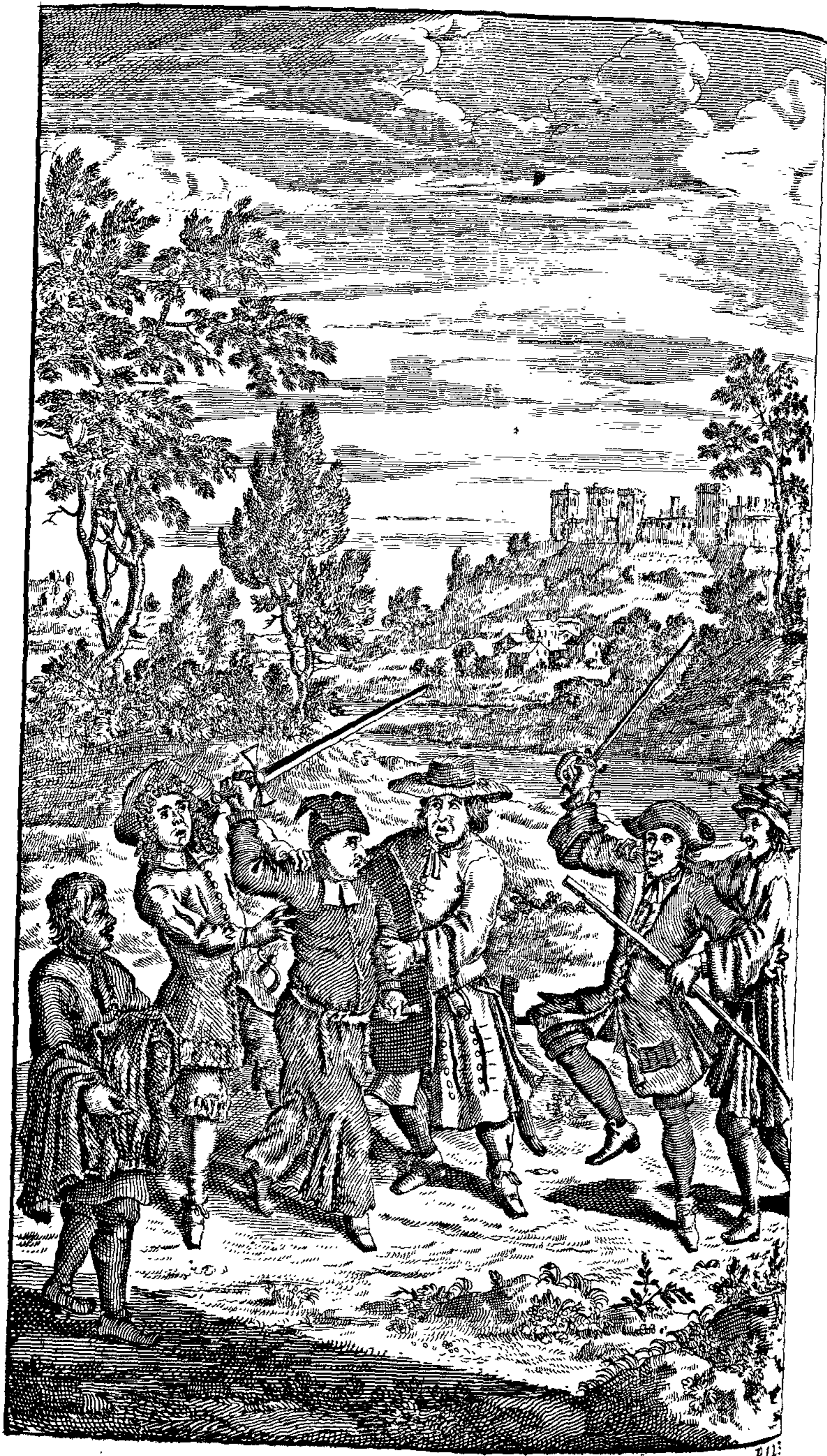
Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our Discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this Page, my Lord?

Duke. I think the Boy hath Grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my Lord, more Grace than Boy.

Duke. What mean you by that Saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.
Come *Prothens*, 'tis your Penance but to hear
The Story of your Loves discovered:
That done, our Day of Marriage shall be yours,
One Feast, one House, one mutual Happiness. [Exeunt.



T H E

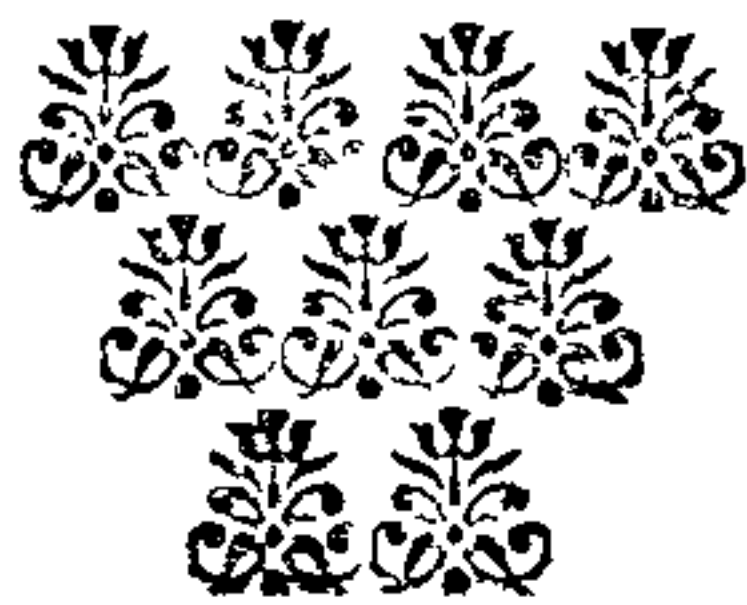
Merry Wives

O F

W I N D S O R.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

S I R John Falstaff.

Fenton, *a young Gentleman of small Fortune, in Love with Mrs. Anne Page.*

Shallow, *a Country Justice.*

Slender, *Cousin to Shallow, a foolish Country Squire.*

Mr. Page, }
Mr. Ford, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at Windsor.*

Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch Parson.*

Dr. Caius, *a French Doctor.*

Host of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*

Bardolph, }
Pistol, } *Sharpers attending on Falstaff.*
Nym, }

Robin, *Page to Falstaff.*

William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*

Simple, *Servant to Slender.*

Rugby, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page, Wife to Mr. Page.

Mrs. Ford, Wife to Mr. Ford.

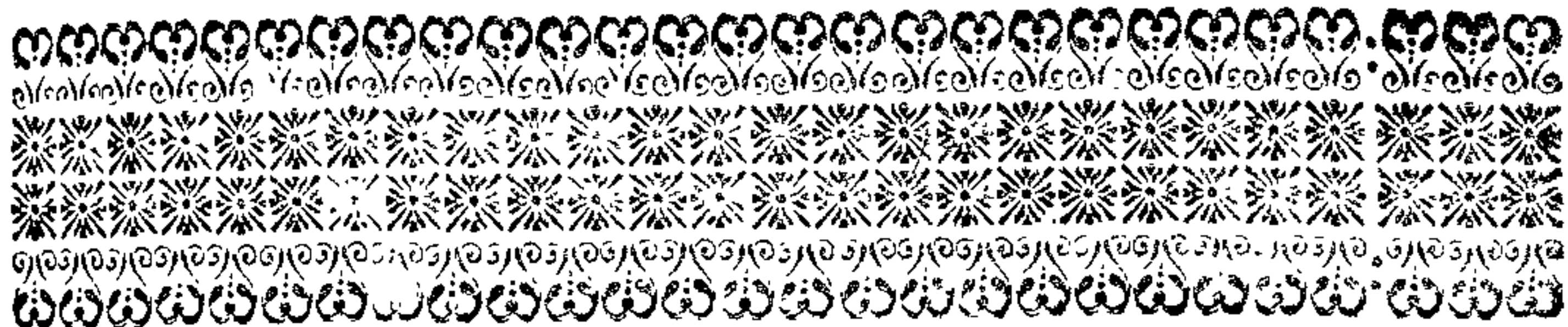
Mrs. Anne Page, Daughter to Mr. Page, in Love with Fenton.

Mrs. Quickly, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

S C E N E *Windsor.*

T H E



T H E

Merry Wives of *Windsor*.

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

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

S H A L L O W.



SIR Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* Matter of it: If he were twenty *Sir John Falstaffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow, Esq;*

Slen. In the County of *Glocester*, Justice of Peace, and *Coram*.

Shal. Ay, Cousin *Slender*, and *Custalorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a Gentleman born, Master Parson, who writes himself *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. Ay that I do, and have done any time these three hundred Years.

Slen. All his Successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his Ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white *Luces* in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white *Lowfes* do become an old Coat well; it agrees well *Passant*; it is a familiar Beast to Man, and signifies Love.

Shal. The *Luce* is the *Fresh-fish*, the *Salt-fish* is an old Coat.

Slen.

Slen. I may quarter, Coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes per-lady; if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three Skirts for your self, in my simple Conjectures; but that is all one: If Sir *John Falstaff* have committed Disparagements unto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my Benevolence, to make Atonements and Compremises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a Riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear of a Riot; there is no Fear of Got in a Riot: The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the Fear of Got, and not to hear a Riot; take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o' my Life, if I were young again, the Sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that Friends is the Sword, and end it; and there is also another Device in my Prain, which peradventure prings good Discretions with it: There is *Anne Page*, which is Daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty Virginitie.

Slen. Mistres *Anne Page*? she has brown Hair, and speaks like a Woman.

Eva. It is that ferry Person for all the Orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred Pounds of Monies, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-fire upon his Deaths-bed (Got deliver to a joyful Resurrections) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen Years old: It were a good Motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a Marriage between Master *Abraham*, and Mistres *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-fire leave her seven hundred Pound?

Eva. Ay, and her Father is make her a petter Penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman; she has good Gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred Pounds, and possibility is goot Gifts.

Shal. Well; let us see honest Mr. *Page*: Is *Falstaff* there?

Eva.

Eva. Shall I tell you a Lie? I do despise a Liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and I beseech you be ruled by your Well-wishers. I will peat the Door [*Knocks*] for Master *Page*. What hoa? Got bless your House here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your Friend, and Justice *Shallow*; and here's young Master *Slender*; that per-adventures shall tell you another Tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your Worship's well: I thank you for my Venison, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good Heart: I wish'd your Venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Mistress *Page*? And I thank you always with my Heart, la; with my Heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was out-run on *Cotsale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good Dog.

Page. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good Dog, and a fair Dog; can there be more said? He is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falstaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good Office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in some fort confes it.

Shal. If it be confes'd, it is not redrefs'd; is not that so, Mr. *Page*? He hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath, believe me, *Robert Shallow*, Esquire, faith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

Enter

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my Men, kill'd my Deer, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keeper's Daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight: I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in Council; You'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir *John*, good Worts.

Fal. Good Worts? Good Cabage. *Slender*, I broke your Head: What Matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry Sir, I have Matter in my Head against you, and against your Cony-catching Rascals, *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Pistol*.

Bar. You *Banbury* Cheese.

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say, *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my Humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my Man? Can you tell, Cousin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you: Now let us understand; there is three Umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master *Page*, *fidelicet*, Master *Page*; and there is my self, *fidelicet*, my self; and the three Party is, lastly, and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Mr. Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a Prief of it in my Notebook, and we will afterwards orke upon the Cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol.

Pist. He hears with Ears.

Eva. The Tevil and his Tam; what Phrase is this, he hears with Ear? Why, it is Affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Mr. *Slender's* Purse?

Slen. Ay, by these Gloves did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great Chamber again else, of seven Groats

Groats in Mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* Shovelboards, that cost me two Shilling and two Pence a piece, of *Yead Miller*; by these Gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistol*?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a Pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou Mountain Foreigner: Sir *John*, and Master mine, I combate Challenge of this *Latin* Bilboe: Word of Denial in thy *Labras* here; word of Denial; Froth and Scum, thou lyst.

Slen. By these Gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good Humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you run the Nut-hooks Humour on me; this is the very Note of it.

Slen. By that Hat, then he in the red Face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an Ass.

Fal. What say you, *Scarlet* and *John*?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the Gentleman had drunk himself out of his five Sentences.

Eva. It is his five Senses: Fie, what the Ignorance is!

Bard. And being sap, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so Conclusions past the Car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll ne'er be drunk whil'st I live again, but in honest, civil, godly Company for this Trick: If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the Fear of God, and not with drunken Knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous Mind.

Fal. You hear all these Matters deny'd, Gentlemen, you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page, with Wine.

Page. Nay, Daughter, carry the Wine in; we'll drink within.

Slen. Oh Heav'n! this is Mistress *Anne Page*.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Page. How now Mistress *Ford*?

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, by my Truth you are very well met; by your leave, good Mistress.

Page. Wife, bid these Gentlemen Welcome: Come, we have a hot Venison Pasty to Dinner; Come, Gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all Unkindness. [*Ex. Fal. Page, &c.*

Manent Shallow, Evans and Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty Shillings, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I must wait on my self, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of Riddles! Why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon *Alhallowmas* last, a Fortnight afore *Micha-elmas*.

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz; we stay for you: A word with you Coz: Marry this, Coz, there is, as 'twere, a Tender, a kind of Tender, made afar off by Sir *Hugh* here: Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay Sir, you shall find me reasonable: If it be so, I shall do that is Reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his Motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will description the Matter to you, if you be Capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my Cousin *Shallow* says: I pray you pardon me; he's a Justice of Peace in his Country, simple tho' I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the Question: The Question is concerning your Marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page*.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable Demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your Mouth, or of your Lips: For divers Philosophers hold, that the Lips is Parcel of the Mouth: Therefore precisely, can you marry your good Will to the Maid?

Shal. Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir; I will do as it shall become one that would do Reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's Lords and his Ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carre-her your Desires towards her.

Shal.

Shal. That you must:

Will you, upon good Dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your Request, Cousin, in any Reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet Coz, what I do is to pleasure you, Coz: Can you love the Maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your Request: But if there be no great Love in the beginning, yet Heav'n may decrease it upon better Acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another; I hope upon Familiarity will grow more Content: But if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion Answer; save the fall is in th'Ord dissolutely: The Ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my Cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang', la.

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress *Anne*: Would I were Young for your sake, Mistress *Anne*.

Anne. The Dinner is on the Table; my Father desires your Worship's Company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress *Anne*.

Eva. Od's plessed Will, I will not be absence at the Grace. [Ex. Shallow and Evans.

Anne. Will't please your Worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you Forsooth heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The Dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you Forsooth: Go Sirrah, for all you are my Man, go wait upon my Cousin *Shallow*; a Justice of Peace sometime may be beholding to his Friend for a Man. I keep but three Men and a Boy yet, 'till my Mother be dead; but what though, yet I live a poor Gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your Worship; they will not sit 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my Shin th' other Day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence, three Veney's for a Dish of stew'd Prunes, and by my troth I cannot abide the smell of hot Meat since. Why do your Dogs bark so? be there Bears i' th' Town?

Anne. I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the Sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any Man in *England*. You are afraid if you see the Bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's Meat and Drink to me now; I have seen *Sackerson* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the Chain; but, I warrant you, the Women have so cry'd and shriekt at it, that it past: But Women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By Cock and Pye you shall not chuse, Sir; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the Way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistress *Anne*, your self shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir, pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly I will not go first, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome; you do your self wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Cains* House which is the Way; and there dwells one Mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurse, or his dry Nurse, or his Cook, or his Laundry, his Washer, and his Ringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this Letter; for it is a woman that altogethers Acquaintance with Mistrefs *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to sollicit your Master's Desires to Mistrefs *Anne Page*: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my Dinner; there's Pippins and Cheese to come. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Robin.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.

Host. What says my Bully *Rock*? speak schollarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine Host, I must turn away some of my Followers.

Host. Discard, Bully *Hercules*, cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten Pounds a Week.

Host. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cesar*, *Keisar* and *Phaezer*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he will draw, he will tap, said I well, Bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do so, good mine Host.

Host. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee froth and live: I am at a word; follow. [Exit Host.

Fal. *Bardolph* follow him, a Tapster is a good Trade; an old Cloak makes a new Jerkin; a wither'd Serving-man, a fresh Tapster; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a Life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[Exit Bard.

Pist. O base *Hungarian* Wight, wilt thou the Spigot wield.

Nym. He was gotten in Drink; is not the Humour conceited.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox; his Thefts were too open, his Filching was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good Humour is to steal at a Minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the Wife it call: Steal? foh; a fico for the Phrase.

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at Heels.

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

Pist. Young Ravens must have Food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Town?

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Pist. I ken the Wight, he is of Substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two Yards and more.

Fal. No Quips now, *Pistol*: Indeed I am in the Waste two Yards about; but I am now about no Waste, I am about Thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make Love to *Ford's* Wife: I spy Entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the Leer of Invitation; I can construe the Action of her familiar Stile, and the hardest Voice of her Behaviour, to be english'd right, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath study'd her Will, and translated her Will, out of Honesty into English.

Nym. The Anchor is deep; will that Humour pass?

Fal. Now, the Report goes, she has all the Rule of her Husband's Purse: He hath a Legend of Angels.

Pist. As many Devils entertain; and to her, Boy, say I.

Nym. The Humour rises; it is good; humour me the Angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a Letter to her; and here another to *Page's* Wife, who even now gave me good Eyes too, examin'd my Parts with most judicious *Illiads*; sometimes the Beam of her view guided my Foot, sometimes my portly Belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on Dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that Humour.

Fal. O she did so course o'er my Exteriors with such a greedy Intention, that the Appetite of her Eye did seem to scorch me up like a Burning-glass: Here's another Letter to her; she bears the Purse too; she is a Region in *Guiana*, all Gold and Bounty. I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be *Exchequers* to me; they shall be my *East* and *West-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this Letter to *Mistress Page*; and thou this to *Mistress Ford*: We will thrive, Lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I *Sir Pandarus* of *Troy* become; And by my Side wear Steel? Then *Lucifer* take all.

Nym. I will run no base Humour: Here take the Humour-Letter, I will keep the Haviour of Reputation.

Fal. Hold, *Sirrah*, bear you these Letters rightly, Sail like my Pinnacle to these golden Shores.

Rogues,

Rogues, hence, avaunt, vanish like Hail-stones; go,
Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof, seek shelter, pack:
Falstaff will learn the Honour of the Age,
French Thrift, you Rogues, my self, and skirted *Page*.

[*Exit. Falstaff and Boy.*]

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy Guts; for Gourd, and *Ful-lam* holds; and high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Tester I'll have in Pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base *Phrygian Turk*.

Nym. I have Operations,
Which be Humours of Revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By Welkin and her Star.

Pist. With Wit, or Steel?

Nym. With both the Humours, I:
I will discuss the Humour of this Love to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold
How *Falstaff*, Varlet vile,
His Dove will prove, his Gold will hold,
And his soft Couch defile.

Nym. My Humour shall not cool; I will incense *Ford* to
deal with Poison, I will possess him with Yellowness, for
the Revolt of mine is dangerous: That is my true Hu-
mour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of *Male-contents*: I second
thee; troop on. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple and John Rugby.

Quic. What, *John Rugby*! I pray thee go to the Casement,
and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Cains*,
coming; if he do, I'faith, and find any body in the House,
here will be an old abusing of God's Patience, and the King's
English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [Exit Rugby.]

Quic. Go, and we'll have a Posset for't soon at Night,
in Faith, at the latter end of a Sea-coal Fire: An honest,
willing, kind Fellow, as ever Servant shall come in House
withal, and I warrant you no Tell-tale, nor no Breed-bate;
his worst Fault is that he is given to Pray'r, he is some-
thing

thing peevish that way; but no body but has his Fault; but let that pass. *Peter Simple* you say your Name is,

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And Master *Slender's* your Master?

Simp. Ay, Forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round Beard, like a Glover's Pairing-knife?

Simp. No, Forsooth; he hath but a little Wee-face, with a little yellow Beard, a Cain-colour'd Beard.

Quic. A softly-spirited Man, is he not?

Simp. Ay, Forsooth; but he is as tall a Man of his Hands, as any is between this and his Head; he hath fought with a Warrener.

Quic. How say you? Oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his Head, as it were? And strut in his Gate?

Simp. Yes indeed does he.

Quic. Well, Heav'n send *Anne Page* no worse Fortune. Tell Master Parson *Evans*, I will do what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good Girl, and I wish —

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my Master,

Quic. We shall all be shent; run in here, good young Man; go into this Closet; [*shuts Simple in the Closet.*] He will not stay long. What, *John Rugby!* *John!* What *John!* I say; go *John*, go enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home; and down, down, a-down'a, &c.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des Toys; pray you go and vetch me in my Closet, *un boitier verd*; a Box, a green-a Box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a Box.

Quic. Ay Forsooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young Man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, Il fait fort chaud, je m'en va a la Cour——la grande Affaire.*

Quic. Is it this Sir?

Caius. *Ouy, mette le au mon Pocket, Depêch Quickly;* Vere is dat Knave *Rugby*?

Quic. What, *John Rugby!* *John!*

Rug. Here Sir.

Cains. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your Rapier, and come after my Heel to the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the Porch.

Cains. By my Trot I tarry too long: Od's me: *Que ay je oublie*: Dere is some Simples in my Closet, dat I will not for the Varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young Man there, and be mad.

Cains. O *Diable, Diable*; vat is in my Closet?
Villanie, Larron. Rugby, my Rapier.

Quic. Good Master be content.

Cains. Wherefore should I be content-a?

Quic. The young Man is an honest Man.

Cains. What shall de honest Man do in my Closet; dere is no honest Man dat shall come in my Closet.

Quic. I beseech you be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an Errand to me from Parson *Hugh*.

Cains. Vell.

Simp. Ay Forsooth, to desire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Cains. Peace-a your Tongue, speak-a your Tale.

Simp. To desire this honest Gentlewoman, your Maid, to speak a good Word to Mistrefs *Anne Page* for my Master in the way of Marriage.

Quic. This is all indeed-la; but I'll ne'er put my Finger in the Fire, and need not.

Cains. Sir *Hugh* send-a-you? *Rugby*, ballow me some Paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: But notwithstanding, Man, I'll do for your Master what good I can; and the very yea, and the no is, the *French Doctor* my Master, I may call him my Master, look you, for I keep his House, and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scour, dress Meat and Drink, make the Beds, and do all my self.

Simp. 'Tis a great Charge to come under one body's Hand.

Quic.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you shall find it a great Charge; and to be up early, and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell you in your Ear, I would have no words of it, my Master himself is in Love with Mistress *Anne Page*; but notwithstanding that, I know *Anne's* Mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You, Jack'Nape; give'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a Snallenge: I will cut his Troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scurvy Jack-a-nape Priest to meddle or make.—You may be gone, it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut all his two Stones, by gar, he shall not have a Stone to trow at his Dog. [Exit Simple.

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his Friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat; do not you tell-a-me dat I shall have *Anne Page* for my self? by gar, I will kill de Jack Priest; and I have appointed mine Host of *de Farcere* to measure our Weapon: By gar I will my self have *Anne Page*.

Quic. Sir, the Maid loves you, and all shall be well: We must give Folks leave to prate; what the good-ger.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me; by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turn your Head out of my Door; follow my Heels, *Rugby*. [Ex. Caius and Rugby.

Quic. You shall have *Anne* Fools-head of your own. No, I know *Anne's* Mind for that; that never a Woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Anne's* Mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heav'n.

Fent. [within] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? Come near the House, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good Woman, how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good Worship to ask.

Fent. What News? how does pretty Mistress *Anne*?

Quic. In truth Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your Friend, I can tell you that by the Way, I praise Heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I not lose my Suit?

Quic.

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his Hands above; but notwithstanding, Master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a Book she loves you: Have not your Worship a Wart above your Eye?

Fent. Yes, marry have I; what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a Tale; good Faith, it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest Maid as ever broke Bread; we had an Hours talk of that Wart: I shall never laugh but in that Maid's Company; but, indeed, she is given too much to Allicholly and Musing, but for you— Well—go to.—

Fent. Well, I shall see her to Day; hold, there's Mony for thee: Let me have thy Voice in my behalf; if thou see'st her before me, commend me.—

Quic. Will I? Ay faith that we will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other Wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*]

Quic. Farewel to your Worship. Truly an honest Gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; for I know *Anne's* Mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*]

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

Enter Mistress Page with a Letter.

Mrs. Page. **W**HAT, have I 'scap'd Love-Letters in the Holy-day-time of my Beauty, and am I now a Subject for them? let me see:

Ask me no Reason why I love you; for tho' Love use Reason for his Precisian, he admits him not for his Counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's Sympathy: You are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more Sympathy: You love Sack, and so do I; would you desire better Sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, at the least, if the Love of a Soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, Pity me; 'tis not a Soldier-like Phrase; but I say, Love me:

*By me, thine own true Knight, by Day or Night,
Or any kind of Light, with all his Might,
For thee to fight.*

John Falstaff.

What

What a *Herod of Fury* is this? O wicked, wicked World. One that is well nigh worn to pieces with Age, To show himself a young Gallant? What unwayed Behaviour hath this *Flemish Drunkard* pickt, I' th' Devil's Name, out of my Conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my Company: What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my Mirth, Heav'n forgive me: Why, I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of Men; how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his Guts are made of Puddings.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress *Page*, trust me, I was going to your House.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith you do, in my Mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O Mistress *Page*, give me some Counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, Woman?

Mrs. Ford. O Woman! if it were not for one trifling Respect, I could come to such Honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the Trifle, Woman, take the Honour; what is it? dispense with Trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to Hell for an eternal Moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What, thou liest! Sir *Alice Ford*! these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the Article of thy Gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn Day-light, here; read, read, perceive how I might be knighted: I shall think the worse of fat Men as long as I have an Eye to make difference of Men's liking; and yet he would not swear, praise Women's Modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved Re-proof to all Uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his Disposition would have gone to the Truth of his Words; but they do no more adhere, and keep Place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the Tune of *Green Sleeves*. What
Tempest,

Tempest, I trow, threw this Whale, with so many Tun of Oil in his Belly, a' shore at *Windsor*? How shall I be reveng'd on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with Hope, 'till the wicked Fire of Lust have melted him in his own Grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for Letter, but that the Name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great Comfort in this mystery of ill Opinions, here's the Twin-brother of thy Letter; but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blank-space for different Names, nay more; and these are of the second Edition: He will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the Press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a Giantess, and lye under *Mount-Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious Turtles, e'er one chaste Man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same, the very Hand, the very Words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own Honesty. I'll entertain my self like one that I am not acquainted withal; for sure, unless he knew some Strain in me, that I know not my self, he would never have boarded me in this Fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call it you? I'll be sure to keep him above Deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my Hatches, I'll never to Sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a Meeting, give him a show of Comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited Delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his Horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any Villany against him that may not fully the Chariness of our Honesty: Oh that my Husband saw this Letter, it would give eternal Food to his Jealousie.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes, and my good Man too; he's as far from Jealousie as I am from giving him Cause, and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable Distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier Woman.

Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasie Knight. Come hither.

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a Curtal-dog in some Affairs.

Sir John affects your Wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my Wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old, and one with another, *Ford*; he loves thy Gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my Wife?

Pist. With Liver burning hot: Prevent, Or go thou, like *Sir Acteon*, with Ring-wood at thy Heels: O, odious is the Name.

Ford. What Name, Sir?

Pist. The Horn, I say: Farewel.

Take heed, have open Eye; for Thieves do foot by Night. Take heed e'er Summer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away, Sir Corporal *Nym*.

Believe it, *Page*, he speaks Sense. [*Exit Pistol.*

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the Humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in some Humours: I should have born the humour'd Letter to her; but I have a Sword, and it shall bite upon my Necessity. He loves your Wife; there's the short and the long. My Name is Corporal *Nym*; I speak it, and I avouch 'tis true, my Name is *Nym*, and *Falstaff* loves your Wife. Adieu; I love not the Humour of Bread and Cheefe: Adieu. [*Exit Nym.*

Page. The Humour of it, quoth 'a? here's a Fellow frights *English* out of his Wits.

Ford. I will seek out *Falstaff*.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting Rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: Well.

Page. I will not believe such a *Cataian*, tho' the Priest o' th' Town commended him for a true Man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible Fellow: Well.

Page. How now, *Meg*?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, *George*? hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholly?

Ford.

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.

Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith thou hast some Crotchets in thy Head.
Now will you go, *Mistress Page?*

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to Dinner, *George?*
Look who comes yonder; she shall be our Messenger to
this paultry Knight.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her; she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my Daughter *Anne?*

Quick. Ay, Forsooth; and I pray how does good *Mistress Anne?*

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see; we have an Hour's
Talk with you. [*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Quic.*

Page. How now, *Master Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this Knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is Truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, Slaves, I do not think the Knight would
offer it; but these that accuse him in his Intent towards our
Wives are a Yoke of his discarded Men, very Rogues now
they be out of Service.

Ford. Were they his Men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.

Does he lye at the *Garter?*

Page. Ay marry does he. If he should intend this Voy-
age toward my Wife, I would turn her loose to him; and
what he gets more of her than sharp Words, let it lye on
my Head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my Wife, but I would be loath
to turn them together; a Man may be too confident; I
would have nothing lye on my Head; I cannot be thus sa-
tisfy'd.

Page. Look where my ranting Host of the *Garter* comes;
there is either Liquor in his Pate, or Mony in his Purse,
when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, *Bully Rock?* Thou'rt a Gentleman, Ca-
valerio-Justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow. Good Even, and
twenty,

twenty, good Master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have Sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, Cavaliero-Justice; tell him, Bully *Rock*.

Shal. Sir, there is a Fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh*, the *Welsh* Priest, and *Cains*, the *French* Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter, a Word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, Bully *Rock*?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their Weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary Places; for, believe me, I hear the Parson is no Jester. Hark, I will tell you what our Sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no Suit against my Knight, my Guest-Cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a Pottle of burnt Sack to give me Recourse to him, and tell him my Name is *Broom*; only for a Jest.

Host. My Hand, Bully; thou shalt have Egress and Regress; said I well? and thy Name shall be *Broom*. It is a merry Knight. Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine Host.

Page. I have heard the *Frenchman* hath good Skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in these times you stand on Distance, your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'Tis the Heart, Master *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long Sword, I would have made you four tall Fellows skip like Rats.

Host. Here Boys, here: Shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. *[Exeunt Host, Shallow and Page.]*

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a secure Fool, and stand so firmly on his Wife's Frailty, yet I cannot put off my Opinion so easily. She was in his Company at *Page's* House, and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a Disguise to sound *Falstaff*: If I find her honest, I lose not my Labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis Labour well bestow'd. *[Exit.]*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a Penny.

Pist. Why then the World's mine Oyster, which I with Sword will open.

Fal. Not a Penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my Countenance to Pawn; I have grated upon my good Friends for three Reprieves for you, and your Coach-fellow, *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the Grate, like a Geminy of Baboons. I am damn'd in Hell for swearing to Gentlemen, my Friends, you were good Soldiers, and tall Fellows. And when *Mistress Briget* lost the Handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine Honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? Hadst thou not fifteen Pence?

Fal. Reason, you Rogue, Reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my Soul *gratis*? At a Word; hang no more about me, I am no Gibbet for you: Go, a short Knife, and a Throng, to your Manor of *Pickt-batcht*; go, you'll not bear a Letter for me, you Rogue; you stand upon your Honour. Why, thou unconfinable Baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the Term of my Honour precise. I, I, I my self sometimes, leaving the Fear of Heaven on the left Hand, and hiding mine Honour in my Necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet, you Rogue will ensconce your Rags, your Cat-a-Mountain Looks, your Red-Lattice Phrases, and your bold-beating Oaths, under the Shelter of your Honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent; what would thou more of Man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a Woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. Give your Worship Good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good Wife.

Quic. Not so, and't please your Worship.

Fal. Good Maid then.

Quic. I'll be sworn,

As my Mother was the first Hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the Swearer: What with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your Worship a Word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair Woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one Mistrefs *Ford*, Sir: I pray come a little nearer this ways: I my self dwell with Mr. Doctor *Cains*.

Fal. Well, on: Mistrefs *Ford*, you say.

Quic. Your Worship says very true: I pray your Worship come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee no body hears; mine own People, mine own People.

Quic. Are they so? Heav'n bless them, and make them his Servants.

Fal. Well: Mistrefs *Ford*, what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good Creature. Lord, Lord, your Worship's a Wanton; well, Heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray——

Fal. Mistrefs *Ford*, come, Mistrefs *Ford*.

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a Canaries as 'tis wonderful: The best Courtier of them all, when the Court lay at *Windsor*, could never have brought her to such a Canary. Yet there has been Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, Letter after Letter, Gift after Gift, smelling so sweetly; all Musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in Silk and Gold, and in such alligant Terms, and in such Wine and Sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any Woman's Heart; and I warrant you they could never get an Eye-wink of her. I had my self twenty Angels given me this Morning; but I defie all Angels, in any such sort as they say, but in the way of Honesty; and I warrant you they could never get her so much as sip on a Cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Pensioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? Be brief, my good she-*Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your Letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notifie, that her Husband will be absence from his House between ten and eleven.

Shakespeare, William. The works of Mr. William Shakespear; in six volumes. Adorn'd with cuts. Revis'd and corrected, with an account of the life and writings of the author. By N. Rowe, Esq;. Vol. 1, printed for Jacob Tonson, 1709. Eighteenth Century Collections Online, https://link.gale.com/apps/doc/CB0132961044/ECCO?u=iulib_fw&sid=ECCO&xid=9dea304f. Accessed 15 Oct. 2020.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, Forsooth; and then you may come and see the Picture, she says, that you wot of: Master *Ford*, her Husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet Woman leads an ill Life with him, he's a very jealousie-Man; she leads a very frampold Life with him, good Heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven:

Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well: But I have another Messenger to your Worship; Mistress *Page* has her hearty Commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your Ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest Wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you Morning and Evening Prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who-e'er be the other; and she bad me tell your Worship that her Husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a Woman so doat upon a Man; surely I think you have Charms, la; yes in Truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the Attraction of my good Parts aside, I have no other Charms.

Quic. Blessing on your Heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this; has *Ford's* Wife and *Page's* Wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a Jest indeed; they have not so little Grace, I hope; that were a Trick indeed! But Mistress *Page* would desire you to send her your little Page, of all Love: Her Husband has a marvellous Infection to the little Page; and truly Master *Page* is an honest Man. Never a Wife in *Windsor* leads a better Life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to Bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; 'and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind Woman in *Windsor* truly she is one. You must send her your Page; no Remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a Nay-word, that you may know one anothers Mind, and the Boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that Children should know any Wickedness: Old Folks, you know, have Discretion, as they say, and know the World.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: There's my Purse, I am yet thy Debtor. Boy, go along with this Woman. This News distracts me. [*Exit Quic. and Robin.*

Pist. This Punk is one of *Cupid's* Carriers:
Clap on more Sails; pursue; up with your Fights;
Give Fire; she is my Prize, or Ocean whelm them all:
[*Exit Pistol.*

Fal. Say'st thou so, old *Jack*? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old Body than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the Expence of so much Mony, be now a Gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly 'done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one Master *Broom* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your Worship a Morning's Draught of Sack.

Fal. *Broom*, is his Name?

Bard. Ay Sir.

Fal. Call him in; such *Brooms* are welcome to me that o'erflows such Liquor. Ah! ah! Mistress *Ford* and Mistress *Page*, have I encompass'd you? Go to, *via*.

Enter Ford disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to pres with so little Preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your Will? Give us leave, Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much; my Name is *Broom*.

Fal. Good Master *Broom*, I desire more Acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think my self in better Plight for a Lender than you are, the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd Intrusion; for they say, if Mony go before, all Ways do lye open.

Fal. Mony is a good Soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a Bag of Mony here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the Carriage.

Fal.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master *Broom*, I shall be glad to be your Servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a Scholar, I will be brief with you, and you have been a Man long known to me, tho' I had never so good Means as Desire to make my self acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own Imperfection; but, good Sir *John*, as you have one Eye upon my Follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the Register of your own, that I may pass with a Reproof the easier, sith you your self know how easie it is to be such an Offender.

Fal. Very well, Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Town, her Husband's Name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir,

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her, follow'd her with a doating Observance, ingross'd Opportunities to meet her, fee'd every slight Occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many Presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: Briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the Wing of all Occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my Mind, or in my Means, Meed I am sure I have received none, unless Experience be a Jewel I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this.

" Love like a Shadow flies, when Substance Love pursues;

" Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no Promise of Satisfaction at her Hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a Purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what Quality was your Love then?

Ford. Like a fair House built on another Man's Ground, so that I have lost my Edifice, by mistaking the Place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that tho' she appear honest to me, yet in other Places she enlargeth her Mirth so far, that there is shrewd Construction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the Heart of my Purpose: You are a Gentleman of excellent Breeding, admirable Discourse, of great Admittance, authentick in your Place and Person, generally allow'd for your many War-like, Court-like, and learned Preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is Mony, spend it, spend it, spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable Siege to the Honesty of this *Ford's* Wife; use your Art of Wooing, win her to consent to you; if any Man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the Vehemence of your Affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to your self very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the Excellency of her Honour, that the Folly of my Soul dares not present it self; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now could I come to her with any Detection in my Hand, my Desires had Instance and Argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the Ward of her Purity, her Reputation, her Marriage-Vow, and a thousand other her Defences, which now are too strongly embattail'd against me. What say you to't, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Broom*, I will first make bold with your Mony; next, give me your Hand; and last, as I am a Gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* Wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. I say, you shall.

Ford. Want no Mony, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress *Ford*, Master *Broom*, you shall want none; I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own Appointment. Even as you came in to me, her Assistant, or

Go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally Knave, her Husband, will be forth; come you to me at Night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your Acquaintance: Do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldy Knave, I know him not: Yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly Knave hath masses of Mony, for the which his Wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the Key of the Cuckold-Rogue's Coffers; and there's my Harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical-salt-butter Rogue; I will stare him out of his Wits; I will awe him with my Cudgel; it shall hang like a Meteor o'er the Cuckold's Horns. Master *Broom*, thou shalt know I will predominate over the Pesant, and thou shalt lye with his Wife: Come to me soon at Night; *Ford's* a Knave, and I will aggravate his Stile: Thou, Master *Broom*, shalt know him for Knave and Cuckold; come to me soon at Night. [Exit.

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* Rascal is this? My Heart is ready to crack with Impatience. Who says this is improvident Jealousie? My Wife hath sent to him, the Hour is fixt, the Match is made: Would any Man have thought this? See the Hell of having a false Woman; my Bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my Reputation gnawn at, and I shall not only receive this villainous Wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable Terms, and by him that does me this Wrong. Terms, Names; *Amaimon* sounds well, *Lucifer* well, *Barbason* well, yet they are Devils additions, the Names of Fiends; but Cuckold, Wittol-Cuckold! the Devil himself hath not such a Name. *Page* is an Ass, a secure Ass, he will trust his Wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my Butter, Parson *Hugh*, the *Welchman*, with my Cheese, an *Irish-man* with my *Aqua-vita* Bottle, or a Thief to walk my ambling Gelding, than my Wife with her self: Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their Hearts they may effect, they will break their Hearts but they will effect. Hea-

ven be prais'd for my Jealousie. Eleven o'Clock the Hour; I will prevent this, detect my Wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page*: I will about it; better three Hours too soon than a Minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. *Jack Rugby!*

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de Clock, *Jack*?

Rug. 'Tis past the Hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his Soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: By gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir; he knew your Worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de Herring is no dead so as I vill kill him; take your Rapier, *Jack*, I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's Company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, Bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you Good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy Puncto, thy Stock, thy Reverse, thy Distance, thy Montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Francisco*? Ha, Bully? What says my *Esculapius*? my *Galen*? my Heart of Elder? Ha? is he dead, Bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de Coward *Jack*-Priest of de World; he is not show his Face.

Host. Thou art a *Castalion-king-Urinal*: *Hector* of Greece, my Boy.

Cains. I pray you bear Witness, that me have stay six or seven, two tree Hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser Man, Mr. Doctor; he is a Curer of Souls, and you a Curer of Bodies: If you should fight, you go against the hair of your Professions: Is it not true, Master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*, you have your self been a great Fighter, tho' now a Man of Peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I see a Sword out, my Finger itches to make one; tho' we are Justices, and Doctors, and Church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have some Salt of our Youth in us; we are the Sons of Women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Cains*, I am come to fetch you home; I am sworn of the Peace; you have shew'd your self a wise Physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shown himself a wise and patient Church-man: You must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Host. Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Monsieur Mock-water.

Cains. Mock-water? Vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our *English* Tongue, is Valour, Bully.

Cains. By gar, then I have as much Mock-water as de *English-man*: Scurvy-Jack-dog-Priest; by gar, me vill cut his Ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, Bully.

Cains. Clapper-de-claw? Vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cains. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cains. Me tanck you for dat.

Host. And moreover, Bully; but first, Mr. *Guest*, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavalerio Slender*, go you through the Town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Host. He is there; see what Humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the Fields: Will it do well?

Shal.

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor. [*Ex. Page, Shal. and Slen.*

Cains. By gar, me vill kill de Priest; for he speak for a Jack-an Ape to *Anne Page*.

Host. Let him die; sheath thy Impatience; throw cold Water on thy Choler; go about the Fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where Mistress *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-House a feasting, and thou shalt woo her Cride-game; said I well?

Cains. By gar, me dank you vor dat: By gar I love you; and I shall procure 'a you de good Guest; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my Patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy Adversary toward *Anne Page*: Said I well?

Cains. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Come at my Heels, *Jack Rugby*.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. I Pray you now, good Master *Slender's* Serving-man, and Friend *Simple* by your Name, which way have you look'd for Master *Cains*, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*.

Simp. Marry Sir, the *Pitty-wary*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windsor* way, and every way but the Town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pless my Soul, how full of Chollars I am, and trempling of Mind! I shall be glad if he have deceiv'd me; how melanchollies I am! I will knog his Urinals about his *Knaves Costard*, when I have good opportunities for the *Orke*: 'Pless my Soul: *To shallow Rivers, to whose Falls melodious Birds sings Madrigalls; There will we make our Peds of Roses, and a thousand fragrant Posies. To shallow; 'Mercy on me, I have a great disposition to cry. Melodious Birds sing Madrigal— When as I sat in Pabilon; and a thousand vagram Posies. To shallow, &c.*

Simp.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. He's welcome. *To shallow Rivers, to whose Falls----*
Heaven prosper the Right: What Weapons is he?

Simp. No Weapons, Sir; there comes my Master, Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman, from *Frogmore*, over the Stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you give me my Gown, or else keep it in your Arms.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender.

Shal. How now, Master Parson? Good-morrow, good Sir *Hugh*. Keep a Gamester from the Dice, and a good Student from his Book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah sweet *Anne Page*.

Page. Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. 'Pless you from his Mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? The Sword and the Word?
Do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your Doublet and Hose, this raw-rumatick Day?

Eva. There is Reasons and Causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good Office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd Wrong by some Person, is at most odds with his own Gravity and Patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore Years, and upward; I never heard a Man of his Place, Gravity and Learning, so wide of his own Respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* Physician.

Eva. Got's Will, and his Passion of my Heart. I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of Porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more Knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a Knave besides, a cowardly Knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the Man should fight with him.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*.

Enter

Enter Host, Caius and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so by his Weapons: Keep them asunder; here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parson, keep in your Weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their Limbs whole, and hack our *English*.

Caius. I pray you let-a me speak a Word with your Ear: Wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you use your Patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de Coward, de *Jack Dog*, *John Ape*.

Eva. Pray you let us not be Laughing-stocks to other Mens Humours; I desire you in Friendship, and will one way or other make you amends: I will knog you your Urinal about your Knave's Cogs-comb.

Caius. *Diab!e Jack Rugby*, mine Host *de Farteer*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not at de Place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christian's-soul, now look you, this is the Place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia and Gaul*, *French and Welch*, Soul-curer and Body-curer.

Caius. Ay dat is very good, excellant.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine Host of the Garter.

Am I Politick? am I Subtle? am I a *Machivel*?

Shall I lose my Doctor? No; he gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest? my *Sir Hugh*? No; he gives me the Proverbs and the No-verbs. Give me thy Hand, Celestial, so. Boys of Art, I have deceived you both: I have directed you to wrong Places; your Hearts are mighty, your Skins are whole, and let burn'd Sack be the Issue. Come, lay their Swords to pawn. Follow me, Lad of Peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host. Follow, Gentlemen, follow,

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*. [*Ex. Shal. Slen. Page and Host.*

Caius. Ha' do I perceive dat? Have you make a-de-sot of us, ha, ha?

Eva.

Eva. This is well, he has made us his Vlowting-stog: I desire you that we may be Friends; and let us knog our Prains together, to be revenge on this same scall Scurvy-cogging Companion; the Host of the Garter.

Cains. By gar, with all my Heart; he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his Noddles; pray you follow.

S C E N E II.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little Gallant; you were wont to be a Follower, but now you are a Leader. Whether had you rather lead mine Eyes, or eye your Master's Heels?

Rob. I had rather, Forsooth, go before you like a Man, than follow him like a Dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering Boy; now I see you'll be a Courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, *Mistress Page*; whether go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly Sir, to see your Wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idie as she may hang together for want of Company; I think if your Husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other Husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty Weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his Name is my Husband had him of: What do you call your Knight's Name, Sirrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on his Name; there is such a League between my good Man and he. Is your Wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir; I am sick 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has *Page* any Brains? hath he any Eyes? hath he any thinking? sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this Boy will carry a Letter twenty Mile, as easie as a Cannon will shoot point-blank twelve-score; he pieces
out

out his Wife's Inclination, he gives her Folly Motion and Advantage, and now she's going to my Wife, and *Falstaff's* Boy with her. A Man may hear this Shower sing in the Wind; and *Falstaff's* Boy with her! Good Plots; they are laid, and our revolted Wives share Damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my Wife, pluck the borrowed Vail of Modesty from the so seeming Mistress *Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilful *Acteon*, and to these violent Proceedings all my Neighbours shall cry aim. The Clock gives me my Qu, and my Assurance bids me search; there I shall find *Falstaff*: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the Earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Trust me, a good Knot: I have good Cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my self, Mr. *Ford*.

Slen. And so must I, Sir;

We have appointed to dine with Mistress *Anne*,
And I would not break with her for more Mony
Than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a Match between *Anne Page* and my Cousin *Slender*, and this Day we shall have our Answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good Will, Father *Page*.

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*, I stand wholly for you; but my Wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, be gar, and de Maid is love-a-me: My Nursh-a-Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Mr. *Fenton*? he capers, he dances, he has Eyes of Youth, he writes Verses, he speaks Holy-Day, he smells *April* and *May*, he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his Buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my Consent, I promise you: The Gentleman is of no having, he kept Company with the wild Prince, and *Poinz*; he is of too high a Region, he knows too much; no, he shall not knit a Knot in his Fortunes, with the Finger of my Substance. If he take her, let him take her simply; the Wealth I have waits on my Consent, and my Consent goes not that way.

Ford.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to Dinner; besides your Cheer you shall have Sport; I will shew you a Monster. Mr. Doctor you shall go, so shall you Mr. *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We shall have the freer Wooing at Mr. *Page's*.

Cains. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewel, my Hearts; I will to my honest Knight, *Falstaff*, and drink Canary with him.

Ford. I think I shall drink in Pipe-Wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you to see this Monster. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, and Servants with a Basket.

Mrs. Ford. What *John*? what *Robert*?

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly? Is the Buck-basket——

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin*, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your Men the Charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the Brew-House, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this Basket on your Shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the Whitsters in *Datchet-Mead*, and there empty it in the muddy Ditch, close by the *Thames* side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it? (reſtion.)

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no *Di-*
Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little *Robin*.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my *Eyas-Musket*, what News with you?

Rob. My Master, Sir *John*, is come in at your Back-door, *Mistress Ford*, and requests your Company.

Mrs. Page. You little *Jack-a-lent*, have you been true to us?

Rob.

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn; my Master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting Liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good Boy; this Secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new Doublet and Hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so; go tell thy Master I am alone; *Mistress Page*, remember you your Qu. [Ex. Robin.]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [Exit Mrs. Page.]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome Humidity, this gross watry Pumpkin, we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly Jewel? Why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: This is the Period of my Ambition; O this blessed Hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir *John*.

Fal. *Mistress Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, *Mistress Ford*: Now shall I sin in my Wish. I would thy Husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your Lady, Sir *John*? Alas, I should be a pitiful Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of *France* shew me such another; I see how thine Eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the Brow, that becomes the Ship-Tire, the Tire-Valiant, or any Tire of *Venetian* Admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain Kerchiffe, Sir *John*: My Brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a Tyrant to say so; thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firm fixure of thy Foot would give an excellent Motion to thy Gate, in a semicircled Farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy Foe were not, Nature thy Friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that persuade thee. There's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these
lipping

lisping Haw-thorn Buds, that come like Women in Mens Apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-Berry* in simpling-time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love *Mistress Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the *Counter-Gate*, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a *Lime-kiln*.

Mrs. Ford. Well, Heav'n knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that Mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that Mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] *Mistress Ford*, *Mistress Ford*, here's *Mistress Page* at the Door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the *Arras*.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you do so; she's a very tatling Woman.

Enter Mistress Page.

What's the matter? How now?

Mrs. Page. O *Mistress Ford*, what have you done? You're sham'd, y'are overthrown, y'are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the Matter, good *Mistress Page*?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, *Mistress Ford*, having an honest Man to your Husband, to give him such cause of Suspicion.

Mrs. Ford. What cause of Suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of Suspicion? Out upon you; how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the Matter?

Mrs. Page. Your Husband's coming hither, Woman, with all the Officers in *Windsor*, to search for a Gentleman that he says is here now in the House, by your Consent, to take an ill Advantage of his Absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heav'n it be not so, that you have such a Man here; but 'tis most certain your Husband's coming with half *Windsor* at his Heels, to search for such a one. I

come before to tell you; if you know your self clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a Friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your Senses to you, defend your Reputation, or bid farewell to your good Life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? there is a Gentleman, my dear Friend; and I fear not my own Shame so much as his Peril. I had rather than a thousand Pound he were out of the House.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand, you had rather, and you had rather; your Husband's here at hand, bethink you of some Conveyance; in the House you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? Look, here is a Basket, if he be of any reasonable Stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul Linnen upon him, as if it were going to Bucking: Or it is whitening time, send him by your two Men to *Datchet-Mead*.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your Friend's Counsel; I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir *John Falstaff*, are these your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never——

[*He gets into the Basket, they cover him with foul Linnen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your Master, Boy: Call your Men, *Mistress Ford*. You dissembling Knight.

Mrs. Ford. What, *John, Robert, John*, go take up these Cloaths here, quickly. Where's the Cowl-staff? Look how you drumble: Carry them to the Landress in *Datchet-Mead*; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. Pray you come near; if I suspect without Cause, Why then make sport at me, then let me be your Jest, I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the Landress, Forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with Buck-washing.

Ford.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my self of the Buck: Buck, Buck, Buck, ay Buck: I warrant you Buck, and of the Season too, it shall appear.

[*Exeunt Servants with the Basket.*]

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to Night, I'll tell you my Dream: Here, here, here be my Keys; ascend my Chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the Fox. Let me stop this way first: So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master *Ford*, be contented: You wrong your self too much.

Ford. True, Master *Page*. Up Gentlemen, you shall see Sport anon; follow me, Gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantastical Humours and Jealousies.

Cains. By gar, 'tis no the Fashion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*—— [*Exeunt.*]

Page. Nay, follow him, Gentlemen, see the Issue of his Search.

Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double Excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my Husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your Husband ask'd who was in the Basket?

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the Water will do him a Benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest Rascal; I would all of the same Strain were in the same Distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my Husband hath some special Suspicion of *Falstaff's* being here! I never saw him so gross in his Jealousie 'till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a Plot to try that, and we will yet have more Tricks with *Falstaff*: His dissolute Disease will scarce obey this Medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish Carrion, Mistress *Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwing into the Water, and give him another Hope, to betray him to another Punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to morrow by eight a Clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, &c.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the Knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n make you better than your Thoughts.

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do your self mighty Wrong, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the House, and in the Chambers, and in the Coffers, and in the Presses, Heav'n forgive my Sins.

Cains. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford*, are you not asham'd? What Spirit, what Devil suggests this Imagination? I would not ha your Distemper in this kind, for the Wealth of *Windsor-Castle*.

Ford. 'Tis my Fault, Mr. *Page*: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad Conscience; your Wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Cains. By gar, I see 'tis an honest Woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a Dinner; come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come Wife, come Mistress *Page*, I pray you pardon me: Pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, Gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to Morrow Morning to my House to Breakfast, after we'll a birding together; I have a fine Hawk for the Bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the Company.

Cains. If there be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page*.

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowsie Knave, mine Host.

Cains. Dat is good, by gar, with all my Heart.

Eva. A lowsie Rnave, to have his Gibes, and his Mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy Father's Love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet *Nan.*

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thy self.
He doth object I am too great of Birth,
And that my State being gall'd with my Expence,
I seek to heal it only by his Wealth.
Besides these, other Bars he lays before me,
My Riots past, my wild Societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a Property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heav'n so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confess, thy Father's Wealth
Was the first Motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne*;
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than Stamps in Gold, or Sums in sealed Bags:
And 'tis the very Riches of thy self
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet seek my Father's Love, still seek it, Sir:
If Opportunity and humblest Suit
Cannot attain it, why then hark you hither.

Enter Shallow, Slender and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their Talk, Mistress *Quickly*;
My Kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a Shaft or a Bolt on't: 'D'slid 'tis but ven-
turing.

Shal. Be not dismaid.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me:
I care not for that, but I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye; Mr. *Slender* would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. This is my Father's Choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd Faults
Look handsome in three hundred Pounds a Year?

Quic. And how does good Master *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her Coz.

O Boy, thou hadst a Father!

Slen. I had a Father, Mrs. *Anne*; my Uncle can tell you good Jest of him. Pray you, Uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the Jest, how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Uncle.

Shal. Mistress *Anne*, my Cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any Woman in *Glocestershire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty Pounds Jointure.

Anne. Good Master *Shallow*, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good Comfort; she calls you, Coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now Master *Slender*.

Slen. Now good Mistress *Anne*.

Anne. What is your Will?

Slen. My Will? Od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty Jest indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank Heav'n; I am not such a sickly Creature, I give Heav'n Praise.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you; your Father and my Uncle have made Motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy Man be his dole; they can tell you how things go better than I can; you may ask your Father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master *Slender*: Love him, Daughter *Anne*. Why how now? What does Master *Fenton* here? You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my House: I tell you, Sir, my Daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my Child.

Page. She is no Match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master *Fenton*.

Come,

Come, Master *Shallow*; come, Son *Slender*, in.

Knowing my Mind, you wrong me, Master *Fenton*.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow and Slender.*

Quic. Speak to Mistress *Page*.

Fent. Good Mistress *Page*, for that I love your Daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all Checks, Rebukes and Manners,
I must advance the Colours of my Love,
And not retire. Let me have your good Will.

Anne. Good Mother, do not marry me to yon Fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better Husband.

Quic. That's my Master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th' Earth,
And bow'd to Death with Turneps.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not your self, good Master
Fenton, I will not be your Friend nor Enemy:
My Daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then, farewell Sir; she must needs go in,

Her Father will be angry. [*Ex. Mrs. Page and Anne.*

Fent. Farewel, gentle Mistress; farewell *Nan*.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will you cast
away your Child on a Fool, and a Physician?
Look on Master *Fenton*: This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to Night,
Give my sweet *Nan* this Ring: There's for thy Pains. [*Exit.*

Quic. Now Heav'n send thee good Fortune. A kind Heart
he hath, a Woman would run through Fire and Water for
such a kind Heart. But yet, I would my Master had Mi-
stres *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in sooth,
I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them
all three, for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my
Word, but speciously for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I must of ano-
ther Errand to Sir *John Falstaff* from my two Mistresses;
what a Beast am I to slack it. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a Quart of Sack, put a Tost in't. Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a Basket, like a Barrow of Butchers Offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my Brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a Dog for a New-years Gift. The Rogues slighted me into the River, with as little Remorse as they would have drown'd a blind Bitch's Puppies, fifteen i'th' litter; and you may know, by my Size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: If the Bottom were as deep as Hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the Shore was shelvy and shallow; a Death that I abhor; for the Water swells a Man: And what a Thing should I have been when I had been swell'd? I should have been a Mountain of Mummy.

Bar. Here's Mistress *Quickly*, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some Sack to the *Thames*-Water; for my Belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd Snow-balls for Pills to cool the Reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, Woman.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. By your Leave: I cry you Mercy. Give your Worship Good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these Challices: Go, brew me a Pottle of Sack finely.

Bard. With Eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it self: I'll no Pullet-Sperm in my Brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your Worship from Mistress *Ford*.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*? I have had *Ford* enough; I was thrown into the *Ford*; I have my Belly full of *Ford*.

Quic. Alas the Day! good Heart, that was not her Fault: She does so take on with her Men; they mistook their Erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish Woman's Promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your Heart to see it. Her Husband goes this Morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine. I must carry her Word quickly, she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think what a Man is: Let her consider his Frailty, and then judge of my Merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. [Exit.

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master *Broom*; he sent me Word to stay within: I like his Mony well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, Master *Broom*, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and *Ford's* Wife.

Ford. That indeed, Sir *John*, is my business.

Fal. Master *Broom*, I will not lie to you; I was at her House the Hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Master *Broom*.

Ford. How Sir, did she change her Determination?

Fal. No, Mr. *Broom*; but the peaking Cornuto her Husband, Mr. *Broom*, dwelling in a continual larum of Jealousie, comes in the instant of our Encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and as it were spoke the Prologue of our Comedy; and at his Heels a rabble of his Companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his Distemper, and, forsooth, to search his House for his Wife's Love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good Luck would have it, comes in one Mistress *Page*, gives Intelligence of *Ford's* Approach, and in her Invention, and *Ford's* Wife's Distraction, they convey'd me into a Buck-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a Buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foul Stockings, and greasie Napkins, that, Master *Broom*, there was the rankest Compound of villainous Smell that ever offended Nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal.

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master *Broom*, what I have suffer'd, to bring this Woman to evil, for your good. Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Ford's* Knaves, his Hinds, were call'd forth by their Mistress, to carry me in the name of foul Cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their Shoulders, met the jealous Knave their Master in the Door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket; I quak'd for Fear, lest the Lunatick Knave would have search'd it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a Cuckold, held his Hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul Cloaths; but mark the sequel, Master *Broom*, I suffered the pangs of three several Deaths: First, an intolerable Fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather; next to be compass'd, like a good Bilbo, in the circumference of a Peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be stopt in, like a strong Distillation, with stinking Cloaths, that fretted in their own Grease: Think of that, a Man of my Kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat as Butter; a Man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape Suffocation. And in the height of this Bath, when I was more than half stew'd in Grease, like a *Dutch* Dish, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that serge, like a Horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot, think of that, Master *Broom*.

Ford. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffer'd all this. My Suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Broom*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, e'er I will leave her thus. Her Husband is this Morning gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another Ambassie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the Hour, Master *Broom*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my Appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the Conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu, you shall have her, Master *Broom*, Master *Broom*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. [Exit.

Ford. Hum! Ha! Is this a Vision? Is this a Dream? Do I sleep? Master *Ford* awake, awake Master *Ford*; there's a Hole made in your best Coat, Master *Ford*: This 'tis to be

be married! this 'tis to have Linnen and Buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim my self what I am; I will now take the Leacher; he is at my House; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a Half-penny Purse, nor into a Pepper-box. But lest the Devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: If I have Horns, to make one mad, let the Proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly and William.

Mrs. Page. IS he at Mr. Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quic. Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the Water. Mrs. Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young Man here to School. Look where his Master comes; 'tis a Playing-day I see. How now, Sir *Hugh*, no School to Day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; Master *Slender* is let the Boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing of his Heart.

Mrs. Page. Sir *Hugh*, my Husband says my Son profits nothing in the World at his Book; I pray you ask him some Questions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither, *William*; hold up your Head, come.

Mrs. Page. Come Sirrah, hold up your Head; answer your Master, be not afraid.

Eva. *William*, how many Numbers is in Nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one Number more, because they say, od's Nowns.

Eva. Peace, your tatlings. What is, *Fair*, *William*?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quic. *Poulcats*? There are fairer things than *Poulcats*, sure.

Eva.

Eva. You are a very simplicity o'man; I pray you peace. What is, *Lapis, William?*

Will. A Stone.

Eva. And what is a Stone, *William?*

Will. A Pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your Prain.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eva. That is a good *William*: What is he, *William*, that does lend Articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the Pronoun, a. ' be thus declin'd, *Singulariter Nominativo, hic, hac, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*; pray you mark: *Genitivo, hujus*: Well, what is your *Accusative Case?*

Will. *Accusative, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you have your remembrance, Child, *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is *Latin* for Bacon. I warrant you.

Eva. Leave you Prabbles, o'man. What is the *Focative Case, William?*

Will. O, *Vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember *William, Focative, is caret.*

Quic. And that's a good Root.

Eva. O'man, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *Genitive Case Plural, William?*

Will. *Genitive Case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive, horum, harum, horum.*

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Ginyes Case*; fie on her; never name her, Child, if she be a Whore.

Eva. For shame, o'man.

Quic. You do ill to teach the Child such words: He teaches him to *hic*, and to *hac*, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*; fie upon you.

Eva. O'man, art thou Lunacies? Hast thou no understandings for thy Cases, and the Numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian Creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, some Declensions of your Pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better Scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag Memory. Farewel, *Mrs. Page*.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good *Sir Hugh*.

Get you home, Boy. Come we stay too long. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Fal. *Mistress Ford*, your Sorrow hath eaten up my Sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your Love, and I profess Requital to a hairs breath, not only, *Mistress Ford*, in the simple Office of Love, but in all the Accoustrement, Complement, and Ceremony of it. But are you sure of your Husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a barding, sweet *Sir John*.

Mrs. Page, [within.] What ho, Gossip *Ford*! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into th' Chamber, *Sir John*. [Ex. Falstaff.]

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweet Heart, who's at home besides your self?

Mrs. Ford. Why none but mine own People.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No certainly.— Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why Woman, your Husband is in his old Lines again; he so takes on yonder with my Husband, so rails against all married Mankind, so curses all *Eve's* Daughters, of what Complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the Fore-head, crying peer-out, peer-out, that any Madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but Tameness, Civility and Patience to this his Distemper he is in now; I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Of none but him, and swears he was carry'd out, the last time he search'd for him, in a Basket; protests to my Husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their Company from their Sport, to make another Experiment of his Suspicion, but I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall see his own Foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress *Page*?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at Streets end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead Man. What a Woman are you? Away with him, away with him, better Shame than Murther.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the Basket again?

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out e'er he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master *Ford's* Brothers watch the Door with Pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip away e'er he came: But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the Chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their Birding-Pieces; creep into the Kill-Hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my Word: Neither Press, Coffers, Chest, Trunk, Well, Vault, but he hath an Abstract for the remembrance of such Places, and goes to them by his Note; there is no hiding you in the House.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own Semblance, you die, Sir *John*, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas-the-Day; I know not, there is no Woman's Gown big enough for him, otherwise he might put on a Hat, a Muffler, and a Kercheif, and so escape.

Fal. Good Hearts, devise something; any Extremity, rather than Mischiefe.

Mrs. Ford. My Maid's Aunt, the fat Woman of *Brainford*, has a Gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my Word it will serve him, she's as big as he is; and there's her thrumb Hat, and her Muffler too.
Run up. Sir *John*. *Mrs. Ford.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John, Mistress Page and I will look some Linnen for your Head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight; put on the Gown the while. [Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. I would my Husband would meet him in this Shape; he cannot abide the old Woman of *Brainford*; he swears she's a Witch, forbad her my House, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n guide him to thy Husband's Cudgel, and the Devil guide his Cudgel afterwards.

Mrs. Ford. But is my Husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay in good Sadness is he, and talks of the Basket too, howsoever he hath had Intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my Men to carry the Basket again, to meet him at the Door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the Witch of *Brainford*.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my Men, what they shall do with the Basket; go up, I'll bring Linnen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest Varlet, We cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a Proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act, that often jest and laugh:

'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the Draugh.

Mrs. Ford. Go Sirs, take the Basket again on your Shoulders; your Master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: Quickly, dispatch.

Enter Servants with the Basket.

1 Serv. Come, come, take up.

2 Serv. Pray Heav'n it be not full of the Knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not. I had as lief bear so much Lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the Basket, Villain; somebody call my Wife: Youth in a Basket. Oh you panderly Rascals, there's a Knot, a Gang, a Pack, a Conspiracy against me; now shall the Devil be sham'd. What, I say, come, come forth, behold what honest Cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes Mr. *Ford*; you are not to go loose nay longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is Lunaticks; this is mad as a mad Dog.

Shal. Indeed, Mr. *Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir. Come hither Mistress *Ford*, Mistress *Ford*, the honest Woman, the modest Wife, the virtuous Creature, that hath the jealous Fool to her Husband: I suspect without Cause, Mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my Witness you do, if you suspect me in any Dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth, Sirrah. *[Pulls the Cloaths out of the Basket.*

Page. This passes.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed, let the Cloaths alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your Wife's Cloaths? Come away.

Ford. Empty the Basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why Man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a Man, there was one convey'd out of my House Yesterday in this Basket; why may not he be there again? In my House I am sure he is; my Intelligence is true, my Jealousie is reasonable, pluck me out all the Linnen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a Man there, he shall die a Flea's death.

Page. Here's no Man.

Shal. By my Fidelity this is not not well, Mr. *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Mr. *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the Imaginations of your own Heart; this is Jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your Brain.

Ford. Help to search my House this one time; if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my Extremity; let me for ever be your Table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as *Ford*, that searched a hollow Wall-nut for his Wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, Mistress *Page*! come you and the old Woman down; my Husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford.

Ford. Old Woman! What old Woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my Maid's Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A Witch, a Quean, an old cozening Quean; have I not forbid her my House? She comes of Errands, does she? We are simple Men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the Profession of Fortune-telling. She works by Charms, by Spells, by th' Figure, and such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element; we know nothing. Come down, you Witch, you Hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet Husband; good Gentlemen, let him not strike the old Woman.

Enter Falstaff in Womens Cloaths.

Mrs. Page. Come Mother *Prat*, come, give me your Hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my Door you Witch, [*Beats him.*] you Hag, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out; I'll Conjure you, I'll Fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed?
I think you have kill'd the poor Woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly Credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, Witch.

Eva. By yea, and no, I think the o'man is a Witch indeed: I like not when a o'man has a great Peard; I spy a great Peard under his Muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, Gentlemen? I beseech you follow; see but the Issue of my Jealousie; if I cry out thus upon no Trial, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his Humour a little further:
Come, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by th' Mass that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the Cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the Altar, it hath done meritorious Service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of Woman-hood, and the witness of a good Conscience, pursue him with any further Revenge?

Mrs. Page. The Spirit of Wantonness is sure scar'd out of him; if the Devil have him not in Fee-simple, with Fine

and Recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again,

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our Husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the Figures out of your Husband's Brain. If they can find in their Hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the Ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publickly sham'd; and methinks there would be no period to the Jest, should he not be publickly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the *German* desires to have three of your Horses; the Duke himself will be to Morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the Court: Let me speak with the Gentlemen; they speak *English*?

Bar. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my Horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sawce them. They have had my House a Week at Command; I have turn'd away my other Guests; they must come off, I'll sawce them, come. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best Discretions of a o'man as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an Hour.

Ford. Pardon me, Wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt; I rather will suspect the Sun with cold, Than thee with Wantonness; now doth thy Honour stand,
In

In him that was of late an Heretick,
As firm of Faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not extream in Submission, as in Offence,
But let our Plot go forward: Let our Wives
Yet once again, to make us publick Sport,
Appoint a Meeting with this old fat Fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him Word they'll meet him in the
Park at Midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You say he hath been thrown into the River; and
has been grievously peaten, as an old o'man; methinks there
should be Terrors in him, that he should not come; me-
thinks his Flesh is punish'd, he shall have no Desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes;
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old Tale goes, that *Herne* the
Hunter, sometime a Keeper in *Windsor* Forest,
Doth all the Winter time at still of Midnight
Walk round about an Oak, with great ragged Horns,
And there he blasts the Tree, and takes the Cattle,
And makes Milch-kine yield Blood, and shakes a Chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our Age
This Tale of *Herne* the Hunter for a Truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of Night to walk by this *Herne's* Oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry this is our Device,
That *Falstaff* at that Oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.
And in this Shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? What is your Plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page, (my Daughter) and my little Son,
And three or four more of their Growth, we'll dress
Like Urchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, green and white,

With Rounds of waxen Tapers on their Heads,
 And Rattles in their Hands; upon a sudden,
 As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met,
 Let them from forth a Saw-pit rush at once
 With some diffused Song: Upon their sight
 We two, in great Amazedness, will fly;
 Then let them all encircle him about,
 And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;
 And ask him why, that Hour of Fairy Revel,
 In their so sacred Paths he dares to tread
 In Shape prophane.

Mrs. Ford. And 'till he tell the Truth,
 Let the supposed Fairies pinch him sound,
 And burn him with their Tapers.

Mrs. Page. The Truth being known,
 We'll all present our selves; dis-horn the Spirit,
 And mock him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The Children must
 Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the Children their Behaviours; and I
 will be like a Jack-a-napes also, to burn the Knight with my
 Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent.
 I'll go buy them Vizards.

Mrs. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queen of all the Fairies,
 finely attir'd in a Robe of white.

Page. That Silk would I go buy, and in that time
 Shall Mr. *Slender* steal my *Nan* away,
 And marry her at *Eaton*. Go, send to *Falstaff* straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of *Broom*;
 He'll tell me all his Purpose. Sure he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that; go get us Properties
 And Tricking for your Fairies.

Eva. Let us about it,
 It is admirable Pleasures, and ferry honest Knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Go, Mrs. *Ford*,
 Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his Mind. [*Ex. Mrs. Ford.*]
 I'll to the Doctor, he hath my good Will,
 And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*.
 That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an Ideot;
 And he my Husband best of all affects:

The Doctor is well mony'd, and his Friends
Potent at Court; he, none but he shall have her,
Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have? Boor, what? Thick-skin, speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir *John Falstaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his Standing-bed and Truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the Story of the Prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: Knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old Woman, a fat Woman gone up into his Chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down; I come to speak with her indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat Woman? The Knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John*! speak from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Host, thine *Ephesian* calls.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* carries the coming down of thy fat Woman: Let her descend, Bully, let her descend; my Chambers are honourable. Fie, Privacy? Fie.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat Woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wife Woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. Ay marry was it, Muffel-shell, what would you with her?

Simp. My Master, Sir, my Master *Slender* sent to her, seeing her go thro' the Street, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a Chain, had the Chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old Woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry she says, that the very same Man that be-guil'd Master *Slender* of his Chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman her self, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? Let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about Mistress *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Master's Fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his Fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: Go; say the Woman told me so.

Simp. May I be bold to say so, Sir?

Fal. Ay Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your Worship: I shall make my Master glad with these Tidings. [Exit Simple.]

Host. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: Was there a wise Woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine *Host*, one that hath taught me more Wit than ever I learn'd before in my Life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out alas, Sir, Cozenage; meer Cozenage.

Host. Where be my Horses? Speak well of them, Var-letto.

Bard. Run away with the Cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a Slough of Mire, and set Spurs, and away; like three *German Devils*, three *Doctor Faustus's*.

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke, Villain, do not say they be fled; *Germans* are honest Men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine *Host*?

Host. What is the Matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your Entertainments; there is a Friend of mine come to Town, tells me there is three Co-zen-

zen-Jermans that has cozen'd all the *Hosts* of *Reading*, of *Maiden-Head*, of *Cole-Brook*, of *Horses* and *Mony*. I tell you for good Will, look you, you are wise, and full of Gibes and vlouting-Stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened; fare you well. [Exit.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver'is mine *Host de Farter*?

Host. Here, Master Doctor, in Perplexity and doubtful Delemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand Preparation for a *Duke de Jamany*; by my trot, der is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good Will; adieu. [Exit.

Host. Hue and Cry, Villain, go; assist me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, Hue and Cry, Villain, I am undone.

[Exit.

Fal. I would all the World might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the Ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my Transformation has been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my Fat, Drop by Drop, and liquor Fishermens Boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine Wits, 'till I were as crest-faln as a dry'd Pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore my self at *Primer*. Well, if my Wind were but long enough, I would repent. Now, whence come you?

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. From the two Parties, Forsooth.

Fal. The Devil take one Party, and his Dam the other; and so they shall be both bestow'd; I have suffer'd more for their Sakes, more than the villainous Inconstancy of Man's Disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; *Mistress Ford*, good Heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white Spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten my self into all the Colours of the Rain-Bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*, but that my admirable Dexterity of Wit, my counterfeiting the Action of an old Woman deliver'd me, the Knave Constable had set me i'th' Stocks, i'th' common Stocks for a Witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your Chamber, you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your Content. Here is a Letter will say somewhat. Good Hearts, what a-do is here to bring you together? Sure one of you does not serve Heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master *Fenton*, talk not to me, my Mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my Purpose, And, as I am a Gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred Pound in Gold, more than your Loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master *Fenton*; and I will, at the least, keep your Counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear Love I bear to fair *Anne Page*, Who, mutually, hath answer'd my Affection, (So far forth as her self might be her Chuser) Even to my Wish; I have a Letter from her Of such Contents, as you will wonder at; Thy Mirth whereof, so larded with my Matter, That neither singly can be manifested, Without the shew of both. Fat Sir *John Falstaff* Hath a great Scene; the Image of the Jest I'll shew you here at large. Hark good mine Host; To Night at *Herne's Oak*, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet *Nan* present the Fairy Queen, The Purpose why is here; in which Disguise, While other Jests are something rank on Foot, Her Father hath commanded her to slip Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton* Immediately to marry; she hath consented. Now Sir, Her Mother, even strong against that Match, And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other Sports are tasking of their Minds, And at the Deanry, where a Priest attends, Straight marry her; to this her Mother's Plot

She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made Promise to the Doctor: Now thus it rests;
Her Father means she shall be all in White,
And in that Habit, when *Slender* sees his time
To take her by the Hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him. Her Mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint in Green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With Ribbands-Pendant, flaring 'bout her Head;
And when the Doctor spies his Vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the Hand, and on that Token,
The Maid hath given Consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? Father, or Mother?

Fent. Both, my good Host, to go along with me,
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful Name of marrying,
To give our Hearts united Ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your Device; I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lack a Priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beside, I'll make a present Recompence.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. **P**Rithee no more prating; go, I'll hold. This is the
third time; I hope good Luck lyes in odd Numbers;
away, go, they say there is Divinity in odd Numbers,
either in Nativity, Chance or Death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a Chain, and I'll do what I can
to get you a Pair of Horns. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*]

Fal. Away, I say, time wears; hold up your Head, and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, Mr. *Broom*? Mr. *Broom*, the Matter will be
known to Night, or never. Be you in the Park about Mid-
Night, at *Herne's Oak*, and you shall see Wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her Yesterday, Sir, as you told
me you had appointed?

Fal.

Fal. I went to her, Master *Broom*, as you see, like a poor old Man; but I came from her, Master *Broom*, like a poor old Woman. That same Knave, *Ford* her Husband, hath the finest mad Devil of Jealousie in him, Master *Broom*, that ever govern'd Frenzy. I will tell you, he beat me grievously, in the shape of a Woman; for in the shape of a Man, Master *Broom*, I fear not *Goliath* with a Weaver's Beam, because I know also Life is a Shuttle. I am in haste, go along with me, I'll tell you all, Master *Broom*. Since I pluckt Geese, play'd Truant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this Knave *Ford*, on whom to Night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his Wife into your Hand. Follow, strange things in hand, Master *Broom*, follow. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i'th' Castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember, Son *Slender*, my Daughter.

Slen. Ay Forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a Nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white and cry Mum, she cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten a-Clock.

Page. The Night is dark, Light and Spirits will become it well; Heav'n prosper our Sport. No Man means evil but the Devil, and we shall know him by his Horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Mr. Doctor, my Daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the Hand, away with her to the Deanry, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two must go together.

Caius.

Cains. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [Exit.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My Husband will not rejoice so much at the Abuse of *Falstaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my Daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is *Nan* now, and her Troop of Fairies, and the *Welch Devil Herne*?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a Pit hard by *Herne's Oak*, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaff's* and our meeting they will at once display to the Night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd he will be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such Leudsters, and their Lechery. Those that betray them do no Treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The Hour draws on; to the Oak, to the Oak. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, Fairies; come, and remember your Parts: Be pold, I pray you, follow me into the Pit, and when I give the Watch-ords do as I bid you: Come, come, trib, trib. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. The *Windsor* Bell hath struck twelve, the Minute draws on; now the hot-blooded God assist me. Remember, *Jove*, thou wast a Bull for thy *Europa*; Love set on thy Horns. Oh powerful Love! that in some respects makes a Beast a Man; in some other, a Man a Beast. You were also, *Jupiter*, a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omnipotent Love! how near the God drew to the Complexion of a Goose; a Fault done first in the form of a Beast, O *Jove*, a beastly Fault; and then another Fault in the semblance of a Fowl; think on't, *Jove*, a foul Fault. When
Gods

Gods have hot Backs, what shall poor Men do? For me, I am here a *Windsor* Stag, and the fattest I think, i'th' *Forrest*. Send me a cool Rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piss my Tallow? Who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*? Art thou there, my Deer? My Male-Deer?

Fal. My Doe with the black Scut? Let the Sky rain Potatoes, let it thunder to the Tune of *Green-Sleeves*, hail kissing-Comfits, and snow Eringoes, let there come a Tempest of Provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. *Mistress Page* is come with me, sweet Heart.

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd Buck, each a Haunch, I will keep my Sides to my self, my Shoulders for the Fellow of this Walk, and my Horns I bequeath your Husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speak I like the *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is *Cupid* a Child of Conscience, he makes Re-stitution. As I am a true Spirit, welcome. [*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what Noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our Sins.

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. *Mrs. Page.* Away, away. [*The Women run out.*]

Fal. I think the Devil will not have me damn'd, Lest the Oil that is in me should set Hell on Fire; He would never else cross me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You Moon-shine Revellers, and Shades of Night,
You Orphan-Heirs of fixed Destiny,
Attend your Office, and your Quality.

Crier Hobgoblin, make the Fairy O-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your Names; silence, you airy Toys.
Cricket, to *Windsor* Chimneys shalt thou leap:

Where Fires thou find'st unrak'd, and Hearths unswept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bilbery.

Our radiant Queen hates Sluts and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die.
I'll wink and couch; no Man their Works must eye.

[*Lyes down upon his Face.*]

Eva. Where's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a Maid
That e'er she sleep has thrice her Prayers said,

Raise up the Organs of her Fantasie,
 Sleep she as sound as careless Infancy;
 But those that sleep and think not on their Sins,
 Pinch them, Arms, Legs, Backs, Shoulders, Sides and Shins.

Quic. About, about;

Search *Windsor* Castle, Elves, within and out.
 Strew good Luck, Ouphes, on every sacred Room,
 That it may stand 'till the perpetual Doom,
 In State as wholesom, as in State 'tis fit,
 Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
 The several Chairs of Order look you scour,
 With Juice of Balm and ev'ry precious Flow'r;
 Each fair Instalment, Coat, and sev'ral Crest,
 With loyal Blazon evermore be blest.
 And nightly-meadow-Fairies, look you sing
 Like to the *Garter*-compass in a Ring:
 Th' Expressure that it bears, Green let it be,
 More fertile fresh than all the Field to see;
 And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pense* write
 In Emrold-tuffs, Flowers, purple, blue and white,
 Like Sapphire-pearl, and rich Embroidery,
 Buckled below fair Knight-hoods bending Knee;
 Fairies use Flow'rs for their Charactery.
 Away, disperse; but 'till 'tis one a Clock
 Our Dance of Custom round about the Oak
 Of *Herne* the Hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you lock Hand in Hand, your selves in order set;
 And twenty Glow-worms shall our Lant-horns be
 To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
 But stay, I smell a Man of middle Earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* Fairy,
 Lest he transform me to a piece of Cheese.

Pist. Vild Worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in thy
 Birth.

Quic. With Trial-fire touch his Finger end;
 If he be Chaste, the Flame will back descend
 And turn him to no Pain; but if he start,
 It is the Flesh of a corrupted Heart.

Pist. A Trial, come.

[*They burn him with their Tapers, and pinch him.*]

Eva. Come, will this Wood take fire?

Fal.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in Desire;
About him, Fairies, sing a scornful Rhime,
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

*Fie on sinful Phantasie : Fie on Lust and Luxury :
Lust is but a bloody Fire, kindled with unchaste Desire.*

Fed in Heart whose Flames aspire,

As Thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him, Fairies, mutually; pinch him for his Villany:

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,

'Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moon-shine be out.

[*He offers to run out.*

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly, I think I have watcht you now;
Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you come, hold up the Jest no higher.
Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windsor Wives*?
See you these Husbands? Do not these fair Oaks
Become the Forest better than the Town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a Cuckold now?

Mr. Broom, *Falstaff's* a Knave, a cuckoldy Knave,
Here are his Horns, Master *Broom*;

And, Master *Broom*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford*
But his Buck-basket, his Cudgel, and twenty Pounds of
Mony, which must be paid to Mr. *Broom*; his Horses are
arrested for it, Mr. *Broom*.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill Luck; we could
never meet. I will never take you for my Love again, but I
will always count you my Deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Ass.

Ford. Ay, and an Ox to: Both the Proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:

I was three or four times in the Thought they were not
Fairies, and yet the guiltiness of my Mind, the sudden sur-
prize of my Powers, drove the grossness of the Foppery in-
to a receiv'd Belief, in despite of the Teeth of all Rhime
and Reason, that they were Fairies. See now how Wit may
be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill Employment.

Eva. Sir *John Falstaff*, serve Got, and leave your Desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, Fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your Jealouzies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my Wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my Brain in the Sun and dry'd it, that it wants Matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a *Welch* Goat too? Shall I have a Coxcomb of Frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a piece of roasted Cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give Putter; your Pelly is all Putter.

Fal. Seese and Putter? Have I liv'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of *English*? This is enough to be the decay of Lust and late-walking through the Realm.

Mrs. Page. Why Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thrust Virtue out of our Hearts by the Head and Shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to Hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our Delight.

Ford. What, a Hodge-pudding? A Bag of Flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed Man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable Entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job*?

Ford. And as wicked as his Wife?

Eva. And given to Fornications, and to Taverns, and Sack, and Wine, and Metheglin, and to Drinkings, and Swearings, and Staring? Pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your Theme; you have the start of me, I am dejected; I am not able to answer the *Welch* Flannel, Ignorance it self is a Plummet o'er me, use me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we'll bring you to *Windsor* to one Mr. *Broom*, that you have cozen'd of Mony, to whom you should have been a Pander: Over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that Mony will be a biting Affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight, thou shalt eat a Posset to Night at my House, where I will desire thee to laugh at
my

my Wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her Daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my Daughter, she is, by this, Doctor *Caius's* Wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! Father *Page*!

Page. Son? How now? How now Son,
Have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in *Gloucester shire* know on't; would I were hang'd-la, else.

Page. Of what, Son?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistress *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not been i'th' Church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a Post-master's Boy.

Page. Upon my Life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a Boy for a Girl: If I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in Woman's Apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own Folly.
Did not I tell you how you should know my Daughter
By her Garments?

Slen. I went to her in green and cry'd Mum, and she cry'd Budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-master's Boy.

Mrs. Page. Good *George* be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my Daughter into white, and indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there marry'd.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is Mistress *Page*; by gar I am cozon'd, I ha' marry'd one Garloon, a Boe; oon Pefant, by gar. A Boy, it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozon'd.

Mrs. Page. Why? Did you take her in white?

Caius. Ay be gar, and 'tis a Boy; be gar, I'll raise all *Windsor*.

Ford. This is strange; who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My Heart misgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton*.
How now Mr. *Fenton*?

Anne.

Anne. Pardon, good Father; good my Mother, Pardon.

Page. Now Mistress,

How chance you went not with Mr. *Slender*?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, Maid?

Fent. You do amaze her. Hear the Truth of it:

You would have marry'd her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in Love:

The Truth is, she and I, long since contracted,

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.

Th' Offence is holy that she hath committed,

And this Deceit loses the name of Craft,

Of Disobedience, or unduteous Title;

Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed Hours

Which forced Marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no Remedy.

In Love, the Heav'ns themselves do guide the State;

Mony buys Lands, and Wives are sold by Fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special Stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what Remedy? *Fenton*, Heav'n give thee Joy; what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When Night-dogs run, all forts of Deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further: Mr. *Fenton*, Heav'n give you many, many merry Days.

Good Husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this Sport o'er by a Country Fire,

Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so, Sir *John*:

To Master *Broom* you yet shall hold your Word;

For he, to Night, shall lye with Mistress *Ford*. [Exeunt.]



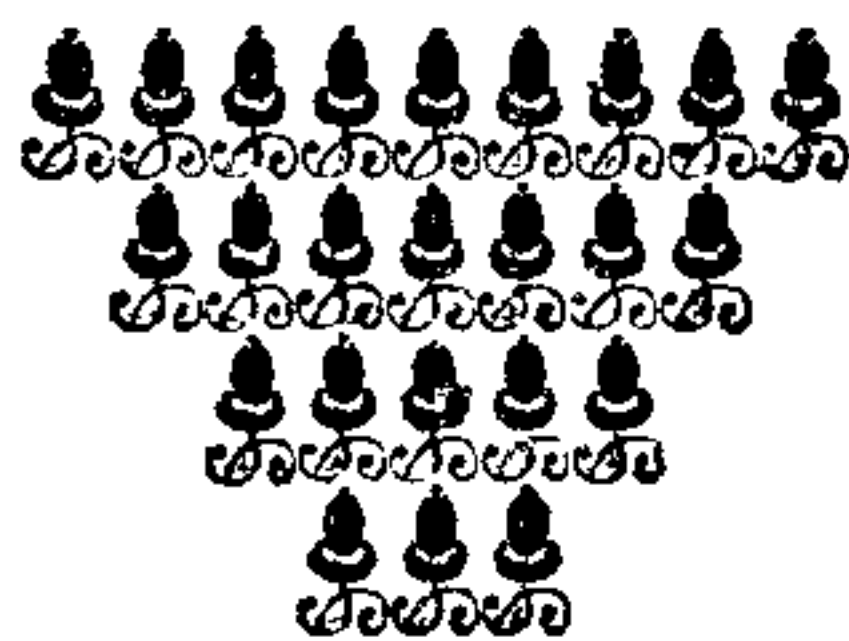
MEASURE

FOR

MEASURE.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

V Incentio, *Duke of Vienna.*

Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's Absence.*

Escalus, *an ancient Lord.*

Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*

Lucio, *a Fantastick.*

Two Gentlemen.

Varrius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*

Provost.

Thomas, }
Peter, } *two Friars.*

Elbow, *a simple Constable.*

Froth, *a foolish Gentleman.*

Clown, *Servant to Mrs. Over-don.*

Abhorson, *an Executioner.*

Barnardine, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

Isabella, *Sister to Claudio.*

Mariana, *betrothed to Angelo.*

Juliet, *beloved of Claudio.*

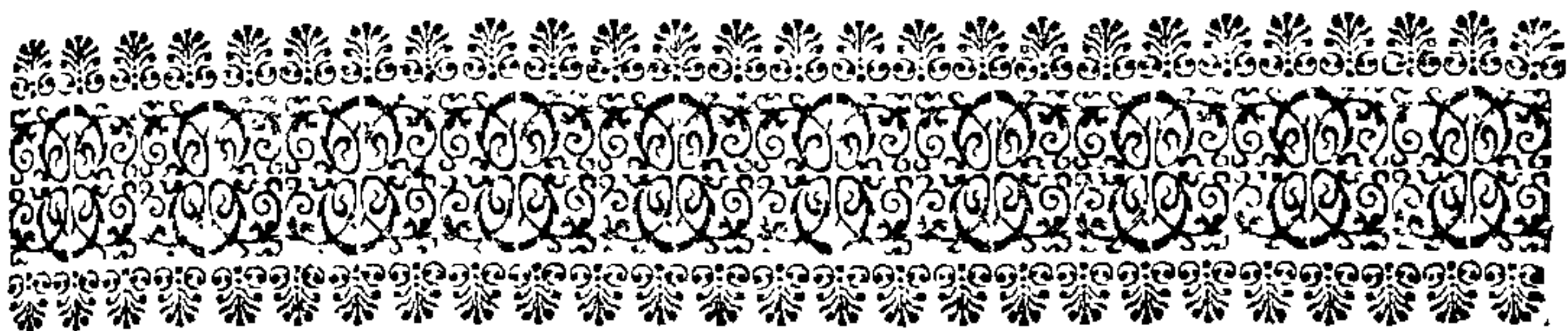
Francisca, *a Nun.*

Mistress Over-don, a Bawd.

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

S C E N E *Vienna.*

M E A



Measure for Measure.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Palace.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

D U K E.

Escalus.

Escal. My Lord. (fold,

Duke. Of Government, the Properties to un-
Would seem in me t'affect Speech and Di-
scourse.

Since I am put to know, that your own Sci-

Exceeds, in that, the Lists of all Advice (ence

My Strength can give you: Then no more remains;

Put that to your Sufficiency, as your Worth is able,

And let them work: The Nature of our People,

Our City's Institutions, and the Terms

For common Justice, y'are as pregnant in

As Art and Practice hath enriched any

That we remember. There is our Commission,

From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,

I say, bid come before us *Angelo*:

What figure of us think you, he will bear?

For you must know, we have with special Soul

Elected him our Absence to supply;

Lent him our Terror, drest him with our Love,

And given his Deputation all the Organs

Of our own Power: What think you of it?

Escal. If any in *Vienna* be of Worth
To undergo such ample Grace and Honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's Will,
I come to know your Grace's Pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of Character in thy Life,
That, to th' Observer, doth thy History
Fully unfold: Thy self and thy Belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thy self upon thy Virtues; they on thee:
Heav'n doth with us, as we with Torches do,
Not light them for themselves: For if our Virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine Issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest Scruple of her Excellence,
But like a thrifty Goddess, she determines
Her self the Glory of a Creditor,
Both Thanks and Use. But I do bend my Speech
To one that can my Part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, *Angelo*:
In our Remove, be thou at full, our self.
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*,
Live in thy Tongue and Heart: Old *Escalus*,
Though first in Question, is thy Secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now, good my Lord,
Let there be some more Test made of my Metal,
Before so noble and so great a Figure
Be stamp't upon it.

Duke. No more Evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepar'd Choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your Honours:
Our Haste from hence is of so quick Condition,
That it prefers it self, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful Value. We shall write to you,
As Time and our Concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know

What doth befall you here. So fare you well.
To th' hopeful Execution do I leave you
Of your Commission.

Ang. Yet give leave, my Lord,
That we may bring you something on the Way.

Duke. My Haste may not admit it,
Nor need you, on mine Honour, have to do
With any Scruple; your Scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualifie the Laws,
As to your Soul seems good. Give me your Hand;
I'll privily away. I love the People,
But do not like to stage me to their Eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud Applause, and *Aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the Man of safe Discretion
That does affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The Heav'ns give Safety to your Purposes.

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in Happiness.

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free Speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the Bottom of my Place:
A Power I have, but of what Strength and Nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let us with-draw together,
And we may soon our Satisfaction have
Touching that Point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *The Street.*

Enter Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to
Composition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the
Dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heav'n grant us its Peace, but not the King of
Hungary's.

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pyrat, that
went to Sea with the ten Commandments, but scrap'd one
out of the Table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why? 'twas a Commandment to command the Captain and all the rest from their Functions; they put forth to steal: There's not a Soldier of us all, that, in the Thanksgiving before Meat, do relish the Petition well that prays for Peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any Soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: For I think thou never wast where Grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in Meeter?

Lucio. In any Proportion, or in any Language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any Religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace, is Grace, despite of all Controversie; as for Example, Thou thy self art a wicked Villain, despite of all Grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a Pair of Sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the Lifts and the Velvet. Thou art the Lift.

1 *Gent.* And thou the Velvet; thou art good Velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd Piece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lift of an *English* Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* Velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and indeed with most painful feeling of thy Speech: I will, out of thine own Confession, learn to begin thy Health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done my self wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawd.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes. I have purchas'd as many Diseases under her Roof,
As come to——

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand Dolours a Year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* Crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring Diseases in me; but thou art full of Error, I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not, as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy Bones are hollow; Impiety has made a Feast of thee.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your Hips has the most profound Sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to Prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who's that, I prethee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to Prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so; I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and which is more, within these three Days his Head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam *Julietta* with Child.

Lucio. Believe me this may be; he promised to meet me two Hours since, and he was ever precise in Promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know it draws something near to the Speech we had to such a Purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the Truth of it. [*Exeunt.*]

Bawd. Thus, what with the War, what with the Sweat, what with the Gallows, and what with Poverty, I am Custom-shrunk. How now? what's the News with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder Man is carry'd to Prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A Woman.

Bawd. But what's his Offence?

Clown. Groping for Trouts in a peculiar River.

Bawd. What? is there a Maid with Child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a Woman with Maid by him. You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What Proclamation, Man?

Clown. All Houses in the Suburbs of *Vienna* must be pluck'd down.

Bawd.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the City?

Clown. They shall stand for Seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our Houses of Refort in the Suburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the Ground, Mistrefs.

Bawd. Why here's a Change indeed in the Commonwealth; what shall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good Counsellors lack no Clients; though you change your Place, you need not change your Trade: I'll be your Tapster still. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your Eyes almost out in the Service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapster*? let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provost to Prison; and there's Madam *Juliet*. [*Ex. Bawd and Clown.*

Enter Provost, Claudia, Juliet and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' World? Bear me to Prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil Disposition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by special Charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our Offence, by weight
The words of Heav'n; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just. [*Straint.*

Lucio. Why how now *Claudio*? Whence comes this Re-

Claud. From too much Liberty, my *Lucio*, Liberty;
As Surfeit is the Father of much Fast,
So every Scope by the immoderate use
Turns to Restraint: Our Natures do pursue,
Like Rats that ravin down their proper Bane,
A thirsty Evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely, under an Arrest, I would send for certain of my Creditors; and yet, to say the Truth, I had as lief have the Foppery of Freedom, as the Morality of Imprisonment: What's thy Offence, *Claudio*?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, Murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One Word, good Friend:

Lucio, a Word with you.

Lucio. A hundred;

If they'll do you any good: Is Letchery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me; upon a true Contract
I got Possession of *Julietta's* Bed,
You know the Lady, she is fast my Wife,
Save that we do the Denunciation lack
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Only for Propagation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her Friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
'Till Time had made them for us. But it chanches
The Stealth of our most mutual Entertainment
With Character too gross, is writ in *Juliet*.

Lucio. With Child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of Newness,
Or whether that the Body publick be
A Horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it strait feel the Spur;
Whether the Tyranny be in his Place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in: But this new Governor
Awakes me all the enrolled Penalties
Which have, like unscour'd Armour, hung by th' Wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a Name,
Now puts the drowfie and neglected Act
Freshly on me; 'tis surely for a Name.

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy Head stands so tickle on
thy Shoulders, that a Milk-maid, if she be in Love, may
figh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prethee, *Lucio*, do me this kind Service:

This Day, my Sister should the Cloister enter,
And there receive her Approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger of my State,
Implore her in my Voice, that she make Friends
To the strict Deputy; bid her self assay him,
I have great Hope in that; for in her Youth
There is a prone and speechless Dialect,
Such as moves Men! beside, she hath prosperous Art
When she will play with Reason, and Discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the Encouragement of
the like, which else would stand upon grievous Imposition
as for the enjoying of thy Life, who I would be sorry
should be thus foolishly lost, at a Game of Tick-tack. I'll
to her.

Claud. I thank you, good Friend *Lucio.*

Lucio. Within two Hours.

Claud. Come Officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *A Monastery.*

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy Father, throw away that Thought,
Believe not that the dribbling Dart of Love
Can pierce a compleat Bosom: Why I desire thee
To give me secret Harbour, hath a Purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the Aims and Ends
Of burning Youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it.

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the Life remov'd,
And held in idle price to haunt Assemblies
Where Youth and Cost, and witless Bravery keeps.
I have delivered to Lord *Angelo,*
A Man of Stricture and firm Abstinence,
My absolute Power and Place in *Vienna,*
And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland,*
For so I have strew'd it in the common Ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, My Lord.

Duke.

Duke. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,
The needful Bits and Curbs for head-strong Weeds,
Which for this fourteen Years we have let slip,
Even like an o'er-grown Lion in a Cave
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning Twigs of Birch,
Only to stick it in their Childrens sight,
For Error, not to use; in time the Rod
More mock'd than fear'd: So our Decrees,
Dead to Infliction, to themselves are dead,
And Liberty plucks Justice by the Nose;
The Baby beats the Nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all Decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this ty'd-up Justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful;
Sith 'twas my Fault to give the People scope,
'Twould be my Tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done
When evil Deeds have their permissive Pass,
And not the Punishment: Therefore indeed, my Father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the Office,
Who may in th'ambush of my Name strike home,
And yet, my Nature never in the fight
To do in slander: And to behold his Sway,
I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince and People; therefore I prethee
Supply me with the Habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in Person bear
Like a true *Friar*. More Reasons for this Action,
At your more leisure, shall I render you;
Only this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,
Stands at a guard with Envy, scarce confesses
That his Blood flows, or that his Appetite
Is more to Bread than Stone: Hence shall we see,
If Power change Purpose, what our Seemers be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV. *A Nunnery.**Enter Isabella and Francisca.**Isab.* And have you Nuns no farther Privileges?*Nun.* Are not these large enough?*Isab.* Yes truly; I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict Restraint
Upon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint *Clare*.*Lucio within.**Lucio.* Ho! Peace be in this Place.*Isab.* Who's that which calls?*Nun.* It is a Man's Voice, gentle *Isabella*,
Turn you the Key, and know his Business of him;
You may, I may not, you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with Men,
But in the Presence of the *Prioress*;
Then if you speak, you must not shew your Face,
Or if you shew your Face, you must not speak.
He calls again, I pray you answer him. [Exit Franc.]*Isab.* Peace and Prosperity, who is't that calls?*Enter Lucio.**Lucio.* Hail Virgin, if you be, as those Cheek-Roses
Proclaim you are no less, can you so stead me,
As bring me to the Sight of *Isabella*,
A Novice of this Place, and the fair Sister
To her unhappy Brother *Claudio*?*Isab.* Why her unhappy Brother? Let me ask,
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.*Lucio.* Gentle and Fair, your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in Prison.*Isab.* Wo me, for what?*Lucio.* For that, which if my self might be his Judge,
He should receive his Punishment in Thanks;
He hath got his Friend with Child.*Isab.* Sir, make me not your Story.*Lucio.* 'Tis true; I would not, tho' tis my familiar Sin,
With Maids to seem the Lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue, far from Heart; play with all Virgins so.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd and fainted,

Be your Renouncement an Immortal Spirit,
And to be talk'd with in Sincerity,
As with a Saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the Good; in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness, and Truth; 'tis thus;
Your Brother and his Lover having embrac'd,
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the Seedness the bare Fallow brings
To teeming Foyson; even so her plenteous Womb
Expresseth his full Tilt and Husbandry.

Isab. Some one with Child by him? My Cozen Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your Cozen?

Isab. Adoptedly, as School-Maids change their Names,
By vain, tho' apt Affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. Let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the Point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many Gentlemen, my self being one,
In hand, and hope of Action; but we do learn,
By those that know the very Nerves of State,
His givings out were of an infinite Distance
From his true meant Design. Upon his Place,
And with full Line of his Authority,
Governs Lord *Angelo*; a Man whose Blood
Is very Snow-Broth, one who never feels
The wanton Stings and Motions of the Sense;
But doth rebate, and blunt his natural Edge
With Profits of the Mind, Study and Fast.
He, to give Fear to Use and Liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous Law,
As Mice by Lyons, hath pickt out an Act,
Under whose heavy Sense your Brother's Life
Falls into Forfeit; he arrests him on it,
And follows close the Rigor of the Statute,
To make him an Example; all Hope is gone,
Unless you have the Grace by your fair Prayer
To soften *Angelo*; and that's my Pith of Business
'Twixt you, and your poor Brother.

Isab. Doth he so
Seek his Life?

Lucio.

Lucio. Has censur'd him already,
And, as I hear, the Provost hath a Warrant
For's Execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good?

Lucio. Assay the Power you have.

Isab. My Power? Alas! I doubt.

Lucio. Our Doubts are Traitors,
And makes us lose the Good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when Maidens sue,
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their Petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it strait;
No longer staying, but to give the Mother
Notice of my Affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my Brother: Soon at Night
I'll send him certain word of my Success.

Lucio. I take my Leave of you.

Isab. Good Sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

S C E N E *the Palace.*

Enter Angelo, Escalus, Justice and Attendants.

Ang. **W**E must not make a Scar-crow of the Law,
Setting it up to fear the Birds of prey,
And let it keep one Shape, 'till Custom make it
Their Pearch, and not their Terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to Death. Alas! this Gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble Father;
Let but your Honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in Virtue,

That

That in the working of your own Affections,
Had Time coheer'd with Place, or Place with Wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your Blood,
Could have attain'd th' Effect of your own Purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your Life
Err'd in this Point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the Law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny
The Jury passing on the Prisoner's Life,
May in the sworn Twelve have a Thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to Justice,
That Justice seizes. What knows the Laws
That Thieves do pass on Thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his Offence,
For I have had such Faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own Judgment pattern out my Death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be it as your Wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the *Provost*?

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See that *Clandio*

Be executed by nine to Morrow Morning.

Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,

For that's the utmost of his Pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. Well: Heav'n forgive him; and forgive us all;
Some rise by Sin, and some by Virtue fall:
Some run through Brakes of Vice, and answer none,
And some condemned for a Fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown and Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good People in
a Common-weal, that do nothing but use their Abuses in
common Houses, I know no Law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your Name? and what's the
Matter?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's Constable, and my Name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon Justice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what Benefactors are they? Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I know not well what they are; but precise Villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all Profanation in the World, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Go to: What Quality are you of? *Elbow* is your Name?

Why dost thou not speak, *Elbow*?

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at *Elbow*.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? A Tapster, Sir; parcel Bawd; one that serves a bad Woman; whose House, Sir, was, as they say, pluckt down in the Suburbs; and now she professes a Hot-house; which, I think, is a very ill House too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My Wife, Sir, whom I detest before Heav'n and your Honour.

Escal. How? Thy Wife.

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom I thank Heav'n is an honest Woman.

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest my self also, as well as she, that this House, if it be not a Bawd's House, it is pity of her Life, for it is a naughty House.

Escal. How dost thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my Wife, who, if she had been a Woman cardinally given, might have been accused in Fornication, Adultery, and all Uncleanness there.

Escal. By the Woman's Means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by Mistress *Over-don's* Means; but as she spit in his Face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these Varlets here, thou honourable Man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clown. Sir, she came in great with Child; and longing, saving your Honour's Reverence, for stew'd Prewns; we had but two in the House, which at that very instant time stood, as it were, in a Fruit-dish, a Dish of some three Pence; your Honours having seen such Dishes, they are not *China* Dishes, but very good Dishes.

Escal. Go too, go too; no matter for the Dish, Sir.

Clown. No indeed, Sir, not of a Pin; you are therein in the right: But to the Point; as I say, this Mistrefs *Elbow*, being, as I say, with Child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for Prewns; and having no more in the Dish, as I said; Master *Froth* here, this very Man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master *Froth*, I could not give you three Pence again.

Froth. No indeed.

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the Stones of the foresaid Prewns.

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past Cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good Diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious Fool; to the Purpose; what was done to *Elbow's* Wife, that he hath Cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honour's leave: And I beseech you, look into Master *Froth* here, Sir, a Man of fourscore Pound a Year; whose Father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, Master *Froth*?

Froth. All-hallond Eve.

Clown. Why very well; I hope here be Truths. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower Chair, Sir, 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open Room, and good for Winter.

Clown. Why, very well then; I hope here be Truths.

Ang. This will last out a Night in *Russia*,
When Nights are longest there. I'll take my Leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the Cause,
Hoping you'll find good Cause to whip them all. [Exit.

Escal. I think no less. Good-morrow to your Lordship.
Now, Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbow's* Wife, once
more?

Clown. Once, Sir? There was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this Man did to
my Wife.

Clown. I beseech your Honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clown. I beseech you, Sir, look in this Gentleman's Face;
good Master *Froth*, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good
Purpose; doth your Honour mark his Face?

Escal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your Honour see any Harm in his Face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a Book, his Face is the worst
thing about him: Good then; if his Face be the worst
thing about him, how could Master *Froth* do the Constable's
Wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Escal. He's in the right, Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, and it like you, the House is a respected House;
next, this is a respected Fellow; and his Mistress is a re-
spected Woman.

Clown. By this Hand, Sir, his Wife is a more respected
Person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked Varlet; the
time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with Man,
Woman, or Child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd
with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here; *Justice*, or *Iniquity*? Is
this true?

Elb. O thou Caitiff! O thou Varlet! O thou wicked
Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her?
If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not
your

your Worship think me the poor Duke's Officer; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine Action of Battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a Box o'th' Ear, you might have your Action of Slander too.

Elb. Marry I thank your good Worship for it: What is't your Worship's Pleasure I shall do with this wicked Caitiff?

Escal. Truly, Officer, because he hath some Offences in him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his Courses, 'till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worship for it; thou seest, thou wicked Varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, Friend? [To Froth.]

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore Pounds a Year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, Sir.

Escal. So. What Trade are you of, Sir? [To the Clown.]

Clown. A Tapster, a poor Widow's Tapster.

Escal. Your Mistress Name?

Clown. Mistress *Over-don*.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one Husband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-don* by the last.

Escal. Nine? Come hither to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you, Master *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your Worship; for mine own Part, I never come into any Room in a Taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it Master *Froth*; farewell. [Exit Froth.]

Come you hither to me, Master Tapster; what's your Name, Master Tapster?

Clown. *Pompey*.

Escal. What else?

Clown. *Bum*, Sir.

Escal. Troth, and your Bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest Sense, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a Bawd, *Pompey*; howso-

ever you colour it being a Tapster; are you not? come tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor Fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, *Pompey*? by being a Bawd? what do you think of the Trade, *Pompey*? is it a lawful Trade?

Clown. If the Law would allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the Law will not allow it, *Pompey*, nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clown. Does your Worship mean to geld and splay all the Youth in the City?

Escal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor Opinion, they will to't hen. If your Worship will take order for the Drabs and Knaves, you need not to fear the Bawds.

Escal. There are pretty Orders beginning, I can tell you; 't is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but 'or ten Years together, you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more Heads: If this Law hold in *Vienna* ten Years, I'll rent the fairest House in it after three Pence a Bay: If you live to see this come to pass, say, *Pompey* told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and in Requital of your Prophecy, hark you; I advise you let me not find you before me again upon any Complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: If I do, *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your Tent, and prove a shrewd *Cesar* to you: In plain Dealing, I shall have you whipt: So for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your Worship for your good Counsel; but I shall follow it as the Flesh and Fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no; let Carman whip his Jade. The valiant Heart's not whipt out of his Trade. [Exit.]

Escal. Come hither to me, Master *Elbow*; come hither, Master Constable; how long have you been in this Place of Constable?

Elb. Seven Year and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought, by the readines in the Office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven Years together.

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great Pains to you; they do you Wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not Men in your Ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any Wit in such Matters; as they are chosen they are glad to chuse me for them: I do it for some piece of Money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the Names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your Parish.

Elb. To your Worship's House, Sir?

Escal. To my House; fare you well. What's a Clock, think you? [*Exit Elbow.*

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you go home to Dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the Death of *Claudio*: But there's no Remedy.

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe,

Escal. It is but needful,
Mercy is not it self, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the Nurse of second Woe:
But yet, poor *Claudio*, there is no Remedy.
Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight: I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do; I'll know
His Pleasure; may be he will relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a Dream:
All Sects, all Ages smack of this Vice, and he
To die for't!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the Matter, *Provost*?

Prov. Is it your Will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not Order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good Correction, I have seen

When after Execution, Judgment hath
Repented o'er his Doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine;
Do you your Office, or give up your Place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your Honour's Pardon.
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
She's very near her Hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter Place, and that with speed.

Ser. Here is the Sister of the Man condemn'd,
Desires Access to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sister?

Prov. Ay, my good Lord, a very virtuous Maid,
And to be shortly of a Sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well; let her be admitted.
See you the Fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish Means;
There shall be Order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. 'Save your Honour.

Ang. Stay a little while. Y'are welcome; what's your
Will?

Isab. I am a woful Suitor to your Honour,
'Please but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your Suit?

Isab. There is a Vice that most I do abhor,
And more desire should meet the Blow of Justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must,
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At War 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the Matter?

Isab. I have a Brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beseech you let it be his Fault,
And not my Brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving Graces.

Ang. Condemn the Fault, and not the Actor of it;
Why every Fault's condemn'd e'er it be done;
Mine were the Cipher of a Function
To fine the Faults, whose Fine stands in Record,
And let go by the Actor.

Isab. O just, but severe Law:
I had a Brother then; Heav'n keep your Honour.

Lucio. Giv't not o'er so: To him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his Gown;
You are too cold; if you should need a Pin,
You could not with a more tame Tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no Remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you may pardon him,
And neither Heav'n nor Man grieve at the Mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the World no Wrc
If so your Heart were touch'd with that Remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why so? I that do speak a Word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No Ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the King's Crown, nor the deputed Sword,
The Marshal's Truncheon, nor the Judge's Robe,
Become them with one half so good a Grace
As Mercy does: If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I would to Heav'n I had your Potency,
And you were *Isabel*; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a Judge,
And what a Prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the Vein.

Ang. Your Brother is a Forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your Words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the Souls that were, were Forfeit once;
And he that might the 'Vantage best have took,
Found out the Remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of Judgment, should

But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that,
And Mercy then will breathe within your Lips,
Like Man new-made.

Ang. Be you content, fair Maid,
It is the Law, not I, condemns your Brother.
Were he my Kinsman, Brother, or my Son,
It should be thus with him; he must die to Morrow.

Isab. To Morrow? Oh! that's sudden,
Spare him, spare him;
He's not prepar'd for Death; Even for our Kitchens
We kill the Fowl of Season; shall we serve Heav'n
With less Respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my Lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath dy'd for this Offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said,

Ang. The Law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that Evil,
If the first, that did th' Edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his Deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet,
Looks in a Glass that shews what future Evils
Either now, or by Remifsness, new conceiv'd,
And so in Progress to be hatch'd, and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But here they live to end.

Isab. Yet shew some Pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all when I shew Justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd Offence would after gaul;
And do him Right, that answering one foul Wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to Morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this Sentence,
And he that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giant's Strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a Giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great Men thunder
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting petty Officer

Would

Would use his Heav'n for Thunder;
 Nothing but Thunder: Merciful Heav'n,
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous Bolt
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled Oak,
 Than the soft Mirtle: O but Man! proud Man!
 Drest in a little brief Authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 His glassie Essence, like an angry Ape,
 Plays such fantastick Tricks before high Heav'n,
 As makes the Angels weep; who with our Spleens
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him Wench; he will relent;
 He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. Pray Heaven she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our Brother with our self;
 Great Men may jest with Saints; 'tis Wit in them,
 But in the less foul Prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt i'right, Girl; more o'that.

Isab. That in the Captain's but a choleric Word,
 Which in the Soldier is flat Blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o'that? More on't.

Ang. Why do you put these Sayings upon me?

Isab. Because Authority, tho' it err like others,
 Hath yet a kind of Medicine in it self,
 That skins the Vice o'th' top: Go to your Bosom,
 Knock there, and ask your Heart what it doth know
 That's like my Brother's Fault; if it confess
 A natural Guiltiness, such as is his,
 Let it not sound a Thought upon your Tongue
 Against my Brother's Life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such Sense,
 That my Sense breeds with it. Fare you well

Isab. Gentle, my Lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: Come again to Morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my Lord turn back?

Ang. How? Bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such Gifts that Heav'n shall share with you.

Luc. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested Gold,
 Or Stones, whose Rate are either rich or poor,
 As Fancy values them; but with true Prayers,

That

That shall be up at Heav'n, and enter there
E'er Sun rise: Prayers from preserved Souls,
From fasting Maids, whose Minds are dedicate
To nothing Temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to Morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heav'n keep your Honour safe.

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to Temptation,
Where Prayers cross.

Isab. At what Hour to Morrow
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore Noon.

Isab. Save your Honour. [*Exeunt Lucio and Isabella.*]

Ang. From thee; even from thy Virtue.

What's this? What's this? Is this her Fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? Ha?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sun,
Do as the Carrion does, not as the Flower,
Corrupt with virtuous Season. Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sense,
Than Woman's Lightness? Having waste-Ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary,
And pitch our Evils there? Oh fie, fie, fie;
What dost thou? Or what art thou, *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh let her Brother live:
Thieves for their Robbery have Authority,
When Judges steal themselves. What! do I Love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again?
And feast upon her Eyes? What is it I dream on?
Oh cunning Enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thou Hook! most dangerous
Is that Temptation, that doth goad us on
To Sin, in loving Virtue; never could the Strumpet,
With all her double Vigor, Art, and Nature,
Once stir my Temper: But this virtuous Maid
Subdues me quite; even 'till now,
When Men were fond, I smil'd, and wondred how. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III. *A Prison.*

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, *Provost*; so I think you are.

Prov. I am the *Provost*; what's your Will, good *Friar*?

Duke. Bound by my Charity, and my blest Order,
I come to visit the afflicted Spirits
Here in the Prison; do me the common Right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their Crime, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look here comes one; a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the Flaws of her own Youth,
Hath blister'd her Report: She is with Child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: A young Man
More fit to do another such Offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to Morrow.
I have provided for you; stay a while,
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the Sin you carry.

Juliet. I do; and bear the Shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your Conscience,
And try your Penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the Man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the Woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it seems your most offenceful Act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your Sin of heavier kind than his?

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, Father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, Daughter; but lest you do repent
As that the Sin hath brought you to this Shame,

Which

Which Sorrow is always towards our selves, not Heav'n,
Showing we would not spare Heav'n, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an Evil,
And take the Shame with Joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your Partner, as I hear, must die to Morrow,
And I am going with Instruction to him;
Grace go with you, *Benedicite.*

[*Exit.*

Juliet. Must die to Morrow? Oh injurious Love,
That respits me a Life, whose very Comfort
Is still a dying Horror.

Prov. 'Tis pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several Subjects: Heav'n hath my empty Words,
Whilst my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabel*: Heav'n's in my Mouth,
As if I did but only chew his Name,
And in my Heart the strong and swelling Evil
Of my Conception: The State whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown feard, and tedious; yea, my Gravity,
Wherein, let no Man hear me, I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle Plume
Which the Air beats for vain: Oh Place! oh Form!
How often dost thou with thy Case, thy Habit
Wrench Awe from Fools, and tie the wiser Souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art Blood,
Let's write good Angel on the Devil's Horn;
'Tis not the Devil's Crest. How now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. One *Isabel*, a Sister, desires Access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh Heav'ns!
Why does my Blood thus muster to my Heart,
Making both it unable for it self,
And dispossessing all my other Parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish Throngs with one that f wounds;
Come all to help him, and so stop the Air
By which he should revive; and even so
The general Subjects to a well-wisht King,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious Fondness
Crowd to his Presence, where their untaught Love
Must needs appear Offence. How now, fair Maid?

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your Pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis; your Brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so; Heav'n keep your Honour. [*Going.*]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and it may be
As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Isab. Under your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his Reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his Soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy Vices; it were as good
To pardon him, that hath from Nature stol'n
A Man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy Sweetness, that do coin Heav'n's Image
In Stamps that are forbid; 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a Life true made;
As to put Mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in Heaven, but not in Earth.

Ang. Say you so? Then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just Law
Now took your Brother's Life; or to redeem him,
Give up your Body to such sweet Uncleaness
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my Body than my Soul.

Ang. I talk not of your Soul; our compell'd Sins
Stand more for Number than for Accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the Voice of the recorded Law,

Pronounce a Sentence on your Brother's Life:
Might there not be a Charity in Sin,
To save this Brother's Life?

Isa. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a Peril to my Soul;
It is no Sin at all, but Charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at Peril of your Soul,
Were equal poize of Sin and Charity.

Isa. That I do beg his Life, if it be Sin,
Heav'n let me bear it; you granting of my Suit,
If that be Sin, I'll make it my Morn-pray'r,
To have it added to the Faults of mine,
And nothing of your Answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your Sense pursues not mine: Either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isa. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus Wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax it self: As these black Masques
Proclaim an en-shield Beauty ten times louder
Than Beauty could display'd. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross;
Your Brother is to die.

Isa. So.

Ang. And his Offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the Law upon that pain.

Isa. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his Life,
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of Question, that you, his Sister,
Finding your self desir'd of such a Person,
Whose Credit with the Judge, or own great Place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Mannacles
Of the all-holding Law; and that there were
No earthly Mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the Treasures of your Body,
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer,
What would you do?

Isa. As much for my poor Brother as my self;
That is, were I under the Terms of Death,

Th' impression of keen Whips, I'd wear as Rubies,
And strip my self to Death, as to a Bed,
That longing I've been sick for, e'er I'd yield
My Body up to Shame.

Ang. Then must your Brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were a Brother dy'd at once,
Than that a Sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the Sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignominy in Ransom, and free Pardon,
Are of two Houses; lawful Mercy
Is nothing kin to foul Redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a Tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your Brother
A Merriment than a Vice.

Isab. Oh pardon me, my Lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have,
We speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Eise let my Brother die,
If not a Feodary but only he
Owe, and succeed by Weakness.

Ang. Nay, Women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the Glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easie broke as they make Forms;
Women! Help Heav'n; Men their Creation mar
In profiting by them: Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft, as our Complexions are,
And credulous to false Prints.

Ang. I think it well;
And from this Testimony of your own Sex,
Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than Faults may shake our Frames, let me be bold;
I do arrest your Words: Be that you are,
That is, a Woman; if you be more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well exprest

By all external Warrants, shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Livery.

Isab. I have no Tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former Language.

Ang. Plainly conceive I love you.

Isab. My Brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me, that he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not, *Isabel*, if you give me Love.

Isab. I know your Virtue hath a Licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me on mine Honour,
My Words express my Purpose

Isab. Ha? Little Honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious Purpose: Seeming, seeming.
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a present Pardon for my Brother,
Or with an out-stretch'd Throat I'll tell the World aloud
What Man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Isabel*?
My unfoil'd Name, th' Austereness of my Life,
My Vouch against you, and my Place i' th' State,
Will so your Accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own Report,
And smell of Calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual Race the Rein;
Fit thy Consent to my sharp Appetite,
Lay by all Nicety, and prolixious Blushes
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy Brother
By yielding up thy Body to my Will;
Or else he must not only die the Death,
But thy Unkindness shall his Death draw out
To lingring Sufferance. Answer me to Morrow,
Or by the Affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a Tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'er-weighs your true. [Exit.

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous Mouths
That bear in them one and the self-same Tongue,
Either of Condemnation or Approof,
Bidding the Law make Curtsie to their Will,

Hooking both Right and Wrong to th' Appetite,
 To follow as it draws. I'll to my Brother;
 Tho' he hath fallen by Prompture of the Blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a Mind of Honour,
 That had he twenty Heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody Blocks, he'd yield them up,
 Before his Sister should her Body stoop
 To such abhorr'd Pollution.

Then *Isabel* live chaste, and Brother die;

“ More than our Brother is our Chastity.

I'll tell him yet of *Angelo's* Request,

And fit his Mind to Death for his Soul's Rest.

[*Exit.*]

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

S C E N E *The Prison.*

Enter Duke, Claudio and Provost.

Duke. SO, then you hope of Pardon from Lord *Angelo*?

Claud. The miserable have no other Medicine
 But only Hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for Death; either Death or Life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with Life;
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but Fools would keep; a Breath thou art,
 Servile to all the Skiey Influences;
 That dost this Habitation where thou keep'st
 Hourly afflict: Meerly thou art Death's Fool;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
 For all th' Accommodations that thou bear'st,
 Are nurs'd by Baseness: Thou'rt no way valiant;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender Fork
 Of a poor Worm. Thy best of Rest is Sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
 Thy Death, which is no more. Thou art not thy self;
 For thou exists on many a thousand Grains
 That issue out of Dust. Happy thou art not;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast forgett'st. Thou art not certain,

For thy Complexion shifts to strange Effects,
 After the Moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
 For like an Ass, whose Back with Ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy Riches but a Journey,
 And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none,
 For thine own Bowels which do call thee Sire,
 The mæer Effusion of thy proper Loins,
 Do curse the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast not Youth, nor Age;
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's Sleep,
 Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed Youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the Alms
 Of palsied-Eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
 Thou hast neither Heat, Affection, Limb, nor Beauty
 To make thy Riches pleasant. What's yet in this
 That bears the Name of Life? Yet in this Life
 Lye hid more thousand Deaths; yet Death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
 To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
 And seeking Death, find Life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What hoa? Peace here; Grace and good Company.

Prov. Who's there? Come in: The Wish deserves a Welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, e'er long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a Word or two with *Claudio*

Prov. And very welcome. Look Signior, here's your Sister.

Duke. *Provost*, a Word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,
 yet hear t'iem. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, Sister, what's the Comfort?

Isab. Why,

As all Comforts are; most good, most good indeed:
 Lord *Angelo* having Affairs to Heav'n,
 Intends you for his swift Ambassador;
 Where you shall be an everlasting Leiger.

Therefore

Therefore your best Appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no Remedy?

Isab. None but such Remedy, as to save a Head
To cleave a Heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, Brother, you may live:
There is a devilish Mercy in the Judge;
If you'll implore it, that will free your Life,
But fetter you 'till Death.

Claud. Perpetual Durance!

Isab. Ay just, perpetual Durance, a Restraint
Through all the World's Vastidity you had
To a determin'd Scope.

Claud. But in what Nature?

Isab. In such a one, as you consenting to't,
Would bark your Honour from that Trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the Point.

Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*, and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous Life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven Winters more respect
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'st thou die?
The Sense of Death is most in Apprehension,
And the poor Beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal Sufferance, finds a Pang as great
As when a Giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this Shame?
Think you I can a Resolution fetch
From flow'ry Tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter Darkness as a Bride,
And hug it in mine Arms.

Isab. There spake my Brother; there my Father's Grave
Did utter forth a Voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a Life
In base Appliances. This outward fainted Deputy,
Whose settled Visage and deliberate Word
Nips Youth i'th' Head, and Follies doth emmew,
As Faulcon doth the Fowl, is yet a Devil;
His Filth within being cast, he would appear
A Pond as deep as Hell.

Claud. The Princely *Angelo*?

Isab. Oh 'tis the cunning Livery of Hell,
The damned'st Body to invest and cover
In Princely Guards. Dost thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my Virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh Heav'ns, it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank Offence
So to offend him still. This Night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to Morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. Oh, were it but my Life,
I'd throw it down for your Deliverance
As frankly as a Pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear *Isabel*.

Isab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for you Death to Morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he Affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th' Nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no Sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? Oh *Isabel*,

Isab. What says my Brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed Life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lye in cold Obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm Motion, to become
A kneaded Clod; and the delighted Spirit
To bathe in fiery Floods, or to reside
In thrilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewless Winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant World; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain Thought,
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible.

The weariest and most loathed worldly Life
That Age, Ach, Penury, and Imprisonment

Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of Death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet Sister, let me live.

What Sin you do to save a Brother's Life,
Nature dispenses with the Deed so far,
That it becomes a Virtue.

Isab. Oh you Beast!

Oh faithless Coward! oh dishonest Wretch!

Wilt thou be made a Man out of my Vice?

Is't not a kind of Incest, to take Life

From thine own Sister's Shame? What should I think?

Heav'n shield my Mother plaid my Father fair:

For such a warped slip of Wilderness

Ne'er issu'd from his Blood. Take my Defiance,

Die, perish: Might but my bending down

Reprieve thee from thy Fate, it should proceed.

I'll pay a thousand Prayers for thy Death;

No Word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, *Isabel.*

Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie,

Thy Sin's not accidental, but a Trade;

Mercy to thee would prove it self a Bawd;

'Tis best that thou dy'st quietly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Isabella.*

Enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Vouchsafe a Word, young Sister, but one Word.

Isab. What is your Will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your Leisure, I would by
and by have some Speech with you: The Satisfaction I would
require, is likewise your own Benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous Leisure; my Stay must be stolen
out of other Affairs: But I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you
and your Sister. *Angelo* had never the Purpose to corrupt
her; only he hath made an Essay of her Virtue, to practise
his Judgment with the Disposition of Natures. She, having
the truth of Honour in her, hath made him that gracious
Denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to
Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your
self to Death. Do not satisfy your Resolution with Hopes

that are fallible; to Morrow you must die; go to your Knees; and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my Sister Pardon; I am so out of love with Life, that I will sue to be rid of it. [Exit *Claud.*

Duke. Hold you there; farewell. *Provost,* a Word with you.

Prov. What's your Will, Father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the Maid; my Mind promises with my Habit, no loss shall touch her by my Company.

Prov. In good time. [Exit *Prov.*

Duke. The Hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the Goodness that is cheap in Beauty, makes Beauty brief in Goodness; but Grace being the Soul of your Complexion, shall keep the Body of it ever fair; the Assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath convey'd to my Understanding; and but that Frailty hath Examples for his Falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: How will you do to content this Substitute, and to save your Brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my Brother die by the Law, than my Son should be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*: If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my Lips in vain, or discover his Government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the Matter now stands, he will avoid your Accusation; He made Trial of you only. Therefore fasten your Ear on my Advising, to the Love I have in doing good; a Remedy presents it self. I do make my self believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged Lady a merited Benefit; redeem your Brother from the angry Law; do no Stain to your own gracious Person, and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this Business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak, Father: I have Spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the Truth of my Spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and Goodness never fearful: Have you not heard speak of *Mariana*, the Sister of *Frederick*, the great Soldier, who miscarry'd at Sea?

Isab.

Isab. I have heard of the Lady, and good Words went with her Name.

Duke. She should this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by Oath, the Nuptial appointed: Between which time of the Contract, and limit of the Solemnity, her Brother *Frederick* was wrackt at Sea, having in that perish'd Vessel the Dowry of his Sister. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor Gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned Brother, in his Love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the Portion and Sinew of her Fortune, her Marriage-dowry; with both, her Combinatè-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be so? Did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her Tears, and dry'd not one of them with his Comfort; swallow'd his Vows whole, pretending in her Discoveries of Dishonour: In few Words, bestow'd her on her own Lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a Marble to her Tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a Merit were it in Death to take this poor Maid from the World! What Corruption in this Life, that it will let this Man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a Rupture that you may easily heal; and the Cure of it not only saves your Brother, but keeps you from a Dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good Father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd Maid hath yet in her the Continuance of her first Affection; his unjust Unkindness, that in all Reason should have quenched her Love, hath, like an Impediment in the Current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, answering his requiring with a plausible Obedience; agree with his Demands to the Point: Only refer your self to this Advantage; first, that your Stay with him may not be long; that the Time may have all Shadow and Silence in it; and the Place answer to Convenience. This being granted in Course; and now follows all: We shall advise this wronged Maid to steed up your Appointment, go in your place; if the Encounter acknowledge it self hereafter, it may compel him to her Recompence; and here, by this is your Brother saved, your Honour un-

tainted,

tainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his Attempt: If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the Benefit defends the Deceit and Reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The Image of it gives me Content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous Perfection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up; haste you speedily to *Angelo*; if for this Night he intreat you to his Bed, give him Promise of Satisfaction. I will presently to *St. Luke's*; there at the moated Grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this Comfort: Fare you well, good Father. [Exit.

Enter Elbow, Clown and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no Remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell Men and Women like Beasts, we shall have all the World drink brown and white Bastard.

Duke. Oh Heav'ns! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry World since of two Usuries the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by Order of Law; a furr'd Gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with Fox and Lambs-skins too, to signifie, that Craft being richer than Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: Bless you, good Father *Friar.*

Duke. And you, good Brother Father; what Offence hath this Man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the Law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked Bawd; The Evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a Maw, or cloath a Back
From such a filthy Vice: Say to thy self,
From their abominable and beastly Touches
I drink, I eat away my self, and live.

Canst

Canst thou believe thy living is a Life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clown. Indeed it does stink in some sort, Sir;
But yet, Sir, I would prove ——

Duke. Nay, if the Devil have given thee Proofs for Sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to Prison, Officer;
Correction and Instruction must both work,
E'er this rude Beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him
Warning; the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-master; if he
be a Whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as
good go a Mile on his Errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from all Faults, as Faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His Neck will come to your Waste, a Cord, Sir.

Clown. I spy Comfort; I cry Bail: Here's a Gentleman,
and a Friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey*? What, at the Wheels of
Cesar? Art thou led in Triumph? What, is there none of
Pigmalion's Images newly made Woman to be had now, for
putting the Hand in the Pocket, and extracting clutch'd?
What Reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this Tune, Matter
and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th' last Rain? Ha? What
say'st thou, Trot? Is the World as it was, Man? Which is
the way? Is it sad, and few Words? Or how? The Trick
of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse?

Lucio. How doth my dear Morsel? thy Mistress? Pro-
cures she still? Ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her Beef, and she
is her self in the Tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so.
Ever your fresh Whore, and your powder'd Bawd, an un-
shunn'd Consequence, it must be so. Art going to Prison,
Pompey?

Clown. Yes, Faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, *Pompey*: Farewel: Go say, I
sent thee thither; for Debt, *Pompey*? Or how?

Elb. For being a Bawd, for being a Bawd.

Lucio.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him; if Imprisonment be the due of a Bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtless, and of Antiquity too; Bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey*: Commend me to the Prison, *Pompey*; you will turn good Husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the House.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worship will be my Bail.

Lucio. No indeed will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encrease our Bondage, if you take it not patient'y: Why, your Mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty *Pompey*.

Bless you, *Friar*.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey*? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What News abroad, *Friar*? What News?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to Kennel, *Pompey*, go:

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown and Officers.*

What News, *Friar*, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of *Russia*; other some, he is in *Rome*: But where is he think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical Trick of him, to steal from the State, and usurp the Beggary he was never born to; Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his Absence; he puts Transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more Lenity to Leachery would do no harm in him; something too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too general a Vice, and Severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the Vice is of great Kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after this downright way of Creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio.

Lucio. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two Stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes Water, his Urine is congeal'd Ice; that I know to be true; and he is a Motion generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the Rebellion of a Cod-piece, to take away the Life of a Man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? E'er he would have hang'd a Man for the getting a hundred Bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the Sport, he knew the Service, and that instructed him to Mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for Women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your Beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a Ducket in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an Inward of his; a shy Fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the Cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, prithee, might be the Cause?

Lucio. No; Pardon: 'Tis a Secret must be lockt within the Teeth and the Lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater File of the Subject held the Duke to be wife.

Duke. Wife? Why no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing Fellow.

Duke. Either this is Envy in you, Folly, or Mistaking: The very stream of his Life, and the Business he hath helmed, must upon a warranted need give him a better Proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a Scholar, a Statesman, and a Soldier; therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your Knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your Malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better Knowledge, and Knowledge with dear Love.

Lucio.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know I what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return, as our Prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your Answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have Courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your Name?

Lucio. Sir, my Name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an Opposite; but indeed I can do you little harm: You'll forswear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: Thou art deceiv'd in me, *Friar*. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to Morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a Bottle with a Tun-dish: I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again; this ungenitur'd Agent will unpeople the Province with Continency. Sparrows must not build in his House-eves, because they are leacherous. The Duke yet would have dark Deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd. Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewel, good *Friar*, I prithee pray for me: The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat Mutton on *Fridays*. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would Mouth with a Beggar, tho' she smelt of brown Bread and Garlick: Say, that I said so: Farewel. [*Exit.*]

Duke. No Might nor Greatness in Mortality
Can Censure scape: Back-wounding Calumny
The whitest Virtue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the Gall up in the slanderous Tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost and Bawd.

Escal. Go, away with her to Prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful Man: Good my Lord.

Escal. Double and trebble Admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make Mercy swear, and play the Tyrant.

Prov. A Bawd of eleven Years continuance, may it please your Honour.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* Information against me: *Mistress Kate Keep-down* was with Child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her Marriage: His Child is a Year and a Quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my self; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That Fellow is a Fellow of much Licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to Prison: Go to; no more Words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*

Provost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* must die to Morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Divines, and have all charitable Preparation. If my Brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of Death.

Escal. Good Even, good Father.

Duke. Blis and Goodness on you.

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Country, tho' my Chance is now To use it for my time: I am a Brother Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea, In special Business from his Holiness.

Escal. What News abroad i' th' World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Fever on Goodness, that the Dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in Request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of Course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any Undertaking. There is scarce Truth enough alive to make Societies secure; but Security enough to make Fellowships accurst. Much upon this Riddle runs the Wisdom of the World; this News is old enough, yet it is every Day's News. I pray you, Sir, of what Disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One, that above all other Strifes, Contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What Pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess to make him rejoice. A Gentleman of all Temperance. But leave him to his Events, with a Prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire
fire

fire to know how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him Visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of Justice: yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his Frailty, many deceiving Promises of Life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the Heav'ns your Function, and the Prisoner the very Debt of your Calling. I have labour'd for the poor Gentleman, to the extremest shore of my Modesty, but my Brother-Justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own Life
Answer the straitness of his Proceeding,
It shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the Prisoner: Fare you well. [*Ex.*]

Duke. Peace be with you.
He who the Sword of Heav'n will bear,
Should be as Holy as Severe:
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and Virtue go:
More nor less to others paying,
Than by Self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking,
Kills for Faults of his own liking:
Twice trebble Shame on *Angelo*,
To weed my Vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Tho' Angel on the outward side?
How may Likeness made in Crimes,
Making practise on the times,
To draw with idle Spider's Strings
Most ponderous and substantial things?
Craft against Vice I must apply.
With *Angelo* to Night shall I ye
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So Disguise shall by th' disguis'd
Pay with Falshood false exacting.
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. **T**AKE, Oh take those Lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those Eyes, the break of Day,
Lights that do miss-lead the Morn;
But my Kisses bring again,
Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy Song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a Man of Comfort, whose Advice
Hath often still'd my brawling Discontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My Mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my Woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' Musick oft hath such a Charm
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you tell me, hath any Body enquir'd for me here
to Day? Much upon this time have I promis'd here to
meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have fate here
all Day.

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: The time is come,
even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be
I will call upon you anon, for some Advantage to your self.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
What is the News from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Brick,
Whose Western side is with a Vineyard backt;
And to that Vineyard is a planched Gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little Door,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads;
There have I made my Promise, upon the
Heavy middle of the Night, to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this Way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary Note upon't;
With whispering, and most guilty Diligence,
In Action of all Precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other Tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her Observance?

Isab. No; none but only a Repair i' th' dark,
And that I have possess't him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a Servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose Persuasion is
I come about my Brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A Word of this. What ho! -within! come forth!

Enter Mariana.

I pray you be acquainted with this Maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade your self that I respect you?

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your Companion by the Hand,
Who hath a Story ready for your Ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous Night approaches.

Mari. Wilt please you walk aside? [Exit.

Duke. Oh Place, and Greatness! Millions of false Eyes
Are stuck upon thee: Volumes of Report
Run with these false and most contrarious Quests
Upon thy Doings: Thousand Escapes of Wit
Make thee the Father of an idle Dream,
And rack thee in their Fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabel.

Isab. She'll take the Enterprize upon her, Father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my Consent,
But my Intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low.
Remember now my Brother.

Mari.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle Daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your Husband on a Pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no Sin,
Sith that the Justice of your Title to him
Doth flourish the Deceit. Come, let us go;
Our Corn's to reap, for yet our Tythes to sow. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *The Prison.*

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, Sirrah: Can you cut off a Man's Head?

Clown. If the Man be a Batchelor, Sir, I can;
But if he be a marry'd Man, he's his Wife's Head,
And I can never cut off a Woman's Head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your Snatches, and yield me a direct Answer. To Morrow Morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: Here is in our Prison a common Executioner, who in his Office lacks a Helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your Gyves: If not, you shall have your full time of Imprisonment, and your Deliverance with an unpitied Whipping; for you have been a notorious Bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful Bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful Hangman: I would be glad to receive some Instruction from my Fellow-Partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorson!* where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a Fellow will help you to Morrow in your Execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the Year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his Estimation with you; he hath been a Bawd.

Abhor. A Bawd, Sir? Fie upon him, he will discredit our Mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir; you weigh equally, a Feather will turn the Scale. [*Exit.*]

Clown. Pray Sir, by your good Favour; for surely, Sir, a good Favour you have, but that you have a hanging Look; Do you call, Sir, your Occupation a Mystery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir, a Mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a Mystery; and your Whores, Sir, being Members of my Occupation, using painting, do prove my Occupation a Mystery: But what Mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a Mystery.

Clown. Proof.

Abhor. Every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your Thief, your true Man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your Thief, your Thief thinks it little enough: So every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him: For I do find your Hangman is a more penitent Trade than your Bawd; he doth oftner ask Forgiveness.

Prov. You, Sirrah, provide your Block and your Ax to Morrow, four a Clock.

Abhor. Come on, Bawd, I will instruct thee in my Trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yours: For truly, Sir, for your Kindness, I owe you a good turn. [Exit.

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Th' one has my Pity; not a jot the other,
Being a Murtherer, tho' he were my Brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the Warrant, *Claudio*, for thy Death;
'Tis now dead Midnight, and by eight to Morrow
Thou must be made Immortal. Where's *Barnardine*?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in Sleep as guiltless Labour,
When it lyes starkly in the Traveller's Bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your self. But hark, what Noise?

[Knock within.
Heav'n

Heav'n give your Spirits Comfort: By and by;
I hope it is some Pardon, or Reprieve
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholsom'st Spirits of the Night
Invellop you, good *Provost*: Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None since the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabel*?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What Comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his Life is parallel'd
Even with the Stroak and Line of his great Justice;
He doth with holy Abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his Power
To qualifie in others. Were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.

[*Knock again.*]

This is a gentle *Provost*, seldom when
The steeled Goaler is the Friend of Men.
How now? What Noise? That Spirit's possess't with haste
That wounds th' unresisting Postern with these Strokes.

Prov. There he must stay until the Officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no Countermand for *Claudio* yet?
But he must die to Morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the Dawning, *Provost*, as it is,
You shall hear more e'er Morning.

Prov. Happily:
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No Countermand; no such Example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of Justice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick Ear
Profest the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lord's Man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio's* Pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this Note,
And by me this further Charge,
That you swerve not from the smallest Article of it,
Neither in Time, Matter, or other Circumstance.
Good Morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost Day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit Messen.]

Duke. This is his Pardon, purchas'd by such Sin
For which the Pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath Offence his quick Celerity,
When it is born in high Authority;
When Vice makes Mercy, Mercy's so extended,
That for the Fault's love, is th' Offender friended.
Now, Sir, what News?

Prov. I told you:

Lord *Angelo*, be-like, thinking me remiss
In mine Office, awakens me
With this unwonted putting on, methinks strangely,
For he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray let's hear.

Provost reads the Letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the Clock, and in the Afternoon Barnardine: For my better Satisfaction, let me have Claudio's Head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a Thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your Office, as you will answer it at your Peril.

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th' Afternoon?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born; but here nurs'd up and bred,
One that is a Prisoner nine Years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his Liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His Friends still wrought Reprieves for him;
And indeed his Fact, 'till now in the Government of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful Proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself,

Duke. Hath he born himself penitently in Prison?
How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A Man that apprehends Death no more dreadfully,
but as a drunken Sleep, careless, wreakless, and fearless of
what's past, present, or to come; insensible of Mortality,
and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants Advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liber-
ty of the Prison: Give him leave to escape hence, he would
not: Drunk many times a Day, if not many Days entirely
drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him
to Execution, and shew'd him a seeming Warrant for it;
it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your Brow,
Provost, Honesty and Constancy; if I read it not truly, my
ancient Skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cun-
ning, I will lay my self in Hazard. *Claudio*, whom here
you have Warrant to execute, is no greater Forfeit to the
Law than *Angelo*, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you
understand this in a manifested Effect, I crave but four Days
Respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and
a dangerous Courtesie.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying Death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? Having the Hour limited,
and an exprefs Command, under Penalty, to deliver his
Head in the view of *Angelo*, I may make my Case as *Claudio's*,
to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the Vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my Instructions may be your Guide:
Let this *Barnardine* be this Morning executed,
And his Head born to *Angelo*.

Prov. *Angelo* hath seen them both,
And will discover the Favour.

Duke. Oh, Death's a great Disguiser, and you may add to it;
shave the Head, and tie the Beard, and say, it was the De-
sire of the Penitent to be so barb'd before his Death; you
know the Course is common. If any thing fall to you
upon this, more than Thanks and good Fortune; by the
Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my
Life,

Prov. Pardon me, good Father; it is against my Oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no Offence, if the Duke avouch the Justice of your Dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a Resemblance, but a Certainty; yet since I see you fearful, that neither my Coat, Integrity, nor my Persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all Fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the Hand and Seal of the Duke; you know the Character, I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this is the Return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your Pleasure; where you shall find within these two Days he will be here. This is a thing which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very Day receives Letters of strange Tenor, perchance of the Duke's Death, perchance entring into some Monastery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, th' unfolding Star calls up the Shepherd; put not your self into amazement how these things should be; all Difficulties are but easie when they are known. Call your Executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* Head: I will give him a present Shrift, and advise him for a better Place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear Dawn. [Exit.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our House of Profession; one would think it were *Mistress Over-don's* own House; for here be many of her old Customers: First, here's young *Mr. Rash*; he's in for a Commodity of brown Pepper and old Ginger, ninescore and seventeen Pounds; of which he made five Marks ready Money: Marry then, Ginger was not much in request; for the old Women were all dead. Then is there here one *Mr. Caper*, at the Suit of Master *Three-Pile*, the Mercer, for some four Suits of Peach-colour'd Sattin, which now peaches him a Beggar. Then have we here young *Dizy*, and young *Mr. Deep-vow*, and *Mr. Copper-spire*, and Ma-
ster

ster *Starve-Lacky*, the Rapiere and Dagger Man, and young *Dropheire*, that kill'd lusty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forth-light*, the Tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooty*, the great Traveller, and wild *Half-Canne*, that stabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Master *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, Master *Barnardine*.

Abhor. What ho, *Barnardine*!

Barnardine within.

Barnar. A Pox o' your Throats; who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clown. Your Friend, Sir, the Hangman: You must be so good, Sir, to rise, and be put to Death,

Barnar. Away, you Rogue, away, I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, And that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, Master *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear his Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the Ax upon the Block, Sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorson*? What's the News with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your Prayers: For look you, the Warrant's come.

Barnar. You Rogue, I have been drinking all Night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all Night, and is hang'd betimes in the Morning, may sleep the sounder all the next Day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly Father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke.

Duke. Sir, induced by my Charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all Night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my Brains with Billets: I will not consent to die this Day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the Journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear I will not die to Day for any Man's Persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Barnar. Not a Word: If you have any thing to say to me, come to my Ward; for thence will not I to Day. [*Exit.*]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: Oh gravel Heart! After him, Fellows: Bring him to the Block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the Prisoner?

Duke. A Creature unprepar'd, unmeet for Death; And to transport him in the Mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the Prison, Father, There dy'd this Morning of a cruel Fever, One *Rogozine*, a most notorious Pirate, A Man of *Claudio's* Years; his Beard and Head Just of his Colour. What if we do omit This Reprobate, 'till he were well enclin'd, And satisfy the Deputy with the Visage Of *Rogozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an Accident that Heav'n provides: Dispatch it presently; the Hour draws on Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done, And sent according to Command, whiles I Persuade this rude Wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good Father, presently. But *Barnardine* must die this Afternoon: And how shall we continue *Claudio*, To save me from the Danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done; Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:

E'er twice the Sun hath made his Journal greeting
To yond Generation, you shall find
Your Safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free Dependant.

[*Exit.*

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the Head to *Angelo*.
Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*,
The *Provost* he shall bear them, whose Content
Shall witness to him I am near at home;
And that by great Injunctions I am bound
To enter publickly: Him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the City; and from thence,
By cold Gradation, and well-ballanc'd Form,
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the Head, I'll carry it my self.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift Return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no Ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed.

[*Exit.*

Isabel within.

Ifab. Peace hoa, be here.

Duke. The Tongue of *Isabel*. She's come to know,
If yet her Brother's Pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her Good,
To make her heav'nly Comforts of Despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabel.

Ifab. Hoa, by your Leave.

Duke. Good Morning to you, fair and gracious Daughter.

Ifab. The better given me by so holy a Man:
Hath yet the Deputy sent my Brother's Pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabel*, from the World;
His Head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.

Shew your Wisdom, Daughter, in your close Patience.

Ifab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his Eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Ifab. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Isabel*!
Injurious World, most damned *Angelo*!

Duke.

Duke. This hurts not him, nor profits you a jot:
 Forbear it therefore, give your Cause to Heav'n:
 Mark what I say, which you shall find
 By every Syllable a faithful Verity.
 The Duke comes home to Morrow; nay, dry your Eyes;
 One of our Convent, and his Confessor,
 Gives me this Instance: Already he hath carry'd
 Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
 Who do prepare to meet him at the Gates,
 Thereto give up their Power. If you can, pace your Wisdom
 In that good Path that I would wish it go,
 And you shall have your Bosom on this Wretch,
 Grace of the Duke, Revenges to your Heart,
 And general Honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to *Friar Peter* give;
 'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's Return:
 Say, by this Token, I desire his Company
 At *Mariana's* House to Night. Her Cause, and yours,
 I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
 Before the Duke; and to the Head of *Angelo*
 Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
 I am combined by a sacred Vow,
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
 Command these fretting Waters from your Eyes
 With a light Heart; trust not my holy Order
 If I pervert your Course. Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good Even;

Friar, where's the *Provost*?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine Heart to
 see thine Eyes so red; thou must be patient; I am fain to
 dine and sup with Water and Bran; I dare not for my Head
 fill my Belly: One fruitful Meal would set me to't. But,
 they say, the Duke will be here to Morrow. By my Troth,
Isabel, I lov'd thy Brother: If the old fantastical Duke of
 dark Corners had been at Home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your
 Reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do; 's a better Woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well; you'll answer this one Day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: can tell thee pretty Tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, they be true; if not, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry did I; but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir, your Company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my Troth, I'll go with thee to the Lane's end: If bawdy Talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, Friar, I am a kind of Bur, I shall stick. [Exit.

S C E N E III. *The Palace.*

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every Letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His Actions shew much like to Madness; pray Heav'n his Wisdom be not tainted: And why meet him at the Gates, and deliver our Authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an Hour before his entring, that if any crave Redress of Injustice, they should exhibit their Petitions in the Street?

Escal. He shews his Reason for that; to have a Dispatch of Complaints, and to deliver us from Devices hereafter, which shall then have no Power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you let it be proclaim'd betimes i'th' Morn; I'll call you at your House: Give Notice to such Men of fort and suit as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir: Fare you well. [Exit.

Ang. Good Night.

This Deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all Proceedings. A defloured Maid,
And by an eminent Body, that enforc'd

The Law against it? But that her tender Shame
 Will not proclaim against her Maiden loss,
 How might she Tongue me? Yet Reason dares her no;
 For my Authority bears off a credent Bulk,
 That no particular Scandal once can touch,
 But it confounds the Breather. He should have liv'd,
 Save that his riotous Youth, with dangerous Sense,
 Might in the Times to come, have ta'en Revenge
 By so receiving a dishonour'd Life,
 With Ransom of such shame: Would yet he had liv'd.
 Alack, when once our Grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

SCENE *The Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke in his own Habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliver me.
 The *Provost* knows our Purpose and our Plot:
 The Matter being afoot, keep your Instruction,
 And hold you ever to our special Drift,
 Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that,
 As Cause doth minister: Go call at *Flavius's* House,
 And tell him where I stay; give the like notice
 To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
 And bid them bring the Trumpets to the Gate:
 But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou hast made good haste:
 Come, we will walk. There's other of our Friends
 Will greet us here anon; my gentle *Varrius*. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath;
 I would say the Truth; but to accuse him so,
 That is your Part; yet I am advis'd to do it:
 He says, to vail full Purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a Physick
That's bitter to sweet End.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Friar *Peter*——

Isab. Oh Peace; the Friar is come.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a Stand most fit,
Where you may have such Vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you.

Twice have the Trumpets sounded:
The generous and graveſt Citizens
Have hent the Gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entring:
Therefore hence away.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

S C E N E *the Street.*

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio,
and Citizens, at ſeveral Doors.*

Duke. **M**Y very worthy Couſin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful Friend, we are glad to ſee you.

Ang. and Eſc. Happy Return be to your Royal Grace.

Duke. Many and hearty thankings be to you both:
We have made Enquiry of you, and we hear
Such Goodneſs of your Juſtice, that our Soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick Thanks,
Forerunning more Requital.

Ang. You make my Bonds ſtill greater.

Duke. Oh, your Deſert ſpeaks loud, and I ſhould wrong
To lock it in the Wards of covert Boſom,
When it deſerves, with Characters of Braſs,
A fortified Reſidence 'gainſt the tooth of Time,
And razure of Oblivion: Give me your Hand,
And let the Subject ſee, to make them know,
That outward Courteſies would ſain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, *Escalus,*

You

You must walk by us on our other Hand:
And good Supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time:
Speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke; vail your Regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a Maid:
Oh worthy Prince, dishonour not your Eye
By throwing it on any other Object,
'Till you have heard me in my true Complaint,
And give me Justice, Justice, Justice, Justice.

Duke. Relate your Wrongs;
In what, by whom? be brief:
Here is Lord *Angelo* shall give you Justice;
Reveal your self to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me seek Redemption of the Devil:
Hear me your self; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring Redress from you:
Hear me; oh hear me here.

Ang. My Lord, her Wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a Suitor to me for her Brother,
Cut off by course of Justice.

Isab. By course of Justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly will I speak;
That *Angelo's* forsworn: Is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a Murtherer: Is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous Thief,
An Hypocrite, a Virgin Violater:
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for Truth is Truth
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: Poor Soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of Sense.

Isab. Oh Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another Comfort than this World,

That thou neglect me not, with that Opinion,
 That I am touch'd with Madness. Make not impossible
 That which but seems unlike: 'Tis not impossible
 But one, the wicked'st Caitiff on the Ground,
 May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
 As *Angelo*; ev'n so may *Angelo*,
 In all his Dressings, Characts, Titles, Forms,
 Be an Arch-villain: Believe it, Royal Prince,
 If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
 Had I more Name for Badness.

Duke. By mine Honesty,
 If she be mad, as I believe no other,
 Her Madness hath the oddest frame of Sense,
 Such a dependency of thing on thing,
 As e'er I heard in Madness.

Isab. O gracious Duke,
 Harp not on that; nor do not banish Reason
 For Inequality; but let your Reason serve
 To make the Truth appear, where it seems hid,
 And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
 Have sure more lack of Reason.
 What would you say?

Isab. I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,
 Condemn'd, upon the Act of Fornication,
 To lose his Head; condemn'd by *Angelo*:
 I, in Probation of a Sister-hood,
 Was sent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*,
 As then the Messenger.—

Lucio. That's I, and't like your Grace:
 I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her
 To try her gracious Fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
 For her poor Brother's Pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

[To *Lucio*.

Lucio. No, my good Lord,
 Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
 Pray you take note of it: And when you have
 A Business for your self, pray Heav'n you then
 Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The Warrant's for your self; take heed to't.

Isab. This Gentleman told something of my Tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are i'th' wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious Caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it:

The Phrase is to the Matter.

Duke. Mended again: The Matter; proceed.

Isab. In brief; to set the needles by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I reply'd,
For this was of much length; the vile Conclusion
I now begin with Grief and Shame to utter.
He would not, but by Gift of my chaste Body
To his concupiscible intemperate Lust,
Release my Brother; and after much Debatement,
My sisterly Remorse confutes mine Honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next Morn betimes,
His Purpose forfeiting, he sends a Warrant
For my poor Brother's Head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. [speak't;

Duke. By Heav'n, fond Wretch, thou know'st not what thou
Or else thou art suborn'd against his Honour
In hateful Practice. First, his Integrity
Stands without blemish; next, it imports no Reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: If he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy Brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
Confess the Truth, and say by whose Advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then oh you blessed Ministers above,
Keep me in Patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the Evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance: Heav'n shield your Grace from Wo.
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go.

Duke.

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An Officer;
o Prison with her. Shall we thus permit
blasting and a scandalous Breath to fall
on him so near us? This needs must be a Practice.
Who knew of your Intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghostly Father belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick*?

Lucio. My Lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar*;
I do not like the Man; had he been Lay, my Lord,
For certain Words he spake against your Grace
In your Retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This is a good *Friar* belike,
And to set on this wretched Woman here
Against our Substitute! Let this *Friar* be found.

Lucio. But Yesternight, my Lord, she and that *Friar*,
I saw them at the Prison: A sawcy *Friar*,
A very scurvy Fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your Royal Grace!
I have stood by, my Lord, and I have heard
Your Royal Ear abus'd. First hath this Woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick* which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a Man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary Medler,
As he's reported by this Gentleman;
And, on my Trust, a Man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My Lord, most villanously; believe it.

Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my Lord,
Of a strange Fever: Upon his meer Request,
Being come to knowledge, that there was Complaint
Intended against Lord *Angelo*, came I hither
To speak, as from his Mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his Oath,
And all Probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he is convented. First, for this Woman,

To justifie this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her Eyes,
'Till she her self confess it.

Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.

Do you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Ah, Heav'n! the vanity of wretch'd Fools! —
Give us some Seats; Come, Cousin *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartial: Be you Judge
Of your own Cause. Is this the Witness, *Friar*?

Enter Mariana veil'd.

First, let her shew her Face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my Lord, I will not shew my Face
Until my Husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. A Widow then?

Mari. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? Neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Lucio. My Lord, she may be a Punk; for many of them are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duke. Silence that Fellow: I would he had some Cause to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Mari. My Lord, I do confess I ne'er was marry'd,
And I confess besides, I am no Maid;
I have known my Husband, yet my Husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my Lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of Silence, would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Duke. This is no Witness for Lord *Angelo*.

Mari. Now I come to't, my Lord.

She that accuses him of Fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my Husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine Arms,
With all th' Effect of Love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your Husband. To Mariana.

Mari. Why, just, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinks he knows, that he ne'er kn^w my Body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Isabel's*.

Ang. This is a strange Abuse: Let's see thy Face.

Mari. My Husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.]

This is that Face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the Hand which, with a vow'd Contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: This is the Body
That took away the Match from *Isabel*,
And did supply thee at thy Garden-house
In her imagin'd Person.

Duke. Know you this Woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confess I know this Woman;
And five Years since there was some speech of Marriage
Betwixt my self and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised Proportions
Came short of Composition; but in chief,
For that her Reputation was dis-valued
In Levity: Since which time, of five Years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my Faith and Honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,

As there comes Light from Heav'n, and Words from Breath,
As there is Sense in Truth, and Truth in Virtue,
I am affianc'd this Man's Wife as strongly
As Words could make up Vows: And, my good Lord,
But *Tuesday* Night last gone, in's Garden-house
He knew me as a Wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my Knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here
A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile 'till now.

Now, good my Lord, give me the Scope of Justice;
My Patience here is touch'd: I do perceive

These poor informal Women are no more
But Instruments of some more mightier Member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
To find this Practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my Heart;
And punish them to your height of Pleasure.
Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious Woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou thy Oaths,
Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
Were Testimonies 'gainst his Worth and Credit,
That's seal'd in Approbation? You, Lord *Escalus*,
Sit with my Cousin; lend him your kind Pains
To find out this Abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar* that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord; for he indeed
Hath set the Women on to this Complaint:
Your *Provost* knows the Place where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.
And you my noble and well warranted Cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this Matter forth,
Do with your Injuries as seems you best
In any Chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, 'till you have
Well determin'd upon these Slanderers. [Exit.]

Escal. My Lord, we'll do it thoroughly. Signior *Lucio*, did
not you say, you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a dishonest
Person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*; honest in nothing
but in his Cloaths, and one that hath spoke most villanous
Speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and
inforce them against him; we shall find this *Friar* a nota-
ble Fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my Word.

Escal. Call that same *Isabel* here once again; I would speak
with her: Pray you, my Lord, give me leave to question;
you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own Report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think if you handled her privately she should sooner confess; perchance publickly she'd be a-sham'd.

Enter Duke in the Friar's Habit, Provost and Isabella.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for Women are light at Midnight.

Escal. Come on, Mistrefs: Here's a Gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My Lord, here comes the Rascal I spoke of, Here with the *Provost*.

Escal. In very good time: Speak not you to him 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, Sir, did you set these Women on to slander Lord *Angelo*? They have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How? Know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great Place; and let the Devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning Throne. Where is the Duke? 'Tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak: Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly at least. But oh, poor Souls, Come you to seek the Lamb here of the Fox? Good-night to your Redress: Is the Duke gone? Then is your Cause too. The Duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest Appeal, And put your Trial in the Villain's Mouth Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the Rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd *Friar*, Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these Women To accuse this worthy Man, but in foul Mouth, And in the witness of his proper Ear, To call him Villain; and then to glance from him To th' Duke himself; to tax him with Injustice? Take him hence; to th' Rack with him: We'll touze you Joint by Joint, but we will know his Purpose: What? Unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke dare
No more stretch this Finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own: His Subject am I not,
Nor here Provincial; my Business in this State
Made me a Looker on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have seen Corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the Stew: Laws for all Faults,
But Faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes
Stand like the Forfeits in a Barber's Shop,
As much in Mock as Mark.

Escal. Slander to th' State!
Away with him to Prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior *Lucio*?
Is this the Man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my Lord. Come hither, Goodman Bald-
pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your Voice:
I met you at the Prison in the Absence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? And do you remember what you
said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? And was the Duke a Flesh-mon-
ger, a Fool, and a Coward, as you then reported him to
be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change Persons with me, e'er you
make that my Report: You indeed spoke so of him, and
much more, much worse.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable Fellow! did not I pluck thee
by the Nose for thy Speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke as I love my self.

Ang. Hark how the Villain would close now after his
treasonable Abuses.

Escal. Such a Fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with
him to Prison: Where is the *Provost*? Away with him to
Prison; lay Bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more;
away with those Giglets too, and with the other confede-
rate Companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, resists he? Help him, *Lucio*.

Lucio. Come Sir, come Sir, come Sir; foh, Sir; why, you
bald-pated lying Rascal; you must be hooded, must you?
Show

Show your Knave's Visage, with a Pox to you; show your sheep-biting Face, and be hang'd an Hour: Will't not off?

[Pulls off the Friars Hood, and discovers the Duke.]

Duke. Thou art the first Knave that e'er mad'st a Duke. First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three.

Sneak not away, Sir; for the Friar and you must have a word anon: Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down:

[To Escalus,

We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your Leave:

Hast thou or Word, or Wit, or Impudence,

That yet can do thee Office? If thou hast,

Rely upon it 'till my Tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh my dread Lord,

I should be guiltier than my Guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscernable,

When I perceive your Grace, like Power divine,

Hath look'd upon my Passes: Then, good Prince,

No longer Session hold upon my Shame;

But let my Trial be mine own Confession:

Immediate Sentence then, and sequent Death,

Is all the Grace I beg,

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:

Say; was't thou ever contracted to this Woman?

Ang. I was, my Lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Do you the Office, Friar; which consummate,

Return him here again: Go with him, Provost.

[Exeunt Angelo, Mariana and Provost.]

Escal. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his Dishonour, Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel;

Your Friar is now your Prince: As I was then

Advertising, and holy to your Business,

Not changing Heart with Habit, I am still

Attornied at your Service.

Isab. Oh give me Pardon,

That I, your Vassal, have employ'd and pain'd

Your unknown Sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:

And now, dear Maid, be you as free to us,

Your

Your Brother's Death, I know, sits at your Heart:
 And you may marvel why I obscur'd my self,
 Labouring to save his Life; and would not rather
 Make rash Remonstrance of my hidden Power;
 Then let him be so lost: Oh most kind Maid,
 It was the swift Celerity of his Death,
 Which I did think with slower foot came on,
 That brain'd my purpose: But Peace be with him.
 That Life is better Life, past fearing Death,
 Than that which lives to Fear: Make it your Comfort,
 So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provost.

Isab. I do, my Lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd Man, approaching here,
 Whose salt Imagination yet hath wrong'd
 Your well-defended Honour; you must pardon
 For *Mariana's* Sake: But as he adjudg'd your Brother,
 Being Criminal, in double violation
 Of sacred Chastity, and of Promise-breach,
 Thereon dependant for your Brother's Life,
 The very Mercy of the Law cries out
 Most audible, even from his proper Tongue,
 An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; Death for Death:
 Hasten still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
 Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
 Then, *Angelo*, thy Faults are manifested;
 Which tho' thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
 We do condemn thee to the very Block
 Where *Claudio* stoop'd to Death; and with like haste,
 Away with him.

Mari. Oh my most gracious Lord,
 I hope you will not mock me with a Husband?

Duke. It is your Husband mock'd you with a Husband.
 Consenting to the Safeguard of your Honour,
 I thought your Marriage fit; else Imputation,
 For that he knew you, might reproach your Life,
 And choak your good to come: For his Possessions,
 Altho' by Confiscation they are ours,
 We do entate, and Widow you withal,
 To buy you a better Husband.

Mari. Oh my dear Lord,
 I crave no other, nor no better Man.

Duke.

Duke. Never crave him ; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Leige.

Duke. You do but lose your Labour :

Away with him to Death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh my good Lord. Sweet *Isabel*, take my part ;
Lend me your Knees, and all my Life to come
I'll lend you, all my Life to do you Service.

Duke. Against all Sense you do importune her ;
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this Fact,
Her Brother's Ghost his paved Bed would break,
And take her hence in Horror.

Mari. Isabel,

Sweet *Isabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your Hands, say nothing ; I'll speak all.
They say, best Men are moulded out of Faults ;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad : So may my Husband.

Oh *Isabel* ; will you not lend a Knee ?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* Death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir,

[*Kneeling.*

Look, if it please you, on this Man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liv'd : I partly think,
A due Sincerity govern'd his Deeds,
'Till he did look on me : Since it is so,
Let him not die. My Brother had but Justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not o'er-take his bad Intent,
And must be bury'd but as an Intent
That perish'd by the way : Thoughts are no Subjects ;
Intent, but meerly Thoughts.

Mari. Meerly, my Lord.

Duke. Your Suit's unprofitable ; stand up, I say :
I have bethought me of another Fault.

Provost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unusual Hour ?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special Warrant for the Deed ?

Prov. No, my good Lord ; it was by private Message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your Office :
Give up your Keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble Lord.

I thought it was a Fault, but knew it not ;
Yet did repent me after more Advice ;
For Testimony whereof, one in the Prison,
That should by private Order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he ?

Prov. His Name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by *Claudio* :
Go fetch him hither ; let me look upon him.

Escal. I am sorry one so learned, and so wise
As you, Lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of Blood,
And lack of temper'd Judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such Sorrow I procure ;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent Heart,
That I crave Death more willingly than Mercy :
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine* ?

Prov. This, my Lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this Man :
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn Soul
That apprehends no further than this World,
And squar'st thy Life accordingly : Thou'rt condemn'd.
But for those earthly Faults, I quit them all :
I pray thee take this Mercy to provide
For better times to come : *Friar*, advise him ;
I leave him to your Hand. What muffled Fellow's that ?

Prov. This is another Prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his Head,
As like almost to *Claudio* as himself.

Duke. If he be like your Brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd ; and for your lovely sake,
Give me your Hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my Brother too ; but fitter time for that.
By this Lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe ;
Methinks I see a quickning in his Eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your Evil quits you well ;
Look that you love your Wife ; her Worth worth yours.
I find an apt Remission in my self,

And

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
 You, Sirrah, that knew me for a Fool, a Coward, *To Lucio.*
 One all of Luxury, an Ass, a Mad-man;
 Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
 That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my Lord, I spoke it but according to the
 Trick; if you will hang me for it you may, but I had ra-
 ther it would please you, I might be whipt.

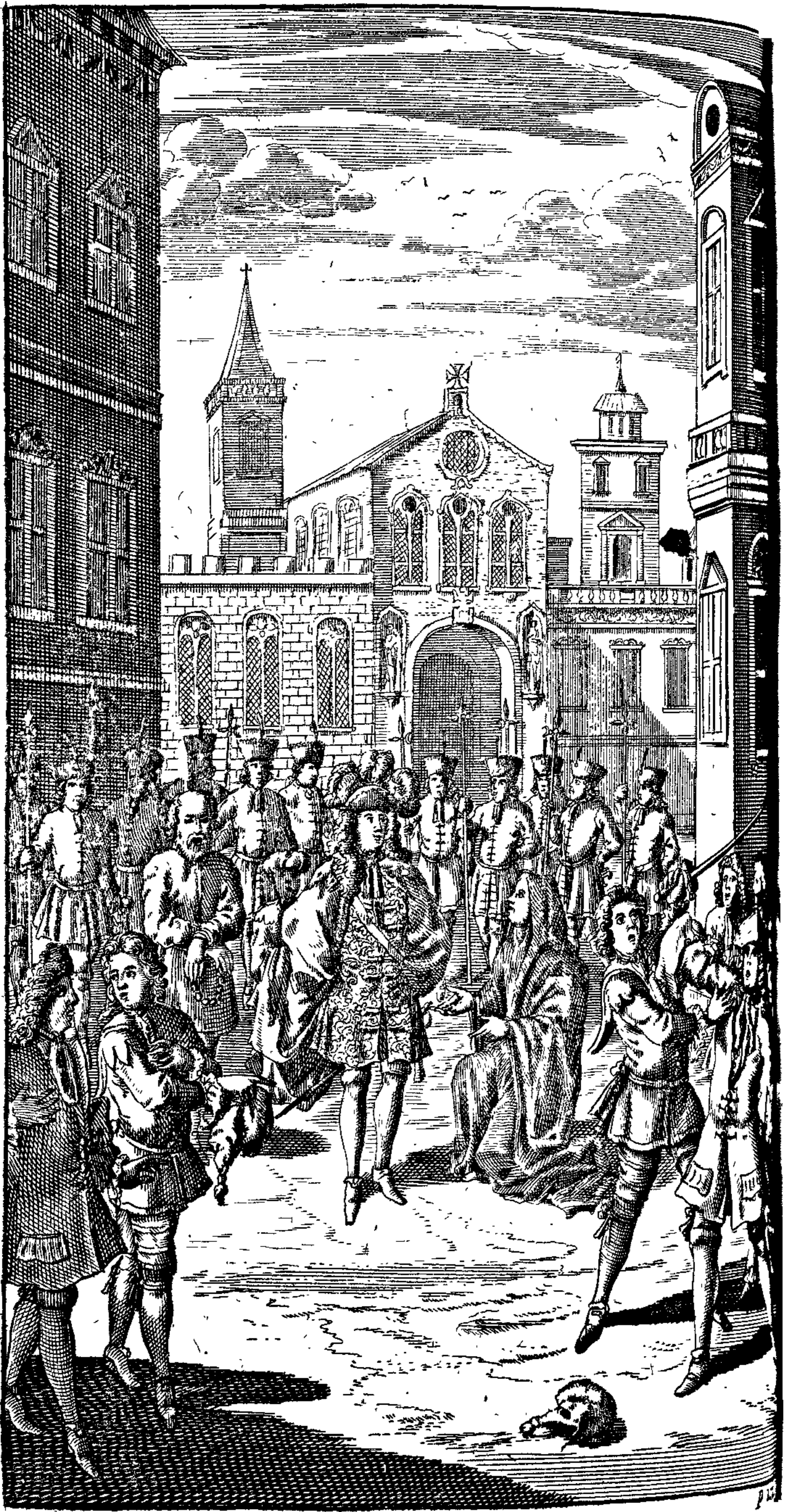
Duke. Whipt first, Sir, and hang'd after.
 Proclaim it, *Provost*, round about the City;
 If any Woman wrong'd by this lewd Fellow,
 As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
 Whom he begot with Child, let her appear,
 And he shall marry her; the Nuptial finish'd,
 Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a
 Whore: Your Highness said even now, I made you a Duke;
 good my Lord, do not recompence me in making me a
 Cuckold.

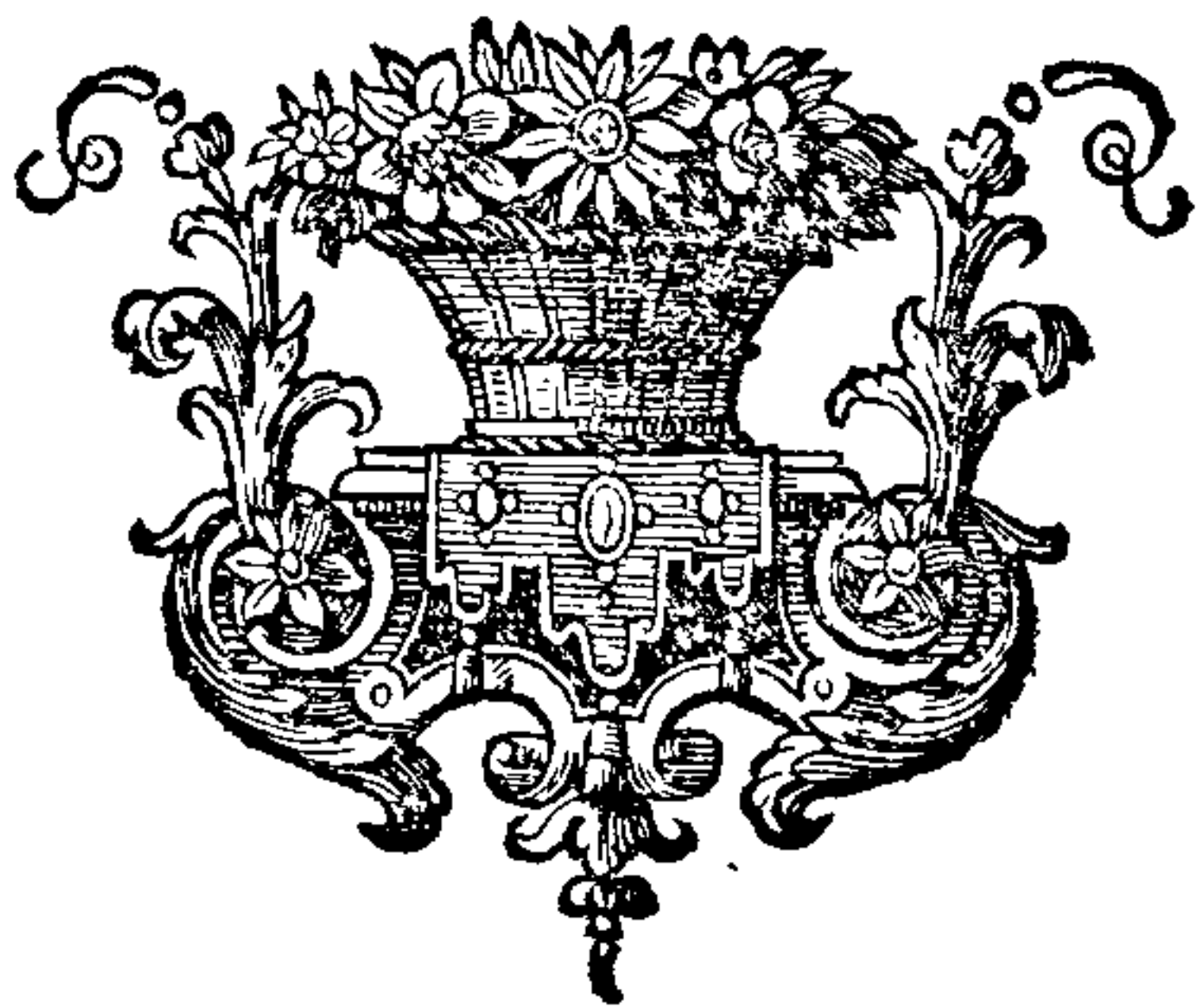
Duke. Upon mine Honour thou shalt marry her:
 Thy Slanders I forgive, and therewithal
 Remit thy other Forfeits; take him to Prison:
 And see our Pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a Punk, my Lord, is pressing to Death,
 Whipping and hanging.

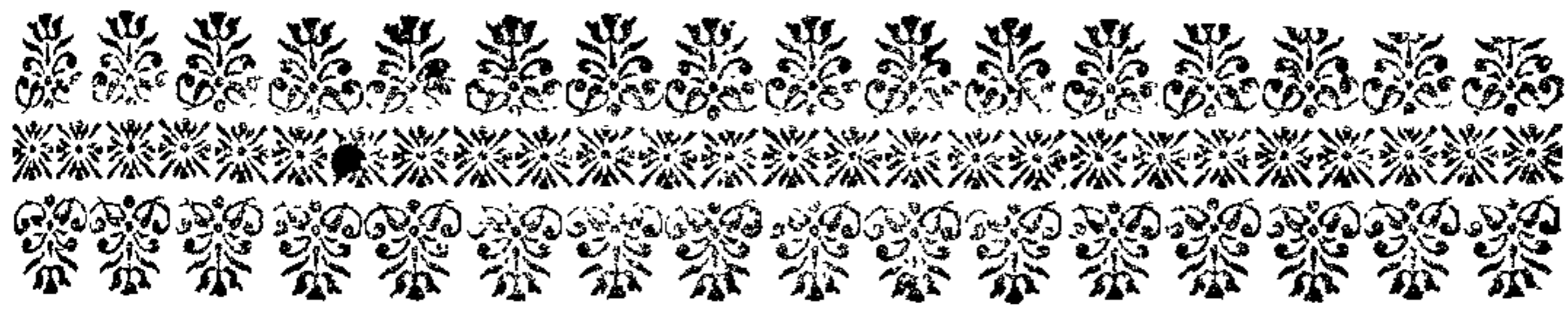
Duke. Slandering a Prince deserves it.
 She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
 Joy to you, *Mariana*; love her *Angelo*:
 I have confess'd her, and I know her Virtue.
 Thanks, good Friend *Escalus*, for thy much Goodness:
 There's more behind that is more gratefull,
 Thanks, *Provost*, for thy Care and Secrefie;
 We shall imploy thee in a worthier Place:
 Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
 The Head of *Rogozine* for *Claudio's*;
 Th' Offence pardons it self. Dear *Isabel*,
 I have a Motion much imports your good,
 Whereto if you'll a willing Ear incline,
 What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
 So bring us to our Palace, where we'll show
 What's yet behind that's meet you all should know. [*Exeunt.*]



THE
COMEDY
OF
ERRORS.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.



T H E
Comedy of Errors.

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

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

Æ G E O N.



Proceed, *Salinus*, to procure my Fall,
And by thy 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 rancorous Outrage of your
To Merchants, our well-dealing Countrymen, [Duke,
Who wanting Guilders 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 *Syracusians* and our selves,
T'admit no Traffick to our adverse Towns.
Nay, more; if any born at *Ephesus*
Be seen at any *Syracusan* Marts and Fairs;
Again, if any *Syracusan* born,
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies;
His Goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand Marks be levied

To quit the Penalty, and ransom him.
 Thy Substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred Marks;
 Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my Comfort, when your Words are [done,
 My Woes end likewise with the Evening Sun.

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

Ægeon. A heavier Task could not have been impos'd,
 Than I to speak my Grief unspeakable:
 Yet that the World may witness, that my End
 Was wrought by Nature, not by vile Offence,
 I'll utter what my Sorrow gives me leave.

In *Syracusa* was I born, and wed
 Unto a Woman, happy but for me;
 And by me too, had not our Hap been bad:
 With her I liv'd in Joy, our Wealth encreas'd
 By prosperous Voyages I often made
 To *Epidamnium*, 'till my Factor's Death;
 And he great store of Goods at random leaving,
 Drew me from kind Embracements of my Spouse;
 From whom my Absence was not six Months old,
 Before her self, almost at fainting under
 The pleasing Punishment that Women bear,
 Had made Provision for her following me,
 And soon and safe arrived where I was.

There she had not been long, but she became
 A joyful Mother of two goodly Sons;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguish'd but by Names.
 That very Hour, and in the self-same Inn,
 A poor mean Woman was delivered
 Of such a burthen, Male-twins both alike:
 Those, for their Parents were exceeding poor,
 I bought, and brought up to attend my Sons.
 My Wife, not meanly proud of two such Boys,
 Made daily Motions for our Home return:
 Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon we came aboard.
 A League from *Epidamnium* had we sail'd,
 Before the always wind-obeying Deep

Gave any tragick instance of our Harm;
 But longer did we not retain much Hope:
 For what obscur'd Light the Heav'ns did grant,
 Did but convey unto our fearful Minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate Death;
 Which tho' my self would gladly have embrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weeping of my Wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous Plainings of the pretty Babes,
 That mourn'd for Fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek Delays for them and me:
 And this it was, for other Means was none.
 The Sailors fought for Safety by our Boat,
 And left the Ship then sinking-ripe to us;
 My Wife, more careful for the Elder born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare Mast,
 Such as Sea-faring Men provide for Storms;
 To him one of the other Twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The Children thus dispos'd, my Wife and I,
 Fixing our Eyes on whom our Care was fixt,
 Fasten'd our selves at either end the Ship,
 And floating straight, obedient to the Stream,
 Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
 At length the Sun gazing upon the Earth,
 Dispers't those Vapours that offended us;
 And by the benefit of his wish'd Light,
 The Sea was calm, and we discovered
 Two Ships from far making amain to us,
 Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
 But e'er 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 e'er the Ships could meet by twice five Leagues,
 We were encountred by a mighty Rock;
 Which being violently born up upon,
 Our helpless Ship was splitted in the midst:
 So that in this unjust Divorce of us

Fortune had left to both of us alike,
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor Soul, seeming as burdened
 With lesser Weight, but not with lesser Wo,
 Was carry'd with more speed before the Wind,
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
 At length another Ship had seiz'd on us;
 And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave helpful welcome to their shipwrackt Guests,
 And would have rest the Fishers of their Prey,
 Had not their Bark been very slow for Sail;
 And therefore homeward did they bend their Course.
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my Blifs,
 That by Misfortunes was my Life prolong'd,
 To tell sad Stories of my own Mishaps.

Duke. And for the sakes of them thou sorrow'st for,
 Do me the Favour to dilate the full,
 What hath befall'n 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 the 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 loath to leave unsought,
 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 a dire Mishap;
 Now trust me, were it not against our Laws,
 Against my Crown, my Oath, my Dignity,
 Which Princes would, they may not disanul,
 My Soul should sue as Advocate for thee.

But tho' thou art adjudged to the Death,
And passed Sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our Honour's great Disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
Therefore, Merchant, I limit thee this Day
To seek thy Help by beneficial Help:
Try all the Friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the Sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:
Jailor, take him to thy Custody.

Jail. I will, my Lord.

Ageon. Hopeless and helpless doth *Ageon* wend,
But to procrastinate his liveless End. [Exit.]

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, a Merchant and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of *Epidamnium*,
Lest that your Goods be too soon 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 e'er the weary Sun sets 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:
'Till that I'll view the Manners of the Town,
Within this Hour it will be Dinner-time,
Peruse the Traders, gaze upon the Buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine Inn;
For with long Travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a Man would take you at your Word,
And go indeed, having so good a Means. [Exit *Dromio*.]

Ant. A trusty Villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with Care and Melancholy,
Lightens my Humour with his merry Jests.
What, will you walk with me about the Town,
And then go to the Inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain Merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much Benefit:
I crave your Pardon. Soon at five a Clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the Mart;

And afterward Confort you 'till Bed-time:
My present Business calls me from you now.

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

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

[*Exit. Mer.*]

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,
Than 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 him, unhappy, lose my self.

Enter Diomio 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 hath stricken twelve upon the Bell;
My Mistres made it one upon my Cheek;
She is so hot because the Meat is cold;
The Meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no Stomach;
You have no Stomach having broke your Fast:
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your Default to day.

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

E. Dro. Oh, six Pence that I had a *Wednesday* last,
To pay the Sadler for my Mistres 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 Mistres come to you in Post,
If I return, I shall be Post indeed;
For she will score your Fault upon my Pate:
Me hinks your Maw, like mine, should be your Cook,
And strike you home without a Messenger.

Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these Jests are out of Season;
Reserve them 'till a merrier Hour than this:
Where is the Gold I gave in Charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, Sir? Why, you gave no Gold to me.

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

E. Dro. My Charge was but to fetch you from the Mart
Home to your House, the *Phoenix*, Sir, to Dinner;
My Mistress and her Sister stay for you.

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe Place you have bestow'd my Mony;
Or I shall break that merry Sconce of yours
That stands on Tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand Marks thou hadst of me?

E. Dro. I have some Marks of yours upon my Pate;
Some of my Mistress's 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. [thou?

Ant. Thy Mistress's Marks? What Mistress, Slave, hast

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 sake hold your
Nay, and you will not, Sir, I'll take my Heels. [Hands;
[Exit *Dromio Ep.*

Ant. Upon my Life, by some Device or other,
The Villain is o'er-wrought of all my Mony.
They say, this Town is full of Couzenage;
As nimble Juglers, that deceive the Eye;
Dark-working Sorcerers, that change the Mind;
Soul-killing Witches, that deform the Body;
Disguis'd Cheaters, prating Mountebanks,
And many such like Liberties of Sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the *Centaur* to go seek this Slave;
I greatly fear my Mony is not safe.

[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. **N**either my Husband, nor the Slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his Master;
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two a Clock.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's sowerwhere gone to Dinner:
Good Sister, let us dine, and never fret.

A Man is Master of his Liberty :

Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll go or come; if so, be patient, Sister.

Adr. Why should their Liberty than ours be more?

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

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

Luc. Oh, know he is the Bridle of your Will.

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

Luc. Why, head-strong Liberty is lasht with Wo.
There's nothing situate under Heav'n's Eye,
But hath its bound in Earth, in Sea, in Sky:
The Beasts, the Fishes, and the winged Fowls,
Are their Male's Subjects, and at their Controuls:
Man more divine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide Word, and wide watry 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 Sway.

Luc. E'er I learn Love, I'll practise to Obey.

Adr. How if your Husband start some other where?

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

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause;
They can be meek that have no other Cause:
A wretched Soul bruis'd with Adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of Pain,
As much, or more we should our selves complain:

So thou that hast no unkind Mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless Patience wouldst relieve me:
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd Patience in thee will be left.

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

Enter Dromio Eph.

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

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

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his
Mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his Mind upon mine Ear,
Beswore his Hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st 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 un-
derstand them.

Adr. But say, I prethee, 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 is stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to Dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand Marks in Gold:

'Tis Dinner-time, quoth I; my Gold, quoth he:

Your Meat doth burn, quoth I; my Gold, quoth he:

Will you come, quoth I? My Gold, quoth he:

Where is the thousand Marks I gave thee, Villain?

The Pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my Gold, quoth he:

My Mistress, Sir, quoth I; hang up thy Mistress;

I know not thy Mistress; out on thy Mistress.

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my Master: I know, quoth he, no House,
no Wife, no Mistress; so that my Errand, due' unto my
Tongue, I thank him, I bare home upon my Shoulders: For
in conclusion, he did beat me there.

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

E. Dro.

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

Adr. Back, Slave, or I will break thy Pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that Cross with other beating;
Between you I shall have a holy Head.

Adr. Hence, prating Peasant, fetch thy Master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a Foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither;
If I last in this Service, you must case me in Leather. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Fie, how Impatience lowreth in your Face!

Adr. His Company must do his Minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry Look:
Hath homely Age th' alluring Beauty took
From my poor Cheek? Then he hath wasted it,
Are my Discourses dull? Barren my Wit?
If voluble and sharp Discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blots it more than Marble hard.
Do their gay Vestments his Affections bait?
That's not my Fault; he's Master of my State.
What Ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my Defeatures. My decayed fair,
A 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.

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

Adr. Unfeeling Fools can with such Wrongs dispense;
I know his Eye doth Homage other-where;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a Chain,
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his Bed.
I see the Jewel best enameled
Will lose his Beauty; yet the Gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will:
Since that my Beauty cannot please his Eye,
I'll weep, what's left, away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond Fools serve mad Jealousie?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

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

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

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

E. Dro. Sconce, call you it? So you would leave batter-
ing, 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.

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 wherefore, 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 the Wherefore is neither Rhime 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 nothing for something. But say, Sir, is it Dinner-time?

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

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

S. Dro. Basting.

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

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

Ant. Your Reason?

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

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

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

Ant. By what Rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a Rule as plain as the plain bald Pate of Father *Time* himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a Man to recover his Hair that grows bald by Nature.

Ant. May he not do it by Fine and Recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a Fine for a Peruke, and recover the lost Hair of another Man.

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

S. Dro. Because it is a Blessing that he bestows on Beasts; and what he hath scanted them in Hair, he hath given them in Wit.

Ant.

Ant. Why, but there's many a Man hath more Hair than Wit.

S. Dro. Not a Man of those but he hath the Wit to lose his Hair.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy Men plain Dealers without Wit.

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

Ant. For what Reason?

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

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

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to save the Mony that he spends in trimming; the other, that at Dinner they should not drop in his Porrage.

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 waits us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look strange and frown;
Some other Mistress hath some 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 to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thy self?
Thy self, I call it, being strange to me:

That

That undividable Incorporate
 Am better than thy dear Self's better Part.
 Ah do not tear away thy self from me;
 For know, my Love, as easie may'st thou fall
 A Drop of Water in the breaking Gulf,
 And take unmingled thence that Drop again,
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thy self, and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Shouldst thou 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 canst; and therefore see thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate Blot;
 My Blood is mingled with the crime of Lust:
 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the Poison of my Flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy Contagion.
 Keep thou fair League and Truce with thy true Bed;
 I live distain'd, and thou dishonoured.

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

Luc. Fie, Brother, how the World is chang'd with you;
 When were you wont to use my Sister thus?
 She sent for you by *Dromio* home to Dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio*?

S. Dro. By me.

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

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

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

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

S. Dro. I never spake 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?
By it my Wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that Wrong with a more Contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this Sleeve of thine;
Thou art an Elm, my Husband, I a Vine:
Whose Weakness marry'd to thy stronger State,
Makes me with thy Strength to communicate;
If ought possess thee from me, it is Dross,
Usurping Ivy, Brier, or idle Moss,
Who all for want of pruning, with Intrusion,
Infect thy Sap, and live on thy Confusion.

Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her Theam;
What, was I marry'd to her in my Dream?
Or 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 freed 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 Elves Sprights;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our Breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy self,
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, Snail, thou Slug, thou Sot?

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

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

S. Dro. Nay, Master, both in Mind and in my Shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine own Form.

S. Dro. No; I am an Ape.

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

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a Fool,
To put the Finger in the Eye and weep,
Whilst Man and Master laughs my Woes to scorn.
Come, Sir, to Dinner; *Dromio*, keep the Gate;
Husband, I'll dine above with you to Day,
And thrive you of a thousand idle Pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your Master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no Creature enter:
Come, Sister; *Dromio*, play the Porter well.

Ant. Am I in Earth, in Heaven, or in Hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well advis'd;
Known unto these, and to my self disguis'd?
I'll say as they say, and persevere so;
And in this Mist at all Adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be Porter at the Gate?

Adr. Ay, and let none enter, lest I break your Pate.

Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.

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

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

E. Ant. **G**OOD Signior *Angelo*, you must excuse us all:
My Wife is shrewish when I keep not Hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your Shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,
And that to Morrow you will bring it Home.
But here's a Villain that would face me down,
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand Marks in Gold;
And that I did deny my Wife and House:
Thou Drunkard thou, what didst thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, Sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart, I have your Hand to show;
If the Skin were Parchment, and the Blows you gave were Ink,
Your Hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think thou art an Ass.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear
By the Wrongs I suffer, and the Blows I bear;

I should kick being kickt; and being at that pass,
You would keep from my Heels, and beware of an Afs.

E. Ant. Y'are sad, Signior *Balthazar*: Pray God our Cheer
May answer my good Will, and your good Welcome 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 a better Heart.
But soft; my Door is lockt; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. *Mand, Bridget, Marian, Cistly, 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.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? Hoa, open the Door.

S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, and 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 stol'n both mine Office and
my Name.

The one ne'er got me Credit, the other mickle Blame;

If thou hadst been *Dromio* to Day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy Face for a Name, or thy
Name for an Ass.

Luce. within. What a Coile is there, *Dromio*? Who are
those at the Gate?

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

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late; and so tell your Master.

E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh; have at you with a Pro-
verb.

Shall I set in my Staff?

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

S. Dro. If thy Name be called *Luce, Luce*, thou hast an-
swer'd him well.

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

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. 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 un-
ruly Boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, Wife? You might have come be-
fore.

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 part with nei-
ther.

E. Dro. They stand at the Door, Master; bid them Welcome hither.

E. Ant. There is something in the Wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so, Master, if your Garments were thin.

Your Cake here is warm within: You stand here in the Cold.

It would make a Man as mad as a Buck to be so bought and sold.

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

S. Dro. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your Knave's Pate.

E. Dro. A Man may break a Word with you, Sir, and Words are but Wind;

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

S. Dro. It seems thou want'st 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 made against you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in Patience,
And let us to the *Tyger* all to Dinner,
And about Evening come your self alone,
To know the Reason of this strange Restraint.
If by strong Hand you offer to break in

Now in the stirring Passage of the Day,
 A vulgar Comment will be made of it;
 And that supposed by the common Rout,
 Against your yet ungalled Estimation,
 That may with foul Intrusion enter in,
 And dwell upon your Grave when you are dead:
 For Slander lives upon Succession,
 For ever hous'd where it once gets Possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
 And in despite of Mirth mean to be merry.
 I know a Wench of excellent Discourse,
 Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too gentle;
 There will we dine: This Woman that I mean,
 My Wife, but I protest without Desert,
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
 To her will we to Dinner. Get you home,
 And fetch the Chain; by this I know 'tis made;
 Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine*;
 For there's the House: That Chain I will bestow,
 Be it for nothing but to spight my Wife,
 Upon my 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. [*Exe*

Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be, that you have quite forgot
 A Husband's Office? Shall *Antipholis*,
 Even in the Spring of Love, thy Love-springs rot?
 Shall Love in Buildings grow so ruinate?
 If you did wed my Sister for her Wealth,
 Then for her Wealths-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 Attaint?
'Tis double Wrong to truant with your Bed,
And let her read it in thy Looks at Board:
Shame hath a Bastard-fame, well managed;
Ill Deeds are doubled with an evil Word:
Alas poor Women, make us not believe,
Being compact of Credit, that you love us;
Tho' others have the Arm, shew us the Sleeve:
We in your Motion run; and you may move us.
Then, gentle Brother, get you in again;
Comfort my Sister, chear her, call her Wife:
'Tis holy Sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of Flattery conquers Strife.

S. Ant. Sweet Mistrefs; what your Name is else, I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Lefs 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 gros Conceit,
Smother'd in Errors, feeble, shadow, weak,
The foulded meaning of your Words deceit;
Against my Soul's pure Truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown Field?
Are you a God? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your Power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping Sister is no Wife of mine,
Nor to her Bed a Homage do I owe;
Far more, far more to you do I decline:
Oh train me not, sweet Mermaid, with thy Note,
To drown me in thy Sister's flood of Tears;
Sing *Siren* for thy self, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the silver Waves thy golden Hairs,
And as a Bed I'll take thee, and there lye:
And in that glorious Supposition think,
He gains by Death that hath such means to die;
Let Love, being light, be drowned if he sink.

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

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

Luc. It is a Fault that springeth from your Eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your Beams, fair Sun being by.

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will clear your Sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet Love, as look on Night.

Luc. Why call you me, Love? call my Sister so.

S. Ant. Thy Sister's Sister.

Luc. That's my Sister.

S. Ant. No; it is thy self, mine own self's better Part:
Mine Eye's clear Eye, my dear Heart's dearer Heart,
My Food, my Fortune, and my sweet Hope's Aim,
My sole Earth's Heav'n, and my Heaven's Claim.

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

S. Ant. Call thy self, Sister sweet; for I am thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my Life,
Thou hast no Husband yet, nor I no Wife;
Give me thy Hand.

Luc. Oh soft, Sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my Sister, to get her good Will. [Exit Luc.]

Enter Dromio of Siracuse.

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

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

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

S. Dro. I am an Ass, I am a Woman's Man, and besides my self.

S. Ant. What Woman's Man? and how besides thy self?

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

S. Ant. What Claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, such Claim as you would lay to your 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 wondrous fat Marriage.

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

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, she's the Kitchin-wench, and all Grease, and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a Lamp
of

of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her Rags, and the Tallow in them, will burn a *Poland Winter*: If she lives 'till Doomsday, she'll burn a Week longer than the whole World.

S. Ant. What 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. What's her Name?

S. Dro. *Nell*, Sir; but her Name is three Quarters; that's an Ell and three Quarters will not measure her from Hip to Hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from Head to Foot, than from Hip to Hip; she is Spherical, like a Globe: I could find out Countries in her.

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

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her Buttocks; I found it out by the Bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland*?

S. Dro. I found it by the Barrenness, hard in the Palm of her Hand.

S. Ant. Where *France*?

S. Dro. In her Forehead, arm'd and reverted, making War against her Hair.

S. Ant. Where *England*?

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. Bro. Oh, Sir, upon her Nose, all o'er embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot Breath of *Spain*, who sent whole Armadoes of Car-racts to be ballast at her Nose.

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

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this Drudge, or Diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*,

swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privy Marks I had about me, as the Marks on my Shoulder, the Mole in my Neck, the great Wart on my left Arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her, as a Witch. And I think, if my Breast had not been made of Faith, and my Heart of Steel, she had transform'd me to a 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 knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time I think to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a Bear a Man would run for Life,
So fly I from her that would be my Wife. [Exit.

S. 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 my self:
But lest my self be guilty to Self-wrong,
I'll stop mine Ears against the Mermaid's Song.

Enter Angelo with a Chain.

Ang. Mr. *Antipholis*.

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

Ang. I know it well, Sir, lo, here's the Chain;
I thought to have tane you at the *Porcupine*;
The Chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

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

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

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

Ang. Not once, not 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.

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.*

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

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. **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 Guilders for my Voyage:
 Therefore make present Satisfaction;
 Or I'll attach you by this Officer.

Ang. Even 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 a Clock
 I shall receive the Mony for the same;
 Pleaseth you walk with me down to his House,
 I will discharge my Bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antiph. Eph. and Dro. Eph. as from the Courtezans.

Offi. That Labour you may save: See where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the Goldsmith's House; go thou
 And buy a Ropes-end; that I will bestow
 Among my Wife, and her Confederates,
 For locking me out of my Doors by Day.
 But soft; I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
 Buy thou a Rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand Pound a Year; I buy a Rope. [*Exit Dromio.*

E. Ant. A Man is well hope 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; and therefore came not.

Ang.

Ang. Saving your merry Humour, here's the Note,
How much your Chain weighs to the utmost Raccat,
The fineness of the Gold, and chargeful Fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd Duckets more
Than I stand debted to this Gentleman;
I pray you see him presently discharg'd;
For he is bound to Sea, and stays 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 your self.

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

Ang. Well, Sir, I will: Have you the Chain about you?

E. Ant. 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 stays for the Gentleman;
And I to blame have held him here too long.

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

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

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

E. Ant. Why, give it to my Wife, and fetch your Mony.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the Chain, or send me by some Token.

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

Mer. My Business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, say, where 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.

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

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

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

Ang.

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

Mer. Well, Officer, arrest him at my Suit.

Off. I do, and charge you in the Duke's Name to obey me.

E. Ang. This touches me in Reputation.

Either consent to pay the Sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.

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

Ang. Here is thy Fee; arrest him, Officer;
I would not spare my Brother in this Case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. 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.

Enter Dromio Sirra. from the Bay.

S. Dro. Master, there's a Bark of *Epidamnium*,
That stays but 'till her Owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, she bears away. Our Fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The Oyl, the *Balsammum*, and *Aqua-vite*.
The Ship is in her Trim; the merry Wind
Blows fair from Land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your self.

E. Ant. How now! a mad Man! Why, thou peevish
What Ship of *Epidamnium* stays for me? [Sheep,

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 Ropes-end as soon:
You sent me to the Bay, Sir, for a Bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this Matter at more Leisure,
And teach your Ears to list me with more heed.
To *Adriana*, Villain, hie thee strait;
Give her this Key, and tell her in the Desk
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkish* Tapestry,
There is a Purse of Duckets, let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the Street,

And

And that shall bail me; hie thee, Slave; be gone:
On Officer, to Prison 'till it come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S. Dro. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowfabel* did claim me for her Husband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, altho' against my Will,
For Servants must their Masters Minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his Eye,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What Observation mad'st thou in this Case,
Of his Heart's Meteors tilting in his Face?

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

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

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a Stranger here.

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

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

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

Adr. With what Persuasion did he tempt thy Love?

Luc. With Words, that in an honest Suit might move.
First, he did praise my Beauty, then my Speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have Patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My Tongue, tho' not my Heart, shall have it's Will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse Body'd, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse the Mind.

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

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others Eyes were worse.
Far from her Nest, the Lapwing cries away;
My Heart prays for him, tho' my Tongue do curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

S. Dro. Here, go; the Desk, the Purse; sweet now make
haste.

Luc.

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,
A Wolf, nay worse, a Fellow all in Buff;
A back-Friend, a Shoulder-Clapper, one that countermands
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 here it ring?

Adr. What, the Chain?

S. Dro. No, the Bell; 'tis time that I were gone;
It was Two e'er I left him, and now the Clock strikes One.

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

S. Dro. O yes, if any Hour meet a Serjeant, 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?

If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a Serjeant in the Way,
Hath he not Reason to turn back an Hour in a Day?

Enter Luciana.

Adri. Go, *Dromio*; there's the Mony, bear it strait,
And bring thy Master home immediately.

Come

Come, Sister, I am prest down with Conceit;
Conceit, my Comfort and my Injury.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Antipholis of Siracuse.

S. Ant. There'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 Kindnesses;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Even 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.

Are these are but imaginary Wiles,
And Lapland Sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Siracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the Gold you sent me for; what
have you got the Picture of old *Adam* new appareld?

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
Ives-Skin, that was kill'd for the Prodigal; he that
came behind you, Sir, like an evil Angel, and bid you for-
sake your Liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plain Case; he that went like a
Base-Vial in a Case of Leather; the Man, Sir, that when
Gentlemen are tired gives them a Fob, and rests them;
he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd Men, and gives them
Suits of durance; he that sets up his Rest to do more Ex-
ploits with his Mace, than a Moris 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* put forth to Night, and then
were you hinder'd by the Serjeant, to tarry for the *Hoy De-*
lay; here are the Angels that you sent for to deliver you.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. The Fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in Illusions;
Some blessed Power deliver us from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master *Antipholis*.
I see, Sir, you have found the Goldsmith now:
Is that the Chain you promis'd me to Day?

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

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

S. Ant. It is the Devil.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the Devil's Dam;
And here she comes in the Habit of a light Wench, and
thereof comes that the Wenches say, God dam me, that's
as much to say, God make me a light Wench. It is writ-
ten, they appear to Men like Angels of Light, Light is an
Effect of Fire, and Fire will burn; *ergo*, light Wenches will
burn, come not near her.

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

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect Spoon-Meat, be-
speak 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 thou Fiend, what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art (as you are all) a Sorcerers?
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cur. Give me the Ring of mine you had at Dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some Devils ask but the Parings of ones Nail,
a Rush, a Hair, a Drop of Blood, a Pin, a Nut, a Cher-
ry-Stone; but she, more covetous, would have a Chain. Ma-
ster be wise, and if you give it her, the Devil will shake
her Chain, and fright us with it.

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

S. Ant. Avant, thou Witch! come *Dromio*, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly Pride, says the Peacock; Mistress that you
know. [Exeunt.

Cur.

Cur. Now out of Doubt *Antipholis* is mad,
 Else would he never so demean himself.
 A Ring he hath of mine worth forty Duckets,
 And for the same he promis'd me a Chain;
 Both one and other he denies me now.
 The Reason that I gather he is mad,
 (Besides this present Instance of his Rage,)
 Is a mad Tale he told to Day at Dinner,
 Of his own Doors being shut against his Entrance.
 Belike his Wife, acquainted with his Fits,
 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 Duckets is too much to lose.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, with a Faylor.

E. Ant. Fear me not Man, I will not break away,
 I'll give thee e'er 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.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a Ropes-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 Duckets, Villain, for a Rope?

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

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

E. Dro. To a Ropes-end, Sir, and to that end am I re-
 turn'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.

Offi. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in Adversity.

Offi. Good now hold thy Tongue.

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

E. Ant. Thou whoreson, senseless Villain.

E. Dro.

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 Afs.

E. Dro. I am an Afs indeed, you may prove it by my long Ears. I have serv'd him from the Hour of my Nativity to this Instant, and have nothing at his Hands for my Service but Blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it when I sleep, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of Doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my Shoulders, as a Beggar wont her Brat; and I think when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from Door to Door

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan and Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along, my Wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress *respice finem*, respect your End, or rather prophesie like the Parrot, beware the Ropes-end.

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

Cour. How say you now? Is not your Husband mad?

Adri. 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 Extasie.

Pinch. Give me your Hand, and let me feel your Pulse.

E. Ant. There is my Hand, and let it feel your Ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this Man,
To yield Possession to my holy Prayers,
And to thy State of Darknes hie thee strait,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in Heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doting Wizard, Peace, I am not mad.

Adri. 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?

Adri. O Husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these Slanders, and this open Shame.

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

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

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

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

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

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

E. Ant. Did not her Kitchen-Maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certis, she did, the Kitchen-Vestal scorn'd you.

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

E. Dro. In verity you did, my Bones bear Witness,
That since have felt the Vigour of his Rage.

Adri. Is't good to smooth 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.

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

E. Dro. Mony by me? Heart and good Will you might,
But surely Master not a rag of Mony.

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a Purse of Duckets?

Adri. 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 bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a Rope.

Pinch. Mistrefs, both Man and Master are possess't,
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?

Adri. I did not, gentle Husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And gentle Master I receiv'd no Gold,
But I confess, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adri. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both.

E. Ant. Dissembling Harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned Pack,

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these Nails I'll pluck out those false Eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful Sport.

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

Adri. 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 murther me? Thou Jailor thou, I am thy Prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a Rescue?

Offic. Masters; let him go; he is my Prisoner, and you shall not have him.

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

Adri. What wilt thou do, thou peevish Officer? Hast thou delight to see a wretched Man Do Outrage and Displeasure to himself?

Offic. He is my Prisoner, if I let him go, The Debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adri. I will discharge thee, e'er I go from thee; Bear me forthwith unto his Creditor, [*They bind Ant. and Dro.*] And knowing how the Debt grows I will pay it. Good Master Doctor see him safe convey'd Home to my House, oh most unhappy Day.

E. Ant. Oh most unhappy Strumpet.

E. Dro. Master, I am 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 idely do they talk!

Adri. Go bear him hence; Sister go you with me. Say, now, whose Suit is he arrested at?

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

Manet Officer, Adri. Luci. and Courtezan.

Offic. One *Angelo*, a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Adri. I know the Man; what is the Sum he owes?

Offic. Two hundred Duckets.

Adri. Say, how grows it due?

Offic. Due for a Chain your Husband had of him:

Adri. 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.

Adri. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come Jailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the Truth hereof at large.

*Enter Antipholis Siracufian with his Rapier drawn, and
Dromio Sirac.*

Luc. God for thy Mercy, they are loose again.

Adri. And come with naked Swords;
Let's call more help to have them bound again.

[*They run all out.*

Offic. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt.*

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 to us fair, give us Gold;
methinks they are such a gentle Nation, that but for
the Mountain of mad Flesh that claims Marriage of me,
I could find in my Heart to stay here still, and turn Witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to Night for all the Town,
Therefore away, to get our Stuff aboard. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you,
But I protest he had the Chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he did deny it.

Mer. How is the Man esteem'd here in the City?

Ang. Of very reverent Reputation, Sir,
Of Credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the City;
His Word might bear my Wealth at any time.

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

Enter

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 your self,

With Circumstance and Oaths so to deny

This Chain, which now you wear so openly;

Beside the Charge, the Shame, Imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest Friend,

Who but for staying on our Controverſie,

Had hoisted Sail, and put to Sea to Day:

This Chain you had of me, can you deny it?

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

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

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

Mer. These Ears of mine thou know'st did hear thee:

Fie on thee, Wretch, 'tis pity that thou liv'st

To walk where any honest Men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a Villain to impeach me thus,

I'll prove mine Honour and my Honesty

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defie thee for a Villain. [*They draw.*]

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 am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this Possession held the Man?

Adr. This Week he hath been heavy, sour, 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 wrack at Sea,
Bury'd some dear Friend, hath not else his Eye
Stray'd his Affection in unlawful Love?
A Sin prevailing much in youthful Men,
Who give their Eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these Sorrows is he subject to?

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

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my Modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply in private.

Adr. And in Assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the Copy of our Conference.
In Bed he slept not for my urging it,
At Board he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the Subject of my Theam;
In Company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the Man was mad.
The venomous Clamours of a jealous Woman,
Poisons more deadly than a mad Dog's Tooth.
It seems his Sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his Head is light.
Thou say'st his Meat was sauc'd with thy Upbraidings,
Unquiet Meals make ill Digestions,
Thereof the raging Fire of Fever bred,
And what's a Fever but a Fit of Madness?
Thou say'st his Sports were hindred by thy Brawls.
Sweet Recreation barr'd what doth ensue,
But muddy and dull Melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless Despair,
And at her Heels a huge infectious Troop
Of pale Distemperatures, and Foes to Life?
In Food, in Sport, and life-preserving Rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or Man or Beast:
The Consequence is then, thy jealous Fits

Have scar'd thy Husband from the use of Wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself, rough, rude, and wildly.
Why hear you those Rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own Reproof.
Good People enter and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a Creature enters in my House.

Adr. Then let your Servants bring my Husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this Place for Sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your Hands,
'Till I have brought him to his Wits again,
Or lose my Labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my Husband, be his Nurse,
Diet his Sickness, for it is my Office,
And will have no Attorney but my self,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him stir,
'Till I have us'd the approved Means I have,
With wholesome Syrups, Drugs, and holy Prayers
To make of him a formal Man again:
It is a Branch and Parcel of mine Oath,
'A charitable Duty of my Order;
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my Husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your Holiness
To separate the Husband and the Wife.

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

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this Indignity.

Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his Feet,
And never rise until my Tears and Prayers
Have won his Grace to come in Person hither,
And take perforce my Husband from the Abbess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Mer. By this I think the Dial points at Five;
Anon I am sure the Duke himself in Person
Comes this way to the melancholy Vale;
The place of Death and sorry Execution,
Behind the Ditches of the Abbey here.

Ang. Upon what Cause?

Mer. To see a reverend *Syracusan* Merchant,
Who put unluckily into this Bay

Against the Laws and Statutes of this Town,
Beheaded publickly for his Offence.

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

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

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

*Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bare-headed, with the Headsman,
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 all-potent Letter, this ill Day
A most outrageous Fit of Madnes 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 with his mad Attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful Passion, with drawn Swords
Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chac'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 thence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy Command,
Let him be brought forth, and born hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy Husband serv'd me in my Wars,
And I to thee ingag'd a Prince's Word,

When

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.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O Mistress, Mistress, shift and save your self;
My Master and his Man are both broke lose,
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 Cissars nicks him like a Fool:
And sure, unless you send some other present help,
Between them they will kill the Conjuror.

Adr. Peace Fool, thy Master and his Man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my Life I tell you true,
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He 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 born about invisible,
Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey here.
And now he's there, past thought of human Reason.

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,
Even in the strength and height of Injury:

Beyond

Beyond Imagination is the Wrong
That she this Day hath shameless thrown on me.

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

E. Ant. This Day, great Duke, she shut the Doors upon
Whilst she with Harlots feasted in my House.

Duke. A grievous Fault; say Woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good Lord: My self, he, and my Sister,
To Day did dine together: so befall my Soul,
As this is false he burthens me withal.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on Day, nor sleep on Night,
But she tells to your Highness simple Truth.

Ang. O perjur'd Woman! they are both forsworn,
In this the Mad-man justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturb'd with the Effect of Wine,
Nor heady-rash provok'd with raging Ire,
Albeit my Wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This Woman lock'd me out this Day from Dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it; for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chain,
Promising to bring it to the *Porcupine*
Where *Balibazar* 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 Pefant home
For certain Duckets; 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 vil'd Confederates; along with them

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 Conjuror;
 And gazing in my Eyes, feeling my Pulse,
 And with no-face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
 Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, and bore me thence,
 And in a dark and dankish Vault at home
 There left me and my Man, both bound together,
 'Till gnawing with my Teeth my Bonds asunder,
 I gain'd my Freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beseech
 To give me ample Satisfaction
 For these deep Shames, and great Indignities.

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

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

Ang. He had my Lord, and when he ran in here,
 These People saw the Chain about his Neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these Ears of mine
 Heard you confess you had the Chain of him,
 After you first forswore it on the Mart,
 And thereupon I drew my Sword on you;
 And then you fled into this Abbey here,
 From whence I think you are come by Miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these Abbey Walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy Sword on me;
 I never saw the Chain, so help me Heav'n;
 And this is false you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why what an intricate Impeach is this?
 I think you all have drunk of *Circes* Cup:
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
 You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith here
 Denies that Saying. Sirrah, what say you?

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

Cour. He did, and from my Finger snatch'd that Ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Leige, 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. Why this is strange; go call the Abbess hither;
 I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.
Ægeon

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, called *Antipholis*?
And is not that your Bond-man *Dromio*?

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

Ægeon. I am sure both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Our selves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinch's* Patient, are you, Sir?

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

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

Ægeon. Oh! Grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And careful Hours, with Time's deformed Hand,
Have written strange Defeatures in my Face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my Voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. *Dromio*, nor thou.

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

Ægeon. I am sure thou dost.

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

Ægeon. Not know my Voice! oh Time's Extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor Tongue
In seven short Years, that here my only Son
Knows not my feeble Key of untun'd Cares?
Tho' now this grained Face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winter's drizled Snow,
And all the Conduits of my Blood froze up;
Yet hath my Night of Life some Memory,
My wailing Lamp some fading Glimmer left;
My dull deaf Ears a little use to hear:
And 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.

Ægeon. But seven Years since, in *Syracusa* Bay,
Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps, my Son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in Misery.

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

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracusan*, twenty Years
Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er saw *Syracusa*:
I see thy Age, and Dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Siracufian and
Dromio Siracufian.*

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a Man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see them.*

Adr. I see two Husbands, or mine Eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these Men is *Genius* to the other;
And so of these which is the natural Man,
And which the Spirit? who Deciphers them?

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

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

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

S. Dro. Oh, my old Master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his Bonds,
And gain a Husband by his Liberty.
Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'st the Man
That hadst a Wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a Burthen two fair Sons?
Oh if thou be'st the same *Ægeon*, speak;
And speak unto the same *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why here begins this 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 are the Parents to these Children,
Which accidentally are met together.

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

Abb. By Men of *Epidamnium*, he and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;

But

But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
 By force took *Dromio* and my Son from them,
 And me they left with those of *Epidamnium*.
 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 War-
 Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned Uncle.

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

S. Ant. I, gentle Mistrefs.

Adr. And are not you my Husband?

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

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

And this fair Gentlewoman here
 Did call me Brother. What I told you then,
 I hope I shall have leifure to make good,
 If this be not a Dream I see and hear.

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

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

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

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

Adr. I sent you Mony, Sir, to be your Bail
 By *Dromio*, but I think he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This Purse of Duckets I receiv'd from you,
 And *Dromio*, my Man, did bring them me:
 I see we still did meet each others Man,
 And I was tane for him, and he for me,
 And thereupon these Errors all arose.

E. Ant. These Duckets pawn I for my Father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy Father hath his Life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that Diamond from you.

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

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the Pains
 To go with us into the Abbey here,

And

And hear at large discoursed all our Fortunes;
 And all that are assembled in this place,
 That by this sympathized one Day's Error
 Have suffered Wrong, go keep us Company,
 And we shall make full Satisfaction.

Thirty three Years have I been gone in Travel
 Of you my Sons, and 'till this present Hour
 My heavy Burthens are delivered:

The Duke, my Husband, and my Children both,
 And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
 Go to a Gossip's Feast, and go with me,
 After so long Grief of such Nativity.

Duke. With all my Heart I'll gossip at this Feast.

[*Exeunt omnes. Manet, the two Antiph. and two Dromio's.*]

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your Stuff from Shipboard?

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*.

Come go with us, we'll look to that anon;

Embrace thy Brother there, rejoice with him. [Exit.]

S. Dro. There is a fat Friend at your Master's House,
 That kitchen'd me for you to Day at Dinner:
 She now shall be my Sister, not my Wife.

E. Dro. Methinks you are my Glass, and not my Brother:
 I see by you, I am a sweet fac'd Youth,
 Will you walk in to see their Gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir, you are my Elder.

E. Dro. That's a Question, how shall I try it.

S. Dro. We'll draw Cuts for the Seniority; 'till then, lead
 thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus—— [Embracing.]

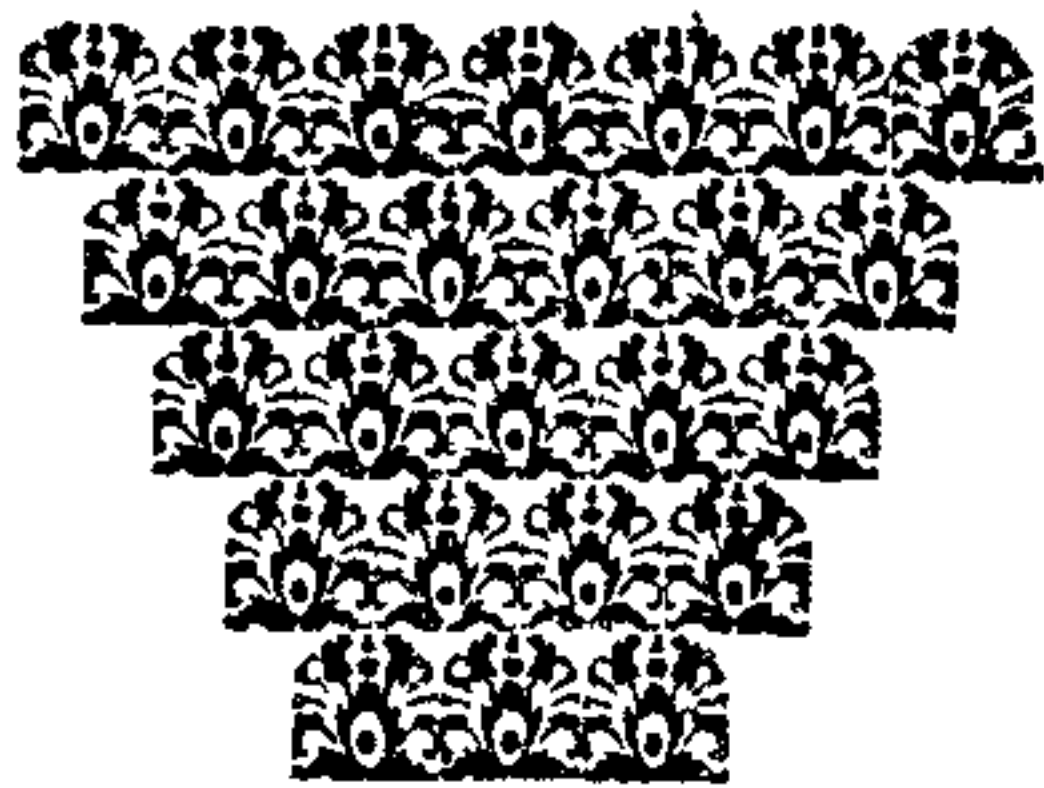
We came into the World like Brother and Brother:

And now lets go Hand in Hand, not one before another.

[Exit.]



Much Ado
ABOUT
NOTHING.
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

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, }
Verges, } *two foolish Officers.*

Innogen, *Wife to Leonato.*

Hero, *Daughter to Leonato and Innogen.*

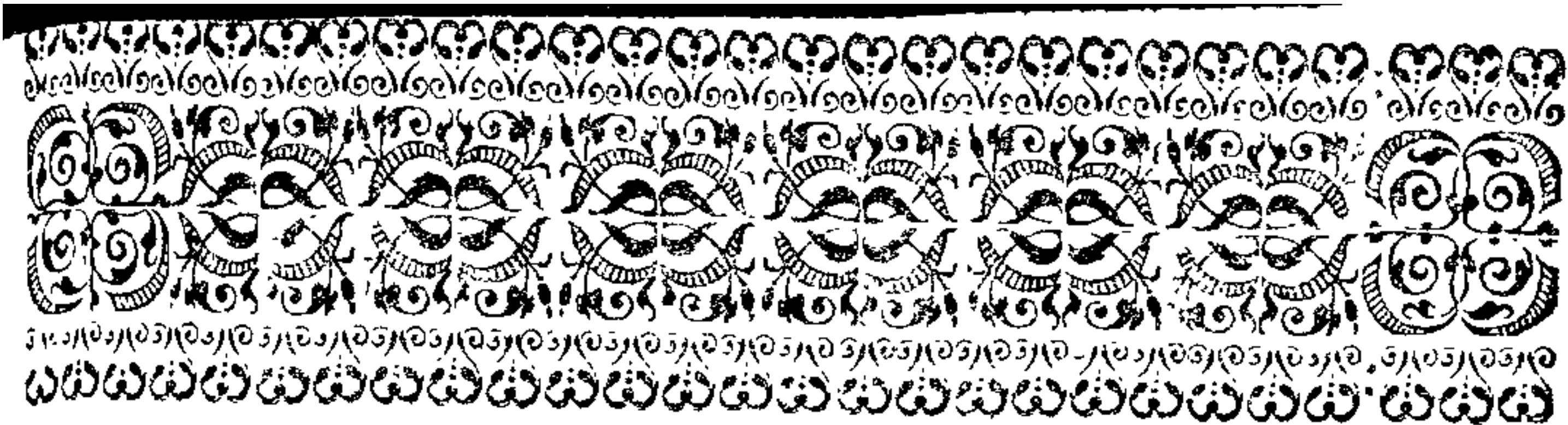
Beatrice, *Neice to Leonato.*

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

A Frier, Messenger, Watch, and other Attendants

SCENE *Messina.*

Much



Much Ado about Nothing.

ACT I. SCENE I.

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

LEONATO.



Learn in this Letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Ar- ragon* comes this Night to *Messina*.

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

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this Action?

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

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

Mess. Much deserv'd on his Part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro*, he hath born himself beyond the Promise of his Age, doing in the Figure of a Lamb, the Feats of a Lion, he hath indeed better better'd Expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

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

Mess. I have already delivered him Letters, and there appears much Joy in him, even so much, that Joy could not shew it self modest enough, without a Badge of Bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into Tears?

Mess. In great measure.

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

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

Mess. I know none of that Name, Lady, there was none such in the Army of any sort.

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

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

Mess. O he is return'd, and as pleafant as ever he was.

Beat. He fet up his Bills here in *Messina*, and challeng'd *Cupid* at the flight; and my Uncle's Fool reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the Bur-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these Wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for indeed I promise to eat all of his killing.

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

Mess. He hath done good Service, Lady, in those Wars.

Beat. You had musty Victuals, and he hath holp to eat it; he's a very valiant Trencher-man, he hath an excellent Stomach.

Mess. And a good Soldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good Soldier to a Lady: But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a Man to a Man, stuf't with all honourable Virtues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no less than a stuf't 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 is a Skirmish of Wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last Conflict, four of his five Wits went halting off, and now is the whole Man govern'd with one: So that if he have Wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his Horse. For it is all the Wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable Creature. Who is his Companion now? He hath every Month a new sworn Brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible; he wears his Faith but as the fashion of his Hat, it ever changes with the next Block.

Mess. I see, Lady, the Gentleman is not in your Books.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burn my Study. But I pray you who is his Companion? Is there no young Squarer now, that will make a Voyage with him to the Deyil?

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

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a Disease; he is sooner caught than the Pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*, 'it will cost him a thousand Pound e'er it be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold Friends with you, Lady.

Beat. Do good Friend.

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

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

Mess. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

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

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

Leon. Never came Trouble to my House in the likeness of your Grace; for, Trouble being gone, Comfort should remain: But when you depart from me, Sorrow abides, and Happiness takes his Leave.

Pedro. You embrace your Charge most willingly: I think this is your Daughter.

Leon. Her Mother hath many times told me so.

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

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

Pedro. You have it full *Benedick*, we may guess by this what you are, being a Man, truly the Lady Fathers her self; be happy, Lady, for you are like an honourable Father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her Father, she would not have his Head on her Shoulders for all *Messina*, as like him as she is.

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

Bene. What my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet Food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick*? Courtesie it self must convert to Disdain, if you come in her Presence.

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

Beat. A dear Happiness to Women, they would else have been troubled with a pernicious Sutor. 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 Ladiship 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 Parrat Teacher.

Beat. A Bird of my Tongue, is better than a Beast of yours.

Bene. I would my Horse had the speed of your Tongue, and so good a Continuer; but keep your way a God's Name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a Jade's Trick, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: *Leonato*, Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*; my dear Friend *Leonato* hath invited you all, I tell you 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.*]

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 prithee speak in sober Judgment.

Bene. Why i' faith methinks she's 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 unhandfome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

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

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

Claud. Can the World buy such a Jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a Case to put it into; but speak you this with a sad Brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us *Cupid* is a good Hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare Carpenter? Come, in what Key shall a Man take you to go in the Song?

Claud. In mine Eye, she is the sweetest Lady that ever I lookt on.

Bene. I can see yet without Spectacles, and I see no such Matter: There's her Cousin, an she were not possess'd with a Fury, exceeds her as much in Beauty, as the first of *May* doth the last of *December*: But I hope you have no intent to turn Husband, have you?

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

Bene. Is't come to this? In Faith hath not the World one Man, but he will wear his Cap with Suspicion? Shall I never see a Batchelor of threescore again? Go to i' Faith, and thou wilt needs thrust thy Neck into a Yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away *Sundays*: Look, *Don Pedro* is return'd to seek you.

Enter Don Pedro and Don John.

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

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

Pedro. I charge thee on thy Allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I cannot be secret as a dumb Man, I would have you think so (but on my Allegiance, mark you this, on my Allegiance) he is in love, with

whom? Now that is your Grace's part: Mark how short his Answer is, *Hero, Leonato's short Daughter.*

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

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

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

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

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

Pedro. By my Troth I speak my Thought.

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

Bene. And by my two Faiths and Troths, my Lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy I know.

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

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate Heretick in the despite of Beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his Part, but in the force of his Will.

Bene. That a Woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble Thanks: But that I will have a Rechate winded in my Forehead, or hang my Bugle in an invisible Baldrick, all Women shall pardon me; because I will not do them the Wrong to mistrust any, I will do 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 e'er I die, look pale with Love.

Bene. With Anger, with Sicknes, or with Hunger, my Lord, not with Love: Prove that I lose more Blood with Love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine Eyes with a Ballet-maker's Pen, and hang me up at the Door of a Brothel-house for the Sign of blind *Cupid.*

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this Faith, thou wilt prove a notable Argument.

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

Pedro. Well, as time shall try; in time the savage Bull doth bear the Yoke.

Bene. The savage Bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the Bull's-horns, and set them in my Forehead, and let me be vildly painted, and in such great Letters as they write, *Here is a 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 wouldst be Horn mad.

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

Bene. I look for an Earthquake too then.

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

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

Claud. To the Tuition of God. From my House if I had it.

Pedro. The sixth of *July*. Your loving Friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your Discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the Guards are but slightly basted on neither: E'er you flout old Ends any further, examine your Conscience, and so I leave you.

[*Exit.*

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

Come thronged soft and delicate Desires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her e'er 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; 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 Complexion.
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer Treatise.

Pedro. What need the Bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity;
Look what will serve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the Remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to Night,
I will assume thy part in some Disguise,
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her Bosom I unclasp my Heart,
And take her hearing Prisoner with a 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 practise let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leon. How now Brother, where is my Cousin your Son:
Hath he provided this Musick?

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

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the Event stamps them, but they have a good
cover; they show well outward: The Prince and Count
Claudio, walking in a thick pleached Alley in my Orchard,
were thus over-heard by a Man of mine: The Prince dis-
cover'd to *Claudio* that he lov'd my Neice your Daughter,
and meant to acknowledge it this Night in a Dance; and if
he found her Accordant, meant to take the present time by
th top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the Fellow any wit, that told you this?

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

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a Dream, 'till it appear it self: But I will acquaint my Daughter with all, that she may be the better prepared for answer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it: Cousins, you know what you have to do. O I cry you mercy Friend, go you with me and I will use your Skill, good Cousin have a Care this busie time. [Exeunt.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Conr. What the good Year my Lord, why are you thus out of Measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the Occasion that breeds, therefore the Sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear Reason.

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

Conr. If not a present Remedy, yet a patient Sufferance.

John. I wonder that thou (being, as thou say'st thou art, born under *Saturn*) goest about to apply a mortal Medicine to a mortifying Mischiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have Cause, and smile at no Man's Jest; eat when I have Stomach, and wait for no Man's Leisure; sleep when I am drowsie, and tend on no Man's Business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no Man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this 'till you may do it without Controlment; you have of late stood out against your Brother, and he hath tane you newly into his Grace, where it is impossible you should take Root, but by the fair Weather that you make your self; it is needful that you frame the Season for your own Harvest.

John. I had rather be a Canker in a Hedge, than a Rose in his Grace, and it better fits my Blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a Carriage to rob Love from any: In this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest Man) it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing Villain, I am trusted with a Muzzel, and infranchised with a Clog, therefore I have decreed not to sing in my Cage: If I had my Mouth, I would bite; if I had my Liberty, I would do my liking: In the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your Discontent?

John.

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

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great Supper; the Prince, your Brother, is royally entertain'd by *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 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 Araras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince should woo *Hero* for himself, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove Food to my Displeasure, that young Start-up hath all the Glory of my Overthrow: If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way; you are both sure, and will assist me?

Conr. To the Death, my Lord.

John. Let us to the great Supper, their Cheer is the greater that I 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.

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

Leon. 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. *Hero.*

Hero. He is of a 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.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send 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 Bearherd, and lead his Apes into Hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into Hell.

Beat. No, but to the Gate, and there will the Devil meet me like an old Cuckold, with his Horns on his Head, and say, get you to Heav'n, *Beatrice*, get you to Heav'n, here's no Place for you Maids; so deliver I up my Apes, and away to St. *Peter*; for the Heav'ns, he shews me where the Batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the Day is long.

Ant. Well Neice, I trust you will be rul'd by your Father. [To *Hero*.

Beat. Yes, Faith, it is my Cousin's Duty to make Curtsie,
sie,

He, and say, as it please you; but yet for all that Cousin, let him be a handsome Fellow, or else make another Curtsie, and say, Father, as it pleases me.

Leon. Well, Neice, I hope to see you one Day fitted with a Husband.

Beat. Not 'till God make Men of some other Mettal than Earth; wou'd 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 wayward Marle? No, Uncle, I'll none; *Adam's* Sons are Brethren, and truly I hold it a Sin to match in my Kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you; if the Prince do sollicit you in that kind, you know your Answer.

Beat. 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 a *Scotch Jig*, a Measure, and a Cinquepace; The first Suit is hot and hasty, like a *Scotch Jig*, (and full as fantastical) the Wedding mannerly modest, (as a Measure) full of State and Anchentry; and then comes Repentance, and with his bad Legs falls into the Cinquepace faster and faster, 'till he sinks into the 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.

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 will you please 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 Love.

Hero.

Hero. Why then your Visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low if you speak Love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I for your own Sake, for I have many ill Qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my Prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better, the Hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good Dancer.

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my Sight when the Dance is done: Answer Clerk.

Balth. No more Words, the Clerk is answer'd.

Ursu. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthony.*

Anth. At a Word, I am not.

Ursu. I know you by the wagling of your Head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Ursu. You could never do him so ill Will, unless you were the very Man: Here's his dry Hand up and down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a Word, I am not.

Ursu. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent Wit? Can Virtue hide it self? Go to, mum, you are he, Graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you 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; 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? none but Libertines delight in him, and the Condemnation is
not

not in his Wit, but in his Villany; for he both pleaseth Men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am sure he is in this 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.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any Ill, I will leave them at the next Turning. [*Exeunt.*]

Musick for the Dance.

John. Sure my Brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her Father to break with him about it: The Ladies follow her, and but one Visor remains:

Bora. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior *Benedick*?

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my Brother in his Love, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his Birth; you may do the Part of an honest Man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his Affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he swore he would marry her to Night.

John. come let us to the Banquet. [*Exeunt John and Bora.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in Name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill News with the Ears of *Claudio*.
'Tis certain so, the Prince woos for himself.
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 it self,
And trust no Agent; for Beauty is a Witch,
Against whose Charms, Faith melteth into Blood:
This is an Accident of hourly Proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewel therefore, *Hero*.

Enter

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 a Usurer's Chain? 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 Drovier, so they sell Bullocks; but did you think the Prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. No, no! 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 Soul, now will he creep into Sedges. But that my Lady *Beatrice* should know me, and not know me; the Prince's Fool! ha? it may be I go under that Title, because I am merry; yea but so I am apt to do my self wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the base (though 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.

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 offered him my Company to a Willow Tree, either to make him a Garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him a Rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his Fault?

Bene. The flat Transgression of a School-Boy, who being over-joy'd with finding a Birds Nest, shews it his Companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a Trust, a Transgression? a 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 bestowed on you, who (as I take it) have stol'n his Birds Nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the Owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my Faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a Quarrel to you, the Gentleman that danc'd with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O she misus'd me past the Indurance of a Block; an Oak but with one green Leaf on it, would have answered her; my very Visor 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 such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a Man at a Mark, with a whole Army shooting at me; she speaks Poyiards, and every Word stabs me; if her Breath were as terrible as Terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the North Star; I would not marry her, though she were endow'd with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgress'd, she would have made *Hercules* have turn'd Spit, yea, and have cleft his Club to make the Fire too. Come, talk not of her, you shall find her the infernal *Ate* in good Apparel. I would to God some Scholar would conjure her, for certainly while she is here, a Man may live as quiet in Hell as in a Sanctuary and People sin upon Purpose, because they would go thither so indeed all Disquiet, Horror, and Perturbation follows her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato and Hero.

Pedro. Look here she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any Service to the Worlds 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 furthest Inch of *Asia*; bring you the length of *Prestor John's* Foot; fetch you a Hair off the great *Cham's* Beard; do you any Em-

bassage

passage to the Pigmies, rather then 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 endure this Lady's Tongue. [Exit]

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have lost the Heart of Signior *Benedick*.

Beat. Indeed my Lord, he sent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double Heart for a single one; Marry, once before he won it of me with false Dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the Mother of Fools: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now Count, wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil Count, civil as an Orange, and something of a jealous Complexion.

Pedro. I'faith Lady, I think your Blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his Conceit is false. Here *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy Name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her Father, and his good Will obtained, name the Day of Marriage, and God give thee Joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my Daughter, and with her my Fortunes; his Grace hath made the Match, and all Grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak Count, 'tis your Qu.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest Herald of Joy; I were but little happy if I could say, how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away my self for you, and doat upon the Exchange.

Beat. Speak Cousin, or (if you cannot) stop his Mouth with a Kiss, and let not him speak neither.

Pedro. In faith Lady, you have a merry Heart.

Beat. Yea my Lord, I thank it, poor Fool, it keeps

on the windy side of Care; my Cousin tells him in his Ear that he is in my Heart.

Clan. And so she doth, Cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for Alliance; thus goes every one to the World but I, and I am Sun-burn'd, I may sit in a Corner, and cry, heigh ho for a Husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your Father's getting; hath your Grace ne'er a Brother like you; your Father got excellent Husbands, if a Maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working-Days, your Grace is too costly to wear every Day: But I beseech your Grace pardon me, I was born to speak all Mirth, and no Matter.

Pedro. Your Silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for out of question you were born in a merry Hour.

Beat. No sure my Lord, my Mother cry'd; but then there was a Star danc'd, and under that I was born. Cousins, God give you Joy.

Leon. Neice, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Uncle, by you Grace's pardon.

[*Exit Beatrice.*]

Pedro. By my Troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy Element in her, my Lord, she is never sad, but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my Daughter say, she hath often dream'd of Unhappiness, and wak'd her self with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a Husband.

Leon. O, by no Means, she mocks all her Wooers out of suit.

Pedro. She were an excellent Wife for *Benedick*.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a Week married, they would talk themselves mad.

Pedro. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to Church?

Clan. 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 to, to have all things answer my Mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the Head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not go dully by us; I will in the *interim* undertake one of *Hercules's* Labours, which is, to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a Mountain of Affection, the one with the other; I would fain have it a Match, and I doubt not but 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 unhopefullest Husband that I know: Thus far can I praise him, he is of a noble Strain, of approv'd Valour, and confirm'd Honesty. I will teach you how to humour your Cousin, that she shall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on *Benedick*, and in despite of his quick Wit, and his queasie Stomach, he shall fall in love with *Beatrice*: If we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the only Love-gods; go with me, and I will tell you my Drift. [Exeunt.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. It is so, the Count *Claudio* shall marry the Daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can cross it.

John. Any Bar, any Cross, any Impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sick in Displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his Affection, ranges evenly with mine; how canst thou cross this Marriage?

Bora. Not honestly my Lord, but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your Lordship a Year since, how much I am in the Favour of *Margaret*, the Waiting-Gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the Night, appoint her to look out at her Lady's Chamber Window,

John. What Life is in that, to be the Death of this Marriage?

Bora. The Poison of that lyes in you to temper; go you to the Prince your Brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his Honour in marrying the renown'd *Claudio*, whose Estimation 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 *Leonata*; look you for any other Issue?

John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then find me a meet Hour, to draw on *Pedro*, and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them that you know *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of Zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, as in a love of your Brother's Honour who hath made this Match, and his Friends 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 *Claudio*, and bring them to see this, the very Night before the intended Wedding, for in the mean time I will fashion the Matter, that *Hero* shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming Truths of *Hero's* Disloyalty, that Jealousie 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.*]

Enter Benedick and a Boy.

Bene. Boy,

Boy. Signior,

Bene.

Bene. In my Chamber Window lyes a Book, bring it hither to me in the Orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir. [*Exit Boy.*

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder, that one Man seeing how much another Man is a Fool, when he dedicates his Behaviours to Love, will after he hath laugh't at such shallow Follies in others, become the Argument of his own Scorn, by falling in love! and such a Man is *Claudio*. I have known when there was no Musick with him but the Drum and the Fife, and now had he rather hear the Taber and the Pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten Mile a Foot, to see a good Armor; 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 Orthography, 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 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 Arbor.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this Musick?

Claud. Yea, my good Lord; how still the Evening is, As hush'd on purpose to grace Harmony.

Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well my Lord; the Musick ended, We'll fit the Kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come *Balthazar*, we'll hear that Song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, tax not so bad a Voice, To slander Musick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witness still of Excellency,
To put a strange Face on his own Perfection;
I pray thee sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a Wooer doth commence his Suit,
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woo's,
Yet will he swear he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer Argument,
Do it in Notes.

Balth. Note this before my Notes,
There's not a Note of mine that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why these are very Crotchets that he speaks,
Note Notes forsooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine Air, now is his Soul ravish't, is it not
strange that Sheeps Guts should hale Souls out of Mens Bo-
dies? Well, a Horn for my Mony, when all's done.

The Song.

*Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were Deceivers ever,
One Foot in Sea, and one on Shore,
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of Woe
Into hey nony, nony.*

*Sing no more Ditties, sing no more ;
Of Dumps so dull and heavy.
The Fraud of Men were ever so,
Since Summer first was leavy :
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Pedro. By my Troth a good Song.

Balth. And an ill Singer, my Lord.

Pedro. Ha, no, no Faith, thou sing'st well enough for a
shift.

Bene. And he had been a Dog that should have howld
thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad
Voice bode no Mischief; I had as lieve have heard the
Night-raven, come what Plague could have come after it.

Pedro.

Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear *Balthazar*? I pray thee get 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 Neice *Beatrice* was in Love with Signior *Benedick*?

Claud. O ay, stalk on, stalk on, the Fowl sits. 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?

Leon. By my Troth, my Lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an inraged Affection, it is past the infinite of Thought.

Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? There was never counterfeit of Passion came so near the life of Passion as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why, what Effects of Passion shews she?

Claud. Bait the Hook well, the Fish will bite.

Leon. What Effects, my Lord? she will 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. 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 tane th' Infection, hold it up.

Pedro. Hath she made her Affection known to *Benedick*?

Leon. No, and swears she never will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, so your Daughter says: Shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with Scorn, write to him I love him?

Leon. This says she, now when she is beginning to write to him, she'll be up twenty times a Night, and there will she sit in her Smock, 'till she have writ a Sheet of Paper; my Daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a Sheet of Paper, I remember a pretty Jest your Daughter told us of.

Leon. O when she had writ it, and reading it over, she found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the Sheet.

Claud. That.

Leon. O she tore the Letter into a thousand Halfpence, rail'd at her self, that she should be so immodest, to write to one that she knew would flout her: I measure him, says she, by my own Spirit, 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 **Extasie** hath so much overborn her, that my Daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate Out-rage to her self, it is very true.

Pedro. It were good that *Benedick* knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor Lady worse.

Pedro. And 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 upon me; I would have cast all other Respects, and made her half my self; I pray you tell *Benedick* of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. *Hero* thinks surely she will die, for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die e'er she
make

Shakespeare, William. The works of Mr. William Shakespear; in six volumes. Adorn'd with cuts. Revis'd and corrected, with an account of the life and writings of the author. By N. Rowe, Esq;. Vol. 1, printed for Jacob Tonson, 1709. Eighteenth Century Collections Online, https://link.gale.com/apps/doc/CB0132961044/ECCO?u=iulib_fw&sid=ECCO&xid=9dea304f. Accessed 15 Oct. 2020.

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.

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 see he is wise, for either 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 see *Benedick*, and tell him of her Love?

Claud. Never tell him, my Lord, let her wait 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 shew how much he is unworthy to have so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my Expectation.

Pedro. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that must your Daughter and her Gentlewoman carry; the sport will be, when they hold one an Opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see which will be meerly a dumb shew; let us send her to call him to Dinner,
[*Exeunt.*

Bene. This can be no Trick, the Conference was sadly born; they have the Truth of this from *Hero*, they seem to pity the Lady; it seems her Affections have the full Bent. Love me! why it must be requited: I hear how I am censur'd; they say I will bear my self proudly, if I perceive the Love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any Sign of Affection---I did never think to marry---I must not seem proud---happy are they that hear their Detractions, and can put them to mending: They say the Lady is fair, 'tis a truth, I can bear them Witness; and virtuous, 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me---by my Troth it is no Addition to her Wit, nor no great Argument of her Folly; for I will be horribly in love with her,---I may chance to have some odd quirks and remains 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 Knives 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 took Pains to thank me; that's as much as to say, any Pains that I take for you is as easie as Thanks. If I do not take Pity of her I am Villain; if I do not love her, I am a *Jew*; I will go get her Picture. [Exit

A C T III. S C E N E I

Enter Hero, Margaret and Ursula.

Hero. **G**OOD *Margaret* run thee to 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 Favourites
Made proud by Princes, that advance their Pride
Against that Power that bred it: There will she hid her,
To listen to our Purpose; this is thy Office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come I warrant presently. [Exit:

Hero. Now *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this Alley up and down,
Our Talk must only be of *Benedick*;
When I do name him, let it be thy Part
To praise him more than ever Man did merit.
My Talk to thee must be how *Benedick*
Is sick in Love with *Beatrice*; of this Matter
Is little *Cupid's* crafty Arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-say: Now begin,
Enter Beatrice.

For look where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Close by the Ground to hear our Conference.

Ursu. The pleasant'st angling is to see the Fish
Cut with her golden Oars the silver Stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous Bait;
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who even now,
Is couched in the Woodbine Overture;
Fear you not my Part of the Dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her Ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet Bait that we lay for it.
No truly *Ursula*, she is too disdainful,
I know her Spirits are as coy and wild

As Haggerds of the Rock.

Ursu. But are you sure
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* so intirely?

Hero. So says the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Ursu. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it,
But I perswaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To wish him wrastle with Affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Ursu. Why did you so? Doth not the Gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a Bed,
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of Love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a Man:
But Nature never fram'd a Woman's Heart
Of prouder Stuff than that of *Beatrice*.
Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in her Eye,
Mis-prizing what they look on, and her Wit
Values it self so highly, that to her
All Matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
Nor take no Shape nor Project of Affection,
She is so self-indeared.

Ursu. Sure I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his Love, lest she make Sport at it.

Hero. Why you speak Truth, I never yet saw Man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward; if fair-fac'd,
She would swear the Gentleman should be her Sister;
If black, why Nature drawing of an Antick,
Made a foul Blot; if tall, a Launce ill-headed;
If low, an Agat very vildly cut;
If speaking, why a Vane blown with all Winds;
If silent, why a Block moved with none.
So turns she every Man the wrong side out,
And never gives to Truth and Virtue that
Which Simpleness and Merit purchaseth.

Ursu. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, for to be so odd, and from all Fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,

She would mock me into an Air, O she would laugh me
Out of my self, press me to Death with Wit.
Therefore let *Benedick*, like covered Fire,
Consume away in Sights, waste inwardly;
It were a bitter Death to die with Mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Ursu. Yet tell her of it, hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counsel him to fight against his Passion,
And truly I'll devise some honest Slanders,[†]
To stain my Cousin with; one doth not know,
How much an ill Word may impositon liking.

Ursu. O do not do your Cousin such a Wrong.
She cannot be so much without true Judgment,
Having so sweet and excellent a Wit,
As she is priz'd to have, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as Signior *Benedick*.

Hero. He is the only Man of *Italy*,
Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.

Ursu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my Fancy; Signior *Benedick*,
For Shape, for Bearing, Argument and Valour,
Goes formost in Report through *Italy*.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good Name.

Ursu. His Excellence did earn it e'er he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?

Hero. Why every Day, to Morrow; come go in,
I'll shew thee some Attires, and have thy Counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to Morrow.

Ursu. She's ta'en, I warrant you;
We have caught her, Madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps,
Some *Cupids* kill with Arrows, some with Traps. [*Exeunt.*]

Beat. What Fire is in my Ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for Pride and Scorn so much?
Contempt farewell, and Maiden Pride adieu;
No Glory lives behind the Back of such.
And *Benedick*, love on, I will require thee,
Taming my wild Heart to thy loving Hand;
If thou dost love, my Kindness shall incite thee
To bind our Loves up in a holy Band.

For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

[*Exit*]

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick and Leonato.

Pedro. I do but stay 'till your Marriage be consummate,
and then I go toward *Arragon*.

Claud. I'll bring you thither my Lord, if you'll vouch
safe me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a Soil 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 Soul of his Foot he is all Mirth; he hath twice
or thrice cut *Cupid's* Bow-String. and the little Hangman
dare not shoot at him; he hath a Heart as sound as a Bell,
and the 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 be 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 cannot master a Grief, but he
that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in Love.

Pedro. There is no Appearance of Fancy in him, unless
it be a Fancy that he hath to strange Disguises, as to be a
Dutch Man to Day, a *French* Man to Morrow; unless he
have a Fancy to this Foolery, as it appears he hath, he
is no Fool for Fancy, as you would have it to appear
he is.

Claud. If he be not in Love with some Woman, there is
no believing old Signs; he brushes his Hat a Mornings:
What should that bode?

Pedro. Hath any Man seen him at the Barbers?

Claud.

Claud. No, but the Barber's Man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his Cheek hath already stuf't Tennis Balls.

Leon. Indeed he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a Beard.

Pedro. Nay he rubs himself with Civet, can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet Youth's in Love.

Pedro. The greatest Note of it is his Melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his Face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting Spirit, which is now crept into a Lute-string, and now govern'd by Stops————

Pedro. Indeed that tells a heavy Tale for him; conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too, I warrant one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill Conditions, and in despite of all dies for him.

Pedro. She shall be bury'd with her Face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no Charm for the Tooth-ake. Old Signior walk aside with me, I have study'd eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these Hobby-horses must not hear.

Pedro. For my Life to break with him about *Beatrice*.

Claud. 'Tis even so, *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this play'd their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Bears will not bite one another when they meet.

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 Sute ill spent, and Labour ill bestowed.

Pedro. Why, what's the Matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and Circumstances shortned (for she hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? *Hero*?

John. Even she, *Leonato's Hero*, your *Hero*, every Man's *Hero*.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The Word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse Title, and I will fit her to it: Wonder not 'till further Warrant; go but with me to Night, you shall see her Chamber Window enter'd, even the Night before her Wedding-Day; if you love her, then to Morrow wed her; but it would better fit your Honour to change your Mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, 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 Witnesses; bear it coldly but 'till Night, and let the Issue shew it self.

Pedro. O Day untowardly turned!

Claud. O Mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O Plague right well prevented!

So will you say when you have seen the Sequel, [Exeunt.
Enter

Enter Dogbery 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 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 *Dogbery*.

Dogb. First, who think you the most disartless Man to be Constable?

Watch 1. *Hugh Otecake*, Sir, or *George Seacole*; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither Neighbour *Seacole*, God hath blest you with a good Name; to be a well-favour'd Man, is the Gift of Fortune, but to write and read comes by Nature.

Watch 2. Both which, Master Constable——

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your Answer; well, for your Favour, Sir, why give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your Writing and Reading, let that appear when there is no need of such Vanity: You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit Man for the Constable of the Watch, therefore bear you the Lanthorn; this is your Charge: You shall comprhend all vagrom Men, you are to bid any Man stand in the Prince's Name.

Watch 2. 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 tollerable, and not to be endur'd.

Watch. 2. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. Why you speak like an ancient and most quiet Watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your Bills be not stolen: Well, you are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are drunk get them to Bed.

Watch. 2. 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.

Watch. 2. Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a Thief, you may suspect him, by vertue of your Office, to be no true Man; and for such kind of Men, the less you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your Honesty.

Watch. 2. 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 his Company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful Man, Partner.

Dogb. Truly I would not hang a Dog for 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.

Watch. 2. 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 it Bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the Charge: You Constable are to present the Prince's own Person, if you meet the Prince in the Night you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, Birlady, that I think I cannot.

Dogb. Five Shillings to one on't with any Man that knows the Statutes, he may stay him, marry not without the Prince be willing: For indeed the Watch ought to offend no Man; and it is an Offence to stay a Man against his Will.

Verg. Birlady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha, well Masters good Night, and there be any Matter of weight chances, call up me, keep your Fellow's Counsel, and your own, and good Night; come Neighbour.

Watch 2. 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.]

Enter Borachio, and Conrade.

Bora. What, *Conrade*.

Watch. Peace, stir not. [Aside.]

Bora. *Conrade* I say.

Conr. Here Man, I am at thy Elbow.

Bora. Mass and my Elbow itch'd I thought there would a Scab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an Answer for that, and now forward thy Tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this Pent-House, for it drizles Rain, and I will, like a true Drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some Treason Masters, yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of *Don John* a thousand Ducats.

Conr. Is it possible that any Villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any Villany should be so rich? For when rich Villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what Price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shews thou art unconfirm'd, thou knowest that the Fashion of a Doublet, or a Hat, or a Cloak, is nothing to a Man.

Conr. Yes, it is Apparel.

Bora. I mean the Fashion.

Conr. Yes the Fashion is the Fashion.

Bora. Tush, I may as well say the Fool's the Fool, but see'st thou not what a deformed Thief this Fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed, a has been a vile Thief this seven Years; a goes up and down like a Gentleman: I remember his Name.

Bora. Did'st 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 giddy he turns about all the Hot-bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharo's* Soldiers in the rechy Painting, sometimes like god-*Bell's* Priests in the old Church-window, sometimes like the shaven *Hercules* in the smirch'd worm-eaten Tapestry, where his Cod-piece seems as massie as his Club.

Conr. All this I see, and see that the Fashion wears out more Apparel than the Man; but art not thou thy self giddy with the Fashion, that thou hast shifted out of thy Tale into telling me of the Fashion?

Bora. Not so neither, but know that I have to Night wooed *Margaret*, the Lady *Hero's* Gentlewoman, by the Name of *Hero*; she leans me out at her Mistress's Chamber Window, bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this Tale vildly—I should first tell thee how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my Master, planted and plac'd, and possessed by my Master *Don John*, saw afar off in the Orchard this amiable Encounter.

Conr. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the Devil my Master knew she was *Margaret*; and partly by his Oaths which first possess them, partly by the dark Night which did deceive them, but chiefly by my Villany, which did confirm any Slander that *Don John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged, swore he would meet her as he was appointed next Morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole Congregation shame her with what he saw o'er Night, and send her home again without a Husband.

Watch 1. We charge you in the Prince's Name stand.

Watch 2. Call up the right Master Constable, we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of Lechery that ever was known in a Common-wealth.

Watch 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, he wears a Lock.

Conr. Masters, Masters.

Watch 2. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters, never speak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly Commodity, being taken up of these Mens Bills.

Conr. A Commodity in question I warrant you, come we'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Hero, Margaret and Ursula.

Hero. Good *Ursula* wake my Cousin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

Ursu. I will, Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Ursu. Well.

Marg. Troth, I think your other Rebato were better.

Hero. No pray thee good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my Troth'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's but a Night-Gown in respect of yours; Cloth a Gold and Cuts, and lac'd with Silver, set with Pearls down-sleeves, side-sleeves and Skirts, round, underborn with a blueish Tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent Fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me Joy to wear it, for my Heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a Man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, Lady? of speaking honourably? Is not Marriage honourable in a Beggar? Is not your Lord honourable without Marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your Reverence a Husband: And 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, and it be the right Husband, and the right Wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy; ask my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

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's into *Light a Love* (that goes without a Burden,) do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes light a love with your Heels, then if your Husband have Stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no Barns.

Marg. O illegitimate Construction! I scorn that with my Heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five a Clock, Cousin; 'tis time you were ready: By my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho!

Marg. For a Hawk, a Horse, or a Husband?

Beat. For the Letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, and you be not turn'd *Turk*, there's no more failing by the Star.

Beat. What means the Fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God send every one their Heart's Desire.

Hero. These Gloves the Count sent me, they are an excellent Perfume.

Beat. I am stuft, Cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A Maid and stuft! there's a goodly catching of Cold.

Beat. O God help me, God help me, how long have you profest Apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it; doth not my Wit become me rarely.

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear 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 birlady I am not such a Fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can,

nor

nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my Heart out of thinking, that you are in Love, or that you will be in Love, or that you can be in Love: Yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a Man; he swore he would never marry, and yet now in despite of his Heart he eats his Meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your Eyes as other Women do.

Beat. What pace is this thy Tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false Gallop.

Enter Ursula.

Ursu. 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*, go
Ursula. [*Exeu*

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest Neighbour?

Dogb. Marry Sir I would have some Confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief I pray you, for you see 'tis a busie 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 honest as the Skin between his Brows.

Verg. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, Neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your Worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's Officers; but truly for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your Worship.

Leon. All thy Tedioufness on me! ah——

Dogb.

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, have tane a couple of as arrant Knaves, as any in *Messina*.

Dogb. A good old Man, Sir, he will be talking as they say, when the Age is in, the Wit is out, God help us, it is a World to see: Well said i'faith, Neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good Man, and two Men rides 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 worshipt, all Men are not alike, alas good Neighbour.

Leon. Indeed Neighbour he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir, our Watch have indeed comprehended two aspicious Persons, and we would have them this Morning examin'd before your Worship.

Leon. Take their Examination your self, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some Wine e'er you go: Fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, they stay for you to give your Daughter to her Husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Ex. Leonato.*]

Dogb. Go good Partner, go get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his Pen and Inkhorn to the Goal; we ate now to examine those Men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no Wit I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come, only get the learn'd Writer to set down our Excommunication, and meet me at the Goal. [*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter D. Pedro, D. John, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedick, Hero and Beatrice.

Leon. COME *Frier Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of Marriage, and you shall recount their particular Duties afterwards.

Frier. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, *Frier*, you come to marry her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to the Count.

Hero. I do.

Frier. 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.

Frier. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his Answer, None.

Claud. O what Men dare do! what Men may do! what Men daily do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Claud. Stand thee by, *Frier*: Father by your Leave, Will you with free and unconstrained Soul Give me this Maid your Daughter?

Leon. As freely, Son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious Gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble Thankfulness: There *Leonato*, take her back again.

Give not this rotten Orange to your Friend,
She's but the sign and semblance of her Honour:
Behold how like a Maid she blushes here!

O what authority and shew of Truth
Can cunning Sin cover it self withal!

Comes not that Blood, as modest Evidence,
To witness simple Virtue? would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a Maid,
By these exterior Shews? But she is none:
She knows the Heat of a luxurious Bed;
Her Blush is Guiltiness, not Modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my Soul to an approved Wanton.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own Proof
Have vanquish'd the Resistance of her Youth,
And made Defeat of her Virginity——

Claud. I know what you would say: If I have known her,
You will say, she did embrace me as a Husband,
And so extenuate the forehead Sin. No, *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with Word too large,
But as a Brother to his Sister, shew'd
Bashful Sincerity, and comely Love,

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
You seem to me as *Dian* in her Orb,
As chaste as is the Bud e'er 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
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my Child.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beset!

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Leon. To make you answer truly to your Name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that Name
With any just Reproach?

Claud. Marry that can *Hero*,
Hero her self can blot out *Hero's* Virtue.

What Man was he talkt with you yesternight,
Out at your Window betwixt twelve and one?

Now if you are a Maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no Man at that Hour, my Lord.

Pedro. Why then you are no Maiden. *Leonato,*
I am sorry you must hear; upon mine Honour,
My self, my Brother, and this grieved Count
Did see her, hear her, at that Hour last Night,
Talk with a Ruffian at her Chamber window,
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal Villain,
Confess'd the vile Encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,
Not to be spoken of,
There is not Chastity enough in Language,
Without Offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty Lady
I am sorry for thy much Misgovernment.

Claud. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou been,
If half thy outward Graces had been plac'd
About the Thoughts and Counsels of thy Heart?
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair, farewell
Thou pure Impiety, and impious Purity;
For thee I'll lock up all the Gates of Love,
And on my Eyelids shall Conjecture hang,
To turn all Beauty into Thoughts of Harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no Man's Dagger here a Point for me?

Beat. Why how now Cousin, wherefore sink you down?

John. Come, let us go; these things come thus to light
Smother her Spirits up. [*Exe. D. Pedro, D. John and Claud.*]

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I think: Help, Uncle.

Hero! why *Hero!* Uncle! Signior *Benedick!* Frier!

Leon.

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*?

Frier. Have Comfort, Lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Frier. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The Story that is printed in her Blood?
Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy Spirits were stronger than thy Shames,
My self would on the Rereward of Reproaches
Strike at thy Life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal Nature's frame?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my Eyes?
Why had not I, with charitable Hand,
Took up a Beggar's Issue at my Gates;
Who smeered thus, and mir'd with Infamy,
I might have said, no part of it is mine,
This Shame derives it self from unknown Loins?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I my self was to my self not mine,
Valuing of her; why she, O she is fall'n
Into a Pit of Ink, that the wide Sea
Hath Drops too few to wash her clean again,
And Salt too little, which may Season give
To her foul tainted Flesh.

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient; for my part, I am so attired
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 Prince lie? and *Claudio* would he lie,
Who lov'd her so, that speaking of her Foulness,

Wash'd it with Tears? Hence from her, let her die.

Frier. Hear me a little, for I have only been silent so long, and given way unto this course of Fortune, by noting of the Lady. I have mark'd

A thousand blushing Apparitions
To start into her Face, a thousand innocent Shames
In Angel whiteness bear away those Blushes,
And in her Eye there hath appear'd a Fire
To burn the Errors that these Princes hold
Against her Maiden Truth. Call me a Fool,
Trust not my Reading, nor my Observations,
Which with experimental Seal doth warrant
The tenure of my Book; trust not my Age,
My Reverence, Calling, nor Divinity,
If this sweet Lady lye not guiltless here,
Under some biting Error.

Leon. Frier, it cannot be;
Thou see'st 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?

Frier. Lady, what Man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none:
If I know more of any Man alive
Than that which maiden Modesty doth warrant,
Let all my Sins lack Mercy. O my Father,
Prove you that any Man with me convers'd
At Hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the Change of Words with any Creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to Death.

Frier. There is some strange Misprision in the Prince.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of Honour,
And if their Wisdoms be mis-led in this,
The Practice of it lives in *John* the Bastard,
Whose Spirits toil in frame of Villanies.

Leon. 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

Nor Fortune made such Havock of my Means,
 Nor my bad Life rest me so much of Friends,
 But they shall find awak'd in such a kind,
 Both Strength of Limb, and Policy of Mind,
 Ability in Means, and Choice of Friends,
 To quit me of them thoroughly.

Frier. Pause a while,
 And let my Counsel sway you in this case.
 Your Daughter here the Princess (left for dead)
 Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
 And publish it that she is dead indeed:
 Maintain a mourning Ostentation,
 And on your Family's old Monument
 Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all Rites
 That appertain unto a Burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Frier. Marry, this well carry'd, shall on her behalf
 Change Slander to Remorse, that is some good:
 But not for that, dream I on this strange course,
 But on this Travel look for greater Birth:
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
 Upon the Instant that she was accus'd,
 Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd
 Of every Hearer: For so it falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why then we rack the Value, then we find
 The Virtue that Possession would not shew us
 Whilst it was ours; so will it fare with *Claudio*:
 When he shall hear she dy'd upon his Words,
 Th' Idea of her 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, tho' 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 level'd false,
The Supposition of the Lady's Death
Will quench the Wonder of her Infamy.
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded Reputation,
In some reclusive and religious Life,
Out of all Eyes, Tongues, Minds, and Injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier advise you,
And tho' 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.

Frier. 'Tis well consented, presently away,
For to strange Sores, strangely they strain the Cure:
Come Lady, die to live; this Wedding-Day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have Patience and endure. [*Exeunt.*]

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 lye not; I confess nothing, nor
I deny nothing: I am sorry for my Cousin.

Bene. By my Sword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your Word?

Bene. With no Sauce that can be devis'd to it; I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What Offence, sweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy Hour; I was about to protest I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy Heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my Heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide World.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone tho' I am here; there is no Love in you; nay I pray you let me go.

Bene. *Beatrice*.

Beat. In faith I will go.

Bene. We'll be Friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be Friends with me, than fight with mine Enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine Enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a Villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my Kinswoman? 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, unmittigated Rancour——O God that I were a Man, I would eat his Heart in the Market Place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talk with a Man out at a Window——a proper Saying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*! she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. But ——

Beat. Princes and Counties! 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

would be a Man for my sake! But Manhood is melted into Curtesies, Valour into Compliment, and Men are only turn'd into Tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a Lie, and swears it; I cannot be a Man with wishing, therefore I will die a Woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*; by this Hand I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my Love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your Soul the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a Thought or a Soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him, I will kiss your Hand, and so leave you; by this Hand, *Claudio* shall render me dear Account; as you hear of me, so think of me; go comfort your Cousin, I must say she is dead, and so farewell. [Exeunt.

Enter Dogberry, Virges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town-Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.

To. Cl. Is our whole Dissembly appear'd?

Dog. O a Stool and Cushion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the Malefactors?

Verg. Marry that am I, and my Partner.

Dog. Nay, that's certain, we have the Exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the Offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before Master Constable.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me; what is your Name Friend?

Bora. *Borachio.*

To. Cl. Pray write down *Borachio*. Yours Sirrah?

Conr. I am a Gentleman Sir, and my Name is *Conrade*.

To. Cl. Write down Master Gentleman, *Conrade*; Masters, do you serve God? Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false Knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly; how answer you for your selves?

Conr. Marry, Sir, we say we are none.

To. Cl. A marvellous witty Fellow I assure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, Sirrah, a Word in your Ear, Sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false Knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

To. Cl. Well, Stand aside, 'fore God they are both in a Tale; have you writ down they are none?

Sexton. Master Town-Clerk, you go not the way to examine, you must call the Watch that are their Accusers.

To. Cl. Yea, marry that's the easiest Way, let the Watch come forth; Masters, I charge you in the Prince's Name accuse these Men.

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 the accusing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

Kemp. Flat Burglary as ever was committed.

Dog. Yea by th' Mass that it is.

Sexton. What else Fellow?

1 Watch. And that Count *Claudio* did mean, upon his Words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole Assembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O Villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting Redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more Masters than you can deny; Prince *John* is this Morning secretly stol'n away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the Grief of this suddenly dy'd. Master Constable, let these Men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*; I will go before, and shew him their Examination.

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sexton. Let them be in the Hands of *Coxcomb*. [Exit.]

Dog. God's my Life, where's the Sexton? Let him write down the Prince's Officer *Coxcomb*, come, bind them, thou naughty Varlet.

Conr. Away, you are an Afs, you are an Afs.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my Place? dost thou not suspect my Years? O that he were here to write me down an Afs! But Masters, remember that I am an Afs, tho' 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 Houſholder; 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.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. IF you go on thus, you will kill your self,
And 'tis not Wisdom thus to second Grief,
Against your self.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy Counsel,
Which falls into mine Ears as profitless
As Water in a Sieve; give not me Counsel,
Nor let no Comfort else delight mine Ear,
But such a one whose Wrongs doth sute with mine.
Bring me a Father that so lov'd his Child,
Whose Joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of Patience;
Measure his Woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every Strain for Strain;
As thus for thus, and such a Grief for such,
In every Lineament, Branch, Shape, and Form;
If such a one will smile and stroke his Beard,
And hollow, 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.

Bb 3

But

But there is no such Man; for Brother, Men
 Can council, and give Comfort to that Grief
 Which they themselves not feel, but tasting it,
 Their Counsel turns to Passion, which before
 Would give preceptial Medicine to Rage,
 Fetter strong Madnes in a silken 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.

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 Stile of Gods,
 And made a push at Chance and Sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the Harm upon your self,
 Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st Reason, nay I will do so,
 My Soul doth tell me, *Hero* is bely'd,
 And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince,
 And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* hastily.

Pedro. Good den, good den,

Claud. Good Day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my Lords!

Pedro. We have some haste, *Leonato*.

Leon. Some haste, my Lord! well fare you well, my Lord.
 Are you so hasty now? well all is one.

Pedro. Nay do not quarrel with us, good old Man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
 Some of us would lye low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry thou dost wrong me, thou Dissembler thou:
 Nay never lay thy hand upon thy Sword,
 I fear thee not.

Claud.

Claud. Marry beshrew my Hand,
If it should give your Age such Cause of Fear;
Infaith 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 trial 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. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Can'st thou so daffe me? Thou hast kill'd my Child;
If thou kill'st me Boy, thou shalt kill a Man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and Men indeed;
But that's no matter, let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me, let him answer me;
Come, follow me Boy, come Sir Boy; come, follow me,
Sir Boy, I'll whip you from your foining Fence;
Nay, as I am a Gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Ant. Content your self, God knows I lov'd my Neice,
And she is dead, slander'd to Death by Villains,
That dare as well answer a Man indeed,
As 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, outfacing, fashion-mongring Boys,
 That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
 Go antickly, and show an outward Hideousness,
 And speak of half a Dozen dangerous Words;
 How they might hurt their Enemies if they durst;
 And this is all.

Leon. But Brother *Anthony*:

Ant. Come, 'tis no mater,
 Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not 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.

Enter Benedick.

Leon. No! come Brother away, I will be heard.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

Pedro. See, see, here comes the Man we went to seek.

Claud. Now Signior, what News?

Bene. Good Day, my Lord.

Pedro. Welcome Signior; you are almost come to part
 almost a Fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two Noses snapt off
 with two old Men without Teeth.

Pedro. *Leonato* and his Brother; what thinkst 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 Melancholly, and would fain have it beaten
 away: Wilt thou use thy Wit?

Bene. It is in my Scabbard; shall I draw it?

Pedro. Dost thou wear thy Wit by thy Side?

Claud. Never any did so, tho' very many have been be-
 side 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.

Claud. What ! Courage Man: What tho' Care kill'd a Cat, thou hast Mettle enough to kill Care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your Wit in the Career, and you charge it against me. I pray you chuse another Subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another Staff, this last was broke cross.

Pedro. By this Light he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his Girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a Word in your Ear?

Claud. God blefs me from a Challenge.

Bene. You are a Villain; I jest not, I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your Cowardise: You have kill'd a sweet Lady, and her Death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well I will meet you, so I may have good Cheer,

Pedro. What a Feast?

Claud. I faith I thank him, he hath bid me to a Calves Head and a Capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my Knife's naught. Shall I not find a Woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your Wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy Wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine Wit; true says she, a fine little one; no, said I, a great Wit; right says 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 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.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the Garden.

Pedro. But when shall we set the salvage Bull's Horns on the sensible *Benedick's* Head?

Claud. Yea, and Text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the Married Man.

Bene. Fare you well, Boy, you know my Mind, I will leave you now to your gossip-like Humour, you break Jest as Braggards do their Blades, which God be thank'd hurt not; my Lord, for your many Courtesies I thank you, I must discontinue your Company, your Brother the Bastard is fled from *Messina*; you have among you killed a sweet and innocent Lady for my Lord Lack-beard there; he and I shall meet, and 'till then peace be with him. [*Exit Benedick.*]

Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest, and I'll warrant you for the Love of *Beatrice*.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee.

Claud. Most sincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing Man is, when he goes in his Doublet and Hose, and leaves off his Wit.

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?

Dog. Come you, Sir, if Justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more Reasons in her Ballance; nay, and 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?

Dog. Marry, Sir, they have committed false Report, moreover they have spoken Untruths; se'condarily they are Slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a Lady; thirdly, they have verified 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

are committed, and to conclude, what lay you 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 farther 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 heard 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 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 rich for the Practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'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.

Dog. Come bring away the Plaintiffs, by this time our Sexton hath inform'd Signior *Leonato* of the Matter; and Masters, do not forget to specifie when time and place shall serve, that I am an Ass.

Verg. Here, here comes Master Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the Villain? Let me see his Eyes,
That when I note another Man like him,
I may avoid him; which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your Wronger, look on me.

Leon.

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 beli'st thy self;
Here stand a pair of honourable Men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thank you Princes for my Daughter's Death,
Record it with your high and worthy Deeds,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your Patience,
Yet I must speak, chuse your Revenge your self,
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 satisfie this good old Man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me too.

Leon. You cannot bid my Daughter live again,
That were impossible; but I pray you both
Possess the People in *Messina* here
How innocent she dy'd, and if your Love
Can labour ought in sad Invention,
Hang her an Epitaph upon her Tomb,
And sing it to her Bones, sing it to Night:
To Morrow Morning come you to my House,
And since you could not be my Son-in-Law,
Be yet my Nephew; my Brother hath a Daughter
Almost the Copy of my Child that's dead,
And she alone is Heir to both of us,
Give her the Right you should have giv'n her Cousin,
And so dies my Revenge.

Claud. O Noble, Sir!
Your over-Kindness doth wring Tears from me:
I do embrace your Offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poor *Claudio*.

Leon. To Morrow then I will expect your coming,
To Night I take my Leave; this naughty Man
Shall Face to Face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who I believe was packt in all this Wrong,
Hired 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.

Dog. 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 a Key in his Ear, and a Lock hanging by it, and and borrows Mony 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.

Dog. Your Worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend Youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy Pains.

Dog. God save the Foundation.

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy Prisoner; and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an errant Knave with your Worship, which I beseech your Worship to correct your self, for the Example of others. God keep your Worship; I wish your Worship well: God restore your Health; I humbly give you Leave to depart; and if a merry Meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. Come Neighbour. [Exeunt.]

Leon. Until to Morrow Morning, Lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewel my Lords, we look for you to Morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To Night I'll mourn with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you these Fellows on, we'll talk with *Margaret*, how her Acquaintance grew with this lewd Fellow.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Benedick and Margaret.

Bene. Pray thee sweet Mistress *Margaret*, deserve well at my Hands, by helping me to the Speech of *Beatrice*.

Marg. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my Beauty?

Bene. In so high a Stile *Margaret*, that no Man living shall come over it; for in most comely Truth thou deservest it.

Marg.

Marg. To have no Man come over me; why, shall I always keep below Stairs?

Bene. Thy Wit is as quick as the Greyhound's Mouth, it ketches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the Fencers Foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly Wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a Woman; and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*; I give thee the Bucklers.

Marg. Give us the Swords, we have Bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them *Margaret*, you must put it 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. *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 Panders, 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, as my poor self in Love; marry I cannot shew it in Rhime; I have try'd, I can find out no Rhime to a Lady but Baudy, an Innocents Rhime; for scorn, horn, a hard Rhime; for school, fool, a babling Rhime; very ominous Endings; no, I was not born under a Rhiming Planet, for I cannot woo in festival Terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'st thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but 'till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now; and yet e'er I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Only foul Words, and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul Words are foul Wind, and foul Wind is but foul Breath, and foul Breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the Word out of its right Sense, so forcible is thy Wit; but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio*

dio 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 suffer Love for me?

Bene. Suffer Love! a good Epithete; I do suffer Love indeed, for I love thee against my Will.

Beat. In spight of your Heart, I think; alas poor Heart, if you spight it for my Sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will never love that which my Friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this Confession; there's not one wise Man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old Instance *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the Time of good Neighbours; if a Man do not erect in this Age his own Tomb e'er he dies, he shall live no longer in Monuments than the Bells ring, and the Widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question; why an Hour in Clamour, and a Quarter in Rhewm; therefore it is most expedient for the Wise, if Don Worm (his Conscience) find no Impediment to the contrary, to be the Trumpet of his own Virtues, as I am to my self; so much for praising my self; who I my self will bear Witness is Praise-worthy; and now tell me how doth your Cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Ursu. Madam, you must come to your Uncle; yonder's old Coil at Home; it is proved my Lady *Hero* hath been falsly accus'd, the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd, and Don *John* is the Author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this News, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy Heart, die in thy Lap, and be buried

ried in thy Eyes; and moreover, I will go with thee to thy Uncle. [Exeunt.]

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants with Tapers.

Claud. Is this the Monument of *Leonato*?

Atten. It is my Lord.

E P I T A P H.

Done to Death by slanderous Tongues,

Was the Hero that here lyes:

Death in 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 the Virgin Knight;

For the which with Songs of Woe,

Round about her Tomb they go.

Midnight assist our Moan,

Help us to sigh and groan.

Heavily, heavily,

Graves yawn and yield your Dead,

'Till Death be uttered,

Heavenly, heavenly.

(this Right.)

Claud. Now unto thy Bones good night; Yearly will I do

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 drowsie East with Spots of Grey.

Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow Masters; each his several way.

Mus. 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,

Than this for whom we rendred up this Woe.

[Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula, Antonio,
Frier and Hero.

Frier. 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 young Gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a Chamber by your selves,
And when I send for you come hither Mask'd:
The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this Hour
To visit me; you know your Office Brother,
You must be Father to your Brother's Daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio*. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd Countenance.

Bene. Frier, I must intreat your Pains, I think.

Frier. To do what, Signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your Neice regards me with an Eye of Favour.

Ant. That Eye my Daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an Eye of Love requite her.

Leon. The Sight whereof I think you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your Will?

Bene. Your Answer, Sir, is enigmatical,
But for my Will, my Will is, your good Will
May stand with ours, this Day to be conjoin'd
I'th' State of honourable Marriage,
In which, good Frier, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My Heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my help.

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 Frier ready.

Pedro. Good morrow, *Benedick*, why what's the matter;
That you have such a *February* Face,
So full of Frost, of Storm, and Cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage Bull:
Tush, fear not Man, we'll tip thy Horns with Gold,
And so all *Europe* shall rejoice at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,
When he would play the Noble Beast in Love.

Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable Low,
And some such strange Bull leapt your Father's Cow,
And got a Calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his Bleat.

Enter Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula,

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other Recknings.
Which is the Lady I must seize upon?

Leon. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why then she is mine; sweet let me see your Face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, 'till you take her Hand
Before this Frier, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your Hand before this holy Frier;
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, 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.

Frier. All this Amazement can I qualifie,
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 Chappel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, Frier. Which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I answer to that Name, what is your Will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no more than Reason.

Bene. Why, then your Uncle, and the Prince, and *Claudio*,
have been deceiv'd, they swore you did.

Beat.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth no, no more than Reason.

Beat. Why, then my Cousin, *Margaret* and *Ursula* Are much deceiv'd, for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore your 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 Hamd, stolen from her Pocket, Containing her Affection unto *Benedick*.

Bene. A Miracle, here's our Hands against our Hearts; come I will have thee, but by this Light I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you, but by this good Day, I yield upon great Perswasion, and partly to save your Life, for as I was told, you were in a Consumption.

Leon. Peace, I will stop your Mouth.

Pedro. How dost thou, *Benedick*, the Married Man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince, a Colledge of witty-crackers cannot flout me out of my Humour; dost thou think I care for a Satyr, or an Epigram? No, if a Man will be beaten with Brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him; in brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the World can say against it; and therefore never flout at me, for what I have said against it; for Man 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 hop'd 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 e'er we are Marry'd, that we may lighten our own Hearts, and our Wives Heels.

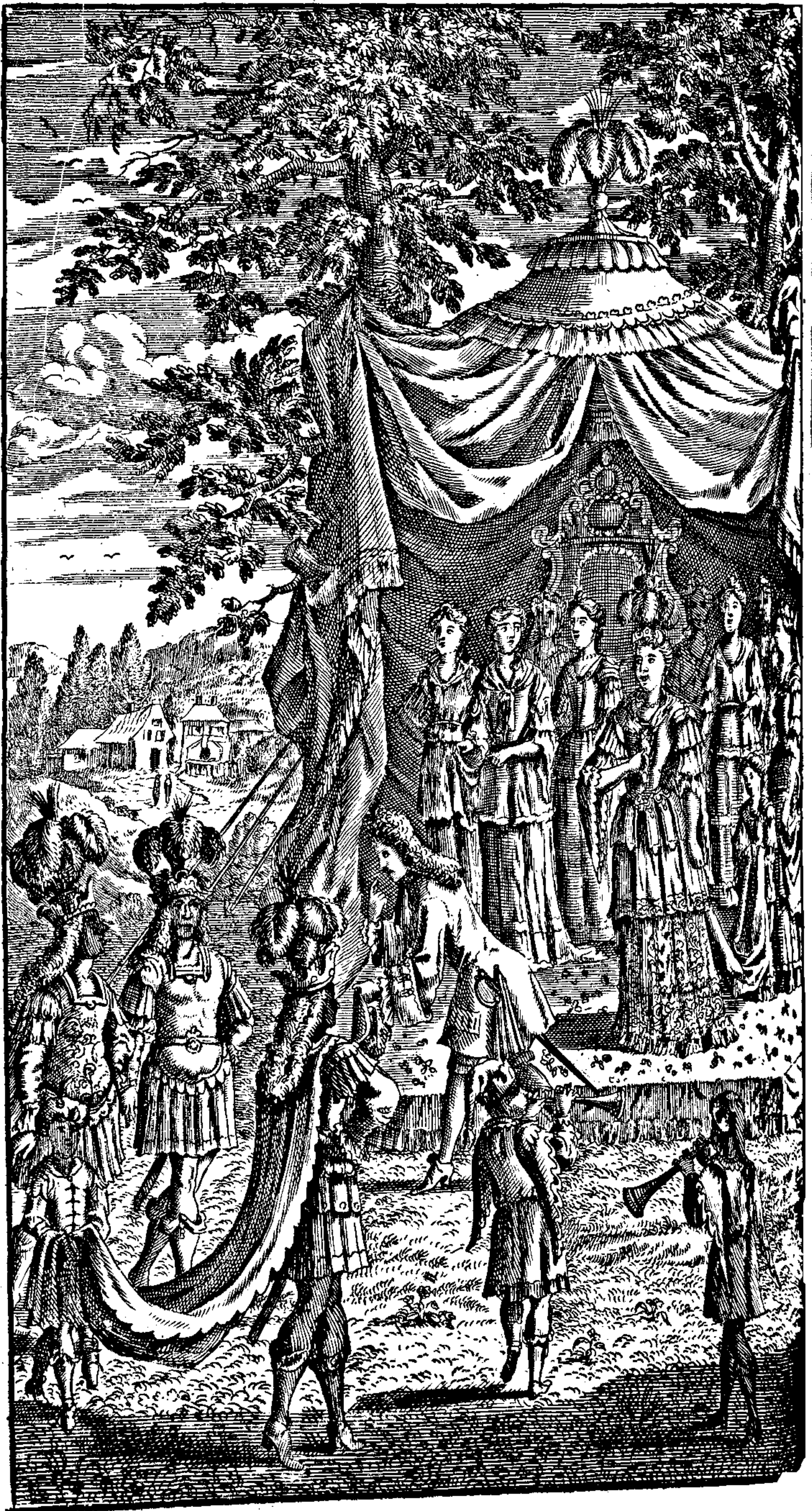
Leon. We'll have Dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, of my Word; therefore play Musick. Prince, thou art sad, get thee a Wife, get thee a Wife, there is no Staff more reverend than one tipt with *Horn*. (*Enter Mes.*

Messen. 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 the brave Punishments for him. Strike up Pipers. *Dance.*

[*Exeunt.*

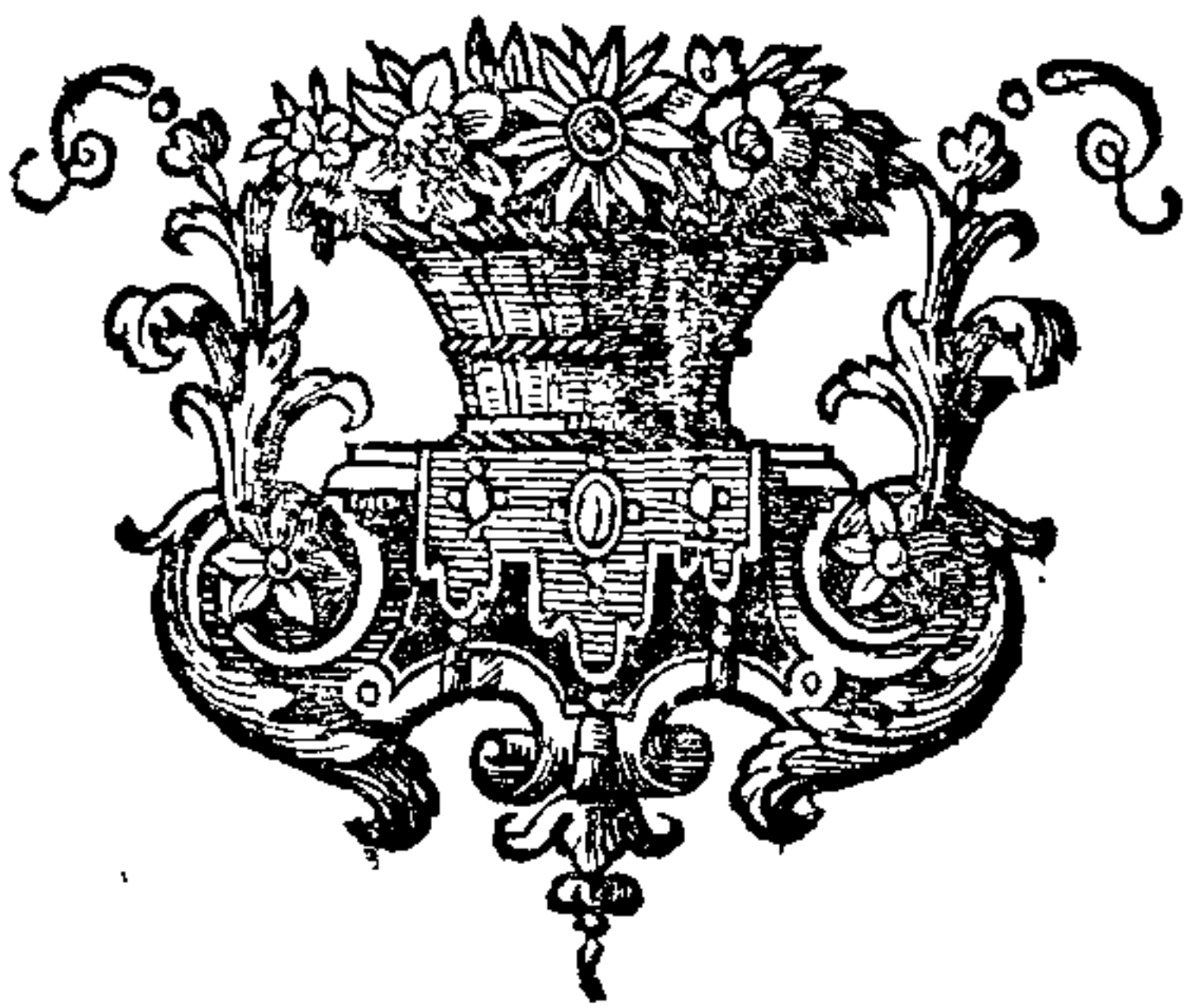


LOVE'S

Labour's lost.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

Ferdinand, *King of Navarre.*

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

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

Don Adriana de Armado, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

Nathaniel, *a Curate.*

Dull, *a Constable.*

Holofernes, *a Schoolmaster.*

Costard, *a Clown.*

Moth, *Page to Don Adriana de Armado.*

Princesses of France.

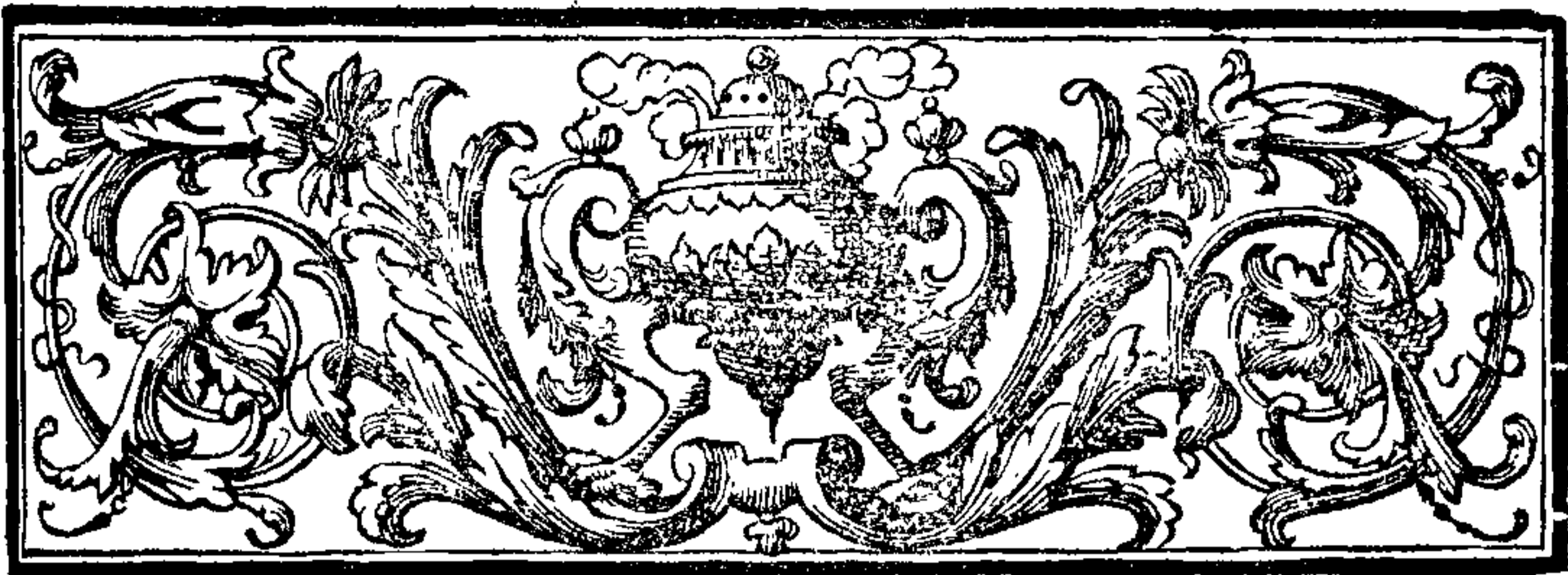
Rosaline, }
Maria, } *Ladies attending on the Princesses.*
Catherine, }

Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

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

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

Love's



Love's Labour's lost.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the King, Biron, Longavile and Dumain.

K I N G.



LET Fame, that all hunt after in their Lives,
Live registred upon our brazen Tombs;
And then grace us in the Disgrace of Death:
When spight of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' Endeavour of this present Breath may
buy

That Honour which shall bate his Syth's keen Edge,
And make us Heirs of all Eternity.

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

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

Your Oaths are past, and now subscribe your Names:

That his own Hand may strike his Honour down,
That violates the smallest Branch herein:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good Proceeding.

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

Biron. The Spring is near when Green Geese are a breed-
 ing.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his Place and Time,

Dum.

Dum. In Reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in Rime.

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

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

Why should I joy in any abortive Birth?

At *Christmas* I no more desire a Rose,

Than wish a Snow in *May's* new fangled shows:

But like of each thing that in Season grows.

So you to study now it is too late,

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

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

Biron. No, my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you.

And though I have for Barbarism spoke more,

Than for that Angel Knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,

And bide the Penance of each three Years Day.

Give me the Paper, let me read the same,

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

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from Shame.

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

Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four Days ago.

Biron. Let's see the Penalty.

On pain of losing her Tongue!

Who devis'd this Penalty?

Long. Marry that did I.

Biron. Sweet Lord, and why?

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

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

Biron. This Article my Liege your self must break,
For well you know here comes in Embassy

The *French* King's Daughter, with your self to speak,

A Maid of Grace and compleat Majesty,

About surrender up of *Aquitain*

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid Father:

Therefore

Therefore this Article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired Princess hither.

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

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

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

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three Thousand times within this three Years space:
For every Man with his Affects is born;
Not by Might master'd, but by special Grace.
If I break Faith, this Word shall break for me,
I am forsworn on meer Necessity.

So to the Laws at large I write my Name,
And he that breaks them in the least Degree,
Stands in Attainder of eternal Shame.

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

King. Ay that there is; our Court you know is haunted
With a conceited Traveller of *Spain*,

A Man in all the World's new Fashions planted,
That hath a Mint of Phrases in his Brain:
One whom the Musick of his own vain Tongue,
Doth ravish like enchanting Harmony:

A Man of Complements, whom Right and Wrong
Have chose as Umpire of their Mutiny.

This Child of Fancy, that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our Studies shall relate,
In high-born Words the Worth of many a Knight:
From tawny *Spain* lost in the World's Debate.

How you delight my Lords, I know not I;
But I protest I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my Minstrelsie.

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

Long.

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

Enter Dull and Costard with a Letter.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own Person?

Biron. This, Fellow, what would'st?

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

Biron. This is he.

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

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

King. A Letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

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

Long. A high Hope for a low Heav'n; God grant us Pa-
tience.

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing.

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

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

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

Biron. In what manner?

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

Biron. For the following, Sir.

Cost. As it shall follow in my Correction, and God de-
fend the right.

King. Will you hear this Letter with Attention?

Biron. As we would hear an Oracle.

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

King *reads.* **G**reat Deputy, the Welkin's Vicegerent, and sole Dominator of Navarre, my Soul's Earth's God, and Body's fostering Patron—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is—

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

King. Peace,—

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

King. No Words,

Cost. Of other Mens Secrets I beseech you.

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

Cost. With a Wench.

King. With a Child of our Grandmother Eve, a Female; or, for thy more understanding, a Woman; him, I (as my ever esteem'd Duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of Punishment by thy sweet Grace's Officer, Anthony Dull, a Man of good repute, carriage, bearing and estimation.

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

King. For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker Vessel called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy Laws fury, and shall at the least of thy sweet

notice, bring her to a Trial. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of Duty,

Don Adriana de Armado.

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

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

Cost. Sir, I confes the Wench.

King. Did you hear the Proclamation?

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

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

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

King. Well, it was proclaimed Damofel.

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

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

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

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

Cost. This Maid will serve my turn, Sir.

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

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

King. And *Don Armado* shall be your Keeper.

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

And go we Lords to put in practice that

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

Biron. I'll lay my Head to any good Man's Hat;
These Oaths and Laws will prove an idle Scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

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

Enter Armado and Moth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Arm. Why tough Signior? Why tough Signior?

Moth. Why tender *Juvenal*? Why tender *Juvenal*?

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

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

Arm. Pretty and apt.

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

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my Praise, Master?

Arm. In thy condign Praise.

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

Arm. What? that an Eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an Eel is quick.

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

Moth. I am answer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross.

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

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

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

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

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

Moth. You are a Gentleman and a Gamester, Sir.

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

Moth.

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

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar call three.

Arm. True.

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

Arm. A most fine Figure.

Moth. To prove you a Cypher.

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

Moth. *Hercules*, Master.

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

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

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

Moth. A Woman, Master.

Arm. Of what Complexion?

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

Arm. Tell me precisely of what Complexion?

Moth. Of the Sea-water Green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four Complexions?

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

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

Moth.

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

Arm. My Love is most immaculate White and Red.

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

Arm. Define, define, well educated Infant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Arm. Sing *Moth*, my Spirit grows heavy in Love.

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

Arm. I say sing.

Moth. Forbear 'till this Company be past.

Enter Costard, Dull, Jaquenetta and Maid.

Dull. Sir, the Duke's Pleasure is, that you keep *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no Delight, nor no Penance, but he must fast three Days a Week; for this Dam-

Damsel, I must keep her at the Park, she is allow'd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. [Exit.]

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing: Maid.

Faq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Faq. That's here by.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Faq. Lord how wise you are.

Arm. I will tell thee Wonders.

Faq. With that Face?

Arm. I love thee.

Faq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Maid. Fair Weather after you.

Come *Faquetta*, away. [Exeunt.]

Arm. Villain thou shalt fast for thy Offences e'er thou be pardoned.

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

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punish'd.

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

Arm. Take away this Villain, shut him up.

Moth. Come you transgressing Slave, away.

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

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

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

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for Prisoners to be silent in their Words, and therefore I will say nothing; I thank God, I have as little Patience as another Man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[Exit.]

Arm. I do affect the very Ground (which is base) where her Shoe (which is baser) guided by her Foot (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great Argument of Falshood, if I Love. And how can that be true Love, which is falsly attempted? Love is a Familiar,

Love

Love is a Devil; there is no evil Angel but Love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent Strength; yet was *Solomon* so seduced, and he had a very good Wit. *Cupid's* But-shaft is too hard for *Hercules* Club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard's* Rapier; the first and second Cause will not serve my turn; the *Passado* he respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his Disgrace is to be call'd Boy; but his Glory is to subdue Men. Adieu Valour, rust Rapier, be still Drum, for your Manager is in Love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal God of Rime, for I am sure I shall turn Sonnet. Devise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole Volumes in Folio.

ACT II. SCENE I.

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

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

Prin. Good Lord *Boyet*, my Beauty though but mean,
 Need not the painted flourish of your Praise;
 Beauty is bought by Judgment of the Eye,
 Not utter'd by base Sale of Chapmens Tongues.
 I am less proud to hear you tell my Worth,
 Than you much willing to be counted wise,
 In spending thus your Wit in praise of mine.
 But now to task the Tasker; good *Boyet*.
 You are not ignorant, all-telling Fame
 Doth noise abroad, the King has made a Vow;

'Till painful Study shall out-wear three Years,
 No Woman may approach his silent Court;
 Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden Gates,
 To know his Pleasure; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your Worthiness, we single you
 As our best moving fair Solicitor.
 Tell him the Daughter of the King of *France*,
 On serious Business, craving quick Dispatch,
 Importunes personal Conference with his Grace.
 Haste, signifie so much, while we attend,
 Like humble visag'd Sutors, his high Will.

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

Prin. All Pride is willing Pride, and yours is so;
 Who are the Votaries, my loving Lords, that are Vow-fel-
 lows with this virtuous Duke?

Lor. *Longavile* is one.

Prin. Know you the Man?

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

In *Normandy* saw I this *Longavile*,
 A Man of Sovereign Parts he is esteem'd;
 Well fitted in the Arts, glorious in Arms,
 Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
 The only Soil of his fair Virtue's Glos,
 (If Virtue's Glos will stain with any Soil,)
 Is a sharp Wit match'd with too blunt a Will;
 Whose Edge has Power to cut, whose Will still wills,
 It should none spare that come within his Power.

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

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

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

Cath. The young *Dumain*, a well accomplish'd Youth,
 Of all that Virtue love, for Virtue lov'd.
 Most Power to ~~do most~~ harm, least knowing ill;
 For he hath Wit to make an ill Shape good,
 And Shape to win Grace, tho' he had no Wit.
 I saw him at the Duke *Alanzon's* once,
 And much too little of that Good I saw,
 Is my Report to his great Worthiness.

Rosa. Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I have heard a Truth;
Biron they call him: But a merrier Man,
Within the Limit of becoming Mirth,
I never spent an Hour's Talk withal.
His Eye begets occasion for Wit,
For every Object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a Mirth-moving Jest,
Which his fair Tongue (Conceit's Expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious Words,
That aged Ears play Truant at his Tales,
And younger Hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his Discourse.

Prin. God blefs my Ladies, are they all in love?
That every one her own hath garnished,
With such bedecking Ornaments of Praise?

Mar. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what Admittance, Lord?

Boyet. *Navarre* had Notice of your fair Approach;
And he and his Competitors in Oath,
Were all addrest to meet you, gentle Lady,
Before I came: Marry thus I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the Field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his Court,
Than seek a Dispensation for his Oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled House.

Enter the King, Longavile, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.
Here comes *Navarre*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

King. Your Ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his Ignorance were wise,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Biron. I know you did.

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

Biron. You must not be so quick.

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

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

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

Biron. What Time a Day?

Rosa. The Hour that Fools should ask.

Biron. Now Fair befall your Mask.

Rosa. Fair falls the Face it covers.

Biron. And fend you many Lovers.

Rosa. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your Father here doth intimate
The Payment of one hundred thousand Crowns;
Being but th' one half of an intire Sum,
Disburfed by my Father in his Wars.
But say that he, or we, as neither have,
Receiv'd that Sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in Surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the Mony's worth.
If then the King your Father will restore
But that one Half which is unsatisfy'd,
We will give up our Right in *Aquitain*,
And hold fair Friendship with his Majesty:
But that it seems he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid

An hundred thousand Crowns, and not remembers
 One Payment of an hundred thousand Crowns,
 To have his Title live in *Aquitain*;
 Which we much rather had depart withal,
 And have the Mony by our Father lent,
 Than *Aquitain* so guelded as it is.

Dear Princess, were not his Requests so far
 From Reason's yielding, your fair self should make
 A yielding 'gainst some Reason in my Breast,
 And go well satisfy'd to *France* again.

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

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

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

King. Satisfie me so.

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

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

Prin. Sweet Health and fair Desires comfort your Grace.

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

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

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

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Rosa. Is the Soul sick ?

Biron. Sick at the Heart.

Rosa. Alack, let it Blood.

Biron. Would that do it good ?

Rosa. My Phyfick fays ay.

Biron. Will you prick't with your Eye.

Rosa. No poynt, with my Knife.

Biron. Now fave my Life.

Rosa. And yours from long living.

Biron. I cannot ftay Thankfgiving. [Exit]

Enter Dumain.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a Word: What Lady is that fame ?

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

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

Enter Longavile.

Long. I befeech you a word: What is ſhe in white ?

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

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

Boyet. She hath but one for her ſelf;

To deſire that were a Shame.

Long. Pray you Sir, whoſe Daughter ?

Boyet. Her Mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's Bleſſing on your Beard.

Boyet. Good Sir be not offended.

She is an Heir of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my Choller is ended:

She is a moſt ſweet Lady.

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

Enter Biron.

Biron. What's her Name in the Cap ?

Boyet. *Katherine* by good hap.

Biron. Is ſhe wedded or no ?

Boyet. To her Will, Sir, or ſo.

Biron. You are welcome Sir: Adieu.

Boyet. Farewel to me Sir, and welcome to you. [Ex. Biron.]

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

Boyet. And every Jeſt but a Word.

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

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

Mar.

Mar. Two hot Sheeps, marry;
And wherefore not Ships? (Lips.)

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

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

Boyet. So you grant Pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, gentle Beast;

My Lips are no Common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my Fortunes and me.

Prin. Good Wits will be jangling; but Gentles agree.
This Civil War of Wits were much better us'd

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

Boyet. If my Observation (which very seldome lyes,
By the Heart's still Rhetorick, disclosed with Eyes)
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we Lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your Reason?

Boyet. Why all his Behaviours do make their Retire
To the Court of his Eye, peeping thorough Desire:
His Heart like an Agot with your Print impressed;
Proud with his Form, in his Eye-Pride expressed:
His Tongue all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his Eye-sight to be:
All Senses to that Sense did make their Repair,
To feel only looking on Fairest of fair:
Methought all his Senses were lock'd in his Eye,
As Jewels in Chrystal for some Prince to buy: (glast,
Who tendring their own Worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you past.
His Faces own Margent did coat such Amazes,
That all Eyes saw his Eyes enchanted with Gazes:
I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
And you give him for my sake but one loving Kiss.

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

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

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

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

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

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad Wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Rosa. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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

Enter Armado and Moth.

S O N G.

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

Moth. Concolinel.—

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

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

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

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

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this Experience?

Moth. By my Pen of Observation.

Arm. But O, but O.

Moth. The Hobby-horse is forgot.

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

Moth.

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

But have you forgot your Love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent Student, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, Boy.

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

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

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

Arm. I am all these three.

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

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

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

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

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

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as Lead, Sir.

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

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

Arm. I say Lead is slow.

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

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

Arm. Sweet Smoak of Rhetorick;

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

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

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

Enter

Enter Moth and Costard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

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

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

Arm. We will talk no more of this Matter.

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

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

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

Arm. By my sweet Soul, I mean setting thee at Liber-
ty. Enfreedoming thy Person; thou wert immur'd, re-
strained, captivated, bound.

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

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

Moth. Like the Sequel I.
Signior *Costard* adieu.

Cost. My sweet Ounce of Man's Flesh, my in-cony *Jew*:
Now will I look to his Remuneration.
Remuneration, O, that's the Latin Word for three Far-
things: Three Farthings Remuneration, What's the Price of
this Inkle? five Farthings. No, I'll give you a Remuneration:
Why? It carries its Remuneration: Why? It is a fairer Name
than a French-Crown. I will never buy and sell out of this
Word.

Enter Biron.

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

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

Biron. What is a Remuneration?

Cost. Marry Sir, half-penny Farthing.

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

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

Biron. O stay Slave, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my Favour, my good Knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall intreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O this Afternoon.

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

Biron.

Biron. O thou knowest not what it is:

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

Biron. Why Villain, thou must know it first.

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

Biron. It must be done this Afternoon.

Hark Slave, it is but this:

The Princess comes to hunt here in the Park:

And in her Train there is a gentle Lady;

When Tongues speak sweetly, then they name her Name,

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

And to her white Hand see thou do commend

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

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

[*Exit.*

Biron. O! and I forsooth in Love,
I that have been Love's Whip;

A very Beadle to a humorous Sigh: A Critick;
Nay, a Night-watch Constable.

A domineering Pedant o'er the Boy,

Than whom no Mortal more magnificent.

This whimp'd, whining, purblind wayward Boy,

This Signior *Junio's* Giant Dwarf, *Don Cupid*,

Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded Arms,

Th' anointed Sovereign of Sighs and Groans:

Liege of all Loyerers, and Malecontents:

Dread Prince of Plackets, King of Codpieces.

Sole Emperor, and great General

Of trotting Parators (O my little Heart!)

And I to be a Corporal of his Field,

And wear his Colours like a Tumbler's Hoop:

What? I love! I sue! I seek a Wife,

A Woman, that is like a *German* Clock,

Still a repairing; ever out of Frame,

And never going aright, being but a Watch,

But being watch'd, that it may still go right.

Nay to be perjur'd, which is worst of all:

And among three, to love the worst of all,

A whitely Wanton with a Velvet Brow,

With two Pitch Balls stuck in her Face for Eyes,

Ay,

Ay, and by Heav'n, one that will do the Deed,
 Tho' *Argus* were her Eunuch and her Guard;
 And I to fight for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! go too: It is a Plague
 That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty, dreadful, little Might.
 Well, I will love, write, fight, pray, sue and groan,
 Some Men must love my Lady, and some *Joan*. [Exit.

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

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

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

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

Prin. Who e'er he was, he shew'd a mounting Mind.
 Well Lords, to Day we shall have our dispatch,
 On Saturday we will return to France.

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

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

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

For. Pardon me, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? First praise me, then again say no.
 O short-liv'd Pride. Not Fair? alack for wo.

For. Yes Madam, Fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now,
 Where Fair is not, Praise cannot mend the Brow.
 Here (good my Glass) take this for telling true;
 Fair Payment for foul Words is more than due.

For. Nothing but Fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my Beauty will be sav'd by Merit.
 O Heresie in fair, fit for these Days,
 A giving Hand, though foul, shall have the Praise.

But

But come, the Bow; now Mercy goes to kill,
 And shooting well, is then accounted ill.
 Thus will I save my Credit in the shoot,
 Not wounding, Pity would not let me do't:
 If wounding, then it was to shew my Skill,
 That more for Praise than Purpose meant to kill.
 And out of Question, so it is sometimes,
 Glory grows guilty of detested Crimes,
 When for Fame's sake to praise an outward Part,
 We bend to that, the working of the Heart.
 As I for Praise alone now seek to spill

The poor Dear's Blood, that my Heart means no ill.

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

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

Enter Costard.

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

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

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

Cost. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

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

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

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

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

Boyet, you can carve,
 Break up this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve:
 This Letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
 It is writ to *Faquenetta*.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

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

Boyet.

Boyet reads.

BY Heaven, that thou art Fair, is most infallible; true that thou art Beauteous; Truth it self that thou art Lovely; more fairer than Fair, beautiful than Beauteous, truer than Truth it self; have Commiseration on thy heroi- cal Vassal. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set Eye upon the pernicious and indubitate Beggar *Zenelophon*; and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici*; which to Anatomize in the Vulgar, O base and obscure Vulgar; *videlicet*, he came, saw and overcame; he came one, saw two, overcame three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the Beggar. What saw he? the Beggar. Who overcame him? the Beggar. The Conclusion is Victory; On whose side? the King's; the Captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the Beggar's. The Catastrophe is a Nuptial: On whose side? the King's: No, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for so stands the Comparifon) thou the Beggar, for so witnesseth thy Low- liness. Shall I command thy Love? I may. Shall I enforce thy Love? I could. Shall I entreat thy Love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for Rags? Robes; for Tittles? Titles; for thy self? me. Thus expecting thy Reply, I prophane my Lips on thy Foot, my Eyes on thy Picture, and my Heart on thy every Part.

Thine in the dearest design of Industry,

Don Adriana de Armado.

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

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

Prin. What Plume of Feather is he that indited this Let-
ter? What Vane? What Weathercock? Did you ever hear
better?

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

Prin. Else your Memory is bad, going o'er it e're while.

Boyet. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in Court,
A Phantasme, a Monarcho, and one that makes Sport

To the Prince and his Book-mates.

Prin. Thou Fellow, a Word.

Who gave thee this Letter?

Cost. I told you, my Lord.

Prin. To whom should'st thou give it?

Cost. From my Lord to my Lady.

Prin. From which Lord to which Lady?

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my Continent of Beauty.

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

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

Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the Shooter.

Boyet. And who is your Deer?

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

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

Boyet. But she her self is hit lower.

Have I hit her now?

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

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

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

Boyet. I cannot, cannot, cannot.

And I cannot another can.

[*Exit. Rosa.*]

Cost. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

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

Boyet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Armado a'th to side, O a most dainty Man.

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

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

And his Page at other side, that handful of Wit,

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

Sowla, Sowla,

[*Exeunt.*

Shout within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Nathaniel.

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

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

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

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *hand credo*.

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

Hol. Most barbarous Intimation; yet a kind of Insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of Explication *facere*, as it were Replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his Inclination after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed Fashion, to insert again my *hand credo* for a Deer.

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

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

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

He hath not eat Paper as it were;

He hath not drunk Ink.

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

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

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

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

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

Hol. *Dictinna* Good-man *Dull*, *Dictinna* Good-man *Dull*.

Dull. What is *Dictinna*?

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

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

And wrought not to five Weeks when he came to fivescore.

Th' Allusion holds in the Exchange.

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

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

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

Hol.

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

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

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

*The praiseful Princess pierc'd and prickt
a pretty pleasing Pricket.*

*Some say a Sore, but not a Sore,
'till now made sore with shooting.*

*The Dogs did yell, put Ell to Sore,
then Sorrel jumps from Thicket;*

*Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
the People fall a hooting.*

*If Sore be Sore, then Ell to Sore,
makes fifty Sores, O Sorell!*

*Of one Sore I an hundred make,
by adding but one more L.*

Nath. A rare Talent.

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

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

Hol. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may our Parishioners, for their Sons are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good Member of the Commonwealth.

Nath. *Me hercule*, If their Sons be ingenuous, they shall want no Instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*, a Sou! Feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give good Morrow, Master Parson.

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

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

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

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

Hol. *Fauste precor gelida, quando, pecus omne sub umbrâ, ruminat,* and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speak of thee as the Traveller doth of *Venice*; *Venechi, venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piaech.* Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who understandeth thee not, *ut resol la mifa*. Under pardon Sir, What are the Contents? or rather, as *Horace* says in his; What! my Soul Verses.

Nath. Ay Sir, and very learned,

Hol. Let me hear a Staff, a Stanza, a Verse; *Lege domine.* (Love?)

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

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

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

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

Nath. Here are only Numbers ratify'd, but for the Elegancy, Facility, and golden Cadence of Poésie *caret*: *Ovidius Naso* was the Man. And why indeed *Naso*; but for smelling out the odoriferous Flowers of Fancy? The Jerks of Invention

vention imitary is nothing: So doth the Hound his Master, the Ape his Keeper, the tir'd Horse his Rider: But *Damo-sella Virgin*, was this directed to you?

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

Nath. I will overglance the Supercript.

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

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

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

Jaq. Good *Costard* go with me.

Sir, God save your Life.

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

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

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

Nath. Marvellous well for the Pen.

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

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

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

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

Enter Biron with a Paper in his Hand, alone.

Biron. The King he is hunting the Deer.

I am coursing my self.

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

Enter the King.

King. Ay me.

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

King. So sweet a Kiss the golden Sun gives not,
To those fresh Morning Drops upon the Rose,
As thy Eye-beams when their fresh Rays have smote
The Night of Dew that on my Cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver Moon one half so bright,
Through the transparent Bosom of the Deep,
As doth thy Face through Tears of mine give Light;
Thou shin'it in every Tear that I do weep;
No Drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my Woe.
Do but behold the Tears that swell in me,
And they thy Glory through my Grief will shew:
But do not love thy self, then thou wilt keep
My Tears for Glasses, and still make me weep.

O Queen of Queens, how far do'st thou excel !
 No Thought can think, nor Tongue of Mortal tell.
 How she shall know my Grievs? I'll drop the Paper;
 Sweet Leaves shade Folly. Who is he comes here?

Enter Longavile. [The King steps aside.

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

Biron. Now in thy Likeness one more Fool appears.

King. Ay me, I am forsworn.

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

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

Biron. One Drunkard loves another of the Name.

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

Biron. I could put thee in Comfort: Not by two that I
 Thou mak'st the Triumvirat the three Corner-Cap of Society,
 The Shape of Loves *Tiburn*, that hangs up Simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn Lines lack Power to move:
 O sweet *Maria*, Empress of my Love,
 These Numbers will I tear, and write in Prose.

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

Long. This fame shall go. [He reads the Sonnet.

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

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

Enter

Enter Dumain.

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

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

Dum. O most divine *Kate*.

Biron. O most prophane Coxcomb.

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

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

Dum. Her Amber Hairs for Fowl have Amber coted.

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

Dum. As upright as the Cedar.

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

Dum. As fair as Day.

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

Dum. O that I had my Wish?

Long. And I had mine.

King. And mine too, good Lord.

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

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

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

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

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

Dumain reads his Sonnet.

On a Day, alack the Day:

Love, whose Month is every May,

Spy'd a Blossom passing fair,

Playing in the wanton Air:

Through the Velvet Leaves, the Wind,

All unseen, can Passage find.

That the Lover sick to death,

Wish'd himself the Heav'n's Breath.

Air, (quoth he) thy Cheeks to blow,

Air, would I might triumph so.

But alack my Hand is sworn,

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy Throne:

*Vow alack for Youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a Sweet.
Do not call it Sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee.
Thou for whom Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiopie were,
And deny himself for Jove,[†]
Turning Mortal for thy Love.*

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

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

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

You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love *Maria*, *Longavile*
Did never Sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay'd his wreathed Arms athwart
His loving Bosom, to keep down his Heart.
I have been closely shrowded in this Bush
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rimes, observ'd your Fashion;
Saw Sighs reek from you, noted well your Passion.
Ah me, says one! O *Jove*, the other cries!
Her Hairs were Gold, Crystal the others Eyes.
You would for Paradise break faith and troth,
And *Jove* for your Love would infringe an Oath.
What will *Biron* say, when that he shall hear
A Faith infringed, which such Zeal did swear?
How will he scorn? how will he spend his Wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the Wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip Hypocrisie.
Ah good my Liege, I pray thee pardon me. [Coming forward.

God

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

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

Biron. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you,
 I that am honest, I that hold it Sin,
 To break the Vow I am ingaged in.
 I am betray'd by keeping Company
 With Men, like Men of strange Inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in Rhime?
 Or groan for *Joan*? or spend a Minute's time
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I will praise a Hand,
 a Foot, a Face, an Eye, a Gate, a State, a Brow, a Breast,
 a Waste, a Leg, a Limb?

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

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

Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Jaq. God blefs the King.

King. What Present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain Treason.

King. What makes Treason here?

Cost. Nay it makes nothing, Sir.

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

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

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

Faq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.*

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

Biron. A Toy, my Liege, a Toy: Your Grace
fear it.

Long. It did move him to Passion, and there
hear it.

Dum. It is *Biron's* Writing, and here is his Nam

Biron. Ah you whoreson Loggerhead, you we
do me Shame.

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

King. What?

Biron. That you three Fools lackt me Fool, to
the Mefs:

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

Dum. Now the Number is even.

Biron. True, true, we are four: Will these Turtles be
gone?

King. Hence, Sirs, away.

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

Biron. Sweet Lords, sweet Lovers, O let us imbrace:
As true we are as Flesh and Blood can be.

The Sea will ebb and flow, Heav'n will shew his Face:
Young Blood doth not obey an old Decree.
We cannot cross the Cause why we were born:
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What did these Rent-lines shew some Love of
thine?

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

That (like a rude and savage Man of *Inde*)
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bows not his vassal Head, and stricken blind,
Kisses the base Ground with obedient Breast?
What peremptory Eagle-fighted Eye
Dares look upon the Heav'n of her Brow,
That is not blinded by her Majesty?

King. What Zeal, what Fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My Love (her Mistress) is a gracious Moon,
She (an attending Star) scarce seen a Light.

Biron. My Eyes are then no Eyes, nor I *Biron.*
O but for my Love, Day would turn to Night,
Of all Complexions the cull'd Sovereignty,
Do meet as at a Fair in her fair Cheek;
Where several Worthies make one Dignity,
Where nothing wants that Want it self doth seek.
Lend me the Flourish of all gentle Tongues;
Fie painted Rhetorick, O she needs it not:
To Things of Sale, a Seller's Praise belongs:
She passes Praise, then Praise too short doth blot:
A wither'd Hermite, fivescore Winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her Eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new born,
And gives the Crutch the Cradle's Infancy.
O 'tis the Sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By Heaven thy Love is black as Ebony.

Biron. Is Ebony like her? O Wood Divine?
A Wife of such Wood were Felicity.
O who can give an Oath? Where is a Book?
That I may swear Beauty doth Beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her Eye to look:
No Face is fair that is not full so black.

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

Biron. Devils soonest tempt resembling Spirits of Light:
O, if in black my Lady's Brow be deckt;
It mourns, that painting and usurping Hair
Should ravish Doters with a false Aspect:

And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her Favour turns the Fashion of the Days,
For native Blood is counted Painting now:
And therefore red that would avoid Dispraise,
Paints it self black, to imitate her Brow.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Biron. Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.

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

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

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

Dum. Some Salve for Perjury.

Biron. O 'tis more than need.

Have at you then Affections, Men at Arms,
Consider what you first did swear unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no Woman;
Flat Treason 'gainst the kingly State of Youth.
Say, Can you fast? your Stomachs are too young:
And Abstinence ingenders Maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study (Lords)
In that each of you have forsworn his Book.
Can you still dream and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you.
Have found the Ground of Study's Excellence,

Without the Beauty of a Woman's Face;
 From Womens Eyes this Doctrine I derive,
 They are the Ground, the Books, the Academs,
 From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* Fire:
 Why, universal plodding poisons up
 The nimble Spirits in the Arteries;
 As Motion and long Action tires
 The sinnewy Vigour of the Traveller.
 Now for not looking on a Woman's Face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of Eyes:
 And Study too, the causer of your Vow.
 For where is any Author in the World,
 Teaches such Beauty as a Woman's Eye:
 Learning is but an Adjunct to our self,
 And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
 Then when our selves we see in Lady's Eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our Learning there?
 O, we have made a Vow to study, Lords,
 And in that Vow we have forsworn our Books:
 For when would you, my Liege, or you, or you,
 In Leaden Contemplation have found out
 Such fiery Numbers as the prompting Eyes
 Of Beauties Tutors have enrich'd you with?
 Other slow Arts entirely keep the Brain;
 And therefore finding barren Practisers,
 Scarce shew a Harvest of their heavy Toil.
 But Love first learned in a Lady's Eyes,
 Lives not alone imured in the Brain:
 But with the motion of all Elements,
 Courses as swift as Thought in every Power,
 And gives to every Power a double Power,
 Above their Functions and their Offices.
 It adds a precious Seeing to the Eye:
 A Lover's Eyes will gaze an Eagle blind.
 A Lover's Ear will hear the lowest Sound,
 When the suspicious Head of Theft is stopt.
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible,
 Than are the tender Horns of cockled Snails:
 Love's Tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* gross in Taste;
 For Valour, is not Love a *Hercules*?
 Still climbing Trees in the *Hesperides*.

Subtle as a *Sphinx*, as sweet and musical
 As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his Hair:
 And when Love speaks, the Voice of all the Gods,
 Make Heav'n drowsie with the Harmony.
 Never durst Poet touch a Pen to write,
 Until his Ink were temper'd with Love's Sighs;
 O then his Lines would ravish Savage Ears,
 And plant in Tyrants mild Humility.
 From Womens Eyes this Doctrin I derive:
 They sparkle still the right *Promethean* Fire,
 They are the Books, the Arts, the Academes,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the World;
 Else none at all in ought proves excellent.
 Then Fools you were, these Women to forswear:
 Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove Fools.
 For Wisdom's sake (a Word that all Men love)
 Or for Love's sake, a Word that loves all Men:
 Or for Mens sake, the Author of these Women,
 Or Womens sake, by whom we Men are Men;
 Let us once lose our Oaths, to find our selves;
 Or else we lose our selves, to keep our Oaths.
 It is Religion to be thus forsworn,
 For Charity it self fullfils the Law;
 And who can sever Love from Charity?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

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

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te.* His Humour is lofty, his Discourse peremptory, his Tongue filed, his Eye ambitious, his Gate majestical, and his general Behaviour vain, ridiculous, and Thraasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice Epithet,

[*Draws out his Table-Book.*]

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

Nath. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

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

Enter

Enter Armado, Moth and Costard.

Nath. *Vides-ne quis nevit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. *Quare Chirra, not Sirra?*

Arm. Men of Peace well incountred.

Hol. Most Military Sir, Salutation.

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

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

Moth. Peace, the Peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not lettered?

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

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

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

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou Consonant?

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

Hol. I will repeat them, a e I—

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

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

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

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

Moth. Horns.

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

Moth. Lend me your Horn to make one, and I will whip about your Infamy *nam cita*, a Gigg of a Cuckold's Horn.

Cost. And I had but one Penny in the World, thou shouldst have it to buy Ginger-bread; Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Master, thou Half-penny Purse of Wit, thou Pidgeon-egg of Discretion. O, and the Heav'ns were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard! What a joyful Fa-

ther wouldst thou make? Go too, thou hast it *ad dunghil*, at the Finger's ends, as they say.

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

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

Hol. Or *Mons* on the Hill.

Arm. At your sweet Pleasure, for the Mountain.

Hol. I do *sans question*.

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

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

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

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some Entertainment of Time, some Show in the *Posterior* of this Day, to be rendred by our Assistants at the King's Command, and this most gal-
lant,

lant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princess: I say none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

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

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

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

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

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

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?

Hol. I will play three my self.

Moth. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

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

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

Dull. Nor understood none neither, Sir.

Hol. *Allons*, we will employ thee.

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

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

Enter Princess, and Ladies.

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

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

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much Love in Rime, As would be cram'd up in a Sheet of Paper,

Writ on both sides the Leaf, Margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on *Cupid's* Name.

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

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy Gallows too.

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

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

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

Kath. A light Condition, in a Beauty dark.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rosa. I would you knew.

And if my Face were but as fair as yours,

My Favour were as great, be witness this.

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

The Numbers true, and were the numbring too,

I were the fairest Goddess on the Ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand Fairies.

O he hath drawn my Picture in his Letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

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

Prin. Beauteous Ink; a good Conclusion.

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

Rosa. Ware Pencils. How? Let me not die your Debter,
My red Dominical, my golden Letter.

O that your Face were full of Oes.

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

Kath. Madam, this Glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, Madam; and moreover,
Some thousand Verses of a faithful Lover.
A huge Translation of Hypocrisie,
Vildly compil'd, profound Simplicity.

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

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

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

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

Rosa. They are worse Fools to purchase mocking so.
That same *Biron* I'll torture e'er I go.

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

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

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

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

Enter Boyet.

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

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

Prin. Thy News, *Boyet*?

Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare.

Arm Wenches, arm, Incounters mounted are
Against your Peace, Love doth approach, disguis'd,
Armed in Arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.
Muste your Wits, stand in your own Defence,
Or hide your Heads like Cowards, and fly hence.

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

Boyet. Under the cool Shade of a Sycamore,
I thought to close mine Eyes some half an hour;
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd Rest,
Toward that Shade, I might behold, addrest
The King and his Companions; warily
I stole into a Neighbour Thicket by,
And over-heard, what you shall over-hear:
That by and by disguis'd they will be here.
Their Herald is a pretty! knavish Page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his Embassage.
Action and Accent did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy Body bear.
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence Majestical would put him out:
For, quoth the King, an Angel shalt thou see,
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
The Boy reply'd, an Angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a Devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the Shoulder,
Making the bold Wag by their Praises bolder.
One rub'd his Elbow thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
A better Speech was never spoke before.
Another with his Finger, and his Thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will do't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cry'd, All goes well,
The fourth turn'd on the Toe, and down he fell;
With that they all did tumble on the Ground,
With such a zealous Laughter, so profound,
That in this Spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their Folly Passions, solemn Tears.

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

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

Their

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

Prin. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt;
For Ladies, we will every one be maskt:
And not a Man of them shall have the Grace
Despight of Sure, to see a Lady's face.

Hold *Rosaline*, this Favour thou shalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his Dear:
Hold, take thou this my Sweet, and give me thine,
So shall *Biron* take me for *Rosaline*.
And change your Favours too, so shall your Loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these Removes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Boy. The Trumpet sounds, be maskt, the Maskers come.

Enter the King, Biron, Longavile, Dumain, and Attendants, disguiz'd like Muscovites. Moth with Musick, as for a Masquerade.

Moth. All hail the richest Beauties on the Earth.

Biron. Beauties no richer than rich Taffata. *Moth.*

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

Biron. Their Eyes, Villain, their Eyes.

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

Biron. True; out indeed.

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

Biron. Once to behold, Rogue.

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

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

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

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

Rosa. What would these Strangers?

Know their Minds, *Boyet.*

If they do speak our Language, 'tis our Will

That some plain Man recount their Purposes.

Know what they would?

Boyet. What would you with the Princess?

Biron. Nothing but Peace and gentle Visitation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Biron. Tell her we measure them by weary Steps.

Boyet. She hears her self.

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

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our Duty is so rich, so infinite,

That

That we may do it still without Accompt.

Vouchsafe to shew the Sunshine of your Face,

That we (like Savages) may worship it.

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

King. Blessed are Clouds, to do as such Clouds do.

Vouchsafe, bright Moon, on these thy Stars to shin^r

(Those Clouds remov'd) upon our watery Eyne.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

King. But your Legs shall do it.

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

King. Why take you Hands then?

Rosa. Only to part Friends,
Curtsie sweet Hearts, and so the Measure ends,

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

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

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

Rosa. Your Absence only.

King. That can never be.

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

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

Rosa. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

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

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

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

Prin.

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

Biron. One Word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my Gall.

Prin. Gall, bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

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

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair Lady.

Mar. Say you so? Fair Lord:

Take you that for your fair Lady.

Dum. Please it you;

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

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

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

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

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

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

Long. A Calf, fair Lady.

Kath. No, a fair Lord Calf.

Long. Let's part the Word.

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

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

Long. Look how you But to yourself in these sharp Mocks!
Will you give Horns, chaste Lady? Do not so.

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

Long. One Word in private with you e'er I die.

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

Boyet. The Tongues of mocking Wenches are as keen
As is the Razor's Edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller Hair than may be seen,

Above the Sense of Sense so sensible,

Seemeth their Conference, their Conceits have Wings,

Fleeter than Arrows, Bullets, Wind, Thought, swifter Things.

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

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

King. Farewel, mad Wenches, you have simple Wits.

[*Exeunt.*

Prin.

Prin. Twenty Adieus, my frozen *Muscovites*.
Are these the Breed of Wits so wondred at?

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

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

Prin. O Poverty in Wit, Kingly poor flout:
Will they not (think you) hang themselves to Night?
Or ever but in Vizards shew their Faces.

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

Rosa. O! they were all in lamentable Cafes.
The King was weeping-ripe for a good Word.

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

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

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

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good Faith.

Prin. Go Sickness as thou art.

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

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

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

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

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

Prin. Will they return?

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

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

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

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

Ros. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still as well known as disguis'd:

Let us complain to them what Fools were here,
 Disguis'd like *Muscovites* in shapeless Gear;
 And wonder what they were, and to what end
 Their shallow Shows, and Prologue vildly per'd,
 And their rough Carriage so ridiculous,
 Should be presented at our Tent to us.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

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

Boyet. Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Majesty command me any Service to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me Audience for one Word.

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

Biron. This Fellow picks up Wit as Pigeon Peas,
 And utters it again, when *Jove* doth please:
 He is Wit's Pedlar, and retails his Wares
 At Wakes and Waffals, Meetings, Markets, Fairs:
 And we that sell by Gross, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the Grace to grace it with such Show.
 This Gallant pins the Wenches on his Sleeve;
 Had he been *Adam* he had tempted *Eve*.
 He can carve too, and lisp: Why this is he,
 That kist away his Hand in Courtesie.
 This is the Ape of Fortune, Monsieur the nice,
 That when he plays at Tables, chides the Dice
 In honourable Terms: Nay he can sing
 A Mean most meanly, and in ushering
 Mend him who can; the Ladies call him sweet;
 The Stairs as he treads on them kiss his Feet.
 This is the Flower that smiles on every one,
 To shew his Teeth as white as Whale his Bone.
 And Consciences that will not die in Debt,
 Pay him the Duty of Honey-tongu'd *Boyet*.

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

Enter

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

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

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

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

King. Construe my Speeches better if you may.

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

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

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

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

Prin. You nick-name Virtue: Vice you should have spoke:
For Virtue's Office never breaks Mens Troth.

Now, by my Maiden Honour, yet as pure
As the unfully'd Lilly, I protest,
A World of Torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your House's Guest:
So much I hate a breaking Cause to be
Of heav'nly Oaths, vow'd with Integrity.

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

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

King. How, Madam? *Russians*?

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

Rosa. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my Lord:
My Lady (to the manner of the Days)
In Courtesie gives undeserving Praise.

We four indeed confronted were with four,
In *Russian* Habit: Here they stay'd an Hour,
And talk'd apace, and in that hour, my Lord,
They did not bless us with one happy Word.
I dare not call them Fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, Fools would fain have Drink.

Biron.

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

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

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

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

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

Rosa. All the Fool mine.

Biron. I cannot give you less.

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

Biron. Where? When? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O! never will I trust to Speeches pen'd,
Nor to the Motion of a School-boy's Tongue,
Nor never come in Vizards to my Friend,
Nor woo in time like a blind Harper's Song;
Taffata Phrases, silken Terms precise,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce Affectation,
Figures pedantical, these Summer Flies,
Have blown me full of Maggot Ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I here protest,
 By this white Glove (how white the Hand God knows)
 Henceforth my wooing Mind shall be exprest
 In russet Yeas, and honest kerfie Noes:
 And to begin, Wench, so God help me Law,
 My Love to thee is found, *Sans* crack or flaw.

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

Biron. Yet I have a Trick
 Of the old Rage: Bear with me, I am Sick.
 I'll leave it by Degrees: Soft, let us see,
 Write *Lord have mercy on us*, and those three,
 They are infected, in their Hearts it lyes,
 They have the Plague, and caught it of your Eyes:
 These Lords are visited, you are not free;
 For the Lords Tokens on you both I see.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Prin. The fairest is Confession.

Were you not here but even now disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was:

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair Madam.

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

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

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

King. Upon my Honour no.

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

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

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

Rosa. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear

As precious Eye-sight, and did value me
Above this World; adding thereto moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my Lover.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Much upon this it is. And might not you
Forestal our Sport, to make us thus untrue?

[*To Boyet:*

Do not you know my Lady's Foot byth' Square,
And laugh upon the Apple of her Eye,
And stand between her Back, Sir, and the Fire,
Holding a Trencher, jesting merrily?

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

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

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

Enter

Enter Costard.

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

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

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No Sir, but it is vara fine;
For every one purfents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine?

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

Biron. Is not nine.

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

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

Cost. O Lord Sir, it were pity you should get your Li-
ving by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

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

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

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

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

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

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

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

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good Lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That Sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeal strives to content, and the Content
Dies in the Zeal of that which it presents;
Their Form confounded, makes most form in Mirth,
When great Things labouring perish in their Birth.

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

Enter Armado.

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

Prin. Doth this Man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

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

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

King. Here is like to be a good Presence of Worthies: He presents *Hector* of Troy, the Swain *Pompey* the Great, the Parish-Curate *Alexander*, *Armado's* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Judas Machabeus*; and if these four Worthies in their first Shew thrive, these four will change Habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There are five in the first Shew.

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

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

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

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

Enter Costard for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am.

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am.

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

Biron. Well said, old Mocker,
I must needs be Friends with thee.

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

Dum. The Great.

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

And travelling along this Coast, I here am come by Chance,
And lay my Arms before the Legs of this sweet Lass of France;
If

If your Ladyship would say Thanks *Pompey*, I had done.

Prin. Great Thanks, great *Pompey*.

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

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

Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.

Nath. When in the World I liv'd, I was the World's Commander.

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

My Escutcheon plain declares that I am *Alisander*.

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

Biron. Your Nose smells no, in this most tender smelling
Knight.

Prin. The Conqueror is dismay'd:
Proceed, good *Alexander*.

Nath. When in the World I liv'd, I was the World's Commander.

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

Biron. *Pompey* the Great.

Cost. Your Servant and *Costard*.

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

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

Biron. Stand aside, good *Pompey*.

Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

Hol. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Imp,
Whose Club kill'd *Cerebus* that three-headed *Canis*;

And when he was a Babe, a Child, a Shrimp,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:

Quoniam, he seemeth in Minority;

Ergo, I come with this Apology.

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

[*Exit* Moth.]

Hol. Judas I am.

Dum. A Judas.

Hol. Not *Isca*riot, Sir.

Judas I am, yclipped Machabeus.

Dum. Judas Machabeus clipt, is plain Judas.

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

Hol. Judas I am.

Dum. The more Shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin Sir, you are my Elder.

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

Hol. I will not be put out of Countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no Face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A Cittern Head.

Dum. The Head of a Bodkin.

Biron. A Death's Face in a Ring.

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

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

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

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

Dum. Ay and in a Broch of Lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the Cap of a Tooth-drawer;

And now forward, for we have put thee in Countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of Countenance.

Biron. False, we have given thee Faces.

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

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

Boyet. Therefore as he is an *Ass*, let him go;

And so adieu sweet *Jude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his Name.

Biron. For the *Ass* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Jud-as*
away.

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

Boyet.

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

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

Enter Armado.

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

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

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

Boyet. But is this *Hector*?

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

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

Dum. More Calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indu'd with the small.

Biron. This can't be *Hector*.

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

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

Dum. A gilt Nutmeg.

Biron. A Lemon.

Long. Stuck with Cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

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

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

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Arm. Sweet Lord *Longavile* reinthy Tongue.

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

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

Arm. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten;
Sweet Chucks, beat not the Bones of the bury'd:

But I will forward with my Device;

Sweet Royalty bestow on me the Sense of Hearing.

Prin. Speak brave *Hector*, we are much delighted.

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

Boyet. Loves her by the Foot.

Dum. He may not by the Yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal.

The Party is gone.

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

Arm. What mean'st thou?

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

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

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

Dum. Most rare Pompey.

Boyet. Renow'd Pompey.

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey: Pompey the Huge.

Dum. Hector trembles.

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

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

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

Arm. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

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

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my Shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey.

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

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

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

Arm.

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

Biron. What Reason have you for't?

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

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

Enter Macard.

Mac. God save you, Madam.

Prin. Welcome *Macard*, but that thou inter
Merriment.

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

Prin. Dead for my Life.

Mac. Even so: My Tale is told.

Biron. Worthies away, the Scene begins to close

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free Breath
seen the Day of Wrong through the little Hic-
tion, and I will right my self like a Soldier.

[*Exe*

King. How fares your Majesty?

Prin. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to Night.

King. Madam not so, I do beseech you stay

Prin. Prepare I say. I thank you, gracious Lords,
For all your fair Endeavours; And Entreats,
Out of a new sad Soul, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich Wisdom to excuse or hide,
The liberal Opposition of our Spirits;
If over-boldly we have born our selves,
In the Converse of Breath, your Gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy Lord;
An heavy Heart bears not an humble Tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of Thanks,
For my great Suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extream Parts of Time extreamly form
All Causes to the Purpose of his Speed,
And often at his very loose decides
That, which long Procces of Time could not arbitrate.

And

And though the mourning Brow of Progeny
 Forbid the smiling Courtesie of Love,
 The holy Suit which fain it would convince;
 Yet since Love's Argument was first on foot,
 Let not the Cloud of Sorrow juttle it
 From what it purposed. Since to wail Friends lost
 Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
 As to rejoyce at Friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my Griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain Words best pierce the Cares of Grief,
 And by these Badges understand the King,
 For your fair Sakes have we neglected Time,
 Play'd foul Play with our Oaths : Your Beauty, Ladies
 Hath much deformed us, fashioning our Humours
 Even to the opposed End of our Intent;
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
 As Love is full of unbefitting Strains,
 All wanton as a Child, skipping and vain,
 Form'd by the Eye, and therefore like the Eye,
 Full of straying Shapes, of Habits, and of Forms,
 Varying in Subjects as the Eye doth rowl,
 To every varied Object in his Glance;
 Which party-coated presence of loose Love
 Put on by us, if in your Heav'nly Eyes,
 Have misbecom'd our Oaths and Gravities;
 Those Heav'nly Eyes that look into these Faults,
 Suggested us to make : Therefore, Ladies,
 Our Love being yours, the Error that Love makes
 Is likewise yours. We to our selves prove false,
 By being once false, for ever to be true
 To those that make us both, fair Ladies you;
 And even that falshood in it self a Sin,
 Thus purifies it self, and turns to Grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Love,
 Your Favours, the Embassadors of Love:
 And in our Maiden Council rated them
 At Courtship, pleasant Jest, and Courtesie,
 As Bumbast, and as Lining to the Time:
 But more devout than these are our Respects
 Have we not been; and therefore met your Loves
 In their own Fashion, like a Merriment.

Dum. Our Letters, Madam, shew'd much more than Jest.

Long. So did our Looks.

Rosa. We did not coat them so.

King. Now at the latest Minute of the Hour,
Grant us your Loves.

Prin. A Time methinks too short,
To make a World-without-end Bargain in;
No, no, my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear Guiltiness, and therefore this:
If for my Love (as there is no such Cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me;
Your Oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the Pleasures of the World;
There stay until the twelve Celestial Signs
Have brought about their Annual Reckoning.
If this austere insociable Life,
Change not your Offer made in Heat of Blood:
If Frosts, and Fasts, hard Lodging, and thin Weeds
Nip not the gaudy Blossoms of your Love,
But that it bear this Trial, and last Love;
Then at the Expiration of the Year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these Deserts;
And by this Virgin Palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and 'till that Instant shut
My woful self up in a mourning House,
Raining the Tears of Lamentation,
For the Remembrance of my Father's Death,
If this thou do deny, let our Hands part,
Neither intituled in the other's Heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these Powers of mine with rest;
The sudden Hand of Death close up mine Eye.
Hence ever then, my Heart is in thy Breast.

Biron. And what to me, my Love? and what to me?

Rosa. You must be purged too, your Sins are rank,
You are attaint with Fault and Perjury;
Therefore if you my Favour mean to get,
A Twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary Beds of People sick.

Dum. But what to me, my Love? but what to me?

Kath. A Wife, a Beard, fair Health and Honesty;
With three-fold Love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O shall I say, I thank you, gentle Wife?

Kath. Not so, my Lord; a Twelve-month and a Day,
I'll mark no Words that smooth'd-fac'd Wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Lady come;
Then if I have much Love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully 'till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says *Maria*?

Mar. At the Twelve-month's End
I'll change my black Gown for a faithful Friend.

Long. I'll stay with Patience; but the Time is long.

Mar. The liker you, few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my Lady? Mistress, look on me,
Behold the Window of my Heart, mine Eye:
What humble Suit attends thy Answer there,
Impose some Service on me for my Love.

Rosa. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord *Biron*,
Before I saw you; and the World's large Tongue
Proclaims you for a Man repleat with Mocks,
Full of Comparisons, and wounding Flouts,
Which you on all Estates will execute,
That lye within the Mercy of your Wit:
To weed this Wormwood from your fruitful Brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won;
You shall this Twelve-month term from Day to Day,
Visit the speechless Sick, and still converse
With groaning Wretches; and your Task shall be,
With all the fierce Endeavour of your Wit,
To enforce the pained Impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild Laughter in the Throat of Death?
It cannot be, it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a Soul in Agony.

Rosa. Why that's the way to choak a gibing Spirit,
Whose Influence is begot of that loose Grace,
Which shallow laughing Hearers give to Fools:
A Jest's Prosperity lyes in the Ear

Of him that hears it, never in the Tongue
 Of him that makes it: Then, if sickly Ears,
 Deaft with the Clamours of their own dear Groans,
 Will hear your idle Scorns; continue then,
 And I will have you, and that Fault withal;
 But if they will not, throw away that Spirit,
 And I shall find you empty of that Fault,
 Right joyful of your Reformation.

Biron. A Twelve-month? Well, befall what will befall,
 I'll jest a Twelve-month in an Hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my Lord, and so I take my Leave.

[to the King.]

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our Wooing doth not end like an old Play;
Jack hath not *Fill*: These Ladies Courtesie
 Might well have made our Sport a Comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a Twelve-month and a Day,
 And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me.

Prin. Was not that *Hector*?

Dum. The worthy Knight of *Troy*.

Arm. I will kiss thy Royal Finger, and take Leave.

I am a Votary; I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the
 Plough for her sweet Love three Years. But most esteem'd
 Greatness, will you hear the Dialogue that the two Learn-
 ed Men have compiled, in praise of the Owl and the
 Cuckow? It should have follow'd in the End of our
 Shew.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla, approach.

Enter all.

This Side is *Hiems*, Winter.

This *Ver*, the Spring: The one maintain'd by the Owl,
 The other by the Cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The S O N G.

*When Daisies pied, and Violets blue,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue;
And Lady-Smocks all Silver white,
Do paint the Meadows with Delight;
The Cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks Married Men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.*

*Cuckow, Cuckow: O Word of Fear,
Unpleasing to a Married Ear.*

*When Shepherds Pipe on Oaten Straws,
And merry Larks are Ploughmens Clocks:
When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks;
The Cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks Married Men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.*

*Cuckow, Cuckow: O Word of Fear,
Unpleasing to a Married Ear.*

Winter.

*When Isicles hang by the Wall,
And Dick the Shepherd blows his Nail;
And Tom bears Logs into the Hall,
And Milk comes frozen Home in Pail;
When Blood is nipt, and Ways be foul,
Then Nightly sings the staring Owl
Tu-whit, to-who.*

*A merry Note,
While greasie Jone doth keel the Pot.*

*When all aloud the Wind doth blow,
And Coughing drowns the Parson's Saw;
And Birds sit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrian's Nose looks red and raw;*

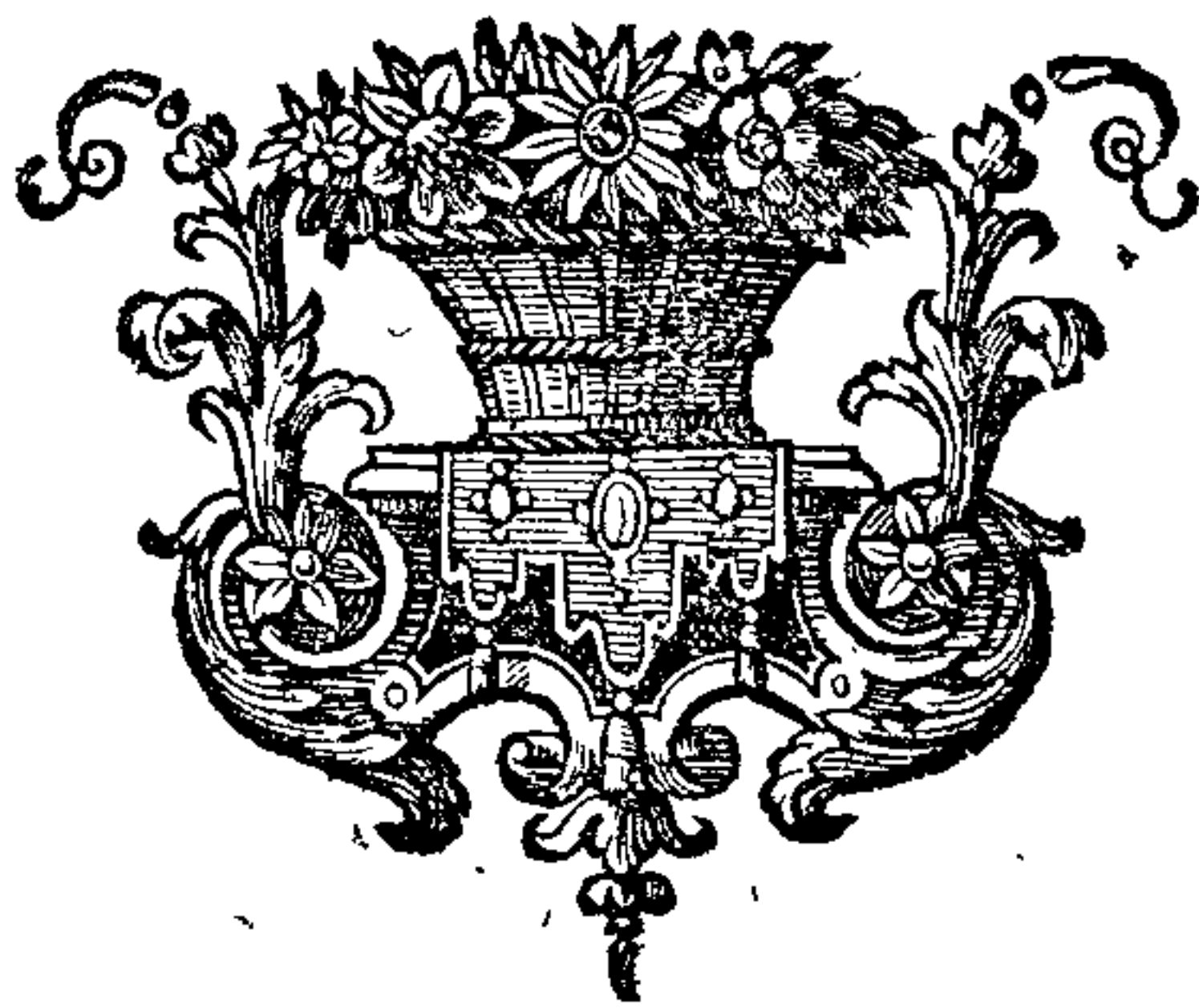
When

When roasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring Owl,
Tu-whit, to-who,
A merry Note,
While greasie Jone doth keel the Pot.

Arm. The Words of *Mercury*
Are harsh after the Songs of *Apollo*:
You that way, we this way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the First Volume.



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