

Accessions

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The
WORKS
of
SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the second :

containing,

Measure for Measure ;
The Comedy of Errors ;
Much Ado about Nothing ;
Love's Labour's lost.

LONDON :

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V. Q.

151.377

May, 1873

M E A S U R E

for

M E A S U R E.

Persons represented.

Vincentio, *Duke of Vienna.*
Angelo, } *Noblemen of Vienna; Deputies*
Escalus, } *in the Duke's Absence.*
Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*
Lucio, *a Fantastick:*
two other like Gentlemen.
Thomas, and Peter, *Friars.*
a Justice.
Provost.
Elbow, *a simple Constable.*
Froth, *a foolish Gentleman.*
Clown, Servant to Mistress Overdone.
Abhorson, *an Executioner.*
Barnardine, *a dissolute Prisoner.*
Servant to Angelo.
a Messenger.

Isabella, *Sister to Claudio.*
Mariana, *betroth'd to Angelo.*
Julietta, *belov'd of Claudio.*
Francisca, *a Nun.*
Mistress Overdone, a Barwd.

Lords, Gentlemen, Varrius, and others,
Attendants upon the Duke, and the Deputies;
Guards, Officers, Citizens, &c.

Scene, Vienna.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Duke, ESCALUS, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse ;
Since I am not to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you : Then no more remains,
But 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, you 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*.— [*Exit an Attendant.*
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, dress'd him with our love ;
 And given his deputation all the organs
 Of our own power : What think you of it ?

ESCA. 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.

ANGE. Always obedient to your grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. *Angelo,*
 There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That, to the 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 :
 Heaven 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
 Herself, 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* : [*tendering the Commission.*
 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.

ANGE. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon't.

Duke. No more evasion :
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you ; therefore take † your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value : We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall imp'rtune,
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

ANGE. 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 qualify 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.

ANGE. The heavens give safety to your purposes !

ESCA. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness !

Duke. I thank you : Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Duke and Attendants.*]

ESCA. 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.

ANGE. 'Tis so with me : Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

ESCA. I'll wait upon your honour. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter LUCIO, and two Gentlemen.

LUCI. 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. *Gen.* Heaven grant us it's peace, but not the king
of *Hungary's*!

2. *Gen.* Amen.

LUCI. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate,
that went to sea with the ten commandments, but
scrap'd one out of the table.

2. *Gen.* Thou shalt not steal ?

LUCI. Ay, that he raz'd.

1. *Gen.* 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, does relish the peti-
tion well that prays for peace.

2. *Gen.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

LUCI. I believe thee ; for, I think, thou never wast

where grace was said.

2. *Gen.* No? a dozen times at least.

1. *Gen.* What, in metre?

Luci. In any proportion? or in any language?

1. *Gen.* I think, or in any religion?

Luci. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: As for example; Thou thy self art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1. *Gen.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Luci. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1. *Gen.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of *English* kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Luci. 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. *Gen.* I think, I have done my self wrong; have I not?

2. *Gen.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawd, at a distance.

Luci. Behold, behold, where madam *Mitigation* comes! I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2. *Gen.* To what, I pray?

Luci. Judge.

2. *Gen.* To three thousand dolours a year.

1. *Gen.* Ay, and more.

LUCI. A *French* crown more.

1. *Gen.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me : but thou art full of error ; I am found.

LUCI. Nay, not, as one would say, healthy ; but so found, as things that are hollow : thy bones are hollow ; impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. *Gen.* How now ? [*to the Bawd.*] 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. *Gen.* Who's that, I pr'ythee ?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's *Claudio*, signior *Claudio*.

1. *Gen.* *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's to be chop'd off.

LUCI. 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.

LUCI. Believe me, this may be : he promis'd to meet me two hours since ; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2. *Gen.* Besides, you know it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. *Gen.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

LUCI. Away ; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO, and Gentlemen.*]

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty,

Enter Clown.

I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Clow. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well, what has he done?

Clow. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clow. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All houses in the suburbs of *Vienna* must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clow. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clow. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clow. 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 consider'd.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas* tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clow. Here comes signior *Claudio*, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam *Juliet*. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, Juliet, and Officers ;

LUCIO, and the two Gentlemen, following.

CLAU. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the Bear me to prison, where I am committed. [world?

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord *Angelo* by special charge.

CLAU. Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.
The words of heaven : On whom it will, it will ;
On whom it will not, so : yet still 'tis just. [straint?

LUCI. Why, how now, *Claudio*? whence comes this re-

CLAU. 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 raven down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil ; and, when we drink, we dye.

LUCI. 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?

CLAU. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

LUCI. What is it? murder?

CLAU. No.

LUCI. Lechery?

CLAU. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir, you must go.

CLAU. One word, good friend : —

Lucio, a word with you.

LUCI. A hundred, if they'll do you any good : —

Is lechery so look'd after ?

CLAU. Thus stands it with me,—Upon a true contráct,
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 dower
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 chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on *Juliet*.

LUCI. With child, perhaps ?

CLAU. 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 straight 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 the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me : 'tis surely for a name.

LUCI. I warrant, it is : and thy head stands so tickle
on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may
sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

CLAU. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
 I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service :
 This day my sifter 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 herself assay him,
 I have great hope in that : for in her youth
 There is a prone and speechless dialect,
 Such as moves men ; besides, she hath prosperous art,
 When she will play with reason and discourse,
 And well she can persuade.

LUCI. I pray she may : as well for the encourage-
 ment of the like, which else would stand under 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.

CLAU. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

LUCI. Within two hours,—

[*Exit.*

CLAU. Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Cell.

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 wrinkl'd than the aims and ends
 Of burning youth.

Friar. 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 deliver'd to lord *Angelo*
 (A man of stricture, and firm abstinence)
 My absolute power and place here in *Vienna*,
 And he supposes me travel'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.

Friar. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
 (The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds)
 Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;
 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 children's sight,
 For terror, not to use; in time the rod
 Becomes 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.

Friar. 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 the ambush of my name, strike home ;
 And yet my nature never in the fight,
 To do it slander : And to behold his sway,
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
 Visit both prince and people : therefore, I pr'ythee,
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear me
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
 At our 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.

SCENE V. *The Entrance of a Nunnery.*

Enter ISABELL, and FRANCISCA a Nun.

ISAB. And have you nuns no farther priviledges ?

FRAN. Are not these large enough ?

ISAB. Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ;
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the susterhood, votarists of saint *Clare*.

LUCI. [*within*] Ho ! Peace be in this place !

ISAB. Who's that which calls ?

FRAN. 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 show your face ;

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [veils.]

ISAB. Peace, and prosperity! Who is't, that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

LUCI. 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.

LUCI. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

ISAB. Woe me! For what?

LUCI. For that, which, if myself might be the judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

'ISAB. Sir, make me not your story.

LUCI. Nay, 'tis true:

I would not (though '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 ensky'd, and fainted;
By your renouncement an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a faint.

ISAB. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

LUCI. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time
Doth from the seedness the bare fallow bring

To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

ISAB. Some one with child by him? My cousin *Juliet*?

LUCI. Is she your cousin?

ISAB. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.

LUCI. She it is.

ISAB. O, let him marry her.

LUCI. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself 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 it's 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 lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour 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 betwixt you and your poor brother.

ISAB. Doth he so seek his life?

LUCI. Has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

ISAB. Alas, what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

LUCI. Assay the power you have.

ISAB. My power! Alas, I doubt,—

LUCI. Our doubts are traitors;
And make 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.

LUCI. But speedily.

ISAB. I will about it straight;
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.

LUCI. I take my leave of you.

ISAB. Good fir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Angelo's House.*

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, and a Justice;
Provost, Officers, and others, attending.*

ANGE. We must not make a scare-crow of the law;
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,

And let it keep one shape, 'till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

ESCA. 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) and consider
This, In the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not some time in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him for,
And pull'd the law upon you.

ANGE. '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 seises on : What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves ? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop, and take it,
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 dye.

ESCA. Be it as your wisdom will.

ANGE. Where is the provost ?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

ANGE. See that *Claudio*

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.*

ESCA. Well, heaven forgive him ! and forgive us all !
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall :
Some run from brakes of justice, answer none ;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.

ELBO. 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.

ANGE. How now, fir ! What's your name ? and what's
the matter ?

ELBO. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's
constable, and my name is *Elbow* ; I do lean upon jus-
tice, fir, and do bring in here before your good honour
two notorious benefactors.

ANGE. Benefactors ? Well ; what benefactors are
they ? are they not malefactors ?

ELBO. 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 prophanation in the world,
that good christians ought to have.

ESCA. This comes off well. here's a wise officer.

ANGE. Go to ; What quality are they of ? *Elbow* is
your name ? Why dost thou not speak, *Elbow* ?

Clow. He cannot, fir ; he's out at elbow.

ANGE. What are you, fir ?

ELBO. He, fir? A tapfter, fir; parcel bawd; one that ferves a bad woman; whose houfe, fir, was, as they fay, pluck'd down in the fuburbs; and now ſhe profefles a hot-houfe, which, I think, is a very ill houfe too.

ESCA. How know you that?

ELBO. My wife, fir, whom I deteft before heaven and your honour,—

ESCA. How! thy wife?

ELBO. Ay, fir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honeft woman;—

ESCA. Dost thou deteft her therefore?

ELBO. I fay, fir, I will deteft my ſelf alfo, as well as ſhe, that this houfe, if it be not a bawd's houfe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houfe.

ESCA. How doft thou know that, conftable?

ELBO. Marry, fir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleannefs there.

ESCA. By the woman's means?

ELBO. Ay, fir, by miſtreſs *Overdone's* means: but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clow. Sir, if it pleaſe your honour, this is not ſo.

ELBO. Prove it before theſe varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

ESCA. [*to Ange.*] Do you hear how he miſplaces?

Clow. Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and longing (ſaving your honours' reverence) for ſtew'd pruns; fir, we had but two in the houfe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were, in a fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three-pence; your honours have ſeen ſuch diſhes; they are not *China* diſhes, but very

good dishes.

ESCA. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

CLOW. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress *Elbow*, being, as I say, with child, and being great-belly'd, and longing, as I said, for pruns; and having but two 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.

CLOW. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid pruns;

FROTH. Ay, so I did, indeed.

CLOW. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, 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.

CLOW. Why, very well then:

ESCA. 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.

CLOW. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

ESCA. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

CLOW. 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-hallowd eve.

Clow. Why, very well; I hope, here be truths: — He, fir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, fir, — '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.

Clow. Why, very well then; I hope, here be truths.

ANGE. 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.

ESCA. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship.
[Exit ANGELO.]

Now, fir, come on: What was done to *Elbow's* wife, once more?

Clow. Once, fir? there was nothing done to her once.

ELBO. I beseech you, fir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clow. I beseech your honour, ask me.

ESCA. Well, fir; What did this gentleman to her?

Clow. I beseech you, fir, look in this gentleman's face: — Good master *Froth*, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: — Doth your honour mark his face?

ESCA. Ay, fir, very well.

Clow. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

ESCA. Well, I do so.

Clow. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

ESCA. Why, no.

Clow. 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.

ESCA. He's in the right, constable: What say you to it?

ELBO. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

CLOW. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

ELBO. Varlet, thou ly'st; thou ly'st, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

CLOW. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

ESCA. Which is the wiser here? justice, or iniquity? — Is this true?

ELBO. 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 worship think me the poor duke's officer: — Prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

ESCA. If he took you a box o'the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

ELBO. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

ESCA. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou would'st discover if thou could'st, let him continue in his courses, 'till thou know'st what they are.

ELBO. Marry, I thank your worship for it: — Thou

feest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

ESCA. Where were you born, friend?

FROTH. Here in *Vienna*, fir.

ESCA. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

FROTH. Yes, an't please you, fir.

ESCA. So. — What trade are you of, fir?

CLOW. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

ESCA. Your mistress's name?

CLOW. Mistress *Overdone*.

ESCA. Hath she had any more than one husband?

CLOW. Nine, fir; *Overdone* by the last.

ESCA. 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.

ESCA. Well; no more of it, master *Froth*: farewell. — Come you hither to me, master tapster: What's your name, master tapster?

CLOW. *Pompey*.

ESCA. What else?

CLOW. *Bum*, fir.

ESCA. 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*, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster; Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clow. Truly, fir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

EscA. How would you live, *Pompey*? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, *Pompey*? is it a lawful trade?

Clow. If the law would allow it, fir.

EscA. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allow'd in *Vienna*.

Clow. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city?

EscA. No, *Pompey*.

Clow. Truly, fir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

EscA. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clow. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year 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.

EscA. Thank you, good *Pompey*: and, in requital of your propheſy, 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 *Cæſar* to you; in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I ſhall have you whipt: ſo, for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clow. 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.

ESCA. Come hither to me, master *Elbow*; come hither, master constable: How long have you been in this place of constable?

ELBO. Seven year and a half, fir.

ESCA. I thought, by the readinesf in the office, you had continu'd in it some time; You say, seven years together?

ELBO. And a half, fir.

ESCA. 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?

ELBO. Faith, fir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of mony, and go through with all.

ESCA. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

ELBO. To your worship's house, fir?

ESCA. To my house: Fare you well.—What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, fir.

ESCA. I pray you, go home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

ESCA. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*:
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

ESCA. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet, — Poor *Claudio*! — There's no remedy. —

Come, fir.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II. *A Room in the same.**Enter a Servant, and Provost.*

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do. [*Exit Serv.*] I'll know
His pleasure; may be, he'll relent: Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To dye for it!

Enter ANGELO.

ANGE. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will *Claudio* shall dye to-morrow?

ANGE. Did not I tell thee, yea? had'st thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Left I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

ANGE. 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, fir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
She's very near her hour.

ANGE. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

ANGE. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid ;
And to be shortly of a sifterhood,
If not already.

ANGE. Well, let her be admitted. — [*Exit* Servant.
See you the fornicatrefs be remov'd ;
Let her have needful, but not lavish means ;
There shall be order for it.

Enter ISABELLA, and LUCIO.

Prov. Save your honour ! [your will ?

ANGE. Stay a little while.—You're welcome : What's

ISAB. I am a woful fuitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

ANGE. Well, what's your suit ?

ISAB. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most 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.

ANGE. Well ; the matter ?

ISAB. I have a brother is condemn'd to dye :
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces !

ANGE. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it !
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done :
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

ISAB. O just, but severe law !

I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour !

LUCI. Give'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 more tame a tongue desire it :
To him, I say.

ISAB. Must he needs dye ?

ANGE. Maiden, no remedy.

ISAB. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

ANGE. I will not do't.

ISAB. But can you, if you would ?

ANGE. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

ISAB. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him ?

ANGE. He's sentenc'd ; 'tis too late.

LUCI. You are too cold.

ISAB. Too late ? why, no ; 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.

ANGE. Pray you, be gone.

ISAB. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were *Isabell* ! should it then be thus ?
No ; I would tell what 'twere to be judge,
And what a prisoner.

LUCI. Ay, touch him : there's the vein.

ANGE. 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? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breath within your lips,
Like man new made.

ANGE. 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 dye to-morrow. [him;

ISAB. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven
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.

LUCI. Ay, well said.

[slept:

ANGE. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If he, the first that did the 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
(Or new, or by remissness new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

ISAB. Yet shew some pity.

ANGE. I shew it most of all, when I show justice :
 For then I pity those I do not know,
 Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall ;
 And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
 Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd ;
 Your brother dyes to-morrow ; be content.

ISAB. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence ;
 And he, that suffers : O, it is excellent
 To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.

LUCI. That's well said.

ISAB. Could great men thunder,
 As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet ;
 For every pelting petty officer [der :—
 Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but thun-
 Merciful heaven,
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
 Than the soft myrtle : o, but man, proud man,
 (Drest in a little brief authority ;
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 His glassy essence) like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
 As makes the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.

LUCI. O, 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 yourself :
 Great men may jest with saints : 'tis wit in them ;
 But, in the less, foul prophanation.

LUCI. Thou'rt i'the right, girl ; more o'that.

ISAB. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the foldier is flat blasphemy.

LUCI. Art avis'd o'that? more on't.

ANGE. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

ISAB. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o'the 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 found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

ANGE. "She speaks; and 'tis"

"Such sense, that my sense breeds with it." Fare you well.

ISAB. Gentle my lord, turn back.

ANGE. I will bethink me: Come again to-morrow.

ISAB. Hark how I'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn

ANGE. How! bribe me? [back.

ISAB. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with

LUCI. You had mar'd all else. [you.

ISAB. Not with fond shekles of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

ANGE. Well; come to me to-morrow.

LUCI. Go to; 'tis well; away.

ISAB. Heaven keep your honour safe!

ANGE. "Amen:"

"For I am that way going to temptation,"

“Where prayers cross.”

ISAB. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

ANGE. At any time 'fore noon.

ISAB. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt* Provost, *LUCIO*, and *ISABELLA*.]

ANGE. 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, with 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? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, 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't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a faint,
With faints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite: ——— Ever 'till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

“lying by the

SCENE III. *A Room in 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 crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly. [ful.]

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were need-

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames 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 dye for this.

Duke. When must he dye?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow. —

I have provided for you; [to Juli.] stay a while,
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

JULI. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your con-
And try your penitence, if it be found, [science;
Or hollowly put on.

JULI. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

JULI. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act

Was mutually committed.

JULI. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

JULI. 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 sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven ;
Showing we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

JULI. I do repent me, as it is an evil ;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must dye to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him :

So grace go with you ! *Benedicite !* [Exit.

JULI. Must dye to-morrow ! — O injurious love,
That respites me a life whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror !

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *A Room in Angelo's House.*

Enter ANGELO.

ANGE. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects : heaven hath my empty words ;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell* : heaven is in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew it's name ;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception : The state, whereon I study'd,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd und 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 : O place ! o form !
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tye the wiser souls
To thy false seeming ? Blood, thou art blood :
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,

Enter Servant.

'Tis not the devil's crest : — How now ? who's there ?

Serv. One *Isabell*, a sister, desires access to you.

ANGE. Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv.*] O heavens !
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart ;
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness ?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons ;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive : and even so
The general subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence. —

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid ?

ISAB. I am come to know your pleasure. [please me,

ANGE. That you might know it, would much better
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

ISAB. Even so ? — Heaven keep your honour !

ANGE. Yet may he live a while ; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I : Yet he must dye.

ISAB. Under your sentence ?

ANGE. Yea.

ISAB. When, I beseech you ? that in his reprieve,

Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

ANGE. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
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.

ANGE. 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 uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

ISAB. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

ANGE. I talk not of your soul; Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than account.

ISAB. How say you?

ANGE. 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?

ISAB. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

ANGE. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

ISAB. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you, granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

ANGE. Nay, but hear me :
Your sence pursues not mine : either you are ignorant,
Or seem so craftily ; and that's not good.

ISAB. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

ANGE. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself : as these † black masks
Proclaim an enshield' beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd. — But mark me ;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gros :
Your brother is to dye :

ISAB. So.

ANGE. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain :

ISAB. True.

ANGE. 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 yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding 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 supposed, or else let him suffer ;
What would you do ?

ISAB. As much for my poor brother, as myself :

That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impresson of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

ANGE. Then must your brother dye.

ISAB. And 'twere the cheaper way :
Better it were a brother dy'd at once,
Then that a sifter, by redeeming him,
Should dye for ever.

ANGE. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so ?

ISAB. An ignominious ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses : lawful mercy, sure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

ANGE. 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. O, 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.

ANGE. We are all frail.

ISAB. Else let my brother dye,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed to, weakness.

ANGE. Nay, women are frail too.

ISAB. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women ? — Help, heaven ! — 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.

ANGE. 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 express'd
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.

ANGE. Plainly conceive, I love you.

ISAB. My brother did love *Juliet* ;
And you tell me, that he shall dye for it.

ANGE. He shall not *Isabell*, 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.

ANGE. 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-stretcht throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

ANGE. Who will believe thee, *Isabell* ?
My unfoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
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 ling'ring 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'erweighs your true.

[Exit ANGELO.

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 approval !
 Bidding the law make court'sy to their will ;
 Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
 To follow as it draws ! I'll to my brother ;
 Though 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 abhor'd pollution.
 Then, *Isabell*, live chaste ; and, brother, dye :
 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.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Duke, and CLAUDIO; Provost, at a distance, attending.

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo*?

CLAU. The miserable have no other medicine,

But only hope :

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to dye.

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 do 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 run'st toward him still : Thou art not noble ;
For all the accommodations, that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness : Thou'rt by no means 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 thyself ;
For thou exist'st 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, forget'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 fire,
 The meer effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor 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 palsy'd eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's 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.

CLAU. I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find, I seek to dye;

And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on. [company!]

ISAB. [*within*] What, ho! Peace here; grace, and good

Prov. Who's there? Come in: the wish deserves a wel-

Enter ISABELLA.

[come.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

CLAU. Most holy sir, I thank you.

ISAB. My business is a word or two with Claudio. [sister.

Prov. And very welcome.—Look, signior, here's your

Duke. Provost, a word with you. [*drawing him aside*.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to stand where I may be conceal'd
 Yet hear them speak.

[*Exeunt Duke, and Provost.*

CLAU. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

ISAB. Why, as all comforts are, most good indeed :
 Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heaven,
 Intends you for his swift embassador ;
 Where you shall be an everlasting ledger :
 Therefore your best appointment make with speed ;
 To-morrow you set on.

CLAU. Is there no remedy ?

ISAB. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
 To cleave a heart in twain.

CLAU. 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.

CLAU. Perpetual durance ?

ISAB. Ay, just, perpetual durance ; a restraint,
 Though all the world's vastidity you had,
 To a determin'd scope.

CLAU. 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.

CLAU. Let me know the point.

ISAB. O, I do fear thee, *Claudio* ; and I quake,
 Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
 And six or seven winters more respect
 Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou dye ?
 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 dyes.

CLAU. Why give you me this shame ?

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tendernefs? If I muſt dye,
I will encounter darknefs 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 dye:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-fainted deputy, —
Whose ſettl'd viſage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, — is yet a devil;
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

CLAU. The princely *Angelo*?

ISAB. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely gards! Doſt thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be free'd?

CLAU. O heavens! it cannot be.

ISAB. Yes, he would give thee, for 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.

CLAU. Thou ſhalt not do't.

ISAB. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

CLAU. Thanks, dear *Isabell*.

ISAB. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.

CLAU. Yes. — Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the noſe,

²¹ giv't thee; from this

When he would 'force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

ISAB. Which is the least?

CLAU. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? — O *Isabell!*

ISAB. What says my brother?

CLAU. Death is a fearful thing.

ISAB. And shamed life a hateful.

CLAU. Ay, but to dye, 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 bath in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region 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 incertain 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!

CLAU. Sweet sifter, 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. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O 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 sifter's shame? What should I think?
 Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
 For such a warped slip of wilderiness
 Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance;
 Dye; perish: might but my bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
 I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
 No word to save thee.

CLAU. Nay, hear me, *Isabell*.

ISAB. O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
 'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

[going.

CLAU. O, hear me, *Isabella*.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sifter, 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 sa-
 tisfaction I would require is likewise your own be-
 nefit.

ISAB. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must
 be stolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a
 while. [walks apart.

Duke. Son, I have over-hear'd what hath pass'd
 between you and your sifter. *Angelo* had never the
 purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay
 of her virtue, to practise his judgment in the dis-
 position 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 yourself to death : Do not falsify your resolution with hopes that are fallible : to-morrow you must dye ; go to your knees, and make ready.

CLAU. Let me ask my sifter pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there : Farewel. [*Exit CLAUDIO.*
Re-enter Provost.

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 Provost.*

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 dye by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But, o, 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 advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself: I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightously 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 farther: 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 foldier, who miscarry'd at sea?

ISAB. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wreck'd at sea, having in that perished 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 finew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate 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, 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 dishonour in doing it.

ISAB. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named 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*; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself 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, now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt depu-

ty 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 from 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 : Hasten you speedily to *Angelo* ; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction : I will presently to faint *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. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Street before the Prison.*

Enter Clown, *ELBOW*, and *Officers* ;

Duke meeting them.

ELBO. 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. O heavens ! what stuff is here ?

Clow. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd by order of law a fur'd lamb-skin gown to keep him warm ; and fur'd with fox-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

ELBO. Come your way, fir : — Bless you, good fa-

²⁸ of Law ; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme ;
and fur'd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too,

ther friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father : What offence hath this man made you, fir ?

ELBO. Marry, fir, he hath offended the law ; and, fir, we take him to be a thief too, fir ; for we have found upon him, fir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, firrah ; 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 thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array my self, and live ;
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending ? Go, mend, mend.

Clow. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, fir : but yet, fir, 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,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

ELBO. He must before the deputy, fir ; he has given him warning : the deputy cannot abide a whore-master : if he be a whore-monger, 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 our faults, as from faults seeming free !

Enter LUCIO.

ELBO. His neck will come to your waste, a cord, fir.

Clow. I spy comfort ; I cry bail : here's a gentle-

man, and a friend of mine.

LUCI. How now, noble *Pompey*? what, at the wheels of *Cæsar*? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of *Pigmalion's* images, newly made woman, to had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it 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 worfe!

LUCI. How doth my dear morfel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

Clow. Troth, fir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

LUCI. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshun'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, *Pompey*?

Clow. Yes, faith, fir.

LUCI. Why, 'tis not amiss, *Pompey*: farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey*? or how?

ELBO. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

LUCI. 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. Farewell, good *Pompey*: Commend me to the prison, *Pompey*: You will turn good husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the house.

Clow. I hope, fir, your good worship will be my bail.

LUCI. No, indeed, will I not, *Pompey*, it is not

the wear ; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encrease your bondage : if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more : Adieu, trusty *Pompey*. — Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

LUCI. Doth *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey* ? ha ?

ELBO. Come your ways, fir, come.

Clow. You will not bail me then, fir ?

LUCI. Then, *Pompey* ? nor now. — What news abroad, friar ; what news ?

ELBO. Come your ways, fir, come.

[*Exeunt* Clown, *ELBOW*, and *Officers*.]

LUCI. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go. — What news, friar, of the duke ?

Duke. I know none ; Can you tell me of any ?

LUCI. 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.

LUCI. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggery he was never born to : Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his absence ; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

LUCI. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him : something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

LUCI. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred ; it is well ally'd : but it is impossible to

extirpe it quite, friar, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation; Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

LUCI. 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 not a motion generative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

LUCI. 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? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have pay'd 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 detracted for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

LUCI. O, sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

LUCI. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducat 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.

LUCI. Sir, I was an inward of his: A sly fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause ?

LUCI. No, pardon ; 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips : but this I can let you understand, — The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise :

Duke. Wise ? why, no question but he was.

LUCI. 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 testimony'd in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear, to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a foldier : Therefore, you speak unskilfully ; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

LUCI. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

LUCI. Come, sir, I know 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 ?

LUCI. Sir, my name is *Lucio* ; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

LUCI. 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 a little harm : You'll forswear this again ?

LUCI. I'll be hang'd first : thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this : Can'st thou tell if *Claudio* dye to-morrow, or no ?

Duke. Why should he dye, fir ?

LUCI. 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-eaves, because they are lecherous : The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd, he would never bring them to light ; 'Would he were return'd ! marry , this *Claudio* is condemned for untruffing. Farewel, good friar ; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on fridays ; he's now past it : yea, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick ; say, that I said so. Farewel.

[*Exit LUCIO.*]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape ; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes ; What king so strong,
Can tye the gall up in the slanderous tongue ?
But who comes here ?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

ESCA. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me ; your honour

is accounted a merciful man : good my lord.

ESCA. Double, and treble 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 myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me.

ESCA. That fellow is a fellow of much license : — let him be called before us. — Away with her to prison : — Go to ; no more words. [*Exeunt Bawd, and Officers.*] Provost, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must dye 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.

PROV. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

ESCA. Good even, good father.

DUKE. Blifs and goodness on you !

ESCA. Of whence are you ?

DUKE. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time : I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see
In special business from his holiness.

ESCA. What news abroad i' the 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 vertuous 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?

ESCA. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

ESCA. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire 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 framed 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 dye.

ESCA. You have pay'd the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extreamest 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.

ESCA. I am going to visit the prisoner : Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you !

[*Exeunt ESCALUS, and Provost.*

He, who the sword of heaven 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 treble shame on *Angelo*,
 to weed my vice, and let his grow !
 O, what may man within him hide,
 though angel on the outward side !
 how may likeness made in crimes,
 making practice on the times,
 draw with idle spiders' strings
 most pond'rous and substantial things !
 Craft against vice I must apply :
 with *Angelo* to-night shall lye
 his old betrothed, but despis'd ;
 so disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
 pay with falsehood false exacting,
 and perform an old contracting. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in Mariana's House.*

²¹ To draw

What is the news from this good deputy ?

ISAB. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd ;
And to that vineyard is a planced 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 to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way ?

ISAB. I have ta'n a due and wary note upon't ;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of 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' the dark ;
And that I have possess 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.

Re-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 yourself that I respect you ?

MARI. Good friar, I know you do, and I 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 ?

[*Exeunt Women.*]

Duke. O 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 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies ! — Welcome : How agreed ?

Re-enter ISABELL, and MARIANA.

ISAB. She'll take the enterprise 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. 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 tith's to sow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Provost, and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, firrah : Can you cut off a man's
head ?

Clow. If the man be a batchelor, fir, 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, fir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to dye *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 unpity'd whipping ; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clov. 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 ho, *Abhorson* ! Where's *Abhorson* there ?

Enter ABHORSON.

ABHO. Do you call, fir ?

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.

ABHO. A bawd, fir ? fie upon him ! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, fir ; you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit* Provost.

Clov. Pray, fir, by your good favour, (for, surely, fir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look) do you call, fir, your occupation a mystery ?

ABHO. Ay, fir, a myſtery.

Clow. Painting, fir, I have heard ſay, is a myſtery; and your whores, fir, 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 can not imagine.

ABHO. Sir, it is a myſtery.

Clow. Proof.

ABHO. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: 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.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clow. Sir, I will ſerve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner aſk forgivenefs.

Prov. You, firrah, [*to Abho.*] provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

ABHO. Come on, bawd; I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clow. I do deſire to learn, fir; and, I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you ſhall find me yare: for, truly, fir, for your kindnefs, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:—

[*Exeunt Clown, and ABHORSON.*]

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

¹⁰ Theefe, Clo. If it ²⁶ y'are,

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* ?

CLAU. 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 ? [what noise ?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But, hark !
Heaven give your spirits comfort!—[*Exit CLAU.*] By and
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve, [by :—
For the most gentle *Claudio*.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Invellop you, good provost ! Who call'd here of late ?

Prov. None, since the curfeu rung.

Duke. Not *Isabell* ?

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 stroke and line of his great justice ;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify 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. —

[*Knocking again : Provost goes to the Door.*

This is a gentle provost ; Seldom, when
The steeled jailer is the friend of men. —
How now ? what noise ? that spirit's possess'd with haste,

That wounds the unshifting poftern with these ftrokes.

Prov. There must he ftay, until the officer
Arife to let him in ; he is call'd up. [Speaking to
one at the Door ; after which he comes forward.]

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he must dye to-morrow ?

Prov. None, fir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provoft, as it is,
You fhall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You fomewhat know ; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand ; no fuch example have we :
Besides, upon the very fiege of juftice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Mefſenger.

Duke. This is his man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio's* pardon.

Meff. 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 Mefſenger.]

Duke. This is his pardon ; purchas'd by ſuch fin,
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 the offender friended. —
Now, fir, what news ?

Prov. I told you : Lord *Angelo*, belike, thinking me

† unſifting † his Lords man

remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on : methinks, strangely ; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [reads.] *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 truly 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 the afternonn ?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born ; but here nurs't 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, reckless, 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 liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days intirely 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 moved 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 cunning, I will lay myself 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 courtesy.

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. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it,—Shave the head, and tye the beard; and say, it was the desire 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 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 that *Angelo* knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy 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. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter Clown.

Clow. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress *Overdone's* own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master *Rash*: he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score 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 master *Caper*, at the suit of master *Three-pile* the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd fatten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizy*, and young master *Deep-vow*, and master *Copper-spur*, and master *Starve-lackey* the rapier and dagger man, and young *Drop-beir* that kill'd lusty *Pudding*, and master *Forth-right* the tilter, and brave master *Shoo-tye* the great traveller, and wild *Half-can* that stab'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the lord's sake.

Enter ABHORSON.

ABHO. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clow. Master *Barnardine*! you must rise and be hang'd, master *Barnardine*.

ABHO. What ho, *Barnardine*!

BARN. [*within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? what are you?

²¹ *Forth-light*

CLOW. Your friends, fir; the hangman: You must be so good, fir, to rise and be put to death.

BARN. Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

ABHO. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

CLOW. Pray, master *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

ABHO. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

CLOW. He is coming, fir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

ABHO. Is the axe upon the block, firrah?

CLOW. Very ready, fir.

Enter BARNARDINE.

BARN. How now, *Abhorson*? what's the news with you?

ABHO. Truly, fir, I would desire you to clap in-to your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

BARN. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

CLOW. O, the better, fir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

ABHO. Look you, fir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

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.

BARN. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not

consent to dye this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, fir, you must : and therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go.

BARN. I swear, I will not dye to-day for any man's persuation.

Duke. But hear you,—

BARN. Not a word : if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward ; for thence will not I to-day.

[Exit BARNARDINE.

Duke. Unfit to live, or dye : O gravel heart ! —
After him, fellows ; bring him to the block.

[Exeunt Clown, and ABHORSON.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Now, fir, 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 *Ragozine*, 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 inclin'd,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio* ?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides !
Dispatch it presently ; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by *Angelo* : See, this be done,
And sent according to command ; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to dye.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But *Barnardine* must dye 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* :
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

[*gelo.*

Duke. Quick then, dispatch, and send the head to *An-*
[*Exit Provost.*

Now will I write letters to *Angelo*,—
The provost he shall bear them,— whose contents
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 weal-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here † is the head ; I'll carry it myself.

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 Provost.

ISAB. [*within.*] Peace, ho, be here !

Duke. The tongue of *Isabell* : 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 heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

† To yond generation

Enter ISABELLA.

ISAB. Ho, by your leave. [ter.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daugh-

ISAB. The better, given me by so holy a man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabell*, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

ISAB. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:

In your close patience, daughter, shew your wisdom.

ISAB. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

ISAB. Unhappy *Claudio*! Wretched *Isabell*!

Injurious world! Most damned *Angelo*!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say; which you shall surely 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, [dom

There to give up their power: If you can, pace your wis-

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.

LUCI. Good even!

Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

LUCI. O 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, *Isabell*, I lov'd your
 brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners
 had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit* ISABELLA.]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding
 to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

LUCI. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I
 do: he's a better woodman than thou tak'ft him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day: Fare ye
 well.

LUCI. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can
 tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already,
 sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

LUCI. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

LUCI. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

LUCI. 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 sticke.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO, and ESCALUS.

ESCA. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

ANGE. In most uneven and distracted manner: his actions shew much like to madness; Pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted? And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

ESCA. I guess not.

ANGE. 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?

ESCA. 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.

ANGE. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed: Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house:

²¹ re-liver

Give notice to such men of fort and fuit
As are to meet him.

ESCA. I shall, sir : Fare you well.

ANGE. Good night. — [*Exit ESCALUS.*

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd 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 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.

SCENE V. Fields without the Gate.

Enter Duke, 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;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at *Flavius'* house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To *Valentinus*, *Rowland*, and to *Craffus*,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me *Flavius* first.

Friar. It shall be speeded well. [Exit.

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.

SCENE VI. *Street near the Gate.*

Enter ISABELLA, and MARIANA.

ISAB. To speak so indirectly, I am loth;
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
He says, to 'vailful purpose.

MARI. 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.

MARI. I would, friar *Peter*—

ISAB. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Friar. 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 entering; therefore hence, away. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE, *The City Gate.*

*A State with Chairs under it: Crowds
of Citizens, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, &c. attending:*

MARIANA *veil'd*, ISABELL, and Friar Peter, at their Stand.
Enter, at opposite Doors, Duke, VARRIUS ;
 ANGELO, ESCALUS ; and their Trains.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met : —
 Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

ANG. Esc. Happy return be to your royal grace !

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
 We have made inquiry of you ; and we hear
 Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
 Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
 Fore-running more requital.

ANGE. You make my bonds still greater. [it,

Duke. O, 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 fain proclaim
 Favours that keep within. — Come, *Escalus* ;
 You must walk by us on our other hand ; —
 And good supporters are you.

Peter, and ISABELLA, come forward. [him.

Friar. Now is your time ; speak loud, and kneel before

ISAB. Justice, o royal duke ! vail your regard
 Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid !
 O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
 By throwing it on any other object,

'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
 And given me justice, justice, justice, justice ! [brief ;

Duke. Relate your wrongs ; In what ? By whom ? be

Here is lord *Angelo* shall give you justice ;
Reveal yourself to him.

ISAB. O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil ;
Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you : hear me, o, hear me, here.

ANGE. 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. Course of justice !

ANGE. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

ISAB. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak :
That *Angelo's* forsworn ; Is it not strange ?
That *Angelo's* a murderer ; 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 the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her : — Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

ISAB. O prince, I do 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,

¹¹ By course

As *Angelo* ; even 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 dependancy 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 sisterhood,
 Was sent to by my brother ; one *Lucio*
 As then the messenger :

LUCI. That's I, an'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.

LUCI. 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 yourself,
 Pray heaven, you then be perfect.

LUCI. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself ; take heed to it.

ISAB. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale :

LUCI. Right.

Duke. It may be right ; but you are in the 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 : — Proceed.

ISAB. In brief, — to set the needless process by,
 How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
 How he rehell'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. O, that it were as like as it is true ! [thou speak'st ;

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what
 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, o you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience ; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance !— Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go !

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone : — An officer !
To prison with her : — Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous name 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 *Lodo-*

LUCE. My lord, I know him ; 'tis a meddling friar ; [*wick?*
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' a good friar, belike !
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute ! — Let this friar be found.

LUCE. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison : a sawcy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Friar. Bless'd 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 foil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.

Know you that friar *Lodowick*, which she speaks of?

Friar. 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.

Luci. My lord, most villanously; believe it.

Friar. 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 'gainst 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's convented. First, for this woman,
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
'Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it. —

*Officers bear off ISABELLA; and
MARIANA comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, lord *Angelo*? —
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools! —
Give us some feats. — Come, cousin *Angelo*;
In this I will be partial; be you judge

Of your own cause. — Is this the witness, friar ?
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. Widow then ?

MARI. Neither, my lord.

Duke. What, are you nothing then ?
Neither maid, widow, nor wife ?

LUCI. My lord, she may be a punk ; for many of them
Are neither maid, widow, nor wife. [cause

Duke. Silence that fellow : — I would he had some
To prattle for himself.

LUCI. 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.

LUCI. He was drunk then, my lord ; it can be no
better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert
fo too.

LUCI. 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 the effect of love.

ANGE. Charges she more than me?

MARI. Not that I know of.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

MARI. Why, just, my lord, and that is *Angelo*;
Who thinks, he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Isabell's*.

ANGE. This is a strange abuse:— Let's see thy face.

MARI. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.—
This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which, once thou swor'ft, 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 *Isabell*,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

LUCI. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

LUCI. Enough, my lord.

ANGE. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalu'd
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, [breath,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from
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 his 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 confix'd here,
 A marble monument!

ANGE. 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 even to your height of pleasure. —
 Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
 Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy oaths,
 Though they would swear down each particular saint,
 Were testimonies against 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.

Friar. '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. — [Exit Provost.
 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
 Determined upon these slanderers.

ESCA. My lord, we'll do it throughly.— [*Exit Duke.*
Escalus, and Angelo, seat themselves.
Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar *Lo-*
dowick to be a dishonest person.

LUCI. *Cucullus non facit monachum* : honest in nothing,
 but in his cloths ; and one that hath spoke most vil-
 lanous speeches of the duke.

ESCA. We shall intreat you to abide here 'till he
 come, and inforce them against him : — We shall find
 this friar a notable fellow.

LUCI. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

ESCA. Call that same *Isabell* here once again ; [*to*
an Attendant.] I would speak with her : — Pray you,
 my lord, give me leave to question ; you shall see how
 I'll handle her.

LUCI. Not better than he, by her own report.

ESCA. Say you ?

LUCI. Marry, sir, I think, if you handl'd her pri-
 vately, she would sooner confes ; perchance, publicly
 she'll be asham'd.

Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA ; and Provost,
with the Duke in his Friar's Habit.

ESCA. I will go darkly to work with her.

LUCI. That's the way ; for women are light at mid-
 night.

ESCA. Come on, mistress ; [*to Isab.*] here's a gentle-
 woman denies all that you have said.

LUCI. My lord, here comes the rascal, I spoke of ;

here with the provost.

ESCA. In very good time : speak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

LUCI. Mum.

ESCA. Come, sir ; Did you set these women on to slander lord *Angelo* ? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

ESCA. 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.

ESCA. The duke's in us ; and we will hear you speak ; Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least : — But, o, 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 gone 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.

LUCI. This is the rascal ; this is he, I spoke of.

ESCA. 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 the duke himself ; To tax him with injustice ? — Take him hence ; To the rack with him : — We'll towze you joint by joint, But we will know this 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.

ESCA. Slander to the state : —

Away with him to prison.

ANGE. What can you vouch against him, signior *Lucio*?
Is this the man that you did tell us of ?

LUCI. 'Tis he, my lord. — Come hither, goodman
bald-pate ; Do you know me ?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the found of your
voice ; I met you at the prison, in the absence of the
duke.

LUCI. O, did you so ? And do you remember what
you said of the duke ?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

LUCI. Do you so, sir ? And was the duke a flesh-
monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported
him to be ?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere
you make that my report : you, indeed, spoke so of
him ; and much more, much worse.

LUCI. O thou damnable fellow ! Did not I pluck
thee by the nose, for thy speeches ?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

ANGE. Hark how the villain would close now, after
his treasonable abuses.

ESCA. 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 giglots too,
 and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, fir ; stay a while. [*to the Provost.*]

ANGE. What, resists he ? — Help him, *Lucio.*

LUCI. Come, fir ; come, fir ; come, fir : foh, fir :
 Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal ! you must be
 hooded, must you ? 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 the Hood off, and discovers him.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a
 First, provost, let me bail these gentle three : — [*duke.*—
 Sneak not away, fir ; [*to Luci.*] for the friar, and you,
 Must have a word anon : — lay hold on him.

LUCI. This may prove worse than hanging. [*down,*

Duke. What you have spoke, [*to Esca.*] I pardon ; fit you
 We'll borrow place of him ; — Sir, by your leave.

[*thrusts Angelo from his Chair, and seats himself in it.*]

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.

ANGE. O 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, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman ?

ANGE. 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* Provost, Friar, *ANGELO*, and *MARIANA*.]

ESCA. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of —

Duke. Come hither, *Isabell* :

Your friar is now your prince ; As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

ISAB. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Isabell* :

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart ;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost : o most kind maid,
It was the quick 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.

Re-enter Provost, Friar, *ANGELO*, and *MARIANA*.

so of it.

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 in 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:
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure still for Measure.* —
Then, *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou would'st 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. O 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 safe-guard 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,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

MARI. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

MARI. Gentle my liege — [*kneels to him.*]

Duke. You do but lose your labour ; —
Away with him to death. — Now, fir, [*to Luci.*] to you.

MARI. O my good lord ! — Sweet *Isabell*, 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 impórtune 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. *Isabell*,
Sweet *Isabell*, do yet but kneel by me ;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are molded out of faults ;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad : so may my husband.
O, *Isabell* ! will you not lend a knee ?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.

ISAB. Most bounteous fir, [*kneels.*]
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 dye : 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 wish thou had'st done so by *Claudio*.
Go, fetch him hither ; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

ESCA. 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.

ANGE. 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.

*Re-enter Provost, with BARNARDINE ; CLAUDIO
behind, and JULIETTA, both muffl'd up.*

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine* ?

Prov. This, my good 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'ft thy life according : Thou'rt condemn'd :
 But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all ;
 And pray thee take this mercy to provide
 For better times to come : — Friar, advise him ;
 I leave him to your hand. — What muff'd fellow's that ?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I fav'd,
 Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his head ;
 As like almost to *Claudio*, as himself.

[*unmuffles, and discovers him.*]

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*to Isab.*] for his sake
 Is he too 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 quick'ning 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 myself :
 And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon ; —
 You, sirrah, [*to Luci.*] that knew me for a fool, a coward,
 One all of luxury, an afs, a madman ;
 Wherein have I deserved so of you,
 That you extol me thus ?

Luci. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
 to the trick : if you will hang me for it, you may ;
 but I had rather it would please you I might be
 whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd 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.

LUCI. 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.

LUCI. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,
 Whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring 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 secrecy;
 We shall employ thee in a worthier place: —
 Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
 The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s;
 The offence pardons itself. — Dear *Isabell*,
 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
C O M E D Y
of
E R R O R S.

Persons represented.

Solinus, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Egeon, *an old Merchant of Syracuse.*

Antiphilus Syracusan, } *Twins; and Sons to*

Antiphilus Ephesian, } *Egeon and Emilia.*

Dromio Syracusan, } *Twins likewise, and Atten-*

Dromio Ephesian, } *dants upon the Brothers.*

Doctor Pinch, a Conjurer.

Angelo, a Goldsmith.

Balthazar, a Merchant.

two other Merchants, Jailor,

Officer, Servant to Adriana.

Emilia, Wife to Egeon, living an Abbess in Ephesus.

Adriana, Wife to Antiphilus Ephesian :

Luciana, her Sister :

Luce, her Maid.

Divers other Officers, Citizens, Guards, &c.

Scene, Ephesus.

The
COMEDY of ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Ephesus. A publick Place.*

Enter Duke, attended; EGEON, Jailor, Officers, &c.

EGE. Proceed, *Solinus*, to procure my fall;
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Syracusa*, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracusans* and ourselves,
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, If any, born at *Ephesus*,

Be seen at *Syracusan* marts and fairs,
 Again, if any, *Syracusan* born,
 Come to the bay of *Ephesus*, he dies,
 His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,
 To quit the penalty, and to ransom him :
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to dye.

EGE. 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*.

EGE. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
 Than I to speak my griefs 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 increas'd
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To *Epidamnum*, '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 herself (almost at fainting, under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear)
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.

There had she 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 *Epidamnum* had we fail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings 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 failors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter 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 ourselves at either end the mast ;
 Which floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Was carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
 The seas waxt calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this :
 But ere they came,—O, 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, though not pardon thee.

EGE. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us !
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;
 Which being violently born upon,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul, seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carry'd with more speed before the wind ;
 And in our fight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us ;

And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreckt guests ;
And would have rest the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bind 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 mine own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrow'ft for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

EGE. 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 loth 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 *Egeon*, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap !
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,

My foul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And pass'd sentence may not be recall'd
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can :
 I'll therefore, merchant, 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 dye : —
 So, jailer, take him to thy custody.

Jai. I will, my lord.

Ege. Hopeless, and helpless, doth *Egeon* wend,
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHILUS *Syracusan, DROMIO* *Syracusan,*
and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of *Epidamnum*,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day, a *Syracusan* merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here ;
 And, not being able to buy out his life,
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is † your money, that I had to keep.

A. S. Go, bear it † to the centaur, where we host ;
 And stay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee.
 Within this hour it will be dinner time :
 'Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return and sleep within mine inn ;

† Therefore Merchant, lle † if no,

For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

D. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a means.

[Exit DROMIO.]

A. S. 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 my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit,
I crave your pardon: soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you 'till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

A. S. Farewel 'till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[Exit Merchant.]

A. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO Ephesian.

Here comes the almanack of my true date. —

What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

D. E. Return'd so soon? rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;
 The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek :
 She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;
 The meat is cold, because you come not home ;
 You come not home, because you have no stomach ;
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

A. S. Stop in your wind, fir : tell me this, I pray,
 Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

D. E. O, sixpence, that I had o' we'nsday last,
 To pay the sandler for my mistress' crupper ; —
 The sandler had it, fir, I kept it not.

A. S. I am not in a sportive humour now ;
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
 So great a charge from thine own custody ?

D. E. I pray you, jest, fir, as you sit at dinner :
 I from my mistress come to you in post ;
 If I return, I shall be post indeed,
 For she will score your fault upon my pate.
 Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
 And strike you home without a messenger.

A. S. 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 ?

D. E. To me, fir ? why, you gave no gold to me.

A. S. Come on, fir knave, have done your foolishness,
 And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

D. E. My charge was but to bring you from the mart
 Home to your house, the phoenix, fir, to dinner ;

My mistress, and her sister, stays for you.

A. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me
In what safe place you have dispos'd my money ;
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 ?

D. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both :
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently. [thou?

A. S. Thy mistress' marks ! what mistress, slave, hast

D. E. 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.

A. S. What, will you flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid ? There, take you † that, sir knave.

D. E. What mean you, sir ? for god's sake, hold your
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [hands :
[Exit DROMIO.

A. S. Upon my life, by some device, or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage ;
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark working forcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised 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 money is not safe. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.**Enter ADRIANA, and LUCIANA.*

ADR. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two o'clock.

LUC. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.

ADR. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

LUC. Because their business still lies out o' door.

ADR. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

LUC. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

ADR. There's none but asses will be bridl'd so.

LUC. Why, head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subject, and at their controuls;
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and soul,
Of more pre-eminence 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. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

ADR. How if your husband start some otherwhere?

LUC. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.

ADR. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though 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 ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would'tt relieve me;

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-beg'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 Ephesian.

ADR. Say, is your tardy master yet at hand?

D. E. At hand? nay, he is at two hands with me,
That my two ears can witness. [mind?

ADR. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his

D. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

LUC. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel
His meaning?

D. E. Nay, he strook so plainly, I
Could too well feel his blows; and therewithal
So doubtfully, I could scarce understand them.

ADR. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

D. E. Why, mistress, sure, my master is horn-mad.

ADR. Horn-mad, thou villain ?

D. E. 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 home, quoth I ? *My gold*, quoth he ;

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ?

The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd* ; *My gold*, quoth he :

My mistress, sir,—quoth I ; *Hang up thy mistress* ;

I know not of thy mistress ; *out on thy mistress*,

Quoth he !

LUC. Quoth who ?

D. E. Why, 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.

D. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home :—

For god's sake, fend some other messenger.

ADR. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

D. E. 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.

D. E. 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 DROMIO.*]

LUC. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face !

ADR. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the 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 mar'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble-hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures: My decayed fair
A sunny 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 jealousy! fie, beat it hence.

ADR. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
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; and though gold bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and e'en so, man, that hath a name,
By fallhood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping dye.

LUC. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHILUS Syracusan.

A. S. The gold, I gave to *Dromio*, is lay'd 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 Syracusan.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no centaur: you receiv'd no gold.
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner.
My house was at the phoenix: Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

D. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

A. S. Ev'n now, ev'n here, not half an hour since.

D. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the centaur, with the gold you gave me.

A. S. 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.

D. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

A. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[beating him.]

D. S. Hold, sir, for god's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

A. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness 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 demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

D. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too, or I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

A. S. Dost thou not know?

D. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

A. S. Shall I tell you why?

D. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, Every why hath a wherefore. [fore,—

A. S. First, why,— for flouting me: and then, wherefore—
For urging it the second time to me.

D. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason. —

Well, sir, I thank you.

A. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

D. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

A. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

D. S. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

A. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

D. S. Basting.

A. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

D. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

A. S. Your reason ?

D. S. Left it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting.

A. S. Well, fir, learn to jest in good time ; There's a time for all things.

D. S. I durst have deny'd that, before you were so cholerick.

A. S. By what rule, fir ?

D. S. Marry, fir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father time himself.

A. S. Let's hear it.

D. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

A. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery ?

D. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

A. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair to men, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement ?

D. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts : And what he hath scanted them in hair, he hath given them in wit.

A. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

D. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

A. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain-dealers without wit.

D. S. 'The plainer-dealer, the sooner lost : Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

A. S. For what reason ?

D. S. For two ; and found ones too.

A. S. Nay, not found, I pray you.

D. S. Sure ones then.

A. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

D. S. Certain ones then.

A. S. Name them.

D. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in trying; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

A. S. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

D. S. Marry, and did, fir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

A. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

D. S. Thus I mend it; Time himself is bald; and, therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

A. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: —
But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA, and LUCIANA.

ADR. Ay, ay, *Antipbilus*, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st 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, o, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thy self?
Thy self I call it, being strange to me;
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 easy may'st thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
 And take unmingl'd 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,
 Should'st thou but hear, I were licentious ?
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate ?
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin off 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 mingl'd with the crime of lust ;
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being trumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed ;
 I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

A. S. Plead you to me, fair dame ? I know you not :
 In *Ephesus* I am but two hours old,
 As strangè unto your town, as to your talk ;
 Who, every word by all my wit being scan'd,
 Want wit in all one word to understand. [you ;
Luc. Fie, brother ! how the world is chang'd with
 When were you wont to use my sifter thus ?
 She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

A. S. By *Dromio* ?

D. S. By me ?

ADR. By thee ; and this thou didst return from him, —
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

A. S. Did you converse, fir, with this gentlewoman ?
What is the course and drift of your compact ?

D. S. I, fir ? I never saw her 'till this time.

A. S. Villain, thou ly'st ; for ev'n her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

D. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

A. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration ?

ADR. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood ?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
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, briar, or idle moss ;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion. [theme :"]

A. S. "To me she speaks ; she moves me for her
"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 offer'd fallacy."

LUC. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

D. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a finner.
 'This is the fairy land; — o spight of spights! —
 We talk with goblins, ouphs, and elvish spights:
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,
 They'll suck our breaths, or pinch us black and blue.

LUC. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

D. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

A. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

D. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

A. S. Thou hast thine own form.

D. S. No, I am an ape.

LUC. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an afs.

D. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grafs.
 'Tis so, I am an afs; else it could never be,
 But I should know her as well as she knows me.

ADR. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye, and weep,
 Whilst man, and master, 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.

A. S. "Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?"

"Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?"

"Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!"

"I'll say as they say, and persever so;"

"And in this mist at all adventures go."

D. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

A. S. Ay, and let none enter, lest I break thy pate.

3 Goblins, Owles and Elves 7 thou *Dromio*, thou 8 I not?

LUC. Come, come, *Antiphilus*, we dine too late.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHILUS Ephesian, DROMIO Ephesian;
Angelo, a Goldsmith, and Balthazar, a Merchant.

A. E. Good 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?

D. E. You must say what you will, sir, but I know
what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to
show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave
were ink,
Your own hand - writing would tell you what I
think.

A. E. I think, thou art an ass.

D. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an
ass.

- A. E.* You are fad, signior *Balthazar* : Pray god,
our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome
here.
- Mer.* I hold your dainties cheap, fir, and your wel-
come dear.
- A. E.* O signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or
fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty
dish.
- Mer.* Good meat, fir, is common, that every churl
affords.
- A. E.* And welcome more common; for that's no-
thing but words.
- Mer.* Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a
merry feast.
- A. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing
guest :
But though my cates be mean, take them in good
part ;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better
heart. —
But, soft, my door is lock'd ; — Go, bid them let
us in.
- D. E.* *Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!*
[knocking, and calling loud at the Door.
- D. S.* [within.] Mome, malt-horse, capon, cox-
comb, 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.

D. E. What patch is made our porter ? my master stays in the street.

D. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

A. E. Who talks within there ? ho, open the door.

D. S. Right, fir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

A. E. Wherefore ? for my dinner ; I have not din'd to-day.

D. S. Nor to-day here you must not ; come again when you may.

A. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe ?

D. S. The porter for this time, fir, and my name is *Dromio*.

D. E. O villain, thou hast stolen 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 would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an afs.

Mai. [*within.*] What a coil is there ! *Dromio*, who are those at the gate ?

D. E. Let my master in, *Luce*.

Mai. Faith, no, he comes too late,

And so tell your master.

D. E. O lord, I must laugh : —

Have at you with a proverb, — Shall I set in my staff ?

- Mai.* Have at you with another ; that's, — When ?
can you tell ?
- D. S.* If thy name be call'd *Luce, Luce*, thou hast
answer'd him well.
- A. E.* Do you hear, you minion ? you'll let us in,
I trow ?
- Mai.* I thought to have ask'd you.
- D. S.* And you said, no.
- D. E.* So, come, help ; well strook ; there was blow
for blow.
- A. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.
- Mai.* Can you tell for whose sake ?
- D. E.* Master, knock the door hard.
- Mai.* Let him knock 'till it ake.
- A. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the
door down.
- Mai.* 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 ?
- D. S.* By my troth, your town is troubl'd with un-
ruly boys. [before.
- A. E.* Are you there, wife ? you might have come
- ADR.* Your wife, fir knave ! go, get you from the door.
- D. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave would
go fore.
- Gol.* Here is neither cheer, fir, nor welcome ; we
would fain have either.
- Mer.* In debating which was best, we shall part
with neither.
- D. E.* They stand at the door, master, bid them wel-
come hither.

A. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

D. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake is warm within; you stand here in the cold :

It would make a man mad, to be so bought and sold.

A. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

D. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

D. E. 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.

D. S. It seems thou want'st breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

D. E. Here's too much, out upon thee; I pray thee, let me in.

D. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

A. E. Well, I'll break in;—Go, borrow me a crow.

D. E. 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, firrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

A. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Mer. Have patience, sir, o, let it not be so;

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect

5 cake here is 7 mad as a Bucke to

The 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, fir, 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 yourself alone,
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,
 A vulgar comment will be made of it;
 And that supposed by the common rout
 Against your yet ungalled reputation,
 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.

A. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
 And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
 Pretty, and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle,—
 There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
 To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
 And fetch the chain,—by this, I know, 'tis made,—
 Bring it, I pray you, to the porcupine,
 For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
 Upon mine hostess there: good fir, make haste:—

Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Gol. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

A. E. Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LUCIANA, and ANTIPHILUS Syracusan.

Luc. And may it be, that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, *Antiphilus*,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth, [ness:
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kind-
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, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret false; What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attain?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubl'd with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;

¹¹ v. *Note.*

²³ attaine

²⁸ us not believe

Comfort my sifter, chear her, call her wife :
 'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
A. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not;
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine)
 Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,
 Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think, and speak ;
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
 To make it wander in an unknown field ?
 Are you a god ? would you create me new ?
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
 But if that I am I, then, well I know,
 Your weeping sifter is no wife of mine ;
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
 O train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sifter's flood of tears ;
 Sing, syren, for thy self, and I will dote :
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take them, and there lye ;
 And, in that glorious supposition, think
 He gains by death, that hath such means to dye :
 Let love, being light, be drowned if he sink !
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?
A. S. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
A. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your
 [sight.

24 take thee 27 if she sinke 32 when you

A. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sifter so.

A. S. Thy sifter's sifter.

Luc. That's my sifter.

A. S. 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 heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sifter is, or else should be.

A. S. Call thy self sifter, sweet, for I aim 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. O, soft, fir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sifter, to get her good will. [Exit.

Enter DROMIO Syracusan.

A. S. Why, how now, *Dromio*? where run'st thou
so fast?

D. S. Do you know me, fir? am I *Dromio*? am I
your man? am I myself?

A. S. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art
thyself.

D. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and be-
sides myself.

A. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

D. S. Marry, fir, besides myself, I am due to a wo-
man; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one
that will have me.

A. S. What claim lays she to thee?

D. S. Marry, fir, such claim as you would lay to
your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not

¹¹ I am thee

that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

A. S. What is she?

D. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one, as a man may not speak of, without he say, fir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

A. S. What dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

D. S. Marry, fir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a *Poland* winter: if she lives 'till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

A. S. What complexion is she of?

D. S. 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.

A. S. That's a fault, that water will mend.

D. S. No, fir, 'tis in grain; *Noab's* flood could not do it.

A. S. What's her name?

D. S. *Nell*, fir: but her name and three quarters,—that's, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

A. S. Then she bears some breadth.

D. S. No longer from head to foot, then from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

A. S. In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

D. S. Marry, fir, in her buttocks; I found it out

by the bogs.

A. S. Where *Scotland*?

D. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

A. S. Where *France*?

D. S. In her forehead; arm'd, and reverted, making war against her heir.

A. S. Where *England*?

D. S. 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.

A. S. Where *Spain*?

D. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

A. S. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

D. S. O, fir, 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 carracks to be ballasted at her nose.

A. S. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

D. S. O, fir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, lay'd 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 mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd ran from her as a witch: And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

A. S. Go hie thee, presently, post to the road;—

An 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.

D. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
 So fly I from her that would be my wife.

[*Exit* DROMIO.]

A. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here ;
 And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
 She, that doth call me husband, ev'n my soul
 Doth for a wife abhor : but her fair sifter,
 Possest 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 the Goldsmith.

Gol. Master *Antiphilus* ?

A. S. Ay, that's my name.

Gol. I know it well, fir : Lo, here is † the chain ;
 I thought to have ta'en you at the porcupine ;
 The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

A. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this ?

Gol. What please yourself, fir ; I have made it for you.

A. S. Made it for me, fir ! I bespoke it not.

Gol. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have :
 Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;
 And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
 And then receive my money for the chain.

A. S. I pray you, fir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Gol. You are a merry man, fir; fare you well.

[Exit Goldsmith.]

A. S. 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 straight away.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,

And since I have not much importun'd you;

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound

To *Persia*, and want gilders for my voyage:

Therefore make present satisfaction,

Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Gol. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,

Is growing to me by *Antiphilus*:

And, in the instant that I met with you,

He had of me a chain; at five o'clock

I shall receive the money for the same:

Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,

I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHILUS Ephesian, and DROMIO Ephesian.

Off. That labour may you save; see, where he comes.

A. S. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
 Among my wife and her confederates,
 For locking me out of my doors by day.—
 But, soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

D. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!

[*Exit* DROMIO.]

A. E. A man is well help up, that trusts to you.
 I promised your presence, and the chain;
 But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
 Belike, you thought, our love would last too long,
 If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Gol. Saving your merry humour, here's the † note
 How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
 The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
 Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
 Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
 I pray you, see him presently discharg'd;
 For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

A. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
 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.

Gol. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

A. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Gol. Well, sir, I will; Have you the chain about you?

A. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope, you have;
 Or else you may return without your money.

Gol. 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.

A. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the porcupine ;
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Gol. You hear how he impórtunes me ; the chain —

A. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Gol. Come, come ; you know, I gave it you even now ;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

A. E. 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, whe'r you'll answer me, or no ;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

A. E. I answer you ! what should I answer you ?

Gol. The money that you owe me for the chain.

A. E. I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.

Gol. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

A. E. You gave me none ; you wrong me much to say so.

Gol. 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.

Gol. This touches me in reputation : —

Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

A. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had !
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Gol. 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.

A. E. I do obey thee, 'till I give thee bail:—
But, firrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Gol. Sir, sir, I shall have law in *Ephesus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO Syracusan.

D. S. Master, there is a bark of *Epidamnium*,
That stays but 'till her owner comes aboard,
And then she bears away: Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and your self.

A. E. How now, a madman! why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of *Epidamnium* stays for me?

D. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

A. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

D. S. A rope! you sent me for a rope's end as soon;
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

A. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this † key, and tell her, in the desk,
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkish* tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.—
On, officer, to prison 'till it come.

† then fir she

[*Exeunt Mer. Gol. Officer, and ANTIPHILUS.*

D. S. To *Adriana*? that is where we din'd;
Where *Dowzabel* did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will;
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same.*

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; sad, merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

LUC. First, he deny'd you; you had in him no right.

ADR. He meant, he did me none: the more my spite.

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 beg'd for you, he beg'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, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and fere,
Ill-fac'd, worse body'd, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

¹³ pale, or sad or merrily

Stigmatical in making, worfe in mind.

LUC. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

ADR. Ah, but I think him better than I say;
And yet would herein others' eyes were worfe:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO Syracusan. [haste.

D. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make

LUC. How hast thou lost thy breath?

D. S. By running fast.

ADR. Where is thy master, *Dromio*? is he well?

D. S. No, he's in *Tartar* limbo, worfe than hell:

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless, and rough;
A wolf, nay, worfe, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
mands

The passages of alleys, 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?

D. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on
the case.

ADR. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit?

D. S. I know not, at whose suit he is arrested,
well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can
I tell:

Will you fend him, mistress, redemption, the money
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 band?

D. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing ;
A chain, a chain ; Do you not hear it ring ?

ADR. What, the chain ?

D. S. No, no, the bell : 'tis time, that I were gone ;
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes
one.

ADR. The hours come back ! that did I never hear.

D. S. O yes, If any hour meet a serjeant, he turns
back for very fear.

ADR. As if time were in debt ! how fondly dost thou
reason ?

D. S. 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 ?

Re-enter LUCIANA.

ADR. Go, *Dromio*, there's † the money, bear it frait ;
And bring thy master home immediately. —
Come, sister : I am preff'd down with conceit ;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHILUS Syracusan.

A. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me

²² If I be

As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;
 And every one doth call me by my name.
 Some tender money to me, some invite me ;
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesſes ;
 Some offer me commodities to buy :
 Even now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,
 And ſhow'd me filks that he had bought for me,
 And, therewithal, took meſure of my body.
 Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
 And *Lapland* forcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO Syracuſan.

D. S. Maſter, here's the † gold you ſent me for :
 What, have you got rid of the picture of old *Adam*
 new apparel'd ?

A. S. What gold is this ? What *Adam* doſt thou mean ?

D. S. Not that *Adam*, that kept the paradise ; but
 that *Adam*, that keeps the priſon : he that goes in
 the calf's-ſkin that was kill'd for the prodigal ; he that
 came behind you, ſir, like an evil angel, and bid you
 forſake your liberty.

A. S. I underſtand thee not.

D. S. No ? why, 'tis a plain caſe : he that went,
 like a baſe-viol, in a caſe of leather ; the man, ſir,
 that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and
 reſts them ; he, ſir, that takes pity on decay'd men,
 and gives them ſuits of durance ; he that ſets up his
 reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a *Mau-*
rice pike.

A. S. What, thou mean'ſt an officer ?

D. S. Ay, ſir, the ſerjeant of the band ; he that
 brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his band ;
 one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſays,

God give you good rest!

A. S. Well, fir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

D. S. Why, fir, 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, Delay: Here † are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

A. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I; And here we wander in illusions: Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cou. Well met, well met, master *Antiphilus*. I see, fir, you have found the goldsmith now; Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

A. S. *Satan*, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

D. S. Master, is this mistress *Satan*?

A. S. It is the devil.

D. S. 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 damn me*; that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cou. Your man and you are marvelous merry, fir. Will you go with me; we'll mend our dinner here?

D. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak a long spoon.

A. S. Why, *Dromio*?

D. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must

²⁹ meate, or bespeake

must eat with the devil.

[ping?]

A. S. Avoid then, fiend ! what tell'ft thou me of sup-
Thou art (as you are all) a forcerefs :
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cou. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, fir, and not trouble you.

D. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A ruff, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-ftone ; but ſhe, more covetous,
Would have a chain : —

Maſter, be wiſe ; an if you give it her,
The devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cou. I pray you, fir, my ring, or elſe the chain ;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me ſo.

A. S. Avaunt, thou witch ! — Come, *Dromio*, let us go.

D. S. Fly pride, ſays the peacock ; Miſtreſs, that you
know. [*Exeunt DROMIO, and ANTIPHILUS.*]

Cou. Now, out of doubt, *Antiphilus* is mad,
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf :
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain ;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reaſon, that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own 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 hye 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 choose ;
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHILUS Ephesian, and the Officer.

A. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away ;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
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 Ephesian, with the Rope's End.

Here comes my man ; I think, he brings the money. —
How now, fir ? have you that I sent you for ?

D. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

A. E. But where's the money ?

D. E. Why, fir, I gave the money for the rope.

A. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

D. E. I'll serve you, fir, five hundred at the rate.

A. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ?

D. E. To a rope's end, fir ; and to that end am I
Return'd.

A. E. And to that end, fir, I will welcome you.

[beating him.]

Off. Good fir, be patient.

D. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient ; I am in ad-
versity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

D. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

A. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain !

D. E. I would I were senseless, fir, that I might not

feel your blows.

A. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an afs.

D. E. I am an afs, indeed ; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served 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, and the Courtezan,
with Doctor PINCH, and Assistants.*

A. E. Come, go along ; my wife is coming yonder.

D. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end ; or, rather, the prophesy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

A. E. Wilt thou still talk ? [beats him.

Cou. How say you now ? is not your husband mad ?

ADR. His incivility confirms no less. —

Good doctor *Pinch*, you are a conjurer,
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 !

Cou. Mark, how he trembles in his extasy !

PIN. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

A. E. There is my † hand, and let it feel your ear.

PIN. I charge thee, *Sathan*, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darknes hie thee fraight;
I conjure thee by all the faints in heaven!

A. E. Peace, doating wizard, peace; I am not mad.

ADR. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

A. E. You minion you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the safron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I deny'd to enter in my house?

ADR. 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. [thou?

A. E. I din'd at home! — Thou villain, what say'st

D. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

A. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

D. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

A. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

D. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there. [me?

A. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn

D. E. Certes, she did, the kitchen vestal scorn'd you.

A. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

D. E. In verity, you did; — my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

ADR. Is't good, to sooth him in these contraries?

PIN. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

A. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

ADR. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haste for it.

D. E. Money by me? heart and good will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

A. E. Went'st thou not to her for a purse of ducats?

ADR. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

LUC. And I am witness with her, that she did.

D. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

PIN. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and lay'd in some dark room.

A. E. Say, wherefore did'st thou lock me forth to-
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold? [day?—

ADR. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

D. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

ADR. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

A. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome object scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[*flying at his Wife: Assistants, and Doctor, interpose;
and, with much struggling, bind him, and Dromio.*

ADR. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

PIN. More company; the fiend is strong within him.

LUC. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

A. E. What, will you murder me?—Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go;
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

PIN. Go bind this man, for he is frantick too.

ADR. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight, to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

ADR. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it. —
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. — O most unhappy day!

A. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

D. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

A. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

D. E. Will you be bound for nothing thus? be mad,
Good master, cry, The devil!

LUC. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

ADR. Go, bear him hence. — Sister, go you with me. —

[*Exeunt PINCH and Aff. with ANT. and DRO.*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One *Angelo*, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

ADR. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

ADR. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

ADR. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cou. 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)
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

ADR. It may be so, but I did never see it. —

Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

[*Enter ANTIPHILUS Syracusan, with his Sword
drawn, and DROMIO Syracusan.*

LUC. God for thy mercy! they are loose again.

ADR. And come with naked swords; Let's call more
To have them bound again. [help,

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer, and the Women, hastily.*

A. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

D. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

A. S. Come, to the centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long, that we were safe and found aboard.

D. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely
do us no harm; you see, they speak us fair, give us
gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that,
but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims mar-
riage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still,
and turn witch.

A. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *The same.*

Enter Goldsmith, and Merchant.

Gol. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Gol. 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.

Enter ANTIPHILUS Syracusan, and DROMIO Syracusan.

Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Gol. '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 *Antiphilus*, I wonder much,
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:

'This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

A. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

A. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it? [*str.*]

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.

A. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus;

I'll prove mine honour, and mine honesty,

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand. [*draws.*]

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [*draws too.*]

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.

D. S. Run, master, run; for god's sake, take a house;
This is some priory; in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANTIPHILUS, and DROMIO, to the Priory.*]

Adriana, and her Company, crowd about the Gate:

Enter, to them, the 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.

Gol. 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 wreck at sea ?
Bury'd some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love ;
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing ?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

ADR. To none of these, except it be the last ;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

ADR. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

ADR. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

ADR. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

ADR. It was the copie of our conference :
In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;
At board, he fed not for my urging it ;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;
In company, I often glanc'd at it ;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad :
The venom'd clamour 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 fauc'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 hinder'd by thy brawls :
Sweet recreation bar'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy, kins-
woman 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 wild. —
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

ADR. She did betray me to my own reproof. —
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature 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 wholsome syrops, 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.
[Exit Abbess.]

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.

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.

Gol. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend *Syracusan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Behheaded publicly for his offence.

Gol. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

LUC. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, attended; EGEON bare-headed,

Headsman, Officers, Guards, &c.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not dye, 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. [band,—

ADR. May it please your grace, *Antiphilus*, my hus-
Whom I made lord of me, and all I had,
At your important letters,— this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately 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 here 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 hence:
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and born hence for help.

²² And with his

Duke. Long since thy husband ferv'd me in my wars;
 And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
 When thou did'st 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 abbesses come to me:
 I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
 My master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
 Whose beard they have findg'd off with brands of fire;
 And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
 Great pails of puddl'd mire to quench the hair:
 My master preaches patience, and the while
 His man with scissars nicks him like a fool;
 And, sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

ADR. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
 And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Ser. 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. [*halberds.*

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing:—Guard with

ADR. Ah 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 ANTIPHILUS Ephesian, and DROMIO Ephesian.

A. E. Justice, most gracious duke, o, 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!

EGE. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son *Antipbilus*, and *Dromio*.

A. E. 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 imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

A. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault:—Say, woman, didst thou so?

ADR. No, my good lord; myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So fall 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!

Gol. O perjurd woman!—They are both forsworn,
In this the madman justly chargeth them. [to Mer.]

A. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

Promising to bring it to the porcupine,
 Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to seek him : in the street I met him ;
 And, in his company, that gentleman.
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
 That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
 Which, god he knows, I saw not : for the which,
 He did arrest me with an officer.
 I did obey ; and sent my peasant home
 For certain ducats : he with none return'd.
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
 'To go in person with me to my house ;
 To which he yielded : By the way, we met
 My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
 Of vile confederates : along with them
 They brought one *Pinch* ; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
 A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
 A thread-bare jugler, and a fortune-teller,
 A needy hollow-ey'd sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead-man : this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer ;
 And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
 Cries out, I was possest : Then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence ;
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together ;
 'Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 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.

Gol. 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?

Gol. 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.

A. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven;
And this is false, you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drunk of *Circe's* cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he could not plead so coldly:—
You say, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

D. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the porcupine.

Cou. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

A. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cou. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hi-
I think, you are all mated, or stark mad. [ther:—
[Exit One to the Abbess.

EGE. 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.

EGE. Is not your name, fir, call'd *Antipbilus*?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?

D. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, fir
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, unbound.

EGE. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

D. E. Ourfelves we do remember, fir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not *Pinch*'s patient, are you, fir? [well.

EGE. Why look you strange on me? you know me

A. E. I never saw you in my life, 'till now.

EGE. O, grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with time's deforming hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

A. E. Neither.

EGE. *Dromio*, nor thou?

D. E. No, trust me, fir, nor I.

EGE. I am sure, thou dost.

D. E. Ay, fir,

But I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever
A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

EGE. Not know my voice! O 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?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizl'd snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnessess, I cannot err,
Tell me, thou art my son *Antiphilus*.

A. E. I never saw my father in my life.

EGE. But seven years since in *Syracusa*, boy,
Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

A. E. 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 *Antiphilus*,
During which time he ne'er saw *Syracusa*:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter Abbess, *with* *ANTIPHILUS* *Syracusan*,
and *DROMIO* *Syracusan*.

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?

D. S. I, fir, am *Dromio*; command him away.

D. E. I, fir, am *Dromio*; pray, let me stay.

A. S. *Egeon*, art thou not? or else his ghost.

D. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty: —
Speak, old *Egeon*, if thou be'st the man
That had'st a wife once, call'd *Emilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons?

O, if thou be'st the same *Egeon*, speak ;
And speak unto the same *Emilia* !

EGE. If I dream not, thou art *Emilia* :
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son,
That floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up ;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my son from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamnum* :
What then became of them, I cannot tell ;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story's light :
These two *Antiphus*'s, two so like,
And these two *Dromio*'s, one in semblance, prove,
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together. —
Antiphus, thou cam'st from *Corinth* first ?

A. S. No, sir, not I ; I came from *Syracuse*.

Duke. Stay, stand apart ; I know not, which is which.

A. E. I came from *Corinth*, my most gracious lord :

D. E. And I with him.

A. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

ADR. Which of you two did dine with me to-day ?

A. S. I, gentle mistress.

ADR. And are not you my husband ?

A. E. No ; I say, nay, to that.

A. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so ;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother : — What I told you then,

3 v. Note. 13 storie right 14 *Antipholus*, these two

I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Gol. That is the chain, fir, which you had of me.

A. S. I think, it be, fir; I deny it not.

A. E. And you, fir, for this chain arrested me.

Gol. I think, I did, fir; I deny it not.

ADR. I sent you money, fir, to be your bail,
By *Dromio*; but, I think, he brought it not.

D. E. No, none by me.

A. S. This † purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:—
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.

A. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cou. Sir, I must have that diamond from you. [cheer.

A. E. There, take † it; and much thanks for my good

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—
And all that are assembl'd in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty three years have I but gone in travel
Of you, my sons; and, 'till this present hour,
My heavy burthen not delivered:—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief such nativity!

²⁶ Thirtie three

²⁸ burthen are delivered

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, EGEO, Courtezan,
Merchant, Goldsmith, and Attendants.*]

D. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

A. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

D. S. Your goods that lay at host, fir, in the centaur.

A. S. 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.

[*Exeunt the two ANTIPHILUS's, ADR. and LUC.*]

D. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;
She now shall be my sifter, not my wife.

D. E. Methinks, you are my glafs, and not my brother :
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

D. S. Not I, fir ; you are my elder.

D. E. That's a question ;
How shall we try it, brother ?

D. S. We will draw
Cuts for the senior : 'till then, lead thou first.

D. E. Nay then, † thus :
We came into the world like brother and brother ;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*]

MUCH ADO

about

NOTHING.

Persons represented.

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon :
Don John, his bastard Brother.
Claudio, *Favourite,* } *of Don Pedro :*
Benedick, *Companion,* }
Balthasar, *his Attendant.*
Conrade, } *Followers of Don John.*
Borachio, }
Leonato, *Governor of Messina :*
Antonio, *his Brother.*
Dogberry, *a foolish Constable :*
Verges, *his Partner.*
a Friar.
an Attendant, a Boy, a Sexton,
two Watchmen, and three Messengers.

Hero, Daughter to Leonato :
Beatrice, his Niece.
Margaret, } *Gentlewomen attending Hero.*
Urfula, }

Other Attendants, Watch, &c.

Scene, Messina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and Others,
with a Messenger.

LEO. I learn in this † letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Aragon* comes this night to *Messina*.

Mef. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

LEO. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mef. But few of any fort, and none of name.

LEO. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find † here, that Don *Pedro* hath bestowed much honour on a young *Florentine*, called *Claudio*.

Mef. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remember'd 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.

LEO. He hath an uncle here in *Messina* will be very much glad of it.

Mef. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

LEO. Did he break out into tears?

Mef. In great measure.

LEO. 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?

BEA. I pray you, is signior *Montanto* return'd from the wars, or no?

Mef. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any fort.

LEO. What is he that you ask for, niece?

HER. My cousin means signior *Benedick* of *Padua*.

Mef. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

BEA. He set 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 bird-bolt. — I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But, how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

LEO. Faith, niece, you tax signior *Benedick* too much: but he'll be met with you, I doubt it not.

Mef. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

BEA. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mef. And a good foldier too, lady.

BEA. And a good foldier to a lady;— But what is he to a lord?

Mef. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; ftuff with all honourable virtues.

BEA. It is fo, indeed; he is no lefs than a ftuff man: but, for the ftuffing!— well, we are all mortal.

LEO. You muft not, fir, miftake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt fignior *Benedick* and her; they never meet, but there's a fkirmifh of wit between them.

BEA. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laft conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: fo that if he have wit enough to keep himfelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himfelf and his horfe; 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 fworn-brother.

Mef. Is't poffible?

BEA. Very eafily poffible: he wears his faith but as the fafhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mef. I fee, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

BEA. No; an he were, I would burn my ftudy. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young fquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mef. He is moft in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

BEA. O lord! He will hang upon him like a difeafe: he is fooner caught than the peftilence, and the

taker runs presently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*! if he have caught the *Benedick*, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mef. I will hold friends with you, lady.

BEA. Do, good friend.

LEO. You will never run mad, niece.

BEA. No, not 'till a hot *January*.

Mef. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

*Enter Don PEDRO, attended; Don JOHN,
CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.*

D. PE. Good signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

LEO. 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.

D. PE. You embrace your charge too willingly. — I think, this is your daughter.

LEO. Her mother hath many times told me so.

BEN. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her?

LEO. Signior *Benedick*, no; for then were you a child.

D. PE. You have it full, *Benedick*: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself: — Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

BEN. If signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all *Messina*, as like him as she is.

BEA. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior *Benedick*; no body marks you.

BEN. What, my dear lady disdain! are you yet living?

BEA. Is it possible disdain should dye, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior *Benedick*? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

BEN. Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

BEA. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubl'd with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

BEN. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

BEA. Scratching could not make it worse, an'twere such a face as yours were.

BEN. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

BEA. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

BEN. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

BEA. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. PE. This is the sum of all: *Leonato*,—signior *Claudio*, and signior *Benedick*,—my dear friend *Leonato*, hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

LEO. 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.

D. JO. I thank you : I am not of many words, but I thank you.

LEO. Please it your grace lead on ?

D. PE. Your hand, *Leonato* ; we will go together.

[*Exeunt D. PEDRO, D. JOHN, LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, Messenger, and Attendants.*]

CLA. *Benedick*, did'st thou note the daughter of signior *Leonato* ?

BEN. I noted her not ; but I look'd on her.

CLA. Is she not a modest young lady ?

BEN. 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 ?

CLA. No, I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

BEN. Why, i'faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise : only this commendation I can afford her ; that, were she other than she is, she were unhandsome ; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

CLA. Thou think'st, I am in sport ; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

BEN. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her ?

CLA. Can the world buy such a jewel ?

BEN. 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?

CLA. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I look'd on.

BEN. 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?

CLA. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

BEN. Is't come to this, i'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; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away fundays. Look, *Don Pedro* is return'd to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. PE. What secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato's*?

BEN. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. PE. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

BEN. You hear, count *Claudio*: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance:— He is in love. With who?— now that is your grace's part: mark how short his answer is:— With *Hero*, *Leonato's* short daughter.

CLA. If this were so, so were it uttered.

BEN. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor

'twas not so ; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

CLA. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. PE. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

CLA. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. PE. By my troth, I speak my thought.

CLA. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

BEN. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

CLA. That I love her, I feel.

D. PE. That she is worthy, I know.

BEN. 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 dye in it at the stake.

D. PE. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

CLA. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

BEN. 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 recheat 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 myself the right to trust none : and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a batchelor.

D. PE. I shall see thee, ere I dye, look pale with love.

BEN. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord ; not with love : prove that ever I lose more

blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind *Cupid*.

D. PE. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

BEN. If I do, hang me in a bottle, like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the shoulder, and call'd *Adam*.

D. PE. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

BEN. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write—*Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign—*Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man*.

CLA. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

D. PE. Nay, if *Cupid* have not spent all his quiver in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

BEN. I look for an earth-quake too then.

D. PE. 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.

BEN. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage: And so I commit you—

CLA. to the tuition of God: From my house, (if I had it,)

D. PE. the sixth of July: Your loving friend, *Benedick*.

BEN. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit BENEDICK.]

CLA. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. PE. 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.

CLA. Hath *Leonato* any son, my lord?

D. PE. No child but *Hero*, she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her, *Claudio*?

CLA. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. PE. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair *Hero*, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her: Wast not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

CLA. 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. [flood?]

D. PE. What need the bridge much broader than the
The fairest grant is the necessity :

Look, what will serve, is fit : 'tis once, thou lov'st ;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know, we shall have reveling to-night ;

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair *Hero*, I am *Claudio* ;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale :

Then, after, to her father will I break ;

And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine :

In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, and ANTONIO.

LEO. How now, brother ? Where is my cousin your
son ? Hath he provided this musick ?

ANT. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can
tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

LEO. Are they good ?

ANT. As the event stamps them ; but they have a
good cover, they shew well outward. The prince and
count *Claudio*, walking in a thick-pleached alley in
my orchard, were thus much over-heard by a man of
mine : The prince discover'd to *Claudio*, that he loved
my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it
this night in a dance ; and, if he found her accordant,
he meant to take the present time by the top, and in-
stantly break with you of it.

LEO. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this ?

ANT. A good sharp fellow ; I will fend for him, and question him yourself.

LEO. No, no ; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear itself : but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true : Go you, and

Enter several Persons, bearing Things for the Banquet.
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 busy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter Don JOHN, and CONRADE.

CON. What the good year, my lord ! why are you thus out of measure sad ?

D. JO. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

CON. You should hear reason.

D. JO. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it ?

CON. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. JO. I wonder, that thou, being (as thou say'st, thou art) born under *Saturn*, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am : I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests ; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure ; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business ; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his

humour.

CON. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, 'till you may do it without controulment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace: where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. JO. 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 muzzle, and enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

CON. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. JO. I make all use of it, for I use it only.

Enter BORACHIO.

Who comes here? — What news, *Borachio*?

BOR. 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.

D. JO. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

BOR. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. JO. Who? the most exquisite *Claudio*?

BOR. Even he.

D. Jo. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

BOR. Marry, on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato*.

D. Jo. A very forward *March*-chick! How came you to this?

BOR. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a mufly room, comes me the prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo *Hero* for himself, and, having obtain'd her, give her to count *Claudio*.

D. Jo. 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?

CON. To the death, my lord.

D. Jo. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

BOR. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE,
and Others.

LEO. Was not count *John* here at supper?

ANT. I saw him not.

BEA. How tartly that gentleman looks ! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

HER. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

BEA. 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 tattling.

LEO. Then half signior *Benedick's* tongue in count *John's* mouth, and half count *John's* melancholy in signior *Benedick's* face,—

BEA. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, Such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

LEO. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

ANT. In faith, she's too curst.

BEA. 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.

LEO. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

BEA. 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 the woollen.

LEO. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

BEA. 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 sixpence in earnest of the bearherd, and lead his apes into hell.

LEO. Well then, go you into hell.

BEA. No, but to the gate : and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven, here's no place for you maids* : so deliver I up my apes, and away to faint Peter for the heavens ; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

ANT. Well, niece, [*to Hero.*] I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

BEA. Yes, faith ; it is my cousin's duty to make a court'sy, and say, *Father, as it please you* : — but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another court'sy, and say, *Father, as it please me*.

LEO. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

BEA. Not 'till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust ? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl ? No, uncle, I'll none : *Adam's sons* are my brethren ; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

LEO. Daughter, remember what I told you : if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

BEA. The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if

you be not woo'd in good time : if the prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, *Hero*, Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a *Scotch* jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace : the first suit is hot and hasty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantastical ; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry ; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, 'till he sink into his grave.

LEO. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

BEA. I have a good eye, uncle ; I can see a church by day-light.

LEO. The revelers are entering ; brother, make good room.

[*Leonato and his Company mask.*

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR,

Don JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA,

and Others, mask'd.

D. PE. Lady, will you walk about with your friend ?

HER. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk ; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. PE. With me in your company.

HER. I may say so, when I please.

D. PE. And when please you to say so ?

HER. When I like your favour ; for God defend, the lute should be like the case !

D. PE. My visor is *Philemon's* roof ; within the house is *Jove*.

HER. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. PE. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*drawing her aside.*

BEN. Well, I would you did like me.

MAR. So would not I, for your own sake! for I have many ill qualities.

BEN. Which is one?

MAR. I say my prayers aloud.

BEN. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, amen. *[turning off in Quest of another.]*

MAR. God match me with a good dancer!

BAL. Amen.

MAR. And God keep him out of my fight, when the dance is done! — Answer, clerk.

BAL. No more words; the clerk is answered.

[parting different Ways.]

URS. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

ANT. At a word, I am not.

URS. I know you by the wagging of your head.

ANT. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

URS. You could never do him so ill well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

ANT. At a word, I am not.

URS. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end. *[mixing with the Company.]*

BEA. Will you not tell me who told you so?

BEN. No, you shall pardon me.

BEA. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

BEN. Not now.

BEA. 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?

BEN. What's he?

BEA. I am sure, you know him well enough.

BEN. Not I, believe me.

BEA. Did he never make you laugh?

BEN. I pray you, what is he?

BEA. 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 commendation is 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 the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

BEN. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

BEA. 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's wing sav'd, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Musick begins: Dance forming.*] We must follow the leaders.

BEN. In every good thing.

BEA. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance: and
Exeunt D. PE. and LEO. conversing; HER. BEA.
MAR. URS. ANT. BEN. BAL. and Company.*

D. Jo. "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."

BOR. "And that is *Claudio*; I know him by his"
"bearing."

D. Jo. Are not you signior *Benedick*?

CLA. You know me well; I am he.

D. Jo. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on *Hero*; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

CLA. How know you he loves her?

D. Jo. I heard him swear his affection.

BOR. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. Jo. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt D. JOHN, and BORACHIO.*]

CLA. Thus answer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear these 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 itself,

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*!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

BEN. Count *Claudio*?

CLA. Yea, the same.

BEN. Come, will you go with me?

CLA. Whither?

BEN. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You

must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your *Hero*.

CLA. I wish him joy of her.

BEN. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; fo they fell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have serv'd you thus?

CLA. I pray you, leave me.

BEN. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

CLA. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[*Exit* CLAUDIO.]

BEN. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedge's.—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 myself 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 revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO.

D. PE. Now, signior? where's the count? Did you see him?

BEN. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady fame: I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good 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 up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

D. PE. To be whipt! What's his fault?

BEN. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

D. PE. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

BEN. 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.

D. PE. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

BEN. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. PE. The lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her, she is much wrong'd by you.

BEN. O, she misus'd me past the endurance 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; 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 poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star: I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgress'd: she would have made *Hercules* have turn'd spit; yea, and

have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her 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.

Re-enter BEATRICE, and CLAUDIO.

D. PE. Look, here she comes.

BEN. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the *Antipodes*, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of *Asia*; bring you the length of *Prestor John's* foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham's* beard; do you any embassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. PE. None, but to desire your good company.

BEN. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure this lady's tongue. [*Exit BENEDICK.*]

D. PE. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior *Benedick*.

BEA. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. PE. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

BEA. 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.

D. *PE.* Why, how now, count? wherefore are you fad?

CLA. Not fad, my lord.

D. *PE.* How then? Sick?

CLA. Neither, my lord.

BEA. The count is neither fad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: — but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. *PE.* 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*, [*leading him to Hero.*] 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!

LEO. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say, amen, to it!

BEA. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

CLA. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. — Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away myself for you, and doat upon the exchange.

BEA. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kifs, and let not him speak neither.

D. *PE.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

BEA. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care: — My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

CLA. And so she doth, cousin.

BEA. Good lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt; I may sit in a corner, and cry, hey ho! for a husband.

D. *PE.* Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

BEA. 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.

D. PE. Will you have me, lady?

BEA. 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.

D. PE. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

BEA. No, sure, my lord; my mother cry'd: but then there was a star danc'd, and under that was I born.— Cousins, God give you joy?

LEO. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

BEA. I cry you mercy, uncle.— By your grace's pardon. [Exit BEATRICE.]

D. PE. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

LEO. 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 dreamt of unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

D. PE. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

LEO. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. PE. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

LEO. O lord, my lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

D. PE. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

CLA. To-morrow, my lord; Time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

LEO. Not 'till monday, my dear son, which is hence a just sevennight; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. PE. 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'* 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.

LEO. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

CLA. And I, my lord.

D. PE. And you too, gentle *Hero*?

HER. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. PE. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved 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*, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with *Beatrice*. If we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter Don JOHN, and BORACHIO.

D. Jo. It is so; the count *Claudio* shall marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

BOR. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. Jo. 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?

EOB. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. Jo. Shew me briefly how.

BOR. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero*:

D. Jo. I remember.

BOR. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. Jo. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

BOR. The poison of that lies in you to temper: Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned *Claudio* (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero*.

D. Jo. What proof shall I make of that?

BOR. Proof enough, to misuse the prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*: Look you for any other issue?

D. Jo. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

BOR. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don

Pedro, and the count *Claudio*, alone; tell them, that you know that *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and *Claudio*; as — in a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,— that you have discover'd thus: They will scarcely 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 so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of her disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. Jo. 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.

BOR. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. Jo. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Leonato's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK, and a Boy.

BEN. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

BEN. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

BEN. I know that; but I would have thee hence,

and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is *Claudio*: I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet: He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel: of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! The prince, and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*withdraws.*]

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.

D. PE. Come, shall we hear this musick?

CLA. Yea, my good lord: How still the evening is!

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony.

D. PE. "See you where *Benedick* hath hid himself?"

CLA. "O, very well, my lord: the musick ended,"
"We'll fit the hid fox with a penny-worth."

Enter BALTHASAR, with Musick.

D. PE. Come, *Balthasar*, we'll hear that song again.

BAL. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander musick any more than once.

D. PE. 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.

BAL. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. PE. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

BAL. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. PE. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! [Air.

BEN. "Now, *Divine air!* Now is his soul ravish'd!"
"Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls"
"out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money,"
"when all's done." [Song.

BAL. *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
men were deceivers ever;
one foot in sea, and one on shore;
to one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
but let them go,*

*and be you blith and bonny ;
converting all your sounds of woe
into, Hey, nonny, nonny.*

II. St.

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
of dumps so dull and heavy ;
the fraud of men was ever so,
since summer first was leavy.*

Then sigh not so, &c.

D. PE. By my troth, a good song.

BAL. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. PE. Ha? No; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough
for a shift.

BEN. "An he had been a dog that should have"
"howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and I"
"pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief; I had"
"as lief have heard the night-raven, come what"
"plague could have come after it."

D. PE. Yea, marry;—Dost thou hear, *Balthasar*?
I pray thee, get us some excellent musick; for to-
morrow night we would have it at the lady *Hero's*
chamber-window.

BAL. The best I can, my lord.

D. PE. Do so; farewell. [*Exeunt BAL. and Musick.*]
Come hither, *Leonato*: What was it you told me of to-
day? that your niece *Beatrice* was in love with signior
Benedick?

CLA. O, ay:—"Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits."—
I did never think, that lady would have loved any man.

LEO. 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.

BEN. "Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?"

LEO. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it: but, that she loves him with an enrag'd affection,— It is past the infinite of thought.

D. PE. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

CLA. 'Faith, like enough.

LEO. O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. PE. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

CLA. "Bait the hook well; this fish will bite."

LEO. What effects, my lord? She will fit you — You heard my daughter tell how.

CLA. She did, indeed.

D. PE. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought, her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

LEO. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against *Benedick*.

BEN. "I should think this a gull, but that the" "white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot," "sure, hide himself in such reverence."

CLA. "He hath ta'en th' infection; hold it up."

D. PE. Hath she made her affection known to *Benedick*?

LEO. No; and swears, she never will; that's her torment.

CLA. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: *Shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

LEO. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night;

and there will she fit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

CLA. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

LEO. O,—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the sheet?—

CLA. That.

LEO. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him, says she, by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

CLA. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

LEO. She doth, indeed; my daughter says so: and the extasy hath so much over-born her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself; It is very true.

D. PE. It were good, that *Benedick* knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

CLA. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. PE. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

CLA. And she is exceeding wise.

D. PE. In every thing, but in loving *Benedick*.

LEO. 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.

D. PE. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me ; I would have daft all other respects, and made her half my self: I pray you, tell *Benedick* of it, and hear what he will say.

LEO. Were it good, think you ?

CLA. *Hero* thinks surely, she will dye : for she says she will dye, if he love her not ; and she will dye ere she make her love known ; and she will dye, if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. PE. 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.

CLA. He is a very proper man.

D. PE. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

CLA. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wise.

D. PE. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

CLA. And I take him to be valiant.

D. PE. As *Hector*, I assure you : and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise ; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christian-like fear.

LEO. 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.

D. PE. And so will he do ; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece : Shall we go seek *Benedick*, and tell him of her love ?

CLA. Never tell him, my lord ; let her wear it out

with good counsel.

LEO. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. PE. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while: I love *Benedick* well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

LEO. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

CLA. "If he do not doat on her upon this, I will"
"never trust my expectation."

D. PE. "Let there be the same net spread for her,"
"and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen"
"carry: The sport will be, when they hold 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"
"in to dinner."

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.*

BEN. [*advancing.*] 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 their full bent. Love me! Why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather dye 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 can not 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 have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed 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 peopl'd: When I said, I would dye 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.

BEA. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

BEN. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

BEA. 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.

BEN. You take pleasure then in the message?

BEA. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal:— You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [*Exit BEATRICE.*]

BEN. 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 easy as thanks:— If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Garden.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

HER. Good *Margaret*, run thee into the parlour ;
There shalt thou find my cousin *Beatrice*,
Proposing with the prince and *Claudio* :
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and *Ursula*
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her ; say, that thou overheard'st us ;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter ; — like to favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it : — there will she hide her
To listen our propose : This is thy office ;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

MAR. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[Exit MARGARET.]

HER. 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 with hear-say. “ Now begin ; ”

Enter BEATRICE.

“ For look where *Beatrice*, like a lap-wing, runs ”
“ Close by the ground, to hear our conference.”

URS. “ 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 coverture : ”

“ Fear you not my part of the dialogue.” thing ”

HER. “ Then go we near her, that her ear lose no-

“ 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 haggards of the rock.

URS. But are you sure,

That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* so entirely ?

HER. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

URS. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

HER. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it :

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,

To wish him wrestle with affection,

And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

URS. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,

As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon ?

HER. O god of love ! I know, he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man :

But nature never fram'd a woman's heart

Of prouder stuff than that of *Beatrice* :

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

Misprizing what they look on ; and her wit

Values itself 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-endear'd.

URS. Sure, I think so ;

And therefore, certainly, it were not good

She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

HER. 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 lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agat very vilely cut :
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

URS. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

HER. No ; nor 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 air ; o, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let *Benedick*, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than dye with mocks ;
Which is as bad as dye with tickling.

URS. Yet tell her of it ; hear what she will say.

HER. 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 empoison liking.

URS. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,

As she is pris'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior *Benedick*.

HER. He is the only man of *Italy*,
Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.

URS. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick*,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through *Italy*.

HER. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

URS. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you marry'd, madam?

HER. 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. [madam.]

URS. "She's ta'en, I warrant you; we have caught her,

HER. "If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:"
"Some *Cupid* kills with arrows, some with traps."

[*Exeunt HERO, and URSULA. Beatrice advances.*

BEA. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and, maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
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.

SCENE II. *A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter D. PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.

D. PE. I do but stay 'till your marriage be consum-

mate, and then go I toward *Arragon*.

CLA. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. PE. Nay, that would be as great a foyle 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 soale 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 found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

BEN. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

LEO. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

CLA. I hope, he be in love.

D. PE. 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 money.

BEN. I have the tooth-ach.

D. PE. Draw it.

BEN. Hang it!

CLA. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. PE. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

LEO. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

BEN. Well, Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

CLA. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. PE. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a *Dutchman* to-day, a *Frenchman* to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a *German* from the waste downward, all fops, and a *Span*

²⁵ cannot master

niard from the hip upward, no doublet : unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

CLA. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs : he brushes his hat o' mornings ; What should that bode ?

D. PE. Hath any man seen him at the barber's ?

CLA. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him ; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.

LEO. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. PE. Nay, he rubs himself with civet ; Can you smell him out by that ?

CLA. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. PE. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

CLA. And when was he wont to wash his face ?

D. PE. Yea, or to paint himself ? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

CLA. Nay, but his jesting spirit ; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops.

D. PE. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him : Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

CLA. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. PE. That would I know too ; I warrant, one that knows him not.

CLA. Yes, and his ill conditions ; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. PE. She shall be bury'd with her heels upwards.

BEN. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. — Old signior, walk aside with me ; I have study'd eight

or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK, and LEONATO.

D. PE. For my life, to break with him about *Beatrice*.

CLA. 'Tis even so: *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this played their parts with *Beatrice*; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. JO. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. PE. Good den, brother.

D. JO. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

D. PE. In private?

D. JO. If it please you:—yet count *Claudio* may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D. PE. What's the matter?

D. JO. Means your lordship [*to* Cla.] to be marry'd to-morrow?

D. PE. You know, he does.

D. JO. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

CLA. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. JO. 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 dearth of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

D. PE. Why, what's the matter?

D. JO. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a'talking about) the lady is disloyal.

CLA. Who? *Hero*?

D. *Jo.* Even she; *Leonato's Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero*.

CLA. Disloyal?

D. *Jo.* 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.

CLA. May this be so?

D. *PE.* I will not think it.

D. *Jo.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess 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.

CLA. 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.

D. *PE.* And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. *Jo.* I will disparage her no farther, 'till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but 'till midnight, and let the issue shew itself.

D. *PE.* O day untowardly turned!

CLA. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. *Jo.* O plague right well prevented!

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter DOGBERRY, and VERGES, with the Watch.

DOG. Are you good men and true?

VER. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

DOG. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch. [ry.

VER. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogber-*

DOG. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1.W. *Hugh Oatcake*, fir, or *George Seacoal*; for they can write and read.

DOG. Come hither, neighbour *Seacool*: God hath bless'd 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.

2.W. Both which, master constable,—

DOG. You have; I knew it would be your answer: Well, for your favour, fir, 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 comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2.W. How if he will not stand?

DOG. 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.

VER. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

DOG. 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 to talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2. *W.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

DOG. 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 stoln:— Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2. *W.* How if they will not?

DOG. Why then, let them alone 'till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2. *W.* Well, sir.

DOG. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2. *W.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

DOG. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

VER. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

DOG. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

VER. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2. *W.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

DOG. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child

wake her with crying : for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

VER. 'Tis very true.

DOG. 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.

VER. Nay, by 'r-lady, that, I think, he cannot.

DOG. 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.

VER. By 'r-lady, I think, it be so.

DOG. Ha, ha, ha ! Well, masters, good night : an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me : keep your fellows' counsels, and your own, and good night. — Come, neighbour.

2.W. Well, masters, we hear our charge : let us go fit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to-bed.

DOG. 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 coyl to-night : Adieu ; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, and VERGES.*

Enter BORACHIO, and CONRADE.

BOR. What, *Conrade*,—

2.W. " Peace, stir not."

BOR. *Conrade*, I say,—

CON. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

BOR. Mass, and my elbow itch'd ; I thought, there

would a scab follow.

CON. I will owe thee an answer for that ; and now forward with thy tale.

BOR. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain ; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

2. W. “ Some treason, masters ; yet stand close.”

BOR. Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* a thousand ducats.

CON. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear ?

BOR. Thou should’st rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich : for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

CON. I wonder at it.

BOR. 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.

CON. Yes, it is apparel.

BOR. I mean, the fashion.

CON. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

BOR. Tush ! I may as well say, the fool’s the fool. But see’st thou not what a deform’d thief this fashion is ?

1. W. “ I know that *Deform’d* ; he has been a vile ”
“ thief this seven year ; he goes up and down like ”
“ a gentleman : I remember his name.”

BOR. Did’st thou not hear some body ?

CON. No ; ’twas the vane on the house.

BOR. See’st thou not, I say, what a deform’d thief this fashion is ? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty ?

sometimes fashioning them like *Pharaob's* foldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god *Bel's* priests in the old church-window; sometime, like the shaven *Hercules* in the smirtcht worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

CON. All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

BOR. 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' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good-night,—I tell this tale vilely: I should first tell thee, how the prince, *Claudio*, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master *Don John*, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

CON. And thought they, *Margaret* was *Hero*?

BOR. 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'd 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* enrag'd; 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 had seen o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1. *W.* [*starting out upon them.*] We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2. *W.* Call up the right master constable: We have

here recovered the most dangerous piece of lecnery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1. *W.* And one *Deform'd* is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

CON. Masters, masters,—

2. *W.* You'll be made bring *Deform'd* forth, I warrant you.

CON. Masters,—

1. *M.* Never speak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

BOR. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

CON. A commodity in question, I warrant you.—
Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

HER. Good *Ursula*, wake my cousin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

URS. I will, lady.

HER. And bid her come hither.

URS. Well.

[*Exit URSULA.*]

MAR. Troth, I think, your other rebato were better.

HER. No, pray thee, good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

MAR. By my troth, 's not so good; and, I warrant, your cousin will say so.

HER. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

MAR. 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 dutchefs of *Milan's*

gown, that they praise so.

HER. O, that exceeds, they say.

MAR. By my troth, 'sbut a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth o'gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver; fet with pearls, down sleeves, fide sleeves, and skirts round, under-born with a blueish tinsel: but, for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

HER. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

MAR. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

HER. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

MAR. 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*: an 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, an 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.

HER. Good morrow, coz.

BEA. Good morrow, sweet *Hero*.

HER. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

BEA. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

MAR. Clap's into—*Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

BEA. Yes, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

MAR. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

BEA. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

MAR. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

BEA. For the letter that begins them all, H.

MAR. Well, an you be not turn'd *Turk*, there's no more failing by the star.

BEA. What means the fool, trow?

MAR. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

HER. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

BEA. I am stuf't, cousin, I cannot smell.

MAR. A maid, and stuf't! there's goodly catching of cold!

BEA. O, God help me! God help me! How long have you profess'd apprehension?

MAR. Ever since you left it; Doth not my wit become me rarely?

BEA. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

MAR. Get you some of this distill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

HER. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

BEA. *Benedictus!* Why *Benedictus*? You have some moral in this *Benedictus*.

MAR. 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, by 'r-lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list;

nor I list not to think what I can ; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out o' 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.

BEA. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps ?

MAR. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

URS. Madam, withdraw ; the prince, the count, signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

HER. Help to dress me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another Room in the same.

Enter LEONATO, DOGBERRY, and VERGES.

LEO. What would you with me, honest neighbour ?

DOG. Marry, fir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

LEO. Brief, I pray you, for you see it is a busy time with me.

DOG. Marry, this it is, fir :

VER. Yes, in truth, it is, fir.

LEO. What is it, my good friends ?

DOG. Goodman *Verges*, fir, speaks a little of the matter : an old man, fir, 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.

VER. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honefter than I.

DOG. Comparifons are odorous, *palabras*, neighbour *Verges*.

LEO. Neighbours, you are tedious.

DOG. It pleases your worship to fay fo, 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.

LEO. All thy tediousness on me! ah!

DOG. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

VER. And so am I.

LEO. I would fain know what you have to fay.

VER. Marry, fir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in *Messina*.

DOG. A good old man, fir; 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; An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:— An honest soul, i' faith, fir; by my troth, he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worship'd; All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

LEO. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

DOG. Gifts that God gives.

LEO. I must leave you.

DOG. One word, fir: our watch, fir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspitious persons, and we would have

them this morning examined before your worship.

LEO. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

DOG. It shall be suffigance.

LEO. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger. b

Mes. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

LEO. I'll wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exeunt LEONATO, and Messenger.]

DOG. Go, good partner, go, get you to *Francis Sea-coal*, bid him bring his pen and ink-horn to the jail; we are now to examination these men.

VER. And we must do it wisely.

DOG. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that † shall drive some of them to a *non-com*: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Church.*

Enter D. PEDRO, D. JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE.

LEO. Come, friar *Francis*, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fri. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

CLA. No.

[her.]

LEO. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry

Fri. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

HER. I do.

Fri. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoyned, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

CLA. Know you any, *Hero*?

HER. None, my lord.

Fri. Know you any, count?

LEO. I dare make his answer, *none*.

CLA. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do.

BEN. How now! interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as, ha, ha, ha!

CLA. Stand thee by, friar: — Father, by your leave, Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid your daughter?

LEO. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

CLA. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. PE. Nothing, unless you render her again. [*ness:—*

CLA. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankful-
There, *Leonato*, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour: —
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shews? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed :
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

LEO. What do you mean, my lord ?

CLA. Not to be marry'd ;
Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

LEO. Dear, dear my lord, if you in your own proof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,— [her,

CLA. I know what you would say ; If I have known
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.

HER. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you ?

CLA. Out on thy seeming ! I will write against it :
You seem to me as *Dian* in her orb ;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown ;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

HER. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide ?

LEO. Sweet prince, why speak not you ?

D. PE. What should I speak ?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

LEO. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream ?

D. JO. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

BEN. This looks not like a nuptial.

HER. True, o God !

CLA. *Leonato*, Stand I here ?

¹⁷ on thee seeming

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face *Hero's*? Are our eyes our own?

LEO. All this is so; But what of this, my lord?

CLA. 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.

LEO. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

HER. O God defend me! how am I beset! —
What kind of catechising call you this?

CLA. To make you answer truly to your name.

HER. Is it not *Hero*? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

CLA. Marry, that can *Hero*;
Hero itself can blot out *Hero's* virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

HER. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. PE. Why, then are you no maiden. — *Leonato*,
I am sorry you must hear; Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this griev'd 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.

D. Jo. Fie, fie! — they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: — Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

CLA. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* had'st thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts, and counfels 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.

LEO. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me ?

[*Hero swoons.*

BEA. Why, how now, cousin ? wherefore sink you down ?

D. Jo. Come, let us go : these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt D. PEDRO, D. JOHN, and CLAUDIO.*

BEN. How doth the lady ?

BEA. Dead, I think ; — Help, uncle ; —

Hero, why, *Hero* ; — Uncle, — Signior *Benedick*, —
Friar, —

LEO. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand !

Death is the fairest cover for her shame,

That may be wish'd for.

BEA. How now, cousin *Hero* ?

Fri. Have comfort, lady.

LEO. Dost thou look up ?

Fri. Yea ; Wherefore should she not ?

LEO. 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 would'st not quickly dye,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rear-ward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. — Griev'd I, I had but one?
 Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
 O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
 Why had I not, with charitable hand,
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
 Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
 I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?
 But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
 And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
 That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her; why she, o, she, is fallen
 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!

BEN. Sir, sir, be patient:
 For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

BEA. O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd!

BEN. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

BEA. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

LEO. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
 Which was before bar'd up with ribs of iron!
 Would the two princes lye? and *Claudio* lye?
 Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her dye.

Fri. 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 observation,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book ; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lye not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

LEO. Friar, it cannot be :

Thou seest, that all the grace, that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury ; she not denies it :
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness ?

Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of ?

HER. 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.

Fri. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

BEN. Two of them have the very bent of honour ;
And if their wisdoms be missed in this,
The practise of it lives in *John* the bastard,

Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

LEO. I know not; If they speak but truth of her,
 These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
 The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
 Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
 Nor age so eat up my invention,
 Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
 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 throughly.

Fri. Pause a while,
 And let my counsel sway you in this case.
 Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
 Let her a while 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.

LEO. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Fri. Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her behalf
 Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,
 But on this travail look for greater birth.
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
 Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
 Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
 Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd, and lost,

Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not give us
Whiles it was ours: — So will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed: then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be level'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it fort 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.

BEN. Signior *Leonato*, let the friar advise you.
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and *Claudio*,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

LEO. Being that, alas!
I flow in grief, the smallest twine may lead me.

Fri. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
 For to strange fores strangely they strain the cure.—
 Come, lady, dye to live: this wedding-day,
 Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt* Friar, HERO, and LEONATO.]

BEN. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

BEA. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BEN. I will not desire that.

BEA. You have no reason, I do it freely.

BEN. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

BEA. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me,
 that would right her!

BEN. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

BEA. A very even way, but no such friend.

BEN. May a man do it?

BEA. It is a man's office, but not yours.

BEN. I do love nothing in the world so well as you;
 Is not that strange?

BEA. 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 confesse nothing,
 nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

BEN. By my sword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'st me.

BEA. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

BEN. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I
 will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

BEA. Will you not eat your word?

BEN. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I
 protest, I love thee.

BEA. Why then, God forgive me!

BEN. What offence, sweet *Beatrice*?

BEA. You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was

about to protest, I loved you.

BEN. And do it with all thy heart.

BEA. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

BEN. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

BEA. Kill *Claudio*.

BEN. Ha! not for the wide world.

BEA. You kill me to deny it: Farewel.

BEN. Tarry, sweet *Beatrice*.

BEA. I am gone, though I am here: — There is no love in you: — Nay, I pray you, let me go.

BEN. *Beatrice*, —

BEA. In faith, I will go.

BEN. We'll be friends first.

BEA. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

BEN. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

BEA. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? — O, that I were a man! — What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour, — O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

BEN. Hear me, *Beatrice*:

BEA. Talk with a man out at a window? — a proper saying!

BEN. Nay but, *Beatrice*;

BEA. Sweet *Hero*! — she is wrong'd, she is slandered, she is undone.

BEN. *Beat* —

BEA. Princes, and counts! Surely, a princely testi-

mony ; a goodly count-confect ; a sweet gallant, furely ! O, that I were a man for his sake ! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake ! But manhood is melted into court'fies, valour into compliment ; and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too : he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lye, and swears it : — I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will dye a woman with grieving.

BEN. Tarry, sweet *Beatrice* : By this hand, I love thee.

BEA. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

BEN. Think you in your soul, the count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero* ?

BEA. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a foul.

BEN. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him ; I will kifs your hand, and so leave you : By this hand, *Claudio* shall render me a dear account : As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin : I must say, she is dead ; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Jail.*

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in Gowns ; and Watch, with CONRADE, and BORACHIO.

DOG. Is our whole dissembly appear'd ?

VER. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors ?

DOG. Marry, that am I, and my partner.

VER. Nay, that's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined ? let them come before master constable.

DOG. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

BOR. *Borachio.*

DOG. Pray, write down — *Borachio.* — Yours, firrah?

CON. I am a gentleman, fir, and my name is *Conrade.*

DOG. Write down — master gentleman *Conrade.* — Masters, do you serve God?

CON. BOR. Yea, fir, we hope.

DOG. Write down — that they hope they serve God:— and write, God, first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! — Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly; How answer you for yourselves?

CON. Marry, fir, we say, we are none.

DOG. A marvelous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. — Come you hither, firrah; a word in your ear, fir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

BOR. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

DOG. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale:— Have you writ down — that they are none?

SEX. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

DOG. 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. W. This man said, fir, that Don *John*, the prince's brother, was a villain.

DOG. Write down—prince *John* a villain:— Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother — villain.

BOB. Master constable,—

DOG. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

SEX. What heard you him say else?

2.W. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don *John*, for accusing the lady *Hero* wrongfully.

DOG. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

VER. Yea, by th' mafs, that it is.

SEX. What else, fellow?

1.W. And that count *Claudio* did mean, upon his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

DOG. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

SEX. What else?

2.W. This is all.

SEX. And this is more, masters, than you can deny: prince *John* is this morning secretly stoln 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's*; I will go before, and shew him their examination.

[*Exit Sexton.*

DOG. Come, let them be opinion'd.

VER. Let them be in bands.

CON. Off, coxcomb!

DOG. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down — the prince's officer, coxcomb. — Come, bind them: — Thou naughty varlet!

CON. 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; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an afs:— No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witnesses: I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in *Messina*; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:— Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an afs! [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, and ANTONIO.

ANT. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief
Against yourself.

LEO. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit 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 stroak his beard ;
 Bid sorrow, wag ; cry, hem ! when he should groan ;
 Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
 With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man : For, brother, men
 Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
 Fetter strong madness in a filken thread,
 Charm ach with air, and agony with words :
 No, no ; 'tis all men's 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.

LEO. 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 pish at chance and sufferance.

ANT. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;
 Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

LEO. 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.

ANT. Here comes the prince, and *Claudio*, hastily.

Enter D. PEDRO, and CLAUDIO.

D. PE. Good den, good den.

CLA. Good day to both of you.

LEO. Hear you, my lords,—

D. PE. We have some haste, *Leonato*. [lord:—

LEO. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my
Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. PE. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

ANT. If he could right himself with quarreling,
Some of us would lye low.

CLA. Who wrongs him, sir? [thou:—

LEO. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler,
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

CLA. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear :
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

LEO. Tush, tush, man, never flear and jest at me ;
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool ;
As, under priviledge 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 mine 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 lies bury'd with her ancestors :
O ! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.

CLA. My villany?

LEO. Thine, *Claudio*, thine, I say.

D. PE. You say not right, old man.

LEO. 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.

CLA. Away, I will not have to do with you. [child,

LEO. Can't thou so daffe me? Thou hast kill'd my
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, fir boy, follow me:

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foyning fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

LEO. Brother,—

ANT. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;

That dare as well answer a man indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:

Boys, apes, braggárts, *Jacks*, milk-sops,—

LEO. Brother *Antony*,—

[yea,

ANT. Hold you content; What, man! I know them;

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,

That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,

Go antickly, and shew outward hideousness,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,

And this is all.

LEO. But, brother *Antony*,—

¹⁴ fir boy, come follow

²⁹ speake of halfe

ANT. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this. [tience:—

D. PE. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your pain—
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.

LEO. My lord, my lord,—

D. PE. I will not hear you.

LEO. No? —

Come, brother, away:— I will be heard:

ANT. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt LEONATO, and ANTONIO.*

D. PE. See, see,
Here comes the man we went to seek.

Enter BENEDICK.

CLA. Now, signior!
What news?

BEN. Good day, my lord. [to *D. Pedro.*

D. PE. Welcome signior:
You are almost come to part almost a fray.

CLA. We had like to have had our two noses snapt
off with two old men without teeth.

D. PE. *Leonato*, and his brother: What think'st thou?
had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young
for them.

BEN. In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
I came to seek you both.

CLA. We have been up and down to seek thee; for
we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it
beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

BEN. It is in my scabbard; Shall I draw it?

D. PE. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

CLA. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. PE. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?

CLA. What! courage, man! What, though care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

BEN. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me; I pray you, choose another subject.

CLA. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

D. PE. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

CLA. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

BEN. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

CLA. God bless me from a challenge!

BEN. 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 cowardice: You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

CLA. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. PE. What, a feast? a feast?

CLA. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head, and a cap-on; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

BEN. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. PE. I'll tell thee, how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I said, thou had'st 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.

CLA. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she car'd not.

D. PE. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

CLA. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. PE. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible *Benedick's* head?

CLA. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the marry'd man.*

BEN. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests at braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. — My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is fled from *Messina*; you have, among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord *Lack-beard* there, he and I shall meet; and 'till then, peace be with him.

[Exit BENEDICK.]

D. PE. He is in earnest.

CLA. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice*.

D. PE. And hath challeng'd thee?

CLA. Most sincerely.

D. PE. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch,
with CONRADE, and BORACHIO.*

CLA. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. PE. But, soft you, let be; 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 balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

D. PE. How now, two of my brother's men bound! *Borachio* one!

CLA. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. PE. Officers, what offence have these men done?

DOG. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verifi'd unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. PE. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

CLA. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. PE. Who 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?

BOR. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this † man, how Don *John* your brother incensed 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. [blood?

D. PE. Runs not this speech like iron through your

CLA. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

D. PE. But did my brother set thee on to this?

BOR. Yea, and pay'd me richly for the practice of it.

D. PE. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery: —
And fled he is upon this villany.

CLA. 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 reformed signior *Leonato* of the matter: And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

VER. Here, here comes master signior *Leonato*, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO, and ANTONIO;
Sexton attending.

LEO. 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?

BOR. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

LEO. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast
Mine innocent child? [kill'd

BOR. Yea, even I alone.

LEO. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

CLA. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sin'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. PE. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

LEO. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
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 given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

CLA. O noble fir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me !
I do embrace your offer ; and dispose
For henceforth of poor *Claudio*.

LEO. 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,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

BOR. 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, fir, (which, indeed, is not under
white and black) this plaintiff here, the offender,
did call me afs ; I beseech you, let it be remember'd
in his punishment : And also, the watch heard them
talk of one *Deform'd* : they say, he wears a key in his
ear, and a lock hanging by it ; and borrows money in
God's name ; the which he hath us'd so long, and never
payed, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend
nothing for God's sake : pray you, examine him upon
that point.

LEO. 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.

LEO. There's † for thy pains.

DOG. God save the foundation !

LEO. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

DOG. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. — Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*

LEO. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

ANT. Farewel, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. PE. We will not fail.

CLA. To-night I'll mourn with *Hero*.

[*Exeunt D. PEDRO, and CLAUDIO.*

LEO. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with *Margaret*.
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*garet,*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the same.*

Enter BENEDICK, and MARGARET, meeting.

BEN. Pray thee, sweet mistress *Margaret*, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of *Beatrice*.

MAR. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

BEN. In so high a stile, *Margaret*, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

MAR. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep above stairs?

BEN. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

MAR. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which

hit, but hurt not.

BEN. A most manly wit, *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call *Beatrice*: I give thee the bucklers.

MAR. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

BEN. If you use them, *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

MAR. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* MARGARET.]

BEN. And therefore will come. —

The god of love, [singing.]
that sits above,
and knows me, and knows me,
how pitiful I deserve, —

I mean, in singing; but in loving, — *Leander* the good swimmer, *Troilus* the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot shew it in rime; I have try'd; I can find out no rime to *lady*, but *bady*, an innocent's rime; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rime; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rime; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a riming planet; nor I cannot woo in festival terms. —

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'st thou come when I call'd thee?

BEA. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

BEN. O, stay but 'till then!

BEA. Then, is spoken; fare you well now: — and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is,

with knowing what hath pass'd between you and *Claudio*.

BEN. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

BEA. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noysome; therefore I will depart unkind.

BEN. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts did'st thou first fall in love with me?

BEA. For them all together; which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

BEN. *Suffer love*; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

BEA. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

BEN. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

BEA. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

BEN. 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 ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

BEA. And how long is that, think you?

BEN. Question? Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore is it most expedient for the wise, (if Don *Worm*, his conscience, find no im-

pediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

BEA. Very ill.

BEN. And how do you?

BEA. Very ill too.

BEN. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

URS. Madam, you must come to your uncle: yonder's old coil at home: it is proved my lady *Hero* hath been falsely accus'd, the prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd; and Don *John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come presently?

BEA. Will you go hear this news, signior?

BEN. I will live in thy heart, dye in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Church.*

A stately Monument in the Front.

Enter, with Attendants, and Musick, D. PEDRO,

CLAUDIO, and Others, bearing Tapers.

CLA. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Att. It is, my lord. of a Scrawl.

CLA. Done to death with stand'rous tongues [reading out

was the Hero that here lies:

death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

gives her fame which never dies:

so the life, that dy'd with shame,

lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [affixing it.
 Praising her when I am dumb. —
 Now, musick, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

*Pardon, goddess of the night,
 those that slew thy 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,
 heavily, heavily.*

CLA. Now unto thy bones good night!
 Yearly will I do this rite.

D. PE. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
 The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
 Before the wheels of *Phæbus*, round about
 Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey:
 Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

CLA. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

D. PE. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
 And then to *Leonato's* we will go.

CLA. And, *Hymen*, now with luckier issue speed's,
 Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe.

SCENE IV. *A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, HERO,
 BEATRICE, URSULA, MARGARET, and Friar.

Fri. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

LEO. 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 fort so well.

BEN. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reck'ning for it.

LEO. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd :
The prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To visit me ; — You know your office, brother ;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio*.

ANT. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

BEN. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Fri. To do what, signior ?

BEN. To bind me, or undo me, one of them. —
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

LEO. That eye my daughter lent her ; — 'Tis most true.

BEN. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

LEO. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From *Claudio*, and the prince ; But what's your will ?

BEN. 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' the state of honourable marriage ; —
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

LEO. My heart is with your liking.

Fri. And my help.

Here comes the prince, and *Claudio*.

Enter D. PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants.

D. PE. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

LEO. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, *Claudio*,
We here attend you; Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

CLA. I'll hold my mind, were she an *Ethiope*.

LEO. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.

[*Exit ANTONIO.*]

D. PE. Good morrow, *Benedick*: Why, what's the mat-
That you have such a *February* face, [ter,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

CLA. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull: —
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all *Europa* shall rejoyce at thee;
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

BEN. 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. [ings.—

CLA. For this I owe you: here comes other reck'n-

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies mask'd.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

ANT. This same is she, † and I do give you her. [face.

CLA. Why, then she's mine: — Sweet, let me see your

LEO. No, that you shall not, 'till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

CLA. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me. [wife:

HER. And when I liv'd, [*unmasking*] I was your other
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

CLA. Another *Hero*?

HER. Nothing certainer :

One *Hero* dy'd defil'd ; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. PE. The former *Hero* ! *Hero* that is dead !

LEO. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Fri. All this amazement can I qualify ;

When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair *Hero*'s death :

Mean time let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

BEN. Soft and fair, friar : — Which is *Beatrice* ?

BEA. I answer to that name ; [*unmasking*] What is

BEN. Do not you love me ? [your will ?

BEA. Why, no, no more than reason. [*dio,*

BEN. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and *Clau-*
Have been deceived ; for they swore, you did.

BEA. Do not you love me ?

BEN. Troth, no, no more than reason.

BEA. Why, then my cousin, *Margaret*, and *Ursula*,
Are much deceiv'd ; for they did swear, you did.

BEN. They swore, that you were almost sick for me.

BEA. They swore, that you were well nigh dead for me.

BEN. 'Tis no such matter : — Then, you do not love me ?

BEA. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

HER. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

CLA. 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*.

HER. And here's † another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stoln from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto *Benedick*.

BEN. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

BEA. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told, you were in a consumption.

BEN. Peace, I will stop your mouth. [*kissing her.*]

D. PE. How dost thou, *Benedick* the marry'd man?

BEN. I'll tell thee what, prince; a colledge of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it: and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

CLA. I had well hop'd, thou would'st have deny'd *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgel'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.

BEN. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

LEO. We'll have dancing afterward.

BEN. First, o' my word; therefore, play, musick.—

Prince, thou art fad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger. c

Mes. My lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to *Messina*.

BEN. Think not on him 'till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. — Strike up, pipers. [*Dance.*

L O V E ' S
L A B O U R ' S
L O S T .

Persons represented.

King of Navarre.

Dumain, }
Biron, } *Lords attending the King.*
Longaville, }

Boyet, }
Mercade, } *Lords attending the Princess.*

Don Adriano de Armado, a Fantastick.

Sir Nathaniel, a Curate.

Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.

Dull, a Constable.

Costard, a Clown.

Moth, Page to Armado.

a Forrester.

Princess of France.

Maria, }
Catharine, } *Ladies attending the Princess.*
Rosaline, }

Jaquenetta, a country Wench.

Divers other Attendants, Musicians, &c.

Scene, Navarre.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Navarre. *Park of some country Palace.*

Enter King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

Kin. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, *Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,*
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
 That are recorded in this † scedule 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 it too. [fast ;

LOV. I am resolv'd : [*subscribes.*] 'tis but a three years'
 The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :
 Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
 Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite 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 dye ;
 With all these living in philosophy. [*subscribes.*

BIR. I can but say their protestation over,
 So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
 That is, To live and study here three years.
 But there are other strict observances :
 As, not to see a woman in that term ;
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
 And, one day in a week to touch no food ;
 And but one meal on every day beside ;
 The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
 And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
 And not be seen to wink of all the day ;
 (When I was wont to think no harm all night,
 And make a dark night too of half the day)
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
 O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
 Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

Kin. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

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

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

BIR. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest. —
What is the end of study? let me know. [know.

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

BIR. Things hid and bar'd, you mean, from common

Kin. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence. [sense?

BIR. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know :

As thus, — To study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid ;

Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid :

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

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be 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.

Kin. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

BIR. Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile :

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
 Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
 And give him light that was it blinded by.
 Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
 That will not be deep search'd with faucy looks ;
 Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save bafe authority from others' books.
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixed star,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
 Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame ;
 And every godfather can give a name.

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

DUM. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding. [ing.

LON. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weed-

BIR. The spring is near, when green geese are a breed-

DUM. How follows that ? [ing.

BIR. Fit in his place and time.

DUM. In reason nothing.

BIR. Something then in rime.

Kin. *Biron* is like an envious sneaping frost,
 That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

BIR. Well, say, I am? why should proud summer boast,
 Before the birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth ?

At christmas I no more desire a rose,
 Than wish a snow on *May's* new-fangl'd earth ;
 But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,
 Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

Kin. Well, fit you out: go home, *Biron*; adieu.

BIR. 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 sworn,
 And bide the penance of each three years' day.
 Give me the paper, let me read the same;
 And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

Kin. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

BIR. [reads.] Item, *That no woman shall come within
 a mile of my court: — Hath this been proclaimed?*

LON. Four days ago.

BIR. Let's see the penalty. [reads.] — *on pain of losing
 her tongue. — Who devis'd this penalty?*

LON. Marry, that did I.

BIR. Sweet lord, and why?

LON. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

BIR. A dangerous law against gentility! [reads.]
 Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within
 the term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame
 as the rest of the court can possibly devise. —*

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy
 The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak, —
 A maid of grace, and compleat majesty, —

About surrender-up of *Aquitain*

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

Kin. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

BIR. So study evermore is overshot;
 While it doth study to have what it would,
 It doth forget to do the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

Kin. We must of force dispense with this decree;
We must lie here on meer necessity.

BIR. 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 speak for me,
I am forsworn on meer necessity.

So to the laws at large I write my name:

[Subscribes, and gives back the Paper.]

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?

Kin. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of *Spain*;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;

A man of compliments, 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 minstrelsy.

BIR. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

LON. *Costard* the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with COSTARD, and a Letter.

DUL. Which is the duke's own person?

BIR. This, † fellow; What would'st?

DUL. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am
his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own per-
son in flesh and blood.

BIR. This is he.

DUL. Signior *Arme, Arme*, commends you: There's
villany abroad; this ‡ letter will tell you more.

COS. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

Kin. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

BIR. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for
high words.

LON. A high hope for a low having: God grant us
patience!

BIR. To hear? or forbear laughing?

LON. To hear meekly, fir, and to laugh moderately;
or to forbear both.

BIR. Well, fir, be it as the stile shall give us cause
to climb in the merriness.

COS. The matter is to me, fir, as concerning *Jaque-*
netta: The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

BIR. In what manner?

COS. In manner and form following, fir; all those
three: I was seen with her in the mannon house, sit-
ting with her upon the form, and taken following her
into the park; which, put together, is, in manner

¹⁹ low heaven.

²¹ forbear hearing.

and form following. Now, fir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman : for the form,—in some form :

BIR. For the following, fir ?

Cos. As it shall follow in my correction ; And God defend the right !

Kin. Will you hear this letter with attention ?

BIR. As we would hear an oracle.

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

Kin. [reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,*

Cos. Not a word of *Costard* yet.

Kin. *So it is,—*

Cos. It may be so : but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so so.

Kin. Peace.

Cos. — be to me, and every man that dares not fight !

Kin. No words.

Cos. — of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

Kin. *So it is, besieged with sable-colour'd melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air ; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself 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 called supper. So much for the time when : Now for the ground which ; which, I mean, I walkt upon : it is clyped, thy park. Then for the place where ; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white*

pen the ebon-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,

Cos. Me.

Kin. that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cos. Me.

Kin. that shallow vassal,

Cos. Still me.

Kin. which, as I remember, hight Costard,

Cos. O me!

Kin. sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with — with — o, with — but with this I passion to say wherewith —

Cos. With a wench.

Kin. with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him, I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

DUL. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

Kin. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the afore(said swain) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial.

Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty, Don Adriano de Armado.

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

[you to this?

Kin. Ay, the best for the worst.— But, firrah, what say

Cos. Sir, I confes the wench.

Kin. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cos. I do confes much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Kin. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cos. I was taken with none, fir; I was taken with a damosel.

Kin. Well, it was proclaim'd damosel.

Cos. This was no damosel neither, fir; she was a virgin.

Kin. It is so vary'd too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

Cos. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

Kin. This maid will not serve your turn, fir.

Cos. This maid will serve my turn, fir.

Kin. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cos. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

Kin. 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 King, Lon. and Dum.*]

BIR. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn. —

Sirrah, come on.

Cos. I suffer for the truth, fir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the four cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and, 'till then,

Sit thee down, forrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Another Part of the same.

Enter ARMADO, and MOTH.

ARM. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOT. A great sign, fir, that he will look fad. [imp.]

ARM. Why, fadness is one and the self same thing, dear

MOT. No, no; o lord, fir, no.

ARM. How canst thou part fadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

MOT. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signior.

ARM. Why tough signior? why tough signior?

MOT. 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.

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

ARM. Pretty, and apt.

MOT. How mean you, fir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

ARM. Thou pretty, because little.

MOT. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

ARM. And therefore apt, because quick.

MOT. Speak you this in my praise, master?

ARM. In thy condign praise.

MOT. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

ARM. What? that an eel is ingenious?

MOT. That an eel is quick.

ARM. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou

heat't my blood.

MOT. I am answer'd, fir.

ARM. I love not to be crost. [him.]

MOT. "He speaks the meer contrary, crosses love not

ARM. I have promised to study three years with the

MOT. You may do it in an hour, fir. [duke.]

ARM. Impossible.

MOT. How many is one thrice told? [ster.]

ARM. I am ill at reck'ning, it fitteth the spirit of a tap-

MOT. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, fir:

ARM. I confes both; they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

MOT. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gros sum of deux-ace amounts to.

ARM. It doth amount to one more than two.

MOT. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

ARM. True.

MOT. Why, fir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three study'd, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is, to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

ARM. A most fine figure!

MOT. "To prove you a cypher."

ARM. I will hereupon confes, I am in love: and as it is base for a foldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner; and ransom him to any *French* courtier for a new devis'd court'fy. I think scorn to figh; methinks, I should out-swear *Cupid*. Comfort me, boy; What great men have been in love?

MOT. *Hercules*, master.

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

MOT. *Sampson*, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carry'd the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

ARM. O well-knit *Sampson!* strong-jointed *Sampson!* I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou did'st me in carrying gates. I am in love too. — Who was *Sampson's* love, my dear *Moth?*

MOT. A woman, master.

ARM. Of what complexion?

MOT. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

ARM. Tell me precisely, of what complexion?

MOT. Of the sea-water green, sir.

ARM. Is that one of the four complexions?

MOT. 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.

MOT. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

ARM. My love is most immaculate white and red.

MOT. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

ARM. Define, define, well-educated infant. [me!

MOT. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist

ARM. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pa-

MOT. If she be made of white and red, [thetical!

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. [beggar?

ARM. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the king and the

MOT. The world was very 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 preced-
 ent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took
 in the park with the irrational hind, *Costard*; she de-
 serves well. [master."

MOT. "To be whip'd; and yet a better love than my

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

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

ARM. I say, sing.

MOT. Forbear, 'till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

DUL. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep *Co-
 stard* safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight,
 nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week:
 For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is
 allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

ARM. I do betray myself with blushing. — Maid.

JAC. Man.

ARM. I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAC. That's hereby.

ARM. I know where it is situate.

JAC. Lord, how wise you are!

ARM. I will tell thee wonders.

JAC. With that face?

ARM. I love thee.

JAC. So I heard you say.

ARM. And so farewell.

JAC. Fair weather after you!

DUL. Come, *Jaquenetta*, away.

[*Exeunt DULL, and JAQUENETTA.*

ARM. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

COS. Well, fir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomack.

ARM. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

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

ARM. Take away this villain; shut him up.

MOT. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

COS. Let me not be pent up, fir; I will fast, being loose.

MOT. No, fir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

COS. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see —

MOT. What shall some see?

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

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

³ *Cl.*, Come ⁴ ⁵ fellowes,

argument of falshood) if I love : And how can that be true love, which is falſly attempted ? Love is a familiar; love is a devil : there is no evil angel, but love. Yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted ; and he had an excellent ſtrength : yet was *Solomon* ſo ſeduced; and he had a very good wit : *Cupid's* but-ſhaft is too hard for *Hercules'* club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard's* rapier. The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn ; the *paſſado* he reſpects not, the *duello* he regards not : his diſgrace is, to be called 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 ſonneter. Devise, wit ; write, pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another Part of the ſame :*

Tents pitch'd ; a Pavilion, in the miſt, at a Diſtance.

Enter Princeſs of France, attended ; BOYET, CATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Bor. Now, madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits :
 Conſider who the king your father ſends ;
 To whom he ſends ; and what's his embaffy :
 Yourſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem ;
 To parly with the ſole inheritor
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchleſs *Navarre* ; the plea of no leſs weight
 Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a queen.
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
 As nature was in making graces dear,

When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Pri. Good lord *Boyet*, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker, — Good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,
'Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court :
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure ; and, in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you,
As our best-moving fair solicitor :
'Tell him, the daughter of the king of *France*,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Impórtunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Bor. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

[Exit BOYET.]

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

1. *L.* Lord *Longaville* is one.

Pri. Know you the man ?

MAR. I know him, madam ; at a marriage feast,

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

Pri. Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is't so ?

MAR. They say so most, that most his humours know.

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

CAT. 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 though he had no wit :
 I saw him at the duke *Alençon's* once ;
 And much too little, of that good I saw,
 Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
 Was there with him, if 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 his 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.

Pri. God blefs my ladies ! are they all in love ;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

I. L. Here comes *Boyet*.

Re-enter BOYET.

Pri. Now, what admittance, lord ?

Boy. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach ;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came : Marry, thus much 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 unpeopl'd house.

Here comes *Navarre*.

[*Ladies mask.*

Enter King, attended ; DUMAIN, BIRON,

LONGAVILLE, and Others.

Kin. Fair princess, welcome to the court of *Navarre*.

Pri. 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.

Kin. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Pri. I will be welcome then ; conduct me thither.

Kin. Hear me, dear lady,— I have sworn an oath.

Pri. Our lady help my lord ! he'll be forsworn.

Kin. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Pri. Why, will shall break it ; will, and nothing else.

Kin. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Pri. 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 ;
Not 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.

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

Pri. You will the sooner, that I were away ;
For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

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

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

BIR. I know, you did.

CAT. How needless was it then
To ask the question !

PRI. You must not be so quick. [tions.

CAT. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such ques-

BIR. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

CAT. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.

BIR. What time o' day ?

CAT. The hour that fools should ask.

BIR. Now fair befall your mask !

CAT. Fair fall the face it covers !

BIR. And send you many lovers !

CAT. Amen ; so you be none.

BIR. Nay, then will I be gone.

Kin. Madam, your father here † doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,

Disburfed by my father in his wars.
 But fay that he, or we, (as neither have)
 Receiv'd that fum; yet there remains unpay'd
 A hundred thousand more; in furety of which,
 One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
 Although not valu'd to the money's worth.
 If then the king your father will reftore
 But that one half which is unfatiffy'd,
 We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,
 And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
 But that, it feems, he little purpofeth:
 For here † he doth demand, to have repay'd
 An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
 On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
 To have his title live in *Aquitain*;
 Which we much rather had depart withal,
 And have the money by our father lent,
 Than *Aquitain* fo gelded as it is.
 Dear princefs, were not his requests fo far
 From reason's yielding, your fair felf fhould make
 A yielding, 'gainft fome reason, in my breast,
 And go well fatiffy'd to *France* again.

Pri. You do the king my father too much wrong,
 And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In fo unfeeming to confefs receipt
 Of that which hath fo faithfully been pay'd.

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

Pri. We arreft your word: —
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
 For fuch a fum, from fpecial officers

† of the which † One pay-

Of *Charles* his father.

Kin. Satisfy me so.

Bor. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound ;
To-morrow you shall have a fight of them.

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

Pri. Sweet health and fair desires comfort your grace!

Kin. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[*Exeunt King, and his Train.*

BIR. Lady, I will commend you to my heart.

Ros. Now, pray you, do my commendations ;
I would be glad to see it.

BIR. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick ?

BIR. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

BIR. Would that do it good ?

Ros. My physick says, I.

BIR. Will you prick 't with your eye ?

Ros. No, *poynt*, with my knife.

BIR. Now, God save thy life !

Ros. And yours from long living !

BIR. I cannot stay, thanks-giving. [retiring.]

DUM. Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is that fame?

BOY. The heir of *Alenfon*, *Rosaline* her name.

DUM. A gallant lady! — Monsieur, fare you well.

[Exit *DUMAIN.*]

LON. I beseech you, a word; What is she in the white?

BOY. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

LON. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

BOY. She hath but one for herself; to desire that,
were a shame.

LON. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

BOY. Her mother's, I have heard.

LON. God's blessing on your beard.

BOY. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of *Faulconbridge*.

LON. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

BOY. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit *LONGAVILLE.*]

BIR. What's her name in the cap?

BOY. *Catherine*, by good hap.

BIR. Is she wedded, or no?

BOY. To her will, sir, or so.

BIR. You are welcome, sir; adieu.

BOY. Farewel to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit *BIRON. Ladies unmask.*]

MAR. That last is *Biron*, the merry mad-cap lord;

Not a word with him but a jest.

BOY. And every jest but a word.

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

BOY. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

CAT. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Bor. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

CAT. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish the jest?

Bor. So you grant pasture for me. [*offering to kiss her.*]

CAT. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Bor. Belonging to whom?

CAT. To my fortunes and me.

Pri. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better used
On *Navarre* and his bookmen; for here 'tis abused.

Bor. If my observation, (which very seldom lyes)
By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.

Pri. With what?

Bor. With that which we lovers intitle, affected.

Pri. Your reason?

Bor. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agat, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed;
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,
Like jewels in chrystal for some prince to buy; [glaff'd,
Who, tending their own worth from where they were
Did point you to buy them along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,

An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Pri. Come, to our pavilion: *Boyet* is dispos'd —

Bor. 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 lye. [fully.

MAR. Thou'rt an old love-monger, and speak'st skil-

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

Ros. Then was *Venus* like her mother; for her father
is but grim.

Bor. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Lad. No.

Bor. What then, do you see?

Lad. Ay, our way to be gone.

Bor. You are too hard for me. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Another Part of the same.*

Enter ARMADO, and MOTH. [ing.

ARM. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hear-

MOT. *Concolinel* — [singing.

ARM. Sweet air! — Go, tenderness of years; take † this
key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinate-
ly hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

MOT. Master, will you win your love with a *French*

ARM. How meanest thou? brawling in *French*? [brawl?

MOT. No, my compleat master: but to jig off a tune
at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour
it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a
note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallow'd
love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if
you snuft up love by smelling love; with your hat pent-
house-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms

cross'd on your thin-belly 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 me?) that are most affected to these.

ARM. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

MOT. By my penny of observation.

ARM. But, o, but, o,—

MOT. — the hobby-horse is forgot.

ARM. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

MOT. 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.

MOT. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

ARM. By heart, and in heart, boy. [prove.]

MOT. And out of heart, master: all those three I will

ARM. What wilt thou prove?

MOT. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

ARM. I am all these three. [at all.]

MOT. And three times as much more, and yet nothing

ARM. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

MOT. A message well sympathis'd; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

ARM. Ha, ha; what sayest thou?

MOT. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the

horse, for he is very slow-gated : But I go.

ARM. The way is but short ; away.

MOT. As swift as lead, fir.

ARM. The meaning, pretty ingenious ?

Is not lead a metal, heavy, dull, and slow ?

MOT. *Minimè*, honest master ; or rather, master, no.

ARM. I say, lead is slow.

MOT. You are too swift, fir, to say so :

Is that lead slow, which is fir'd from a gun ?

ARM. Sweet smoke of rhetorick !

He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he : —

I shoot thee at the swain.

MOT. Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.

ARM. A most acute juvenal ; voluble, and free of grace !

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face :

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOT^H, *with* COS^{TARD} *limping.*

MOT. A wonder, master ; here's a *Costard* broken
in a shin.

ARM. Some enigma, some riddle : come, thy *l'envoy* ;
begin.

COS. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*, no false in
the matter, fir : O, fir, plantan, a plain plantan ; no
l'envoy, no *l'envoy*, no false, fir, but a plantan !

ARM. By virtue, thou enforcest 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 false for *l'envoy*, and the
word, *l'envoy*, for a false ?

MOT. Do the wise think them other ? is not *l'envoy*
a false ?

ARM. No, page; it is an epilogue, or discourse, to
make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.
I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

MOT. I will add the *l'envoy*; Say the moral again.

ARM. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

MOT. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my
l'envoy. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

ARM. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

MOT. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; Would
you desire more? [flat:—

COS. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

ARM. Come hither, come hither; How did this ar-
gument begin?

MOT. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

COS. True, and I for plantan'; thus came your ar-
gument in:

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market. [in a shin?

ARM. But, tell me; how was there a *Costard* broken

MOT. I will tell you sensibly.

COS. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*; I will speak that *Penvoy*:—

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.

COS. 'Till there be more matter in the shin.

ARM. Sirrah *Costard*, I will enfranchise thee.

COS. O, marry me to one *Frances*;— I smell some *Penvoy*, some goose, in this.

ARM. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfranchising thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

COS. 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 † remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants.—*Moth*, follow.

MOT. Like the sequel, I.— Signior *Costard*, adieu.

COS. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony *Jew*!—

[*Exeunt* MOT^H, and ARMADO.]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! o, that's the *latin* word for three farthings: Three farthings — remuneration. *What's the price of this incl?*— *A penny*.—*No*; *I'll give you a remuneration*:—Why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than *French-crown*. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON. [met.]

BIR. O, my good knave *Costard*! exceedingly well

COS. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon

may a man buy for a remuneration?

BIR. What is a remuneration?

COS. Marry, fir, half-penny farthing.

BIR. O, why then, three-farthing-worth of filk.

COS. I thank your worship; God be wi' you!

BIR. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

COS. When would you have it done, fir?

BIR. O, this afternoon.

COS. Well, I will do it, fir: fare you well.

BIR. O, thou knowest not what it is.

COS. I shall know, fir, when I have done it.

BIR. Why, villain, thou must know first.

COS. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

BIR. 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.

COS. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, fir, in print.—Guerdon—Remuneration. [Exit *COSTARD*.]

BIR. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been
A very bedel to a humorous sigh; [love's whip,
A critick; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This whim'ring, whining, purblind, wayward boy ;
 This signior *Junio's* giant-dwarf, dan *Cupid* ;
 Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms,
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,
 Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,
 Sole imperator and great general
 Of trotting parators, — O my little heart ! —
 And I to be a corporal of his file,
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !
 What, what ! I love ? I sue ? I seek a wife ?
 A woman, that is like a *German* clock ;
 Still a repairing ; ever out of frame ;
 And never going right, being a watch,
 But being watch'd that it may still go right ?
 Nay, to be perjurd, which is worst of all :
 And, among three, to love the worst of all ;
 A whitely wanton, with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
 Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard :
 And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
 To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague
 Which *Cupid* will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan ;
 Some men must love my lady, and some *Joan*. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Another Part of the same.*

Enter the Princess, and her Train ; a Forester ;

¹ This wimpled, ⁹ his field,

T 2

BOYET, Catherine, ROSALINA, and MARIA.

Pri. Was that the king, that spur'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boy. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Pri. Whoe'er he was, he show'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. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Pri. I thank my beauty; I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Pri. What, what; first praise me, and again say, no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair,—

Pri. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glafs, take this † for telling true;
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Pri. See, see, my beauty will be fav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes ;
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes ;
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
 We bend to that the working of the heart :
 As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Bor. Do not curst wives hold that self sov'reignty
 Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
 Lords o'er their lords ?

Pri. Only for praise : and praise we may afford
 To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Bor. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Cos. God-dig-you-den all ! Pray you, which is the
 head lady ?

Pri. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that
 have no heads.

Cos. Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

Pri. The thickest, and the tallest. [truth.—

Cos. The thickest, and the tallest ! it is so ; truth is
 An your waste, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
 One o' these maids' girdles for your waste should be fit.
 Are not you the chief woman ? you are the thickest here.

Pri. What's your will, sir ? what's your will ?

Cos. I have a letter from monsieur *Biron* to one lady
Rosaline. [mine :

Pri. O, thy letter, thy letter ; he's a good friend of
 Stand aside, good bearer. — *Boyet*, you can carve ;
 Break up this † capon.

Bor. I am bound to serve. —

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here ;
 It is writ to *Jaquenetta*.

Pri. We will read it, I swear :

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Bor. [reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical 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!) is, 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 he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's;—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles? titles; For thyself? 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 Adriano 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,

¹¹ v. Note.

¹² see, two

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.

Pri. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter ?

What vane ? what weather-cock ? Did you ever hear better ?

Bor. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

Pri. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Bor. 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.

Pri. Thou, fellow, a word :

Who gave thee this letter ?

Cos. I told you ; my lord.

Pri. To whom should'st thou give it ?

Cos. From my lord to my lady.

Pri. From which lord, to which lady ?

Cos. From my lord *Biron*, a good master of mine,
To a lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*. [away.—

Pri. Thou hast mistaken his letter.— Come, lords,
Here, sweet, [to *Ros.*] put up † this ; 'twill be thine
another day. [Exeunt *Princes*, and *Train*.

Bor. Who is the shooter ? who is the shooter ?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know ?

Bor. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off !

Bor. My lady goes to kill horns ; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on !

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your dear? [near.

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself; comē not
Finely put on, indeed!

MAR. You still wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she strikes
at the brow.

Boy. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ros. 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.

Boy. 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.

Ros. Thou can't not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou can't not hit it, my good man.

Boy. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Cat.*

Cos. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it! [it.

MAR. A mark marvelous well shot; for they both did hit

Boy. A mark!—O, mark but that mark; A mark,
says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

MAR. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand is out.

Cos. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit
the clout. [is in.

Boy. An' if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand

Cos. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

MAR. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow
foul. [her to bowl.

Cos. She's too hard for you at pricks, fir; challenge

Boy. I fear too much rubbing: Good night, my good
owl. [*Exeunt BOY. and MAR.*

Cos. By my foul, a fwain! a most simple clown!
 Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
 O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
 When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so
Armatbo o' t' one side, — O, a most dainty man! [fit.
 To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
 To see him kifs his hand! and how most sweetly a' will
 And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit! [swear! —
 Ah heavens, it is a most pathological nit! [Shout within.
 Sola! sola! [Exit, running.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter Sir NATHANIEL, HOLOFERNES, and DULL.

NAT. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

HOL. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*, blood: ripe as a pome-water; 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.

NAT. Truly, master *Holofernes*, the epithets are sweetly vary'd, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

HOL. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

DUL. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

HOL. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination — after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, — to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

DUL. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

HOL. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster, ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

NAT. Sir, he hath never fed of 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

For those parts which we taste, and feel, do fructify 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.*

DUL. You two are book-men; Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Cain's* birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

HOL. *Diſſynna*, goodman *Dull*; *Diſſynna*, goodman *Dull*.

DUL. What is *Diſſynna*?

HOL. A title to *Phæbe*, to *Luna*, to the moon.

The moon was a month old, when *Adam* was no more; And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five score. The allusion holds in the exchange.

DUL. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

HOL. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

DUL. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old: and I say be-

¹⁰ which we taste, and feeling, are for those parts that doe ²¹ v. *Note.*

side, that 'twas a pricket that the princeſs kill'd.

HOL. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal epigraph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princeſs kill'd, a pricket.

NAT. *Perge*, good maſter *Holofernes*, *perge*; ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrility. [facility.

HOL. I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues The praiſeful princeſs pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleaſing pricket;

Some ſay, a fore; but not a fore, 'till now made fore with ſhooting:

The dogs did yell; put *l* to fore, then forel jumps from thicket:

Or pricket, fore, or elſe forel, the people fall a hooting. If fore be fore, then *L* to fore makes fifty fores; O fore *L*! Of one fore I an hundred make by adding but one more *L*.

NAT. A rare talent!

DUL. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

HOL. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions: theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occaſion: But the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

NAT. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners; for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

HOL. *Mebercle*, if their ſons be ingenious, they ſhall want no inſtruction; if their daughters be capable, I

will put it to them. But, *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur* : a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA, and COSTARD.

JAC. God give you good morrow, master parson!

HOL. Master parson,—*quasi* perf-one: And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cos. Marry, master school-master, he that is likest to a hogshead.

HOL. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty, it is well.

JAC. 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. *Fausse, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*,—

————— *Vinegia, Vinegia,*

Chi non te vedi, ei non te pregia.

Old *Mantuan*! old *Mantuan*! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. *Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, fir, what are the contents? or, rather, as *Horace* says in his—What, my soul, verses?

NAT. Ay, fir, and very learned.

HOL. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *lege, domine.*

NAT. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love? [reading.]

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed! Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove; Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers
powed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;

[hend:

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, o, pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

HOL. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the
accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here † are only
numbers ratify'd; but, for the elegancy, facility, and
golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. *Ovidius Naso* was the
man: And why, indeed, *Naso*? but for smelling out
the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention.
Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the
ape his keeper, the 'tired horse his rider. — But, *damo-*
sella virgin, was this directed to you?

JAC. Ay, sir, from one mounseur *Biron*, one of the
strange queen's lords.

HOL. I will overglance the superscript; *To the snow-*
white hand of the 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 Lady-*
ship's in all desired employment, *Biron*. — Sir *Nathaniel*, this
Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he
hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's,
which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath
miscarried. — Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this † paper
into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much:
Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

¹² cangenet ¹⁷ imitarie ²⁵ written ²⁶ Sir *Holofernes*

[life!

JAC. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your
Cos. Have with thee, my girl. [Exeunt Cos. and JAC.]

NAT. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God,
very religiously : and, as a certain father saith,—

HOL. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colour-
able colours. But to return to the verses ; Did they
please you, sir Nathaniel ?

NAT. Marvelous well for the pen.

HOL. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil
of mine ; where if, before repast, it shall please you to
gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my priviledge
I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil,
undertake your *ben venuto* ; where I will prove those
verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry,
wit, nor invention : I beseech your society.

NAT. And thank you too : for society, saith the text,
is the happiness of life.

HOL. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes
it.—Sir, [to Dul.] 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.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Grove in the same.

Enter BIRON, with a Paper.

BIR. The king he is hunting the deer ; I am courf-
ing myself : they have pitch'd a toyl ; I am toiling 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 o' 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 rime, and to be melancholy; and here † is part of my rime, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, 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!

[retiring.]

Enter the King, with a Paper.

Kin. Ay me!

BIR. “Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet *Cupid*; thou”
 “hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left”
 “pap:— I' faith, secrets.” [gets up into a Tree.]

Kin. So sweet a kifs [reading.] the golden sun gives
 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose, [not
 As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot
 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'ft in every tear that I do weep:
 No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
 So ridest thou triúmphing in my woe;
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will show:
 But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep

My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell. —
 How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
 Sweet leaves, shade † folly. Who is he comes here?

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a Paper.

What, *Longaville!* and reading! listen, ear.

[*stepping behind a Bush.*

BIR. "Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear!"

LON. Ay me! I am forsworn. [pers.]"

BIR. "Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing pa-

Kin. "In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame!"

BIR. "One drunkard loves another of the name."

LON. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so? [know:"

BIR. "I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I

"Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,"

"The shape of love's *Tyburn* that hangs up simplicity."

LON. 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.

BIR. "O, rimes are guards on wanton *Cupid's* hose;"

"Disfigure not his sloop."

LON. This same shall go. —

[*reads.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric 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 earthly, thou a heavenly 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 ?

[ty ;”

BIR. “This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a dei-
“A green goose, a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.”
“God amend us, God amend ! we're much out o'th'way.”

Enter DUMAIN, with a Paper.

LON. By whom shall I send this ? Company ! stay.

[stepping behind a Tree.

BIR. “All hid, all hid, an old infant play :”
“Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,”
“And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.”
“More sacks to the mill ! O heavens, I have my wish ;”
“*Dumain* transform'd, four woodcocks in a dish !”

DUM. O most divine *Kate* !

BIR. “O most profane coxcomb !”

DUM. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye.

BIR. “By earth, she is not, corporal ; there you lye.”

DUM. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

BIR. “An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.”

DUM. As upright as the cedar.

BIR. “Stoop, I say ;”

“Her shoulder is with child.”

DUM. As fair as day.

BIR. “Ay, as some days ; but then no sun must shine.”

DUM. O, that I had my wish !

LON. “And I had mine !”

Kin. “And mine too, good Lord !” [word ?”

BIR. “Amen ! so I had mine : Is not that a good

DUM. I would forget her ; but a fever she

Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

BIR. "A fever in your blood! why, then incision"
"Would let her out in faucers; Sweet misprision!"

DUM. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

BIR. "Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit."

DUM. On a day, (alack the day!) [reads.

Love, whose month is ever *May*,

Spy'd a blossom, passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, *thy cheeks may blow*;

Air, 'would I might triumph so!

But, alack, my hand is sworn

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee:

Thou, for whom e'en *Jove* would swear,

Juno but an *Ethiope* 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 lasting pain.

O, would the king, *Biron*, and *Longaville*,

Were lovers too! ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead pluck a perjurd note;

For none offend, where all alike do dote.

LON. Dumain, [advancing.] thy love is far from charity,

That in love's grief desir'd society :
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
 To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so. [is such ;

Kin. Come, sir, [*advancing*] you blush ; as his, your case
 You chide at him, offending twice as much :

You do not love *Maria* *Longaville*
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush ;
 I heard your guilty rimes, observ'd your fashion,
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :
 Ay me ! says one ; O *Jove* ! the other cries ;
 Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's 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.

BIR. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. —

[*coming from his Tree.*

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me :
 Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love ?
 Your eyes do make no coaches in your tears ;
 There is no certain princess that appears
 You'll not be perjurd, 'tis a hateful thing
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting

But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?
 You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of foolery 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 gig,
 And profound *Solomon* to tune a jig,
 And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boys,
 And cynic *Timon* laugh at idle toys!
 Where lies thy grief, o, tell me, good *Dumain*?
 And, gentle *Longaville*, where lies thy pain?
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
 A caudle, ho!

Kin. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

BIR. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in;
 I am betray'd, by keeping company
 With vane-like men, of strange inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
 Or groan for *Joan*? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me? When shall you hear, that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waste,
 A leg, a limb?—

Kin. Soft; Whither away so fast?

A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

BIR. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA, and COSTARD.

JAQ. God blefs the king! [offering a Paper.

Kin. What present haft thou there?

Cos. Some certain treason.

Kin. What makes treason here?

Cos. Nay, it makes nothing, fir.

Kin. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

JAQ. I befeech your grace, let this † letter be read; Our parfon mifdoubts it, 'twas treason, he faid.

Kin. *Biron*, read it over. — [giving him the Paper.
Where hadft thou it?

JAQ. Of *Costard*.

Kin. Where hadft thou it?

Cos. Of dun *Adramadio*, dun *Adramadio*.

[*Biron tears the Paper.*

Kin. How now! what is in you? why doft thou tear it?

BIR. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

LON. It did move him to paffion, and therefore let's hear it. [gathers up the Pieces.

DUM. It is *Biron's* writing, and here † is his name.

BIR. Ah you whorefon loggerhead, [to Cos.] you were born to do me fhame. —

Guilty, my liege, guilty; I confefs, I confefs.

Kin. What? [the mefs:

BIR. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up He †, he, †— and † you, — and you, my liege, and I, Are pick-purfs in love, and we deserve to die.

O, difmifs this audience, and I fhall tell you more.

DUM. Now the number is even.

BIR. True, true; we are four: —

Will thefe turtles be gone?

Kin. Hence, firs; away.

Cos. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt Cos. and JAQ.*

BIR. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, o let us embrace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven 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.

Kin. What, did these rent lines shew some love of thine?

BIR. Did they? 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, strooken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-fighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty?

Kin. 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.

BIR. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron*:

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fie, painted rhetoric! o, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;

She passes praise, and praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,

¹¹ they, quoth you? Who ³¹ praise, then praise

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 !

Kin. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

BIR. 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.

Kin. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the stole of night ;

And beauty's crete becomes the heavens well.

BIR. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows 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 itself black, to imitate her brow.

DUM. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

LON. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

Kin. And *Ethiops* of their sweet complection crack.

DUM. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

BIR. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

Kin. 'Twere good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

BIR. I'll prove her fair, or talk 'till dooms-day here.

⁶ word ¹³ Schoole of ¹⁴ creft be- ¹⁷ an'u-

Kin. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

DUM. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

LON. Look, here's † thy love; my foot and her face see.

BIR. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

DUM. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

Kin. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

BIR. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

Kin. 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.

LON. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

DUM. Some salve for perjury.

BIR. O, 'tis more than need! —

Have at you then, affection's 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 engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book:

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

Why, universal plodding prisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion, and long-during action, tires

The finewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;

And study too, the causer of your vow:

For when would you, my liege, — or you, — or you, —
 In leaden contemplation, have found out
 Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
 Of beauteous 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 immured in the brain;
 But, with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power;
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices:
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye,
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopt;
 Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
 Than are the tender horns of cockl'd snails;
 Love's tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* gross in taste:
 For valour, is not love a *Hercules*,
 Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*?
 Subtle as *Sphinx*; as sweet, and musical,
 As bright *Apollo's* lute, strung with his hair;
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire;

They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world ;
 Else, none at all in ought proves excellent :
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear ;
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths :
 It is religion, to be thus forsworn :
 For charity itself fulfils the law ;
 And who can sever love from charity ?

Kin. Saint *Cupid*, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

BIR. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;
 Pell mell, down with them ! but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

LON. Now to plain dealing ; lay these glozes by :
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of *France* ?

Kin. And win them too : therefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their tents.

BIR. 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,
 Fore-run fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

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

BIR. *Allons, allons !*— Sow'd cockle 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.]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the same.*

Enter Sir NATHANIEL, HOLOFERNES, and DULL.

HOL. *Satis quod sufficit.*

NAT. I praise God for you, fir : your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious ; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. 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 gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrafonical : he is too piked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it. *his Tables.*

NAT. A most singular and choice epithet. [pulling out

HOL. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such infociable and point-devise companions ; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt ; det, when he should pronounce, debt ; d, e, b, t, not d, e, t : he clepeth a calf, cauf ; half, hauf ; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour ; neigh, abbreviated, ne : This is abhominable, (which he would call, abominable) it insinuateth me of insanie ; *Ne intelligis, domine ?* to make frantick, lunatick.

NAT. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

HOL. Bone? bone for bene: Priscian a little scratch'd; 'twill ferve.

Enter MOTH, COSTARD, and ARMADO.

NAT. *Videsne quis venit?*

HOL. *Video, et gaudeo.*

ARM. Chirra!

[to Moth.

HOL. *Quare* Chirra, not firrah?

ARM. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

HOL. Most military fir, salutation.

MOT. "They have been at a great feast of languages, and have stoln the scraps."

COS. "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."

MOT. "Peace; the peal begins."

ARM. Monsieur, [to Hol.] are you not letter'd?

MOT. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book: — What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

HOL. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

MOT. Ba, most filly sheep, with a horn: — You hear his learning.

HOL. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

MOT. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

HOL. I will repeat them; a, e, i,—

MOT. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

ARM. Now, by the salt wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit: snip snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit. [old.

MOT. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is, wit-

¹ Bone boon for boon precian ²⁵ The last of

HOL. What is the figure? what is the figure?

MOT. Horns.

HOL. Thou disput'st like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

MOT. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamie *circum circá*; A gig of a cuckold's horn!

COS. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there † is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father would'tt thou make me? Go to; thou hast it *ad dungbill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

HOL. O, I smell false *Latin*; *dunghil* for *unguem*.

ARM. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singl'd from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

HOL. Or, *mons*, the hill.

ARM. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

HOL. I do, fans 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, chose; 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 you, my very good friend: For what is inward between us, let it pass: — I do beseech thee, refrain thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy

5 *unum cita* 15 *præambulat* 32 remember 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 *Armado*, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world : but let that pass. The very all of all is, — but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, — that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or firework : now, understanding that the curate, and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions and sudden breakings-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 Nathaniel*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance, — at the king's command ; and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, — before the princess ; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies. [sent them ?

NAT. Where will you find men worthy enough to pre-

HOL. *Joshua*, yourself ; myself, or this gallant gentleman, *Judas Maccabæus* ; this † swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass for *Pompey* the great ; 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*

¹⁹ Sir *Holofernes*, ²¹ assistants ²⁶ myselfe, and this

in minority : his *enter* and *exit* shall be, strangling a snake ; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

MOT. 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 ; though few have the grace to do it.

ARM. For the rest of the worthies ? —

HOL. I will play three myself.

MOT. Thrice-worthy gentleman !

ARM. Shall I tell you a thing ?

HOL. We attend.

ARM. We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

HOL. *Via*, goodman *Dull* ! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

DUL. Nor understood none neither, fir.

HOL. *Allons !* we will employ thee.

DUL. I'll make one in a dance, or so : or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

HOL. Most dull, honest *Dull*, to our sport, away.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Another Part of the same ; before the Tents.*

Enter the Princess, CATHERINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Pri. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in ;
A lady wall'd about with diamonds :

Look † you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that ?

Pri. 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.

ROS. That was the way to make his godhead wax ;
For he hath been five thousand year a boy.

CAT. Ay, and a shrowd unhappy gallows too. [sister.

ROS. You'll ne'er be friends with him ; a' kill'd your

CAT. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;
And so she dy'd : had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble-stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandame ere she dy'd :

And so may you ; for a light heart lives long. [word?

ROS. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light

CAT. A light condition in a beauty dark.

ROS. We need more light to find your meaning out.

CAT. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff ;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

ROS. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

CAT. So do not you ; for you are a light wench.

ROS. Indeed, I weigh not you ; and therefore light.

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

ROS. Great reason ; for, Past cure is still past care. [me.

Pri. Well bandy'd both ; a set of wit well play'd.

But, *Rosaline*, you have a favour too :

Who sent it ? and what is 't ?

ROS. I would, you knew :

An 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 fairs.

²² past care, is still past cure

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Pri. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praise.

Pri. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

CAT. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debter,
My red dominical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not so full of O's!

CAT. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all throws!

Pri. But what was sent to you from fair *Dumain*?

CAT. Madam, this † glove.

Pri. Did he not send you twain?

CAT. Yes, madam, that he did; and sent, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

MAR. This, and these † pearls, to me sent *Longaville*;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Pri. 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.

Pri. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools, to purchase mocking so.
That same *Biron* I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the 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 that jests:

So, pageant-like, would I o'er-sway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Pri. 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.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

MAR. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Pri. Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.

Bor. O, I am stab'd with laughter! — Where's her

Pri. Thy news, *Boyet*? [grace?

Bor. Prepare, *madame*, prepare! —

Arm, wench, arm! — encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpriz'd:
Must your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Pri. Saint *Dennis* to faint *Cupid*! What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Bor. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:
When, lo, to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And over-heard what you shall over-hear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath con'd his embassy:

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, passion's solemn tears.

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

Bor. They do, they do ; and are apparel'd thus,
 Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, as I guess.
 Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance :
 And every one his love-feat will advance
 Unto his several mistress ; which they'll know
 By favours several, which they did bestow.

Pri. 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 suit, 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 you favours too ; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then ; wear the favours most in fight.

CAT. But, in this changing, what is your intent ?

Pri. 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 mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

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

Pri. 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.

Bor. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Pri. 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 mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets within.*

Bor. The trumpet sounds ; be mask'd, the maskers come.

Flourish. Enter, in Russian Habits, and mask'd,
The King, *BIRON*, *LONGAVILLE*, and *DUMAIN* ;
with *MOTH*, *Musick*, and *Attendants*.

Moth advances.

MOT. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

BOR. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

MOT. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[the Ladies turn their Backs to him.

That ever turn'd their — backs — to mortal views!

BIR. "Their eyes, villain, their eyes."

MOT. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

BOR. True; out, indeed.

MOT. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—

BIR. "Once to behold, rogue."

MOT. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes
————— with your sun-beamed eyes—

BOR. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

MOT. "They do not mark me, and that brings me out."

BIR. "Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue."

[Moth withdraws.

ROS. What would these strangers? know their minds,
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will [Boyet:
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

BOR. What would you with the princess?

BIR. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

ROS. What would they, say they?

BOR. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

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

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

KIN. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

BOR. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. 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 eas'ly told.

Bor. 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.

BIR. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Bor. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps, [*advancing.*
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

BIR. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sun-shine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

Kin. Blessed are clouds, that do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our wat'ry eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

Kin. Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one change:
Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, musick, then: Nay, you must do it soon.

[*Musick; and they make ready, as to dance.*

Not yet; no dance: thus change I like the moon.

Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's chang'd.

Kin. The musick plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

Kin. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands; — we will not dance.

Kin. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends: —

Court'sy, sweet hearts; — and so the measure ends.

Kin. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price. [ny?

Kin. Prize yourselves then; What buys your compa-

Ros. Your absence only.

Kin. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: And so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

Kin. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that. [*converse apart.*

BIR. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Pri. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

BIR. Nay, then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice)
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey; — Well run, dice! —
There's half a dozen sweets.

Pri. Seventh sweet, adieu!

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

BIR. One word in secret.

Pri. Let it not be sweet.

BIR. Thou griev'ft my gall.

Pri. Gall? bitter.

BIR. Therefore meet. [*converse apart.*

DUM. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

MAR. Name it.

DUM. Fair lady, —

MAR. Say you so? Fair lord, —

Take that for your fair lady.

DUM. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [*converse apart.*

CAT. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

LON. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

CAT. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

LON. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

CAT. Veal, quoth the *Dutchman*; — Is not veal a calf?

LON. A calf, fair lady?

CAT. No, a fair lord calf.

LON. Let's part the word.

CAT. No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

LON. Look, how you but yourself in these sharp mocks;
Will you give horns, chaff lady? do not so.

CAT. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

LON. One word in private with you, ere I die.

CAT. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[*converse apart.*

BOY. 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, wind, thought, swifter things. [*off.*

ROS. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break
[*breaking from the King.*

BIR. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure pure scoff!

KIN. Adieu, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

PRI. Twenty adieu's, my frozen *Muscovites*. —

[*Exeunt King, and his Lords; МОН, Mus. and Att.*

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at? [out.

Bor. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; grofs, grofs; fat, fat.

Pri. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, shew their faces?

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

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Pri. *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.

CAT. Lord *Longaville* said, I came o'er his heart;

And trow you what he call'd me?

Pri. Qualm, perhaps.

CAT. Yes, in good faith.

Pri. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute caps.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Pri. And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me.

CAT. And *Longaville* was for my service born.

MAR. *Dumain* is mine as sure as bark on tree.

Bor. 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.

Pri. Will they return?

Bor. 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.

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

Bor. Fair ladies, maskt, are roses in their bud ;
 Dismaskt, their damask sweet commixture shown,
 Are angels 'vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Pri. 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 fill, as well known, as disguis'd :
 Let us complain to them, what fools were here,
 Disguis'd like *Muscovites*, in shapeless gear ;
 And wonder, what they were ; and to what end
 Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely pen'd,
 And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
 Should be presented at our tent to us.

Bor. Ladies, withdraw ; the gallants are at hand.

Pri. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt* Princesses, CAT. ROS. and MAR.]

Re-enter, in their proper Habits, the King, attended ;

DUMAIN, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and Others.

Kin. Fair sir, God save you ! Where's the princess ?

Bor. Gone to her tent : Please it your majesty,
 Command me any service to her thither ;

Kin. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Bor. I will ; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit* BOYET.]

BIR. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons pease ;
 And utters it again, when God doth please :
 He is wit's pedlar ; and retails his wares
 At wakes, and waffels, meetings, markets, fairs ;
 And we that sell by gros, 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* :

A' can carve too, and lisp : Why, this is he
 That kist his hand away in courtesy ;
 This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honourable terms : nay, he can sing
 A mean most meanly ; and, in ushering,
 Mend him who can : the ladies call him, sweet ;
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kifs 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 due of honey-tongu'd *Boyet*.

Kin. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
 That put *Armado's* page out of his part !

*Re-enter the Princess, BOYET ushering her, MARIA,
 CATHERINE, ROSALINE, and Attendants.*

BIR. See, where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
 'Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

Kin. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Pri. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

Kin. Continue my speeches better, if you may.

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

Kin. We came to visit you ; and purpose now
 To lead you to our court : vouchsafe it then.

Pri. This field shall hold me ; and so hold your vow :
 Nor God, nor I, delights in perjurd men.

Kin. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke ;
 The virtue of your eye must break my oath. [*spoke* ;

Pri. You nick-name virtue ; vice you should have
 For virtue's office never breaks men's 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 heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

Kin. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
 Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Pri. Not so, my lord, it is not so, I swear,
 We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;
 A mefs of *Russians* left us but of late.

Kin. How, madam? *Russians*?

Pri. Ay, in truth, my lord;
 Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true: — It is not so, my lord;
 My lady, (to the manner of the days)
 In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four
 In *Russian* habit: here they stay'd an hour,
 And talk'd apace; but 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.

BIR. 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, that, to your huge store,
 Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise, and rich: for, in my eye, —

BIR. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
 It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

BIR. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

ROS. All the fool mine?

BIR. I cannot give you less.

ROS. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

BIR. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

ROS. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face. [right.]

KIN. "We are descry'd; they'll mock us now down-

DUM. "Let us confess, and turn it to a jest."

PRI. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

ROS. Help! hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you
Sea-sick, I think, coming from *Muscovy*. [pale?—

BIR. 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 with 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 visor to my friend;

Nor woo in rime, like a blind harper's song:

Taffata phrases, filken 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 express

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—

My love to thee is found, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans, sans, I pray you.

BIR. 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*, on those † three ;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies,

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :

These lords are visited ; you are not free,

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Pri. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

BIR. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so ; For how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?

BIR. Peace ; for I will not have to do with you.

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

BIR. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

[*to his Friends, retiring.*

Kin. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgres-
Some fair excuse. [sion

Pri. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd ?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Pri. And were you well advis'd ?

Kin. I was, fair madam.

Pri. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?

Kin. That more than all the world I did respect her.

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

Kin. Upon mine honour, no.

Pri. Peace, peace, forbear ;

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

Kin. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Pri. I will; and therefore keep it: — *Rosaline*,
What did the *Russian* whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did love 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.

Pri. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

Kin. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this †: but take it, sir, again.

Kin. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
I knew her by this † jewel on her sleeve.

Pri. 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?

BIR. 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 zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher knight, some *Dick*, —
That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd, —
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is: — And might not you [to Boy.

²³ some slight Zany,

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire?
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
 And stand between her back, fir, and the fire;
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
 You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

Bor. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

BIR. Lo, he is tilting straight!—Peace; I have done.—

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cos. O lord, fir, they would know,
 Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

BIR. What, are there but three?

Cos. No, fir; but it is vara fine,
 For every one purfents three.

BIR. And three times thrice is nine.

Cos. Not so, fir; under correction, fir; I hope, it
 is not so:

You cannot beg us, fir, I assure you, fir; we know
 what we know:

I hope, fir, three times thrice, fir,—

BIR. Is not nine.

Cos. Under correction, fir, we know whereuntil it
 doth amount.

BIR. By *Jove*, I always took three threes for nine.

Cos. O lord, fir, it were pity you should get your
 living by reck'ning, fir.

BIR. How much is it?

Cos. O lord, fir, the parties themselves, the actors, fir, 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, fir.

Bir. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cos. 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.

Bir. Go, bid them prepare.

Cos. We will turn it finely off, fir, we will take some care. [*Exit* *COSTARD*.]

Kin. *Biron*, they will shame us; let them not approach.

Bir. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy, To have one show worse than the king's and his compa-

Kin. I say, they shall not come. [*ny*.]

Pri. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now; That sport most pleases, that doth least know how: When zeal strives to content, and the contents Dies in the zeal of that which it presents, There form confounded makes most form in mirth; When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Bir. 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.

[*converses apart with the King, and delivers him a Paper.*]

Pri. Doth this man serve God?

Bir. Why ask you?

Pri. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

ARM. That is all one, my fair sweet honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: But we will put it, as they

say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [Exit ARMADO.]

Kin. 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.

BIR. There is five in the first shew.

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

BIR. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy: —

A bare throw at *novem*; and the whole world again Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

[Seats brought forth.]

Kin. The ship is under sail, and here she comes again.

Pageant of the nine Worthies.

Flourish. Enter, arm'd and accouter'd, his Scutcheon born before him, *COSTARD* for *Pompey*.

* *COS.* I *Pompey* am, —

BIR. You lie, you are not he.

* *COS.* I *Pompey* am, —

BOR. With libbard's head on knee. [with thee.]

BIR. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends

* *COS.* I *Pompey* am, *Pompey* furnam'd the big, —

DUM. The great.

COS. It is great, sir; — * *Pompey* furnam'd the great;

* That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat: [chance;

* And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by

* And lay my † arms before the legs of this sweet lass of *France*. [does his Obeijance to the Princess.]

† delaguar,

‡ Novum,

If your ladyship would say, thanks, *Pompey*, I had done.

Pri. Great thanks, great *Pompey*.

Cos. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, great. [*retires.*]

BIR. My hat to a half-penny, *Pompey* proves the best worthy. [*Flourish.*]

Enter, arm'd &c. NATHANIEL for Alexander.

* *NAT.* When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander; [*might:*]

* By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering

* My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am *Alisander*; —

Boy. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

IR. Your nose smells, no, in his, most tender-smelling knight. [*sander.*]

Pri. The conqueror is dismay'd:—Proceed, good *Alisander*.

* *NAT.* When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander; —

Boy. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, *Alisander*.

BIR. *Pompey* the great,—

Cos. Your servant, and *Costard*. [*advancing.*]

BIR. Take away the conqueror, take away *Alisander*.

Cos. O, sir, [*to Nath.*] you have overthrown *Alisander* the conqueror! You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his polax fitting on a close-stool, will be given to *A-jax*; he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, *Alisander*.—[*Nath. retires.*] 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, in sooth; 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. [*Flourish.*

Pri. Stand aside, good *Pompey*.

*Enter, arm'd &c. HOLOFERNES for Judas,
and MOTH for Hercules.*

* *HOL.* Great *Hercules* is presented by this imp,
[*presenting Moth.*

* Whose club kill'd *Cerberus*, that three-headed *canus*;

* 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.

[*Moth does his Obeisance, and retires.*

* *Judas* I am,—

DUM. A *Judas*!

HOL. Not *Iscariot*, sir.—

* *Judas* I am, ycleped *Machabeus*;—

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

BIR. 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?

BOY. To make *Judas* hang himself.

HOL. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

BIR. Well follow'd; *Judas* was hang'd on an elder.

HOL. I will not be put out of countenance.

BIR. Because thou hast no face.

HOL. What is this?

BOY. A cithern head.

DUM. The head of a bodkin.

BIR. A death's face in a ring.

LON. The face of an old *Roman* coin, scarce seen.

Boy. The pummel of *Cæsar's* faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Bir. Saint *George's* half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Bir. 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 contenance.

Bir. False; we have given thee faces.

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

Bir. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boy. 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. [away.]

Bir. For the ass to the *Jude*; give it him: — *Jud-as,*

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

Boy. A light for monsieur *Judas*; it grows dark, he may stumble. [Holofernes retires.]

Pri. Alas, poor *Machabeus*; how hath he been baited!

Flourish. Enter, arm'd &c. *ARMADO* for *Hector*.

Bir. Hidethy head, *Achilles*; here comes *Hector* in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

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

Boy. But is this *Hector*?

Kin. I think, *Hector* was not so clean-timber'd.

Lon. His leg is too big for *Hector's*.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boy. No, he is best endu'd in the small.

Bir. This cannot be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a god, or a painter; for he makes faces.

* *ARM.* The armipotent *Mars*, of lances the almighty,

* Gave *Hector* a gift, —

DUM. Gift! a nutmeg.

BIR. A lemon.

LON. Stuck with cloves.

DUM. No, cloven.

ARM. Peace! —

* The armipotent *Mars*, of lances the almighty,

* Gave *Hector* a gift, the heir of *Ilium*;

* A man so breath'd, that, certain, he would fight, yea,

* From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.

* I am that flower, —

DUM. That mint.

LON. That columbine.

ARM. Sweet lord *Longaville*, rein thy tongue.

LON. 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 buried: when he breath'd, he was a man — But I will forward with my device; — sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing. [Biron steps to Costard, and whispers him.

Pri. Speak, brave *Hector*; we are much delighted.

ARM. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Bor. "Loves her by the foot."

DUM. "He may not by the yard."

* *ARM.* This *Hector* far surmounted *Hannibal*, —

Cos. The party is gone, fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

ARM. What meanest thou?

Cos. '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. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates ?
thou shalt die.

COS. Then shall *Hector* be whip'd, for *Jaquenetta* that is
quick by him; and hang'd, for *Pompey* that is dead by him.

DUM. Most rare *Pompey* !

BOR. Renown'd *Pompey* !

BIR. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey* ;
Pompey the huge !

DUM. *Hector* trembles.

BIR. *Pompey* is mov'd : — More *Ates*, more *Ates* ; stir
them on, stir them on !

DUM. *Hector* will challenge him.

BIR. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in his belly
than will sup a flea.

ARM. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

COS. 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 incens'd worthies.

COS. I'll do it in my shirt. [stripping.]

DUM. Most resolute *Pompey* !

MOT. Master, [coming up to *ARM.* and whispering him.]
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. [challenge.]

DUM. You may not deny it ; *Pompey* hath made the

ARM. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

BIR. What reason have you for't ?

ARM. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt ; I
go woolward for penance.

11 them, or stirre

MOT. True, [*to the Lords, aside.*] and it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of linnen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of *Jaquenetta's*; and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADÉ.

MER. God save you, madam!

Pri. Welcome, good *Mercadé*;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

MER. I am sorry, madam, for the news I bring;
'Tis heavy on my tongue: The king your father —

Pri. Dead, for my life.

MER. Even so: my tale is told.

BIR. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

ARM. For mine own part, I breath free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies, their Trumpets, and Retinue.*]

Kin. How fares your majesty?

Pri. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

Kin. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Pri. Prepare, I say. — I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and intreat,
Out of a new-fad soul, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have born ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. — Farewel, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

Kin. The extream parts of time extreamly forms

All causes to the purpose of his speed ;
 And often, at his very loose, decides
 That which long process could not arbitrate :
 And though the mourning brow of progeny
 Forbid the smiling courtesy 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 jostle it
 From what it purpos'd ; since, to wail friends lost,
 Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Pri. I understand you not, my griefs are deaf.

BIR. Honest plain words best pierce the ear 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 deform'd us, fashioning our humours
 Even to the opposed end of our intents :
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous, —
 As love is full of unbecoming strains ;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;
 Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth rowl
 To every vary'd object in his glance :
 Which party-coated presence of loose love,
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
 'T hath misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make them : Therefore, ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,

¹² are double. ²³ straying ²⁸ Have mis-

By being once false for ever to be true
 To those that make us both, fair ladies, you ;
 And even that falshood, in itself a sin,
 Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Pri. 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 courtesy,
 As bombast and as lining to the time :
 But more devout than this, in 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.

LON. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

Kin. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
 Grant us your loves.

Pri. 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 infociable 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 expiratiou of the year,
 Come challenge me, challenge by these deserts,
 And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
 I will be thine : and, 'till that instant, shut
 My woeful 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 intitl'd in the other's heart.

KIN. 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.

DUM. But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?

CAT. A wife ! A beard, fair health, and honesty ;
 With threefold love I wish you all these three.

DUM. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife ?

CAT. Not so, my lord ; a twelvemonth and a day
 I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say :
 Come when the king doth to my lady come,
 Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

DUM. I'll serve thee true and faithfully 'till then.

CAT. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

LON. What says *Maria* ?

MAR. At the twelvemonth's end,
 I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

LON. I'll stay with patience ; but the time is long.

MAR. The liker you ; few taller are so young.

BIR. 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 thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron*,
 Before I saw you : and the world's large tongue
 Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks ;
 Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts ;
 Which you on all estates will execute,
 That lie within the mercy of your wit :
 To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
 And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
 (Without the which I am not to be won)
 You shall this twelvemonth 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.

BIR. To move wild laughter in the throat of death ?
 It cannot be ; it is impossible :
 Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. 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 lives in the ear
 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
 Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,
 Deaf with the clamours of their own dear groans,
 Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
 And I will have you, and that fault withal ;
 But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,
 Right joyful of your reformation.

BIR. A twelvemonth ? well, befall what will befall,
 I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Pri. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

[*breaking Converse with the King, and curtsying.*]

Kin. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

BIR. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;

Jack hath not *Gill*: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

Kin. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

BIR. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

ARM. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me. [to the King.]

Pri. 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 year. But, most
esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that
the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the
owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end
of our shew.

Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

ARM. Hola, approach! — [Musick.]

Enter Holo. Nath. Moth, Cost. and Others.

This † side [*forming them in two Bands.*] is *Hiems*, win-
ter; this † *Ver*, the spring; the one maintained by the
owl, the other by the cuckoo. — *Ver*, begin.

S O N G.

Spr. *When daizies py'd, and violets blue,*
and lady-smocks all silver-white,
and cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
do paint the meadows with delight,
the cuckoo then, on every tree,

mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo;
 cuckoo, cuckoo,— O word of fear,
 unpleasing to a marry'd ear!

2.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 and merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
 when turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
 and maidens bleach their summer smocks,
 the cuckoo then, on every tree, &c.

Win. When icicles hang by the wall,
 and Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 and Tom bears logs into the hall,
 and milk comes frozen home in pail,
 when blood is nipt, and ways be fowl,
 then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To = who;
 tu-whit, to-who, a merry note;
 while greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

2.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 and coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 and birds sit brooding in the snow,
 and Marrian's nose looks red and raw,
 when roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 then nightly sings the staring owl, &c.

ARM. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs
 of Apollo. You, that † way; we, this † way. [Exeunt.]









